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AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY;

A NEW SERIES

OF THE

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JULY—DECEMBER, 1893.

Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.

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THE
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JULY 1823.

SCOTTISH NOVELS OF THE SECOND CLASS.

"RINGAN GILHAIZE," "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay," and "Reginald Dalton," are the works we mean to notice under this title, which of right, however, belongs only to the last of them: for the first is inferior to the second, the second to the third, and it is only this last, which, as compared with the novels and tales from the inimitable pen of the Author of Waverley, deserves to be described as really and truly of the second order of merit. "Ringan Gilhaize" is the work of a person who has written a great deal—to some purpose—and, among other things, "The Earthquake" and "Wheelie:" common report ascribes the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay" to a gentleman of more genius than observation, more enthusiasm than genius, and more extravagant sentimentalism than correct feeling or refined taste: the title-page of "Reginald Dalton" bears that it is by the Author of "Valerius" and "Adam Blair," to both of which it is, in every point of view, incredibly superior.

"Ringan Gilhaize." We have often thought that there was a considerable resemblance between the author of this novel and the driver of a stage-coach;—both condemned to trudge over and over again the same limited track,—both very much at home within their narrow range,—both profoundly ignorant of every thing beyond it,—both grievously disposed to annoy passengers with long stories,—both vociferous laughers at their own jokes,—while in both, the

humour and the vulgarity of the tales is also very much upon a parallel.

Mr Galt, who, we believe, is now generally admitted to be the author, is not a man of an original or comprehensive mind; he possesses merely a limited talent in a particular department, and the department in which he does excel, is one for which, we must confess, we have no very great sympathy or admiration. In that particular walk, however, we are ready to admit that his merits are considerable. He is a close observer of the habits of the lower classes,—rather deep-read in "the humble annals of the poor,"—and certainly paints, with considerable force and humour, the details of the cottage, and the society of country villages. It is true, that, even in the list of these delineations, it was never difficult to point out a grossness of outline which bordered on caricature, and a glare of colouring which looked like daubing. The humour was frequently strained—depending upon circumstances either grossly improbable, or bearing on their face too obvious marks of laborious preparation; and the objection of exaggeration applied, with still greater force, to the tone of feeling which characterized his attempts at the pathetic,—a tone which was, in general, singularly inconsistent with the defective intelligence and imperfect sensibility of the humble personages among whom the scene was laid. But still these defects were not material. In

defence of the first, indeed, he might have alleged the high authority of Smollett, and the second was perhaps only an over-extension of that liberty of embellishment which, to a certain extent, must be conceded to the Novelist in every case, and which, in this instance, was rendered excusable, if not necessary, by the prevalence of the very vulgarity which rendered the over-refinement of particular passages so striking and inconsistent. In spite of these blemishes, therefore, the public were disposed to be pleased with Mr Galt's early productions. They enjoyed a laugh over the "Ayrshire Legatees," and they were grateful to the author who furnished the stimulus.

But to this ambitious personage the praise of success in one department was not enough. A sally into the regions of the sublime and beautiful was determined on, and accordingly "The Earthquake" appeared brimful of old-established horrors, after "the Italian method," and the first models of the Minerva Press. But by some unlucky fatality, the public and Mr Galt now seemed to misunderstand each other; for, though the author wrote with the gravity of a mite, and the pathos of a chief-mourner, his composition still excited as much risibility as before, though the ludicrous emotion was now excited by rather different means, and *directed to a different object*. This unlucky *contre-temps* seemed for a time to produce its proper effect. Mr Galt quitted Sicily with a commendable expedition, and again took up his humbler quarters in Scotland. Still, however, he seemed to be haunted by some vague longings after the terrible; and in the midst of the vulgar absurdities of Sir Andrew Wylie, there was a visible attempt to copy the stern painting of Godwin,—though, unfortunately, it happened to exhibit the most complete ignorance of familiar occurrences, and well-known facts, as well as of the workings of passion, and the springs and motives of human action. This straining after effect—this attempt to take the feelings by storm, is also the prevailing feature of the present very dull performance; and, of course, those who are acquainted with Mr Galt will easily anticipate the

result. It is true, this attempt is not quite so outrageous as "The Earthquake." The personages of this novel do not turn "ashy pale," or "livid," so often as the camleon-like Castagnello, nor are they quite so terrific as Corneli and Don Birbone; but still it has rather more than enough of the faults of its predecessor, while, unfortunately, not a few must be added to the list, of which it enjoys a very unenviable monopoly.

In point of plot, the novels of this author have always been remarkably deficient, but the present is pre-eminently so. To say the truth, though we have called it a novel, we can see no pretensions which it has to the title. It is neither history nor novel, but combines, by some felicity of misconception, the defects of both—the flippancy of fiction without its interest, and the dulness of a chronicle without its veracity. To analyze the incidents would be out of the question; are they not all written in Kirkton and Wodrow? The work is a mere detail of historical facts, as Mr G. is pleased to term them, relative to the Covenanters, from the reign of the Regent Mary of Lorraine, down to the battle of Killcrankie,—and a detail of the barest and most inartificial nature. To accomplish this, the author is obliged to have recourse to the expedient of detailing the separate adventures of the grandfather and father of his hero, with whose history they have no more connection than with the administration of Prester John: and, what is odd enough, the adventures of the grandfather, which have no bearing whatever on the story of Ringan Gilbaize, constitute by far the most interesting portion of the book. He is placed among scenes which it would indeed be difficult to describe, without awakening some feelings of a pleasing nature. From the confidential situation which he holds in the house of the Earl of Glencairn, he is brought into contact with almost all the magnates of the time: the Queen-Regent, the unfortunate Mary, Darnley, Murray, and Knox, are introduced; but they are touched, in general, with a feeble and a trembling hand. As to the episode of Marion Ruet, (an unfortunate mistress of the Archbishop of St

Andrew's,) it appears to us to be conceived and executed in the worst taste. This part of the novel, however, really contains some spirited scenes; and had the book terminated here, we should not, perhaps, have had much to complain of. But then comes the father of the hero. Luckily his career is brief, and we recollect little of his movements, save that he died and was buried some time about the Restoration of Charles II. Rangan Gilhaize is himself a Covenanter; he is engaged in most of the bloody scenes of that period; and latterly becomes a person of some importance among his own party. He is the representative of the suffering Covenanters, whose miseries it is the object of the book to describe; and it is to the incidents connected with his life, that the author seems to have devoted his greatest efforts, and in which he has most conspicuously failed.

The inartificial nature of the arrangement, however, which must be evident from this sketch of the materials of the story, is by no means the worst fault of "The Covenanters." It is liable to the stronger objection of an insufferable monotony. In fact, the influence of religious enthusiasm, though, in conjunction with other feelings, it may, no doubt, afford to the Novelist occasional opportunities of striking display, does appear to us, when exhibited in an insulated shape, to be one of the most unmanageable and uninteresting principles which could well be selected as the basis of a novel. If the example of our Great Novelist led Mr Galt to the adoption of the present subject, he should have paused a little to reflect, that, in the novels alluded to, it is used only as a contrast to other principles of a nature totally different; that the transition is from the banquet to the conventicle—from the careless chivalry of the Cavalier, to the stern endurance of the Covenanter; and that light and shadow are blended together throughout the whole in a harmonious variety. Here there is no repose—no relief; all is deep-settled gloom, illuminated only, at times, by the "lightning of war."

But not only has the author confined himself to the exhibition of but one class of feelings and incidents; these scenes and these feel-

ings are unfortunately in themselves positively disagreeable, even disgusting. The scaffold, the stake, the prison—battle, rape, famine, fire, murder, and sudden death, are the staple of the book. The selection of such topics seems to us indicative of the coarsest notions with regard to the proper object of fictitious writing. It is not that such incidents are unfounded or unnatural. On the contrary, we contend that this very reality is the principal objection to their introduction. We may tolerate the horrors of the Greek tragedies, and those which Alfieri has founded on the same subjects, where they are represented, not as the natural consequences of human passions, but as the offspring of a blind and irresistible fatality. With us that idea is powerless. We know that the bloody banquet of Thyestes is over; that the innocent offences of Œdipus, the murderous quarrels of Polynices and Eteocles, and the long catalogue of the crimes which sully the annals of the Atridæ, are gone, never to return. But it is a very different case when these horrors are the result, not of a supernatural impulse, but of the evil passions of man; and when we reflect, that, in similar circumstances, similar atrocities may be repeated. These, we must always feel, are too real, too probable, to form the legitimate subject of fictitious narrative; and we shrink from them, as from the newspaper account of an execution. To take a case in point: What would Mr Galt think of writing a novel on the present troubles in Ireland? Captain Rock is rather a superior ruffian in his way, and the abduction of Miss Gould a very dramatic incident; not to mention the opportunity of exhibiting his legal knowledge, which a trial at the Limerick Assizes would afford to one who had already displayed such an intimate acquaintance with the law of the sister country. But can any one believe that the thing would be tolerated for a moment? And yet, where is the difference in principle between the one case and the other? Will it be gravely maintained, that the lapse of a few years can render that pleasing, or even tolerable, in a novel, which every human being must feel at this

moment to be fitted only for the dreary columns of the Newgate Calendar?

We are quite aware, that the usual answer to charges of this nature, on the part of the admirers of strong excitement, is, that such descriptions display great power; and this unmeaning phrase seems, by the initiated, to be regarded as a sufficient apology for any absurdity. Thus, if a clergyman commit a *faux pas*, and behave, first like a fool, and then like a madman, we are told the description is very powerful;—if a Baronet commit murder for an offence given twenty years before, and then break his neck over a two-pair-of-stairs window, this is a powerful incident;—if a man, on coming up to his old friend's cottage, finds the owner staring him in the face over a stile, all the while as dead as Hector,—still the answer is,—“Why, to be sure, all this is rather absurd; but then, Sir, consider the power.” Now, with all due consideration, we must confess we are as far as ever from perceiving in what the merit of such descriptions consists. If power means merely the capacity of producing a physical effect on the nerves, we can understand the grounds of the defence, and then the Novelist would share his honours with the executioner and the anatomical dissector, both very powerful personages in the same line; but if, as we suppose is the case, it be meant to imply the power of vanquishing difficulties, or the possession of any uncommon talent on the part of the author, we protest entirely against the inference. We are convinced that Hercules' vein is really more easily assumed than almost any other; and we recollect that Lord Byron (a competent judge, it will be admitted,) makes some such avowal in one of his letters to Bowles. Indeed, we have always understood that *fiatian* was one of the cheapest of commodities; though some people wear their dresses with such an air, that a casual observer might not suspect the poverty of the materials. We regret the more that the author of the “*Ayrshire Legatees*” should have adopted this hackneyed trick, because we think he really possesses considerable powers of pathos. We assure him, that there

was more power displayed in two or three short passages of his earlier works, than in all the raving of “*The Covenanters*”; and that we should thank him more for one scene of broad humour or quiet feeling, than for a revival of all the enormities that ever polluted the pages of Massinger or Shirley.

A word or two before parting, on the views which Mr Galt's work exhibits of the Covenanters. And here we must say, that if we had no other means of judging than what the work itself contains, we should almost be tempted to accuse the author of a design to libel the character of that respectable sect. Our readers will recollect the accusations of prejudice and injustice with which our Great Novelist was assailed, when, in his *Old Mortality*, he ventured to bring forward some of the ridiculous features of the Covenanters. We confess we never saw the justice of the charge. But be that as it may, we can conscientiously say, that we entertain a higher opinion of them, from the sketches of that *prejudiced assailant*, than from the elaborate picture of Mr Galt, their avowed advocate and eulogist. In the former work, we perceived something of that talent and address which the Covenanters undoubtedly possessed, as well as courage,—some union of the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, which unquestionably went far, in our opinion, to exalt the noble, and diminish the ludicrous features of their character. But, in the present, we see only a blind and sullen spirit of resistance, united to the narrowest prejudices, and an intellect that would have been barely sufficient for the sack of a hen-roost; we see this unfortunate sect concealing themselves from pursuit in woods and caves, and yet taking every means to discover their retreat, by the loudest and most unguarded celebration of their religious rites. We trust we are not insensible to the nobleness of religious constancy; but we ask, if these people were so ambitious of the crown of martyrdom, why did they fly at all? If they did fly, why were they so perversely ingenious in rendering their flight ineffectual? To take another example or two from the conduct of the hero,

who is, of course, the representative of the beau-ideal of the covenant: Ringan Gilhaize, after the death of his whole family, save one son, begins to feel reluctant to expose him to the perils of warfare and persecution. In this uncertainty he takes his Bible, and turns up the first text he can find; but not being pleased with its tenor, he tries his fortune a second and third time. (By the way, this is represented as a common practice among his party.) He then submits the result of these *Sortes Evangelicæ* to Mr Cargill, a clergyman, who actually approves of the experiment, and declares that Providence had manifested its intentions by this species of revelation. We really know not whether to admire most the good sense that dictated the expedient, the honesty that sanctioned it, or the amiable candour and modesty which could talk in the same breath of the superstitious doctrines and priestly impostures of the English Church.—“*O miseras hominum mentes, o pectora cœca!*” Nor is the hero less selfish than superstitious. Take, for instance, his escape from the jail of Irvine. This feat he accomplishes by working on the weakness of a kind and crazy jailor, who allows his wife to visit him in prison. Ringan changes clothes with his wife, and with that amiable regard for self which distinguishes his proceedings, shuffles off, leaving his wife and the unfortunate jailor to share the consequences between them. The Apostle Paul, in similar circumstances, treated his jailor differently, though he was under no such obligation to him, and though Heaven itself had interposed by an earthquake for his deliverance.

Our Presbyterian friends are perhaps not yet aware of the full extent of their obligations to Ringan Gilhaize; we therefore hasten to inform them, that it is to the unparalleled intrepidity of this gentleman that the death of Claverhouse was owing. This is accomplished in the following manner: Mr Gilhaize, who had been watching his movements during the battle, from the windows of Renrorie House, descends at last—takes up a strong position behind an old garden-wall, with a goose-pool in front—shoots at him three several

times, and then walks off as usual, leaving his unlucky comrades, on whom the suspicion of the shot had fallen, to shift for themselves. But the whole passage is so characteristic, that we must take the liberty of extracting it. Ringan witnesses the defeat of Mackay:

I ran to and fro on the brow of the hill—and I stamp with my feet—and I beat my breast—and I rubbed my hands with the fury of despair—and I threw myself on the ground, and all the sufferings of which I have written returned upon me—and I started up—and I cried aloud the blasphemy of the fool, “There is no God!”

But scarcely had the dreadful words escaped my profane lips, when I heard, as it were, thunders in the heavens, and the voice of an oracle crying in the ears of my soul, “The victory of this day is given into thy hands!” and strange wonder and awe fell upon me, and a mighty spirit entered into mine, and I felt as if I was in that moment clothed with the armour of divine might.

The garden in which I then stood was surrounded by a low wall. A small goose-pool lay on the outside, between which and the garden I perceived that Claverhouse would pass.

I prepared my flint, and examined my firelock, and I walked towards the top of the garden with a firm step. The ground was buoyant to my tread, and the vigour of youth was renewed in my aged limbs: I thought that those for whom I had so mourned walked before me—that they smiled and beckoned me to come on, and that a glorious light shone around me.

Claverhouse was coming forward—several officers were near him; but his men were still a little behind, and seemed inclined to go down the hill, and he chided at their reluctance. I rested my carbine on the garden-wall—I bent my knee, and knelt upon the ground—I aimed and fired, but when the smoke cleared away, I beheld the oppressor still proudly on his war-horse.

I loaded again—again I knelt—and again I rested my carbine upon the wall, and fired a second time, and was again disappointed.

Then I remembered that I had not implored the help of Heaven—and I prepared for the third time, and when all was ready, and Claverhouse was coming forward, I took off my bonnet, and kneeling with the gun in my hand, cried, “Lord, remember David and all his afflictions!”—and having so prayed, I took

aim as I knelt, and Claverhouse, raising his arm in command, I fired. In the same moment I looked up, and there was a vision in the air, as if all the angels of brightness, and the martyrs in their vestments of glory, were assembled on the walls and battlements of Heaven, to witness the event—and I started up and cried, "I have delivered my native land." But in the same instant, I remembered to whom the glory was due, and falling on my knees, I raised my hand and bowed my head, as I said, "Not mine, O Lord, but thine is the victory!!!"

When the smoke rolled away, I beheld Claverhouse in the arms of his officers sinking from his horse, and the blood flowing from a wound between his breast-plate and the armpit.

We have quoted this passage, both as a remarkable one in itself, and as a pretty correct specimen of the manner of the book. If our readers should wish to know more of the subject, they may perhaps be enabled to judge of its general good taste, by being told, that John Knox had received infestment "by yird and stane, in an inheritance on high," and that feeding a Clergyman is described by the elegant paraphrases of "giein' a pick to ane o' God's greatest corbies!"

We now bid adieu to Mr Galt—and we care not for how long, while his extravagant and erring spirit thus wanders beyond its confine. Beyond the liberties of Irvine—"altricus extra limen Apulie"—he is absolutely nothing; and, to say the truth, we have had enough of him, even in his most favourite mood. Of course Mr Galt thinks differently, and, we have no doubt, is already deep in composition.

—"The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die,
And there an end;"

but now, it seems, authors neither live nor write the less on that account. If the tranquillity of the author's mind really make it necessary for him to inflict upon the town an annual novel—why, there is no help for it; but if we are allowed to have any voice in the matter, we should sincerely advise some change, at least, in the style of his works; being fully persuaded, that, as matters stand, any change must be for the better.

The second of these works, "*The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*," will not detain us long. It has undoubtedly many faults, and by no means coincides with our ideas of a good novel; but there are some points connected with it that make it difficult for us to think or speak of it with asperity. It wears throughout a colouring of amiable, though exaggerated feeling; it abounds with pleasing pictures of pastoral stillness and repose, and it contains some scenes "of well-painted passion" and genuine pathos. Neither are its faults by any means of that obtrusive and provoking kind, by which we have been annoyed in "*The Covenanters*." It is true, both authors seem to entertain pretty much the same views as to the absolute necessity of strong and painful emotion; and if the author of the "*Trials*" does not actually employ the assault and battery system of the Knight of the Covenant, he lays siege to our feelings in a way which we are not disposed to consider as altogether legitimate. In one point, at least, he is wiser than his predecessor—he seeks to produce his effect, "*non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*," not so much by the violence as by the repetition of the stroke; and thus, at all events, we are spared the revolting incidents which are essential in the system of the other.

We have hinted, that we do not admire the means by which the author aims at exciting the feelings. The whole secret consists in accumulating upon the heroine a multitude of disasters, and the result is, that it is actually a weariness of the flesh to get through them all. The tale describes the poverty and dependence of the infant life of Margaret Lyndsay—the laborious industry of her youth—the struggle with poverty, aggravated by the blindness of one sister and the idiocy of another—the domestic woes occasioned by the misconduct of a father—the blight of youthful love—the death of friends, falling thick as autumnal leaves—the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage—in short, a perfect tissue of misfortunes. If we are at any time favoured with a glimpse of comfort, it only serves to deepen the gloom that follows it; and the impression

in closing the book, notwithstanding the author's certificate that his heroine was then perfectly happy, is of the most cheerless and uncomfortable nature. Now we confess, we have a great dislike to a monotony of misery. We like to look at the bright side of things; and however doubtful we may conceive the usual axiom of novel writers to be, "that virtue, even in this life, is its own reward," we hold, that he forgets his duty to society, who, by representing virtue and goodness as perpetually contending with and vanquished by distress and misfortune, virtually inculcates an opposite doctrine.

The conception of these distresses, too, we think, does little credit to the ingenuity of the author. There is something in the idea of death so deeply and universally interesting,—something which appeals so irresistibly to the general mind, that, even in the hands of the worst writer, it is scarcely possible that the description of the death of a fellow-creature should not, in some measure, excite our sympathy. But then, exactly in proportion to the certainty of its effects in all cases, must the merit of an author, who has recourse to this source of excitement, be diminished; for what any one can do, no one can claim any very great merit for performing. Now, this commonplace trick recurs perpetually. It is, in fact, the origin of almost all the trials to which Margaret Lindsay is exposed. The author cuts off his characters like a pestilence. The father and mother, the two sisters, the grand-uncle, one husband, and two lovers of Margaret Lindsay, are added to the bills of mortality in the course of this work,—“besides women and children,” with whom the heroine happens to be rather disagreeably connected. All this, we confess, appears to us rather too much in the style of “the amusements of Muley Bugentuf;” and we regret that one, who is so capable of better things, should have descended to the use of so hackneyed an expedient.

But disapproving, as we do, of some of the principles on which this novel is constructed, we feel that there is a charm about the work to which we should be sorry to be insensible. There is such a spirit of tender feel-

ing breathed over the whole,—it is so conversant with pure and gentle emotions,—it presents so many amiable views of the human heart, that we shut our eyes willingly to the occasional *Germanisms*, both of sentiment and expression, which a critical eye would easily detect in this sketch of Scottish manners. The heroine, Margaret Lyndsay, is a beautiful image of patient, enduring tenderness,—a Scottish *Una*, still upheld in all her distresses by the spirit of truth and religion. The old miser, Daniel Craig, is well drawn, and the little sketch of the dying enthusiast of Lamington Braes is beautifully touching.

On the whole, we take leave of the work with feelings of kindness towards the author. It reads as if it were the production of a refined and amiable mind. Its greatest beauty consists in its tenderness and delicacy, and its greatest drawback is a certain methodistical air, which occasionally suggests to us the ideas of an overgrown tract—Leigh Richmond, and the Dairyman's Daughter.

The last of these performances we are called upon to notice, at present, is “*Reginald Dalton*,” incomparably the best of the three, and exhibiting talents, if not genius, of a very superior kind. To those who have dozed over the sombre prosing of “*Valerius*,” or sickened at the gloating sensuality and cant of “*Adam Blair*,” the volumes before us may present themselves in a questionable shape,—and the unredeemed dulness of the one, and the disgust excited by the other, may conjure up prejudices likely, in some instances, at least, to deprive the author of his just meed of praise. But, in pronouncing an honest and impartial opinion, we must turn such intruders out of doors, and take care that we do not travel out of the record. *Reginald Dalton* is unquestionably a work of talent and merit, betraying acuteness and closeness of observation, written with spirit and vigour, and containing scenes, in point of dramatic effect, second only to some of the happiest and most successful in the works of the “*Great Unknown*” himself. With a few exceptions, the characters are brought

out and developed with discrimination and success; the style is, upon the whole, correct, nervous, and rather severe; the catastrophe is evolved without much unnecessary trickery or perplexment; and the general tendency of the tale is, in our estimation, perfectly innocuous. The Vicar of Lannwell is really a redeeming impersonation, and entitled to the greater praise; as his character, which is preserved in perfect keeping throughout, in almost no instance that we recollect of runs into that of his archetype the Vicar of Wakefield, but possesses a complete and undoubted identity; which shows that the author had a just conception of the difficulties he had to encounter in following Goldsmith, and talents equal to the task of surmounting them. We pity the person, if such there be, who does not feel a deep sympathy for the quiet, unobtrusive virtue, and strong paternal affection, for which this good man is distinguished; and who can resist the influence of the scene—certainly the most powerful in the work—where the father visits the son in prison after his duel with Chisney?

At the same time, we cannot help feeling that Ralph Macdonald is a little overstrained and artificial; but his penetration is so great, his mother-wit so strong, his acuteness so keen, and so seldom at fault; that the reader cannot chuse but be surprised and pleased. The old priest is also a capital fellow in his way; while there is a purity, simplicity, and truth, combined with much of that passive heroism peculiar to the finer specimens of the female character, about Ellen Hesketh, which take hold of the imagination and the heart, and create a deep interest in her fortunes. The whole race of the Catlines belong to that well-known tribe whom Novelists, from time immemorial, have held in a species of helotism; they are mere pieces of machinery, introduced first for the perplexment, and ultimately for the benefit of the leading characters, to whose higher destiny, of course, they yield, after their schemes have been baffled, their arts exposed, and their devices turned against themselves. Sir Charles, however, is one of the most timid, squeamish, un-

enterprizing ruffians we have ever met with; and the vassalage in which his secret marriage bound him to the crafty Macdonald, seems to stand in the author's way, and certainly impairs the energy of the character in the detail of the story.

But Chisney is by far the most finished portrait of the group, and is sketched with a bold, free, and powerful hand. His interviews with young Dalton, and the artifices he practises to upset his resolutions of sobriety and application, are admirably given: his wit also is keen, sarcastic, and abundant; and he wields that dangerous but envied weapon, with the reckless and unthinking spirit, too common to those to whom nature has entrusted it. The Oxford Rows are likewise described so much *con amore*, and with the *quorum-magna-pars-fui* feeling, that this part of the work will hardly fail to be read with supreme delight on the other side of the Tweed, and by all who cherish pleasant recollections of those days of fun, frolic, and faggery, spent under the venerable shade of *Alma Mater*.

The faults of this production, like its merits, are prominent. The reader is bored to death with Oxford and Oxonians, though, in his incessant eulogies, it is difficult to discover whether the author be serious or in jest; for, if his account of the system of University tuition, and the style of life pursued by all those students who have money in both pockets, be any thing near the truth, Oxford is precisely the last place in the universe where any parent would send his son to be educated. All the "calumnies against Oxford," which have been charged against the *Edinburgh Review*, were a joke to the picture drawn of that huge mass of over-fed pedantry and dulness exhibited in the volumes of Reginald Dalton. It is to be regretted, too, that in many places it betrays an asperity and bitterness of spirit, and a proneness to indulge in political vituperation, which, however they may be relished by the admirers of a certain periodical, are singularly misplaced in a work of this kind, and the more to be deplored, as they cannot but injure its popularity, and excite prejudices productive of no good to the author's

reputation. These overflowings of gall, it is true, are, in general, exceedingly harmless; but they are not the less apparent on that account. We approach the tiger in his cage with perfect security; but we are not the less convinced of the innate ferocity of the animal in the crib: we trust not to him, but to the ribs of iron or steel with which he is restrained, and laugh at his growlings with composure and tranquillity. At the same time, we are aware that the author may plead great examples in his justification. If the Covenanters have been quietly held up to ridicule in a novel, there is no reason why the Whigs should fare better in a similar vehicle,—and the sooth to say, they have fewer claims to indulgence, as they are commonly ready enough to pay back the obligation with interest: but there is little harm in suggesting to the author before us, (to whose general merits we have borne a hearty and willing testimony,) that he did wrong in appropriating, without acknowledgment, a repartee ascribed to Mr John Clerk, when addressing the highest law-officer in this United Kingdom, seeing he holds Whigs of all dimensions in such utter contempt and abhorrence,—at least if he may be taken at his word, which, after all, is not, perhaps, what he intends.

In the next place, the moral effect of Reginald Dalton, (which, upon the whole, is good,) would not have in any degree been impaired, had the author manifested less sympathy with tippling, guzzling, gormandizing, and certain other practices which may be endured in a wild youth at Oxford,—the proper place, according to the author, for the display of such accomplishments in perfection,—but which it is almost discreditable in one of the *togati* of our Courts of Law to chronicle with such fulness of heart and superabundance of glee. We are far from saying that there is any thing very wrong in all this, or from meaning to describe the author as *de grege Epicuri porcum*; but we do say, that, in this temperate region, people are disposed to make but small allowances for such vivid extacies, and such warm recollections.

Nor, in the last place, would it have been amiss had the author more

carefully avoided identifying himself with certain articles which have appeared elsewhere, and which, from the freedom with which not only their tone and spirit, but even their jokes and witticisms have been transferred to the pages of the work before us, we must now consider, upon the best evidence, as from the pen of the author of “Valerius” and “Adam Blair.” We are not of the number who view this *sub luce maligna*: as a matter of vulgar, common-place prudence, it is more the affair of the author than any body else: he is entitled to bring into the light, or cast into the shade, whatever he pleases: but there are persons to whom Reginald Dalton would have afforded a more unmixed pleasure had it appeared in an individual and independent form, and been less (in many parts, at least) the echo of compositions which have made few men wiser, and no man better. As it is, however, it would be absolute drivelling, or worse, to deny the author his just modicum of praise. His range is limited, but within his peculiar sphere he is admirable. His dialogue is smart and piquant; his conception of character clear and distinct; the tone of his narrative sprightly, careless, and sarcastic. He has an eye for the oddities, eccentricities, and infirmities, rather than for the amiable and virtuous qualities of men; but when he chooses, he can touch a higher string, as he has evinced in the prison-scene already alluded to, which is a masterpiece of its kind,—and in several of the scenes where Ellen Heasketh figures in the fore-ground. It ought also to be mentioned, to his credit, that he seems to cherish an immeasurable contempt for that puling, sickening, sentimental cant, and those monstrosities of feeling and character, by means of which some of his contemporaries endeavour to produce effect, and to pass current as men of genius and “power.” In a word, Reginald Dalton is, without all question, the best of this author’s performances, and he, of all the tribe who have followed in the wake of the “Great Unknown,” approaches the nearest, in spirit, force, and originality, to his unrivalled model and prototype.

KELLY OF KELLYNCH, A COLLEGE TALE; BEING EXTRACTS OF LETTERS
FROM A STUDENT TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

Nov. 15, 176—.

I BREAKFASTED yesterday with our Humanity Professor, Dr Bung. The company consisted of a German Doctor; a Mr Kelly, a student, from Ayrshire; and myself. Dr Schaeffer, a true German, pot-bellied, piper-checked, and rosy-gilled, was in the midst of a long story, when I entered the room, of a brother Professor of his who had published a Greek Grammar. Though the story was a long one, as my watch confessed—and capital, as Dr Bung often ejaculated—and tiresome, as I can bear witness—and indifferent, as Mr Kelly's eyes intimated; though its digressions, and episodes, and perorations, were innumerable—nay, though the German hinted, and winked, and shrugged, and beat the bush, and detailed, and abridged, and smiled, and nodded to admiration, of him or his story I cannot give you the smallest account. I was so much occupied in gazing at Mr Kelly, I heeded not his raven locks, his dark countenance, nor his majestic stature, though to any of these the proudest beauty of Ayrshire might have paid reverence; the gloomy lightning which played round his large black eyes engrossed my soul. It seemed not gnawing sorrow, nor black despair, nor withering hopelessness, but an insanity, composed of these ingredients, appeared to have fastened on his spirit, and to draw him down to the dust. Never did I see so striking an expression of countenance! never did I feel so intense a desire to become acquainted with any body as with its owner!

Nov. 20, 176—.

'Twas the heir of Kellynch with whom I breakfasted yesterday: who could have ever thought that plain Tom Fleming, of nothing, should have sat at the same table, and ate from the same dish, with the great, and the rich, and the proud Kelly of Kellynch? This learning is surely a good thing, since it knocks down the pretensions of rank in such a comfortable manner.

[In several intermediate letters, Mr Fleming describes the progress of his intimacy with Mr Kelly, and hints, that the melancholy of his friend is owing to an oppressive fear of death, which haunts him continually; as they are not of general interest, we shall omit them, and pass on to the following:]

April 5, 176—.

I supped with Mr Kelly last night. His tutor, being to preach at Cruinock to-morrow, had already set out, so that we had the whole evening to ourselves. After supper, as we sat in a careless, picktooth way, over our wine, Kelly said, "'Tis a strange world this; every thing in it seems to be created only to be dissolved. But what is more strange, though every body believes that death is certain, few are seemingly disturbed by it. Blunt and dull must the feelings of the multitude be, who think lightly and seldom on so important a subject. I am always ('tis curious, Fleming) oppressed by a strange feeling, an earthy, clammy sensation, which continually reminds me of the grave, and curses me with a never-dying death. Once I flattered myself that this was owing to my Christian and well-governed intellect, which would never let me forget that life is short; but now a governing belief, arising from what I have heard and read, pervades me, that this melancholy is owing to a diseased state of my digestive organs, a constitutional malady which will soon bring me to an early tomb. Look at my countenance; 'tis black and bilious: nay, laugh not, Fleming, for I speak to you the words of truth and soberness; were the verity of this not deeply engrained in my soul, I would not even whisper it to you, to whom I know it must give pain. But as I cannot conceal from myself, I would not conceal from you, that my time on earth will be but short. To be sure, I have ever yet enjoyed the best health; but as my time will be short, my warning will probably be proportionally shorter.

Bilious fevers make but brief work. Oh, Fleming, death is awful! when I think of this body, fair as it is now, soon to be devoured by the worms, I cannot but shudder with horrible apprehension. When the vault at Kellynch was last unlocked, the coffin of my uncle was opened by mistake; it was opened six months after he died;—Good God! what a sight saw I there! his flesh had gone,—his fat was just dissolving,—his corpulence, on which he prided himself much when living, afforded a lodging-place to the most loathsome animals; worms innumerable were creeping in and out,—rats and moles were hurrowing and feeding on his flesh.

“ I see you would comfort me; I am past comfort; my thoughts are all cast in the same mould,—they are all alike melancholy, and gloomy, and ominous. I cannot smile, for I see Death continually hot in his pursuit of me: I try to put him to flight; I hunt, I study, I pray; but he rides quicker than I can; he mingles in every dance;—when I pray, and attempt to fix my thoughts and affections in heaven, he pulls me down to hell, and shews me the devil in the distance. Every thing I put in practice which can procure me a present extacy, in lieu of a future woe; I drink wine to excess, but my revelings are all solitary and gloomy; I swallow opium, but this, which procures visions of phrenzied merriment to all, presents nothing to me but exaggerated horrors of sepulchres and charnel-houses. I study medicine, to make myself familiar with disease; but it has only added to the range of my contemplation: my strength and courage make me be welcome to the parties of medical students who exhumate the dead: willingly do I attend them in their midnight sacrileges, hoping to become familiar with death; but I have ever yet shrunk from the sight of a corpse. At our last meeting, while they (for I only attend with *Arcturus*) were preparing their instruments to disinter their victim, we were discovered by a party of watchmen. I fled to the cathedral, and when recovered from my consternation, found myself in the vast ceme-

tary which stretches along under the floors of the two churches. As I wandered up and down between the massive pillars which support the vaulted arches of this place of skulls, I began to think on the vast expanse of corruption and dissolution on which I was treading,—on the unwholesome vapours which rise up continually from these receptacles of the dead:—and I had thoughts of retreating, when, on a sudden, I heard a rustling and shaking of earth all around me. The graves seemed to be opening; in a short while, the dead began slowly to make their appearance, shaking the earth carefully from the remains of their bodies. The newly-buried, with pale, yellowish countenances, arranged their winding-sheets in drapery; the half-corrupted were picking the worms out of their bodies; and they whose bodies were only a large lump of moist putridity, were endeavouring to disengage their remains from the clods of earth which stuck to them, and to separate themselves from the neighbouring dust which now began to mingle itself with theirs.

“ Insensibly they gathered themselves around me;—in solemn silence they arranged themselves for the dance;—slowly step they on, treading, at first, in a solemn measure;—now they move quicker, making the most fearful gestures; as they whirl round with the rapidity of lightning, their winding-sheets flutter in the noisome vapours their own exertions had disturbed;—they shriek and howl fearful sounds, and the low-vaulted roof makes the shrill screams re-echo in awful solemnity. But still, above the loudest echo of the loudest yell, were heard the wild notes of a funeral hymn, inviting the last of the Kellys to join the hideous roundelay.

“ What think you of my case? Speak out, man; you say I am mad;—be it so—have I not cause,—dreadful cause? Am I not predestinated, and doomed, and marked down to die an early death? And what have I done to deserve this sign of wrath? Am not I the survivor of three noble brothers, all handsome, and bolder, and better than myself? and have they not all died ignoble deaths, fitter for the vassals than the heirs of

Kellynch? Where's the eldest? Is he not rotting in a vile marsh, in an obscure part of Ireland? After adding many a bright ray to the departing glories of his race, and cutting, with his sword, a way to promotion and reputation, was it not hard to die as he did—by accident? His body, when found, was so putrid, that all the burial of my gallant brother was a stone round his neck, and a plunge in a deeper pool of the stagnant water.

"Richard, the commander of the *Majestic Frigate*, was sent out to one of the unhealthiest stations in the West Indies, not to fight,—that would have been bliss,—but to watch the motions of a small squadron of the enemy's fleet. There he remained inactive for five months: a contagious fever broke out among his men; not by the sword of the enemy did they fall, but, subdued by the pestiferous vapours of a burning climate, they lay down, and died. Anxiously did he look for relief; but no succour came; and without orders, he would not desert his post. Hope often disappointed maketh the heart sick; in perfect weariness of soul did Richard go down to his cabin and set his affairs in order, for he felt that he was about to die: no ague froze him,—no fever scorched him,—he felt no pain; but his hour was come: corruption had long reigned within him,—the fishes had long yawned for his flesh. They tried to bring him home, but were soon obliged to throw him overboard.

"My father, pierced to the heart at thus losing these fine young men, kept Douglas at home, thinking that the salubrious air of Kellynch would secure life to him at least. He knew that there was a prophecy to be fulfilled, and a curse to be expiated; and he felt that the curse and the prophecy were fulfilling, and to be fulfilled, in his sons. Douglas caught a cold,—consumptive symptoms appeared,—he declined,—and coughed,—and pined away,—and died. Fearful was it to see my father, sitting by the deathbed of my brother; his countenance, one moment pale as death, and the next flushed with fever, as if a fire raged within him, which, as the flame flitted high, made his face glow with agony; and

retreating, left it its own natural hue of horror. Awful was it to hear his groans, hollow and protracted; still more awful was it to see the final effort of a broken-hearted man,—the suicide of a spirit tortured by remorse, and grief, and disappointment. The same night that Douglas was buried, my father was found in the family vault with his throat cut.

"Thus have my brothers died, when they attained a certain age; think you there can be hope for me? Thus am I left to languish and die in a Scotch college. Oh that the times were returned, when those devoted to an early death could die, sword in hand, in the battle front,—the bloody sword their hier, and a soldier's cloak their winding-sheet! But to sit quiet here, and be choked with the black smoke of commerce,—Oh horrible!"

"Kelly," I replied, "you are giving way, in an unmanly manner, to the puny whims of hypochondria; you are a mere visionary." "Puny, call you them?" he said; "they are enough to break the stoutest heart, and tear asunder the most gallant spirit. Inasmuch as the pains and pleasures of the soul are superior to the pains and pleasures of the body; so are the wild wanderings of the hypochondriac more torturing than the qualms, and nausea, and racking pains of the sick. Neither plague, nor pestilence, nor fever, are to be compared to hypochondria, for the very essence of hypochondria is, that it contains both plague, and pestilence, and fever. How often have I felt an inconsiderable pain arise in some part of my body! with horror have I traced its progress, gradually overspreading, and infecting every part of my frame! with agony have I felt it to be mortal—have seen preparations made for my burial—have heard the passing bell toll, and have seen the vault opened! Oh hypochondria! how often dost thou make us give up the ghost, while yet our spirit dwelleth in the body, and feel the pangs of death, while yet we are in the midst of life! Thou throwest over our bodies the mantle of *Dejanira*, dyed with disease, and spotted with death, which clings to our bodies more closely than the sloth to the stricken deer,—keeps us always

burning, without being consumed,—and makes us feel the tortures of the damned, while yet we are in the place of hope ;—a land of hope to all but me : the last Kelly has no hope ; there is a curse on his house, and already he feels its withering influence.”

“Nay, Kelly,” I cried ; “there you fall into a more dangerous error ; the doctrine of curses has been long exploded ; the offspring of superstition and disorder, as the foundation sunk, the superstructure has mouldered away. In the days of feudalism and chivalry, when barons had regal power over their domains, and committed regal crimes on their enemies,—when the criminal had more power to delay than the judge to inflict punishment, then were men fain to leave the performance of that to the Almighty which they could not themselves execute ; they lay down contented with their sloth and inability, hoping that the bolts of Heaven would be ready to blast the wretch who set both laws and judge at defiance. When interminable petty wars were carried on by these chieftains, no wonder that examples occurred which might be brought forward as proofs of the system. A family harried in one foray, might be able dreadfully to retaliate in the third or fourth generation. But now, when society is more firmly knit together, and justice, if not executed on the perpetrators, is executed on none, this idea of God’s curse is justly scouted by all.”

“Sir,” says Kelly, “I speak of that which, though revealed, is inscrutable, and hidden to man : blood calls for blood, and injury for retaliation,—and God grants it, though we know not why. Formerly humble and trusting, man is now so proud and self-sufficient, that, instead of reposing in him, he is appropriating to himself an attribute of the Deity : but revelation has proclaimed it, and examples have confirmed its truth. Did not Sir Patrick Norris starve to the death fifteen Highlanders, and are not his estates now falling *ultimo hæredi* ? Did not the seventh Lord Loch Ranza poison his father, and is not the twelfth Lord now a lunatic, and his once fine family mouldering in the dust ? There is a curse now hanging over the house of Kel-

lynch ; much of the once stately edifice is now undermined,—already does it totter to its foundations,—soon will it be only a cumberer of the ground,—soon will the ancient glory, the fearful history, and the merited destiny of the Kellys of Kellynch, be only as a tale that has been told.

* * * *

“Oh that sleep would bless me with forgetfulness and insensibility ! That mercy, which is granted in abundance to the peasant, is denied to the heir of Kellynch ! Opium, damned drug ! thou it is which hast torn away the only barrier which remained between me and hell,—thou hast cheated me of that, which once I despised as an unmanly indulgence, but now venerate as a godlike privilege ! Oh that I could buy, or win, or steal, the silent joy of one forgetful sleep—the rapture of one uninterrupted slumber ! There is no peace to the cursed ; in the silent watches of the night, the pale ghosts of my ancestors stalk round my couch, and warn me of my fate. Last night I had an awful vision, the recollection of which makes my flesh creep. Methought I was yet a boy, and lay awake in my bed-chamber at Kellynch Hall, sad and solitary. I heard a step sound in the gallery as of one approaching my chamber. Presently my father entered, his countenance mournful, and his habiliments sad-coloured. Drawing from under his gown a long knife, he put forth his left hand, and began to feel the bed, that he might ascertain where I lay, for the night was dark. A thought then struck me, that he was about to put me to death. Disengaging myself from his hands, and leaping from my bed, I rushed down stairs to my mother’s chamber. The window-shutters of it were open, which admitted the faint twilight of a summer midnight, but otherwise my mother sat in darkness, dressed in deep mourning. ‘Mother,’ I cried, ‘what shall I do ? my father is about to slay me.’ ‘Oh that my best heart blood could save thy life, my sweet William !’ she replied ; ‘but thy hour is come, thou must die !’ ‘But surely, mother, a father should not slay his child ?’ ‘Oh that I could die for thee, my son ! thy father is guiltless of thy blood, but the law

must be executed.' 'O cruel law! to condemn the innocent, and still more cruel father, to become the executioner of his guiltless son!' 'Say thy prayers, William, for thy father is coming; kiss me, my child, for we must part.'

"Hearing my father coming down stairs in search of me, I ran out of the house, to hide myself from his knife. Then took place a race of more than mortal horror—an innocent father pursuing to the death an innocent and much-loved son. I fled swiftly; but my father was gaining rapidly upon me, when we passed the churchyard of Kellynch. Thinking to escape thereby, I turned to it, and redoubled my speed; but my pursuer turned also, and gained upon me still more. Already I hear him panting with fatigue,—now I feel his breath blowing on my shoulders; but his breath was the breath of death; cold as the grave, it did not refresh, but froze. The doors of the church open—I rush in—the trap-door of our vault extends its jaws—I leap forward into the abyss of corruption—and, as I leap, my father leaps also! When I reached the ground, I felt myself covered with his body; but it was cold—I rose, but he lay—I looked, and saw that a half-rotten skeleton, green with the damps of the grave, occupied his place.

"Such, Fleining, is but a faint specimen of my midnight occupations; things unutterable are continually haunting my mind; their fearful words cannot utter—of their soul-blighting effects description cannot give an image. My life is pricked with many sorrows; death I should pray for; but, alas! it is the fear of dissolution which makes me more uneasy than an angel of hell. My creed should make me chary of time—make me glow with ardour in my worldly pursuits, and burn with zeal to make my calling and election sure; alas! to the hypochondriac every hope is cut off; shortness of life makes reputation but an empty bubble; heaven is denied to him; for his disease, an impenetrable atmosphere of leprosy, envelopes him at all points, and lets in nothing but temporal cankers, and temporal death, and temporal rottenness.

Towards the conclusion of this long speech, Kelly, as his subject inspired him, grew warm, and swallowed repeated bumpers of wine, till at length, when he finished speaking, he was very much agitated—his face was flushed—his eyes rolled wildly—and the excessive beating of his heart shook his whole frame. Hoping that he would go soon to bed, I departed, filled with anguish, when I reflected on the desperate hypochondria of this unfortunate young man, and cherishing many fond schemes for his recovery.

A band of resurrectionists may appear but indifferent company for the heir of Kellynch. The contrary is the case. All the bloods, and rattlepates, and men of might of the medical classes, have their names enrolled in the honourable corps. One stout blackguard they hire to do the dirty work, such as carrying home the corpse, &c.; the gentlemen busy themselves with digging, guarding, now and then breaking a lamp, and sometimes going the length of knocking a watchman on the nose. In consequence of the discovery of an exhumation which took place last winter, and a subsequent formal siege of the College by a mob, till soldiers arrived from Edinburgh, a character of dangerous daring has been stamped upon the bold spirits who supply the Professor with subjects. All the chivalry, and sinew, and muscle of the medical classes, put in their claim to participate in the foray or the row, two or three times in the Session, under a pretence of forwarding the interests of science, and quickening the intellectual march of man in surgery and anatomy. But to proceed with my story:

Next morning, when I entered the College, Patrick Crichton, one of the resurrectionists, ran up to me and accosted me thus: "A pretty plisky you and Kelly have played us, after sitting over the wine-pot till midnight, to send a mad fellow like Kelly tipsy to a church-yard; verily he hath his reward." "Good God! did he go out with you last night?" "Why, about two o'clock this morning, as six of us were sitting in my lodgings, ready to go, in comes Kelly, staggering, and swearing, breath-

ing claret odours, and red in the face with intoxication: however, we couldn't tell him to go home and wash his face, for you know the man kindles like wild-fire, even at an insinuation; so away we went. I couldn't help foreboding something, for Kelly talked much about death and the grave, and so on. I hate to hear any body raving about the grave; 'tis like an Alderman expatiating upon a city feast, to which he has been invited; both have devilish long noses, and are smelling out that they are soon to partake of.

"When we arrived at the church-yard, we began, in parties of two, to look behind all the tomb-stones, and see that nobody was lurking, as you know our custom is. Kelly and I were linked together; and the fellow roared and groaned so loud, that our progress must have been discovered, even by Peter Wink, the deaf watchman. As we proceeded along in this noisy manner, on a sudden, a gentleman having on a military undress started up from behind a grave-stone, with a pistol in each hand. 'What want you here, villains?' cried he. 'We seek for death,' answered Kelly. 'Take it, then, ye grave-sacking thieves.' He fired, and Kelly fell, wounded in the breast, crying, 'Said I not that I wanted death? and here thank my God I have found it; whoever thou art that hast done this deed, come hither and I will bless thee: oh, man, thou knowest not what a merciful action thou hast done this night; but carry me home, brothers, and let me die in peace, for my life-blood is streaming.' We carried him home, and sent for the surgeon, who spoke but doubtfully."

I hurried to Kelly's lodgings. At the bottom of what was then the principal street of the city of G—, and fronting the noble river which flows past it, stood the house in which Kelly lodged. Formerly the country seat of a nobleman, the opulent city, near which it stood, had now, by its great extension, converted it into a "rus in urbe." Much of Gothic fret-work and rich carving, many windows, on which the brightest rays of an April sun were now shining, and the verdant paddock with which it was surrounded, gave it much of the splendour of a noble-

man's dwelling; while the towering gables, and the venerable beech-trees, which hid it from the gaze of the vulgar, imparted to it an air of privacy and grandeur which suited well with its aristocratic origin. The first floor of this house was occupied solely by Kelly and his servants.

When the door of the sick youth's chamber was opened, I heard him singing some verses of an old song; as far as I remember they went thus:

"Oh the raven sits croaking
Where minstrelsy sang;
Oh the owlets are screeching
Where the hunting-horn rang.

"Weel may the jackmen
O' Kellynch be wae,
For ne'er did a Kelly
Turn his back to the fae.

"Here's a health to the Kellys,
Down though they be;
In hauberk and steel-cap,
Their peer let me see."

"Fleming," he cried, "my predictions are now fulfilled; the last Kelly is now on his death-bed: he has now received that, which, let it come slowly or suddenly, in a church-yard or in the battle-field, never came unwelcome to one of his race. The sod will soon cover this body, Fleming, and the worms gnaw one, whose mind has long been preyed upon by cankering sorrow, and withering hopelessness; and yet torn and rent with many griefs as my mind has long been, there is still enough of the Kelly temperament left, to meet death with undaunted front. And why should I not welcome the bullet? The near approach of death has assuaged the wild tumult of my feelings, and lulled to rest my excited passions, which held such high revelry but yesternight. And, Fleming, the awful curse which has so long overshadowed our house, like a thick cloud, has now no farther terrors for me; the blow has now been struck—every apprehension has now vanished; the sun now shines as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly, as they did in my boyhood, among the bonny knowes of Kellynch."

Though much affected, as you may believe, by this address, I endeav-

voured to comfort him, by hoping that his wound would soon be cured, and that happier prospects were opening up for him. "Fleming," rejoined he, "my prospects in this world are all closed. The surgeon has just now told me that my wound is mortal, though I may linger so long as a month yet." Though my tears flowed afresh at this cruel declaration, I could not help asking him, whether his opinion respecting the curse on his family was not now changed? "No," he replied with energy; "my faith there remains firm as a rock: I am now on the verge of the grave, and therefore need neither conceal nor palliate the crime of a man whose family and memory will soon be extinct and forgotten. Hear my story, and believe:—

"About the beginning of the last century, the fortunes of our family were but low; many fines had been imposed, and much of our estate sequestrated, to atone for the misdemeanours of the proud Lords of Kellynch; insomuch so, that Lord Robert Kelly, mortgaging the remainder, took shipping, and gave out that he was about to make the Virginia voyage. Where he went, whether to Virginia or to India, was not known then, but certain it is, that after forty years had come and gone, Lord Robert Kelly sailed into the Thames in a large ship, deeply laden with riches, amply sufficient to redeem the lands of Kellynch, and enable him to live with even more than the pristine splendour of his race.

"Thirty years after he was dead and gone, an ancient mariner came down to Kellynch Hall, and prayed for audience of its Lord. He spoke of things which chilled our blood, and reached even to our marrow—things which turned the tide of our prosperity, and shewed that the fortunes of Kellynch had ripened but to fall. He told us, that, when a boy, he had made a voyage to the East Indies; and that, whilst his ship was lying at Surat, waiting for a cargo, a Scottish gentleman came to the coast with a vast attendance of Rajpoots, and engaged the whole ship for the use of Lord Robert Kelly, and his following; and that forthwith Lord Robert sailed, taking on board a rich

cargo of the productions of the country.

"There had come with him from Agra a noble lady of that country, of majestic mien, but sable countenance, called Nour Mahal, whom Lord Robert honoured as his wife; for the lady was handsome, and came to Surat in quality of a Rajah's daughter. But when they approached Europe, Lord Robert's fondness visibly decreased; and estrangement, and displeasure, and melancholy, usurped the place of affection and joy.

"While we were lying off Madeira, (continued the mariner,) as the crew were one night below, carousing to their safe return to Europe, Lord Robert and his Lady came up and walked on the quarter-deck, as if to enjoy the beauty of the evening, for the moon was shining brightly, and the winds were hushed; they were in earnest conversation, and seemed to court privacy; for Lord Robert often looked about, as if apprehensive that some of the crew overheard him. After they had conversed for a long while, Nour Mahal at once started off from him, crying, 'Was it for this, false Kelly, that thou didst seduce me from the fertile plains of Cachemire? Is Nour Mahal now fallen so low in thy estimation, that she is no longer worthy to share thy bed? Where are all thy oaths, thy plighted troth? Hast thou forgot the marriage-laws of thy country, formerly so well explained to me? Dost thou think the all-powerful God, whom you worship, will permit such wickedness to go unpunished?' 'Fairnest Nour Mahal,' said Lord Robert, approaching her, 'I love thee more fervently than ever; but necessity and the customs of my country forbid me to recognize thee as my wife.' 'Stand off, then; if I am not thy wife, I am to thee as nothing! Never will the daughter of the great Shah Ferez submit willingly to dishonour; thou hast taught me thy law too well; had you wished me for a concubine, thou shouldst not have made me a Christian: Nour Mahal, the simple Hindoo, might have been satisfied with a divided love; but Nour Mahal, the enlightened Christian, must have all or none.'

“ ‘Dearest love, ’tis merely an arrangement to make our mutual happiness the more complete.’ ‘Strangle me not with a silken bow-string, false Christian,—thou carest not for me. But Nour Mahal knows how to die, as she has lived—with honour,’ cried she, leaping up upon the bulwark of the ship; ‘this night, fickle hypocrite, thou hast trampled on the love and worship of one, who revered thee much for thy gallant demeanour on the hills of Cachemire. For thy guile and scorn I blame thee not, but I pray, that the omniscient and omnipotent God may requite on thee and thy house thy foul conduct to one who loved thee better than she did her own soul, but could not live in dishonour. Can there be ought more vile, or more depraved in humanity, than thy conduct towards me? I trusted thee fondly, and foully hast thou deceived me,—I honoured thee, and thou wouldst dishonour me,—I loved thee, and thou hast scorned me,—I married thee, foolishly thinking to make thee happy, and thou hast calmly,

and ungratefully, and selfishly, thrust me from thee. Great God! canst thou permit this? No, even now is a curse laid on thee and thine;—blasted is thy race, and scathed are the heartstrings of thy progeny. Farewell, Kelly; the blackness of thy soul is this night apparent, and I must die!’ Saying this, she leapt backward, and the sea soon closed on her, and Lord Robert stirred not hand or foot to save her; but when I rushed forward to the quarter-deck, he cried, ‘Foolish boy, let her sink, and I will enrich thee.’”

• • • • •

This morning, which is the ninth since Kelly was wounded, I called to see him: every thing about the house was hushed; pieces of white linen were hung behind the windows—pure and gentle guardians of the last degradation of the earthly house of this tabernacle. I knocked at the door; his servant opened it, and said, “He’s won his ways—at four o’clock this morning he quietly dwammed awa’, without a word, or a groan, like his leddy mither.” W.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JOHN BLACKADER. BY ANDREW CRICHTON.
1823.

THE emancipation of Scotland, from a state of civil, as well as of religious bondage, the most galling and oppressive, perhaps, that ever perverted the judgments or insulted the feelings of a people naturally high-spirited and independent,—that arduous and protracted struggle, during which the most powerful energies of our moral nature were called into action,—that steady and principled resistance to inveterate and legal oppression, by which so much national heroism and fortitude were evolved and exercised,—*this* is a subject with which Mr Crichton, in the work before us, deals fairly and conscientiously, and in which many, we are assured, will yet participate with no ordinary degree of interest. And never was a work better timed, and, under a few deductions about to be stated, we may add, better executed, than the one referred to. When the princes of the earth have combined together in council, and set their faces against the influx of opinion,—when hostile swords have just been unscab-

barded, and flourished on the confines of a kingdom struggling for its natural and well-earned rights and privileges,—when the slogan cry of the Bourbon and the god of St Louis have been raised in opposition to reformation and freedom; in such a crisis, it is at once a manly and a Christian part to stand by the wayside, and, over the march of infatuated hosts, to read the admonitory page of history,—to point to that inevitable hour, when all previous effort, and obstinacy, and infatuation, shall only serve to accelerate the approach, and to increase the violence of the recoil. But this anti-reformation spirit is unfortunately not confined to the Congress at Verona, and to the continental Potentates who thereat figured in resolutions of infamy; it has unhappily long pervaded our native land. There are amongst us, we regret to say, Scotsmen and Presbyterians, from whose hearts the revolution of a few years has effaced every grateful impression,—men who, with more than Verona

infatuation, have ventured to impeach the saviours of their country—the martyrs in the cause of all that is dear or valuable to civilized or rational natures—of motives the most iniquitous, and of conduct the most base and degrading. For Crichton, or for the writer of this paper, to attempt a conversion of such men to any thing resembling true patriotism or constitutional feeling, would be at once idle and preposterous. Can the Ethiopian change his skin? But although, in regard to them, the labour may be fruitless, yet, in respect of some who might otherwise be entangled and retained in the meshes and captivity of such degrading principles, we deem it proper to premise a few things, by way of investigation into the origin of this unfortunate revolution of opinion.

In the first place, we may safely refer a very considerable proportion of that reformatory aversion which at present prevails, to the jealousy and disgust with which the very terms expressive of reform have, since the period of the French Revolution, been regarded. Unable or unwilling to discriminate betwixt that restlessness of temper and perversion of principle, that morbid and vitiated feeling which characterised the partizans of liberty and equality, of reformation and confusion, in the latter end of the eighteenth century, and that principled, dispassionate, and regulated spirit, which actuated the reformers of the sixteenth,—confounding the efforts of men in behalf of all that can render the name of home, and kindred, and country, sacred and endearing, with that senseless and misguided resistance which had for its object the disunion of kindred, and the dissolution of every tie of true patriotism and pure religion—many, perhaps well-meaning people, have been gradually, and almost imperceptibly, led to confound opinions and conduct which are diametrically opposite. In the ardour of their zeal for law, and order, and subordination, and peace, things not absolutely, but relatively valuable, such men forget, that it was from a chaos of the most jarring elements, from amidst the fires of martyrdom and the ravages of civil war, that our

present enviable Constitution arose; and, yielding themselves up entirely to the horror inspired by the enormities of the recent revolution in France, they forget that such enormities are common only to the insurrections of a people in a state of slavery; and that if the Constitution of this country be such as we boast it is,—if we have become, under it, a free, intelligent, and happy people, there can be no danger that any spirit of inquiry and reformation which can ever prevail among us, will lead to measures which reason may not justify, or humanity approve. We are as averse as the most interested and zealous placeman could wish us to be, to any thing pointing towards revolution or disquiet. We rejoice, and we hope we shall long continue to rejoice, in the possession of an unrivalled form of Government; but we love to be grateful for the blessings we enjoy; and we shall never think it a good reason for dishonouring the memory of our ancestors, to whom we owe so much, that a people with whose domestic concerns we have nothing to do, have, in our own time, happened to conduct themselves tumultuously.

Let us pause seriously, for a few moments, over the history of the Romish Church, as it was by law established in Scotland previous to the period of the Reformation. Let us examine her tenets, and explore her sanctuaries, and bring under review the characters and interests of her teachers. Let us trace the invariable connection betwixt Papal bigotry and regal despotism—betwixt that tyranny which enslaves and enfeebles the mind, and that by which the body is held in subjection: and, after having weighed the extent of moral and political evil, arising from a religion and a government of which ignorance, superstition, passive obedience, and non-resistance, constituted the foundation, let us then estimate, if we can, the debt of gratitude which is due to the reformers.

If we would ascend, however, to the source of the evil, exasperated and extended as it undoubtedly has been by the French Revolution, it becomes necessary to refer our readers to that great and comprehensive distinction, in point of political prin-

ciples, which, more than any other cause, diversifies and colours the opinions of our countrymen. It was the observation of an eminent statesman, "Tell me whether a Briton is a Whig or a Tory, and I will explain his sentiments on every other subject." Tell us whether a Briton considers, or pretends to consider, the rights and constitution of his country as worth contending for, or gives himself up, with easy and accommodating indifference, respecting law, and privilege, and popular rights, and similar unfashionable topics, to the support and aggrandizement of the crown,—tell us whether a fellow-citizen professes to be a Foxite or a Pittite, and we shall instantly resolve his real or avowed opinions respecting the Reformation.

In consequence of those party distinctions, and of the influence of the Crown having (partly by private management, and partly by public measures) been considerably increased during these last sixty years, it is not surprising to find the love of many, for the good old cause of Civil and Religious Liberty, considerably abated, and their zeal and ardour for the new system proportionably increased. It is not at all surprising, that men, who are either immediately employed in trimming the wheels of Government, or connected with those who are so,—that their relations, friends, acquaintances, and dependents, unto the third and fourth generation, should endeavour to obscure the fame, or vitiate the virtues of men, whose chief merit consisted in resisting private influence and public oppression. We do not, we are certain, exceed the truth when we affirm, that one-third of the community is at present composed of men, who, to use the emphatic words which were addressed to the unfortunate but immortal Burns, "*have no business to think for themselves.*"

The union of the sister kingdoms, under one form of government, and the consequent approximation of sentiments and manners, may also have had a powerful effect in lowering the general respect for the reformers of Scotland. While every measure under Henry VIII., the avowed father of the Episcopal Church, was effected by the inter-

vention and agency of Government,—while the King suggested, and the Parliament most obsequiously seconded, every Anti-Papistical enactment,—while the whole resources of the Secular Clergy were confiscated without a struggle, and almost without a murmur,—the Reformation in Scotland was effected, in direct opposition to, and under the most severe persecution from, the Constituted Authorities of the land. In the latter case, turbulence, civil broils, and bloodshed, marked the progress, and indicated the triumphs of the reformed religion; whilst, in the former, the silent and disregarded remonstrances of a few pensioned monks were the only indications of a change of faith. It is not extraordinary, therefore, that many, among the higher ranks in particular, who have long admired and imitated the manners and sentiments of our Southern neighbours, reflecting on the dreadful convulsions with which Presbyterianism was introduced into Scotland, combined with its present austere and unassuming appearance, should be disposed to prefer the placid looks and more courtly deportment of the sister Church. Episcopacy is the religion of the Court—it is the religion of the King—and, from the shewy nature of its ceremonies and observances, as well as from its dignities and political influence, it has long been esteemed the religion of a gentleman. So long as this continues to be the light in which it is regarded, we fear we shall look in vain for a candid and unprejudiced estimate of the principles, motives, and conduct of the Scottish reformers.

Another cause of that discredit into which the characters of our reformers have lately fallen, may be traced to those numerous and popular secessions which have been made from the Presbyterian Church. By far the greater proportion of our Scottish Seceders profess to believe the doctrines and to follow the steps of Calvin and Knox; while they are disposed to represent the Established Church by terms expressive of apostacy, and dereliction of principle. Without investigating very minutely the truth or falsehood of these assertions, some have been led to join in the Secession,—while by far the

greater number, to whom the conduct of those Seceders appeared preposterous, have associated with the doctrines of the original reformers all that gloomy asperity, puritanical cant, and uncharitable invective, which have been (not altogether, perhaps, without foundation) ascribed to their secession-followers in modern times. Thus have names, which were once mentioned with veneration, love, and gratitude—and doctrines, which, the more thoroughly they are understood, will the more devoutly be adopted and practised, from being identified with other names and other doctrines very dissimilar, been degraded in the imaginations of those who are ever disposed to form conclusions from appearances alone.

The Scottish reformers have been branded as enthusiasts, austere in their doctrines and manners, neglectful of the common civilities, and incapable of exercising the charities of social life. The character of Knox has been particularized as brutally insolent, and rudely disloyal. The tears which he is said to have drawn from the bright eyes of the Scottish Queen, have, in this age of chivalrous sentiment, produced a whole host of Quixotic defenders, backed by all the influence of the drawing-room. Many who are duly qualified for appreciating, as well as practising, those useful and becoming civilities, upon which our very admission into polished society at present depends, are yet altogether incapable of estimating correctly "the form and pressure" of the age in which our reformers lived. Many who would deem it, not only brutal, but treasonable, to insult the majesty of royalty with a look of dissent, forget that, in former times, prince and peasant, layman and priest, chieftain and reformer, frequently associated together with a natural and unconstrained familiarity. Many, too, who prize and defend the privileges we at present enjoy, do not truly estimate that intrepid and inflexible boldness of spirit, without which no reformation ever was, or can be effected, in opposition to established and constituted authority. Had our reformers been less zealous, or less obstinate, in the support of their opinions—had they, ac-

cording to the wish of their more polished posterity, blended the mildness of the dove with the cunning of the serpent, the passiveness of the lamb with the strength of the lion—had they, in other words, allowed themselves to be gained over by a few courtly and insidious speeches and promises, or been deterred, by the most dreadful denunciation of vengeance and destruction, from that determined attitude which they so nobly presented—had they, like some modern politicians, varied and fluctuated as party or interest inclined, making shipwreck of all that is manly in character, in order to please, to flatter, to accomplish;—had the reformer Knox, or any of his fellow-labourers in the cause of eternal truth, acted in this manner; those who now pollute his memory by their recollections, might, at this very hour, have been deprived even of the power of complaint, and subjected to all the miseries of religious and civil despotism.

Not a little of the odium, too, under which our reformers lie, may be traced to the popular, and, in many respects, valuable history of our countryman Hume. In the History of England, we are informed, that superstition and fanaticism are two different species of religion, which stand diametrically opposite to each other—and that, whilst the former is the genius of Popery, the latter is the characteristic of the reformed faith. There, too, with a degree of address worthy the advocate of political oppression and atheistical tenets, we are occasionally admonished of the "fanatical character, the protestant fanaticism, the puritanical and enraged reformers." The character of our Scottish reformer, Knox, is particularly honoured with abuse; and those vices to which his extreme and characteristic virtues appeared to approach, are laid to his charge with the most determined and insidious malignity. We do not stop at present to disprove assertions which are so manifestly marked with absurdity of reasoning and assumption of fact. We shall not offend the good sense and judgment of our readers, with a proof that fanaticism and superstition are blemishes which adhere, in a greater or less degree, to

all religions whatever, and are, in fact, not in opposition to, (as Mr Hume asserts,) but in perfect combination and alliance with each other. But we cannot dismiss this well-known author without an effort, feeble it may be, but certainly well intended, to counteract principles which are equally absurd in politics and in religion. To such of our readers as may yet have to learn, that religious and civil liberty are children of the same parents, and heirs of the same promises, we would raise our voice in caution and admonition,—we would tell them of the tenor and purpose of the whole history—of its almost professed, and certainly undeniable tendency, to justify the most unlawful measures of the most detestable tyrants,—we would admonish them against that religious poison to which we have above alluded, and which has already, we fear, operated but too powerfully, in vitiating the very heart's-blood of reformed religion and true patriotism. If ever the period shall arrive, which we earnestly hope never may, when the inhabitants of this country shall generally and cordially coincide in the opinions, and act upon the principles of this Historian, then we may safely aver, that the reformers have lived in vain, and that all for which they contended unto death, is for ever lost to their misguided and degraded posterity.

"The Great Unknown" has now become a term whereby a well-known and justly-admired Novelist is designated and pointed out to posterity; and it is a circumstance not less lamentable than surprising, to find the powers of that mighty mind employed in softening the atrocities and in ridiculing the zeal of these interesting times*. The Covenanters are, by him, represented in the light of blind enthusiasts and narrow-minded zealots; and we question much, if all the historical evidence which Mr Crichton has been enabled to bring into the field, in opposition to, and in

subversion of, the popular and masterly creations of this arch magician, will avail to the amount of removing the impression which has already been made.

Having thus attempted to explain what appear to us to be the true causes of that encreasing and mortifying disrepute into which the Covenanters have lately fallen, it is with pleasure that we now turn the attention of our readers to a work which, under a very modest and unpretending aspect, contains much valuable, and authentic, and even original information; accompanied by such observations as evidently tend to put matters to rights again, and to restore the staunch supporters of the Covenant to that high place in public esteem, from which they have been so unceremoniously and indecently pushed.

John Blackader, the minister of the parish of Traqueer, in Galloway, was one of those conscientious and unflinching individuals, who, rather than conform with the measures adopted by Middleton in the year 1662, to introduce Prelacy, chose to relinquish his living, and betake himself to the hill-sides and the glens, there to administer that spiritual instruction and admonition which he was not permitted to dispense within the walls of a church. Nay more,—he was one of those composing a class still more limited, who refused to avail themselves of the indulgence some years afterwards offered to their acceptance, but who, without any asperity towards those who did so, continued to contend for a full and unlimited emancipation from all prelatie restraints and observances. After having proved materially useful in opposing tyranny, and in propagating reformed opinions, and after having made many almost miraculous escapes, he was at last sentenced to imprisonment in the Bass, where he died.

During the development of this

* This is perhaps a little too strongly stated, and, moreover, differs widely from the sentiments expressed by another contributor, who has incidentally alluded to the same subject. Of course, the reader will not expect that every writer, in a periodical work, should square his creed by one invariable standard; and in the present instance, it is hoped that the manly and patriotic spirit which this article breathes, will more than atone for an accidental fervor in the form of expression.—*Editor.*

biography, every proper occasion is embraced for holding up both parties—those who persecuted, as well as the objects of their resentment and injustice,—in a strong and a contrasted light. And we should be doing a manifest injury to Mr Crichton, were we not to permit him to sum up his opinions upon the subject, in his own very expressive and appropriate terms :

We are aware, that the attacks recently made on the character of the Covenanters excited much sensation in the public mind, and provoked discussions which contributed to set that character in a fairer light. They have suffered much from ignorance, prejudice, and wilful misrepresentation ; from having their foibles exaggerated, and their better qualities suppressed, or studiously thrown into the shade. Their virtues have been tarnished and debased, by being associated with the worst principles and vilest passions in human nature. They were traduced by hireling and slanderous writers in their own age, when the means and opportunity of vindicating themselves were placed beyond their reach. These calumnious assertions have been adopted even by sober historians, who have given a distorted caricature, instead of a faithful image of the times. Fiction has assailed them with the weapons of wit and ridicule, at the expense of disguising truth and perverting facts. Actions have been attributed to them which they never committed, and which they would have abhorred ; the extravagances of a few have been maliciously and injuriously imputed to the whole.

The best corrective of these aspersions is a better knowledge of their history. The illusions of fancy would dissolve and vanish, when approached under a just apprehension of their real merits ; and their character would assume fairer colours, and a natural proportion, if viewed through an impartial medium. We are far from wishing to hold them up as men of unsullied and immaculate excellence, as exempt from the common weaknesses of humanity. Their reputation is not without blemish ; and their conduct was, in many instances, rash and indefensible. But we say it is unfair to contemplate them exclusively through their faults and peculiarities, while their redeeming attributes, and their brighter qualities, are quenched and buried in the sink of calumny. And we are persuaded that, with all their exceptionable points, a nearer acquaintance

would greatly soften and reduce even the sternest and harshest of their features. Many of their errors were those of the age in which they lived. Much of their conduct, which ignorance would be disposed to censure, will admit of a satisfactory explanation, from the circumstances in which they were placed. What appears stubbornness and obstinacy was only a firm adherence to what they believed to be truth and right. If their zeal sometimes exceeded the bounds of discretion, we ought to make allowance for the intensity of their feelings, the irritation of their spirits, and the want of leisure for cool and dispassionate reflection. Besides, a degree of enthusiasm was necessary in their case. It inspired them with a boldness and resolution which no man will ever assume who is merely convinced of the justice of his claims. If they were deficient in reverence or respect for their rulers, to what is it to be attributed ? We know that cruelty and oppression may create aversion, but will never beget esteem. Even their excesses are explicable,—many of them justifiable, from the peculiarity of their situation ; and may be reckoned the natural consequences of their treatment.

It is said they disowned the king, and denied the Government. These sentiments ought not to be approved, and cannot be defended ; but they afford no pretext to brand the body of the Covenanters as enemies to monarchy and civil subordination. This was the crime of a few, (not one in five hundred,) who, after they had endured oppression to the last extremity, and saw no hopes of redress left, adopted that step as a desperate resource. They ventured down from the mountains, at the dead of night, to fix their declarations on the church doors, publishing their grievances to the world in the language of despair, and threatening vengeance on their persecutors. They did not disown the king until they were persuaded, that, by violating his oaths and engagements, he had forfeited all claim to their allegiance : and if they called Charles Stuart a tyrant, it was not until they had some reason to think him so. The presbyterians, in general, had no factious design to overturn the throne, or trample royalty contemptuously under their feet ; they only wished to reduce its prerogatives within safe and reasonable limits. The experience of a century and a half has proven, that there is nothing in the genius of presbytery incompatible with monarchic principles ; and the allegation, that the ancient leaders of our church were republicans or de-

moderate, needs no other refutation than referring to the standards of the church, to her Confessions and Apologies, and even to the Solemn League and Covenant itself. They felt themselves compelled to take arms in defence of their liberties, when these were unjustly assailed and infringed; but their opposition was not the random concurrence of fiery and discontented spirits. They had considered the grounds of their resistance, and justified these of defensive arms, from the law of Nature, and from the precepts and examples of Scripture.

In opposing Prelacy, the Covenanters were not merely contending about a few abstract points in religion, or a particular ecclesiastical system: they were struggling for the civil and political rights of their country against the inroads of despotic and superstitious kings. They were the champions of a national cause; and though they had not the most refined notions of rational liberty, they were the only persons that made a firm and consistent stand in its defence. Their devoted courage not only preserved the independence of their religion, but proved a useful barrier to the nation, when the bulwarks of liberty were falling prostrate before the march of a dark and gloomy despotism. Their efforts have left a noble monument to the world, what unshrinking and persevering fortitude may accomplish. The triumph of their cause affords an instructive lesson on the futility of those legislative measures, that would subdue conscientious opinions by force, or extinguish religious principles by cruelty. When we reflect on these invaluable privileges, on the freedom of conscience, and the protection of laws, let us not forget the men by whom they were secured. Barbarous nations admire the heroic deeds of their forefathers, though they inherit no other benefit than the glory of their achievements. And are not those entitled to our gratitude, to whose patriotic zeal we are indebted for so many blessings, civil and religious? If it is reckoned ungenerous and unmanly to tread with insult on the ashes of a fallen adversary, what are we to think of those who wantonly revile the virtues of their ancestors, or load with reproaches the memory of their REDEEMERS?

At the same time that we make these favourable admissions, we are bound in justice to the public, as well as to ourselves, to state, that we esteem Mr Crichton's zeal at least equal to his prudence, and his anxiety to rescue the character of

the Covenanters from aspersion, as well as to overwhelm that of their oppressors with infamy, more than a match for his information and historical research. The "*monstrum nullis virtutibus a vitiis redemptum*," is of as rare occurrence, perhaps, as the monster of perfection. Who, for example, save one, like our biographer, bit with the cacoëthes of invective, could swallow the following quotation from an American Journal, as historical evidence? The author is speaking of Graham of Claverhouse as engaged in the battle of Drumclog:—

Here I distinctly saw the features and shape of this far-famed man. He was small of stature, and not well formed—his arms were long in proportion to his legs—he had a complexion unusually dark—his cheeks were lank, and deeply furrowed—his eye-brows were drawn down, and gathered into a kind of knot at their junction, and thrown up at their extremities; they had, in short, the strong expression given by our painters to those on the face of Judas Iscariot—his eyes were hollow; they had not the lustre of genius, nor the fire of vivacity; they were lighted up by that dark fire of wrath which is kindled and fanned by an eternal anxiety, and consciousness of criminal deeds—his irregular and large teeth were presented through a smile,—very unusual on his set of features—his mouth seemed to be unusually large, from the extremities being drawn backward and downward, as if in the intense application to something cruel and disgusting—in short, his upper teeth projected over his under lip; and, on the whole, presented to my view the mouth of the image of the Emperor Julian the Apostate." (*Copied from Christ. Inst. for Nov. 1822.*)—This portrait sets the original very distinctly before the eye of the imagination; and, if there be any truth in the observation, that the face is an index to the mind, it exhibits an exterior altogether befitting the dark and sanguinary spirit that inhabited it.

Now, we happen to know, that the whole of this character, as well as of the very powerful description of the battle itself, of which this forms a part, is a fiction; and that the author of the paper had no other object in view, in the narratives which he published, than an exhibition of his own powers as a writer!

At page 220, we have a fearful,

and a particular account, of the atrocities *said to have* been practised by the garrison stationed at Dalawinton, in Dumfriesshire—to every iota of which the most implicit confidence is lent; whilst, at the same time, in page 249, the story of the gallows *said to have* been erected by the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge, though supported by several creditable authors, is rejected as altogether absurd and ridiculous. Now, we neither mean to assert nor to deny upon the subject; our observation amounts merely to this—that where people are divided in opinions, and in political opinions in particular, this loose way of going to work will not convince them. It is not enough to satisfy us of the truth of every surmise or allegation, however improbable, that is to be found in Wodrow, or Naphtali, or the Cloud of Witnesses—nor are we disposed to think every allegation false which Arnot, or Crichton, (Captain,) or Sharp, have ventured to make. The

fact is, that this Life of Blackader bears too much the aspect of special pleading; a circumstance which, though it may recommend it to the perusal of the populace, will undoubtedly injure its usefulness amongst the better informed and more considerate.

Upon the whole, however, we are inclined to shake hands with our author most cordially at parting. In plain, and exceedingly perspicuous language, he has favoured us with a very interesting narrative, interspersed with excellent reflections upon subjects of the very last importance, to Scotsmen in particular, as well as to the world at large. His heart, and all his moral affections, are evidently in a proper state of training; and if he has allowed his zeal to master, in some instances, his cooler judgment, he is, we know, a young man; and we shall conclude with applying to him the words of Seneca—"facile est remedium uberatis, sterilia nunquam vincuntur."

Lines on Italy.

LAND of gone glory! o'er thy regions
yet
Its twilight lingers, though its sun is
set;
Amidst thy hallow'd haunts and classic
streams,
That roll in light away, we walk in
dreams—
Dreams of thy dead—to Fancy's view
that pass,
Like flitting shadows of the magic glass.
Oh! thou art fair in ruin—like some maid
To sin and sorrow in her bloom betray'd;
The victim of wild Passion's evil will—
For ever lost, but, oh! how lovely still!
E'en in thy day of widowhood and woe,
Thou art the garden of the lands below;
Yet Nature's lovely beauty disappears
Before thy mighty spell of parted years!
Tall shadowy columns people thy fair
scene—
Of melancholy grandeur—gray and green;
Gray with long years—still wasting as
they glide,
And green with moss—deposit of their
tide;

Each seems, as twilight bids the world
farewell,
Like hoar Tradition, lingering there to
tell,
Amidst the gloom of night's o'erhanging
veil,
In ghostly hints, his visionary tale;
Or, like a giant swath'd within his shroud,
Holding dark converse with the sailing
cloud—
That wanderer of the night, which loves
to rest,
With all its thunder, on each crumbling
crest!
Upon some Alpine summit let me stand,
And o'er thy glories gaze, immortal
land—
Gaze o'er thy wandering waters, as they
flow
In sunbright mazes to the floods below;—
There o'er the works of Nature would I
smile,
Yea, e'en o'er man's—the pale decaying
pile;
The tear of sorrow there would only roll
O'er thy sad ruins of the human soul.

THE HARUM-SCARUM CLUB.

No. I.

He rhymes appropriate could make,
To every month in the almanack ;
His sonnets charm'd the listening crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud.

Hudibras.

MR EDITOR,

THE golden, brazen, and iron age, having now become hackneyed appellations, a celebrated misanthropic poet has recently sung the "Age of Bronze." With all due deference to this superlative genius, it occurs to me, that the "Age of Wonders" would have been more applicable, if not to his poem, at any rate to the times we live in.

I ask him, you, Mr Editor, and your many thousand readers, was there ever an era so resplendent in science and discovery? We have authors who write of the philosophy of mind, in a style incomprehensibly sublime, and others who have proved, to their own satisfaction, that the system of Newton is equally irreconcilable with revelation and common sense. To enumerate the discoveries, inventions, and improvements, would be an arduous, if not endless task; but a few may be noticed, which strike the eye of the most careless observer. On the left of the Forth, do not spinning-mills rise up as thick, and nearly as fast, as mushrooms in a hot-bed? We see water carried through hills, over deep glens; and on every sea, river, or canal, steam-boats, that defy wind and tide, swarming like whales in the Arctic Sea. I am told that the streets of Auld Reekie, every night, display a blaze of light, that would shame the illuminations which were lighted up on extraordinary occasions in former days, and that by burning an impalpable and invisible substance, which would rise to the clouds, and could be carried to John o' Groat's House. But looking at what is, I am lost in wonder at what may yet be; for I consider Science as only still in her cradle; and as I am still a young man, in the noon of life, I expect in a few years to see steam-coaches and waggons crowding our public roads, as numerous as coal-carts in the vicinity of Edinburgh

in a winter morning,—a full-sized oak raised from an acorn, in the course of a summer,—and cabbages and carrots between sun-rising and setting: further, I expect to see, or at any rate hear, of the stones for the Parthenon on the Calton Hill being all cut and carved by clock-work, and all disposed in their proper places by a self-moving steam-engine. Yes; the philosophy of the new school will again rear its head, when mind is triumphant over matter! When I look along the vista of Time, I see, what I will not venture to unfold:

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

Nor is the present age less remarkable for literature than science; never had we so many authors, male and female; never were their brains more fertile, from the ponderous quarto, exhibiting "a rivulet of text in a meadow of margin," and illustrated with plates, whose light and shade are so judiciously disposed, that the figures seem to start from the Indian paper in *alto relievo*, down to the halfpenny tract, ornamented with a wooden cut. He who is afraid, or unable, to publish at his own risk, contrives to occupy a page in a magazine, or creeps into a corner of a newspaper; for even these are vehicles of polite literature,—almost every newspaper editor being also a reviewer, and a moiety of his readers critics. The press teems with volumes on all subjects, and suited to all capacities; if the fields of fancy and fiction are of boundless extent, so those who explore them are "in numbers numberless." But among them is one who stalks like Gulliver among the inhabitants of Lilliput, and his speed is commensurate to his strength; he outstrips the toiling press, while

Edina saddens at the long delay.

But for the peace of his "own romantic town," it will be prudent in him to slacken his pace. I understand you have already had the devil among the tailors; and if the imp that occupies Ballantyne and Co.'s printing-office should inspire compositors and pressmen with the spirit of insubordination, and should they strike work about the middle of the last volume of Quentin Durward's successor, some dreadful catastrophe would ensue: the Porteous mob, or the Radicals at Bonnymuir, might be considered as a flea-bite in comparison; not only Britain, but all the civilized world, deprived of the eagerly-anticipated intellectual banquet! It makes me shudder to think on it. But there is a storm brewing of an opposite kind, and should it burst, it will create a great sensation in the literary world. The author of *Waverley* has already discovered the *Philosopher's stone*; and, should his inexhaustible imagination and profound research stumble on the *elixir vite*, then every novel-writer in Britain and Ireland, including the Transatlantic Washington Irving, may say, "Othello's occupation's gone!" But let this man of matchless might look to himself. It has come to my knowledge, that a conspiracy against him is already forming, consisting of disappointed and distressed authors, whom he has plunged in ruin, by engrossing the trade; the confederacy is gaining accession of numbers daily, and he will ere long be served with official notice from the Captain Rock of the band, that if he persist in living, or, which is just the same thing, writing, for more than three years after that intimation, he may expect the utmost vengeance that thousands, under the influence of the *furor scribendi* can inflict; for they have sworn that this idol, which all the people worship, shall be cast down, broken in pieces, and utterly destroyed. Should he calculate upon his gigantic strength, let him recollect that Polyphemus was overcome by the cunning of Ulysses, and that wasps and hornets may sting the lion to death. Let him not trust to the *elixir vite*, should he be fortunate enough to discover it; the eagle, which nature endows with powers to

soar to the sun, and strength to brave the fury of a hundred winters, may, as he proudly looks from his mountain eyry, be shot in his youth by the hand of some pigmy urchin, that he could have carried through the air in his talons. Neither let him confide in his invisibility, although it may be said of him, as of Junius, *stat magni nominis umbra*; ways and means can be found to ascertain his identity; and here let Constable and Co. beware; they neither know where the attack will be made, nor how soon the mine may explode. But a word to the wise is enough;—I have discharged my duty!

When I penned the first paragraph of this letter, I believed it would lead me directly into the very bowels of my subject; but by a strange association of ideas, I have rambled over an extensive track, and am still as far distant as when I first started, with the disadvantage of having also played over the symphony best suited as an introduction to the piece. From noticing the great number of authors and readers in this age, it would have been a natural and easy transition to introduce the Harum-Scarum Club, of which I have the honour to be Secretary. But that opportunity being lost, I must now bring it forward, as Willie Jack brought his bride before the minister, when he harled her ben by the lug and the born.

Know, then, that in our bit of a borough, which you great folks of the metropolis would designate a populous village, there has arisen a taste for polite literature, or, as Miss Broomwort, the brewer's daughter, persists in naming it, the *Belles Lettres*, which she says is the fashionable phrase, and quite according to the new nomenclature. My father recollects when only two weekly newspapers came to the town, one to the Bailie, and another to the Minister; and the only ephemera found within the borough was the Aberdeen Prognostication, at the annual cost of one penny, and bearing the appropriate emblem of the Man in the Moon on the title-page: this useful publication was superseded by the Belfast Almanack, on an improved plan, and among much incongruous matter, containing, at least, a page of

Joe Miller jokes, sometimes not over delicate ; but as it was double the price, the circulation was more limited. What a change has now taken place ! We have the London Courier and Morning Chronicle daily, three different Edinburgh papers, and several others from the provincial press. We have a bookseller, who gets a dozen of Edinburgh Almanacks, every season, for his customers, exclusive of the Nautical and Moore's Almanack, for the Schoolmaster. It is to this gentleman that we are indebted for our still growing taste for literature. He was a student at your University when the disputes in the Pantheon and Forum were in their zenith, and had formed an acquaintance with the Ettrick Shepherd, and others of congenial habits. Fate and his parents seem to have differed about his destination ; for, while the last had intended him for the pulpit, the former has hitherto confined his promotion in the kirk to the precentor's desk ; and as he has, unfortunately for his worldly fortune, a kind of sturdy independence of mind, which prevents him from exercising what others term worldly wisdom, but which he calls knavish cunning, and abject servility, it seems problematical whether he shall ever obtain a patron to put him in possession of a manse and glebe. Indeed his friends and employers here, although they would rejoice in his prosperity, are so selfish, as not to wish his removal ; for he is in general esteem as a teacher, respected as a man, and beloved in the circle of his intimate acquaintance. He is learned, without ostentation ; a scholar, but not a pedant ; fond of wit and humour, but hostile to profaneness and licentiousness of every description ; likes to laugh, but never at the expence of the absent, or at what he conceives will give pain to any one present. Some say he is eccentric ; but his friends think there are only peculiarities in his mind and habits, one of which is, an affectation of speaking in the vernacular idiom and tone of the country, which he always practises, except in his official capacity ; and such is his power of controlling habit, and such his versatility of talent, that there both his phrases and accent are pure-

ly English. Being often out, and always a welcome guest in every social party in town, he has the happy knack of turning the attention of the company to subjects previously neglected or unknown, and these have a tendency, either directly or indirectly, to some branch of literature ; the consequence of which has been, if I may be allowed to parody the couplet of the poet,

That those read now who never read before ;
And they who fondly read, still read the more.

The result of this has been, that, about seven years ago, a Subscription Library was formed, at his instigation, and, for some time, under his sole direction, till information and improved taste enabled some of his townsmen to take a share in the management : the institution is thriving, and countenanced by several country gentlemen, who have made liberal donations of books, and we are annually getting an accession of members.

Our next step in literary amusement was the establishment of the Club, the designation of which I have set at the head of this paper. It has been said, that the Schoolmaster got acquainted with the Ettrick Shepherd ; whether it was this association which induced him to become a "scribbler in Nature's spite," or if the good lady had lent a spark of her fire, you, Mr Editor, will decide, from the sample I send you. It was not till lately that this propensity of the Dominie's was discovered, and that by accident. A party were in the habit of meeting in the school-room, for the purpose of literary chit-chat ; but finding that the conversation became generally too desultory, it was proposed to constitute ourselves into a Club, for the discussion of various topics, with a President, to keep order. It was my intention to send you our rules and regulations ; but as this letter is already too long, I shall only mention, that it was agreed we might discuss subjects either in prose or verse ; provided always that neither the topics themselves, nor the mode of discussing them, were *contra bonos mores* ; and that, in imitation of other

bodies corporate, every member, on admission, should produce a seypiece (Anglicè, a specimen of his craft) in verse, before inauguration, to be approved of, or rejected, by a majority of votes at the recitation; the speaker to be then recognised and addressed, in the Club, by some title or appellation appropriate to the subject he had adopted. It was a matter of no little difficulty to fix on a name for our institution; but from our previous acquaintance with the minds of the members proposed, it was suggested by the Schoolmaster that it should be called "The Harum-Scarum Club," as this title was not incompatible with diversities of opinion and incongruous subjects; and the proposition was acceded to unanimously.

We mustered six, on the night when the first bantling was to be placed in the cradle of genius. As the Schoolmaster had been the founder of the institution, and it was believed would still be the brightest star in the constellation, he was called on to take the lead, and open the meeting, with which request he complied, by reciting the following tale, under the title of

The Muses.

A candidate to join the corps
Who leave their cares without the door,
Though meanest in the motley throng,
That rave and rhyme in measur'd song;
Yet dinna smoor my smoking fire,
Nor rashly scorn my rustic lyre:
The eagle, that wi' steady e'e
Can face the sun and mount on hie,
Was in his nest a feckless thing,
Wi' no a feather on his wing;
And Byron, now sae far renown'd,
Wi' bays, baith green an' blighted,
crown'd,

First tried if he had breath to blaw,
'Mang frosty wreaths of Norland snaw,
By lonely lake, in Highland glen,
Far frae the polish'd haunts of men.

I for a seypiece seiz'd my quill,
Resolv'd to shew my scrimpit skill;
But felt my fancy at a stand,
Sae rich the Muses' fairy-land;
Sae many subjects came in sight,
My head grew dizzy wi' delight:
Like country lass, still in her teens,
'Midst muslins, chintzes, bombazeens,
She pauses, ponders, glow'rs, and gapes,
O'er poplins, prints, and Norwich crapes;
Quite lost to chuse her Sunday's gown,
Or Esterhazy, buff, or brown.

See I sat biting at my pen,
And scratch'd my head, and mused again,
If I should "build the lofty rhyme,"
And soar in epic song sublime;
Or paint the pleasures of the plains,
Of loving lasses, laughing swains;
Or dry, didactic ethics teach,
Wi' metaphors, and flowers of speech;
Or shew my canker'd, crabbed nature,
In vile lampoons and bitter satire;
Or try to move your hearts to pity,
By crooning o'er some love-sick ditty.

But, in my lug, dame Prudence said,
"Ere you begin this idle trade,
Take my advice—your stock's but sma',
Sae dinna fling your wealth awa';
Avoid the common, beaten track,
Nor make your Pegasus a hack;
For he's a nag of might and mettle;
But if you spur, you'll miss your ettle;
And should you, reckless, try to gallop,
Soon in a mire you'll get a wallop;
Keep aye a bridle hand—tak' tent;
Or rash, or careless, you'll repent.
Ye maunna soar on epic wing,
Nor touch the moralizing string;
Leave satire to the Liberal's page,
A vapid mass of frothy rage;
For dogs when mad display their spite,
And slaver when they canna bite!
Good polish'd taste alike disowns
Envenomed wasps and humming drones;
And leave the love-lamenting lay,
To lads and lasses making hay."

Thus forced again to pause and think,
My fancy soon began to wink;
When, mid the gloom of mirk midnight,
I saw, afar, a glint of light;
And, like the laverock mounting hie,
Ere morning lifts her dewy e'e,
The Muse spread out her fluttering wing,
And said, "Cheer up, nor fear to sing;
I'll find a subject yet unsung,
Though better kent when time was young,
A legend of the olden time,
Sae try the tale in Doric rhyme."

You've aiblins heard about a blade
Who was a fiddler to his trade,
And, seated on a foggy cairn,
Claim'd ilka poet as his bairn.
This chap had cummers nine or ten,
A' glaikit hizzies wi' the men;
They had a fouth of female graces,
Gleg sparklin' e'en, and smirkin' faces,
Forby a stock o' witching wiles—
This ane wi' tears, and that wi' smiles;
Syne they would join and lilt a sang,
Till a' the lift around them rang;
And he wha anes had heard the strain,
Neist gloamin' wad come back again.

They had their hame on Mount Parnassus,
And lightsome 'twas to see the lasses
Upon the green, in gloamin's striddle,
A' dancin' to their father's fiddle;

And as the queans were young, and wanton,
Nought pleas'd them better than gallant-
in';
This kyth'd fu' plain, when they were
dancing,
Their e'en like eastern diamonds glanc-
ing;
And scarce a night but ane might see
them,

And twa three callans cuddlin' wi' them.

A trotting burnie near the hill,
Ran wimpling by, wi' bonny rill;
On ilka side, the slanting braes
Were clad wi' birks and flowery slaes;
The dimpling stream had mony a crook,
But in a snug wheel-shelter'd nook,
Its waters seem'd at rest to sleep,
And form'd a pool baith clear and deep,
Whilk shaw'd in a' their native pride
The braes that bloom'd on ilka side;
And aft the lasses there were seen,
Light frisking barefoot o'er the green,
While a' the swankies far and near
Gallanted wi' them, late and ear';
Or sleekly through the bushes joukit,
To tent the cummers while they doukit;
Or lean'd on hillocks clad wi' flowers,
Or oxt'er'd them in shady bowers,
While ilka flower our gardens yield
Bloom'd sweetly round them in the field;
Love's fragrant myrtles, verdant bays,
So dear to bards of modern days,
As plenty there, in lasting green,
As heather-bells on Cloach-na-bean!
In ilka buss the burdies sang;
The hills around wi' echoes rang;
Frae dewy morn to dusky gloamin',
'Twas constant, careless, pleasant roam-
in';

And if the chaps began to weary,
The lasses skill'd to keep them cheery;
Wad frae the burn fetch up a waught,
And make them swig a hearty draught;
This beverage had a wondrous charm,
That could the coldest bosom warm;
And he wha anes had kiss'd the cap,
Hale bickerfu's was fain to swap;
At first 'twas mawkish in the mou',
But soon it bizz'd into the brow,
And kitt'd up sae keen a pleasure,
They swill'd it without mense or mea-
sure,

Till he wha had been haffin's dumb,
Felt wit, and fire, and fancy come,
And pour'd abroad his raptur'd lays,
That mock the bards of modern days;
'Twas then the lasses lik'd to see them,
And leugh, and jok'd, and cracked wi'
them.

And syne to keep them a' in tift,
Ane wad get up *, and glibly scrift

Some unco' tale, or warld's wonder,
Five score years auld, perhaps five hunder:
Back to the days when time was young,
Fu' brawly could she wag her tongue,
And tell aff hand of each invention,
Or unco' ferly fook could mention,
When wars began—where Babel stood,
And how fook liv'd before the flood;
When kings were made, or empires form'd;
When kirks were biggit—castles storm'd;
Wha in canoe, or salmon coble,
First on the waters dared to hobble;
When Scotsmen first wore kilts and hose,
Or learn'd the knack of makin' brose;
When Highland bag-pipes first made din,
And Lawland lasses learn'd to spin:
It was sae lightsome to be near her,
That ilka lug was lent to hear her.

Her sister †, syne, when she remark'd
Sae tentily's the billies' hark'd,
Aye longer to put off the time,
Would up an' turn the tale to rhyme;
If, haply, 'twas of siege or battle,
She gart claymores and targes rattle,
And drums, in saul-inspiring din,
That kindled up a spark within:
Thus while their lugs were fondly list'ning,
Their e'en were a' like fire-flaughts
glist'ning;
Ilk bosom blawn to sic a height,
That nought would sair but they would
fight.

To lown their sauls, and sattel din,
A third ane ‡ wad come slipping in;
Her e'en twa blobs of living light,
As gloamin' mild, as morning bright;
Love's softest glamour in them glancing;
Set ilka stirrah's heart a dancing;
Her haffit locks as black's a crow
Hung round a neck like drifted snow;
Between her lips there play'd a smile,
(Her cheek saft dimpling a' the while,
That seem'd to say, "What wad ye gie
To measure mou's wi' ane like me?"
The lawn in lily folds saft waving,
Around her bosom gently heaving,
Sae thin, it serv'd the e'en to guide
To beauties which it seem'd to hide:
Nae mither's voice, when bairnies greet,
Was e'er sae melting, saft, and sweet;
And trembling on her tuneful tongue,
The strains of love divinely sung,
Would swell so full, so saftly fa',
As thrill'd the sauls of ane and a'.

To beet this rapture-breathing bleeze,
And higher still their souls to heeze,
A fourth † would snatch the melting lyre,
Love hovering o'er the magic wire,
'Midst which her fingers, sma' and white,
Were seen to fly with fond delight;

* Calliope, the Muse of Heroic Poetry.

† Erato, the Muse of Lyric and Amo-
rous Poetry.

‡ Euterpe, the Muse of Music.

* Clio, the Muse of History.

And as she touch'd the trembling strings,
He smiled, and shook his purple wings :
Their lugs the strain sae saftly tiri'd,
That ilka heart wi' rapture dir'd ;
Her witching power the cummer saw,
And neist the mellow flute would blaw ;
Sae saft she touch'd each plaintive note,
It distant seem'd in air to float ;
As when the woodland echoes bear
The strain saft mellow'd to the ear,
Each full-toned note's melodious swell
And cadence, melting as it fell,
In saft delirium lull'd each boy
Wi' fairy dreams of fancied joy ;
'Till sunk in love's delightful chains,
Voluptuous langour fill'd his veins.

To rouse the chaps to active life,
The flute was changed to skirling fife,
Whose screech set a' their lugs a dinling,
Ilk saul wi' martial glory kindling ;
Neist, tout ! came the Tyrtéan trumpet,
Till ilka stirrah struck and jumpit,
And scorning beauty's saftest charms,
A' join'd the cry, " To arms !—To arms !"
To please hersel', and hush the clamour,
Was seen the fifth *, well skill'd in gla-
mour ;

She lang had studied human hearts,
And thumb'd the passions o'er like cartes ;
The tear stood trembling in her e'e,
Like dew-drops on a willow tree,
Its sitting lustre, ane might spy,
Like lightrings o'er a winter sky ;
Her haffit thin, her cheek was pale,
Her dark locks waving to the gale ;
Her trembling lip, when like to greet,
Sae lovely seem'd, sae saft and sweet,
'Twad been delight that lip to press,
And drink her tears of sad distress !
Though sorrow bow'd her angel form,
Her bosom swell'd to meet the storm,
In semi-globes sae full and fair,
That nought but love should e'er been
there !

Then would she pour sic heavy main,
And cronach o'er sae sad a strain,
That ilka callan might be seen
Wi' hanging head and bluther'd e'en ;
For, to the honour of our nature,
Though valour is nae gentle feature,
Yet when it fires a noble mind,
Saft Pity follows close behind.

'Midst tragic tales and bursting grief,
To give the bosom some relief,
The sixth † would start some kittle
question,
Syne take a side, whiles not the best ane ;
Yet she would argify so rarely,
As frae the field to drive them fairly :
Of kittle words she had sic wale,
And screv'd them aff sae clean and hale,

Of learn'd logic sic a cargo,
Sma' chance had ane wi' her to argue ;
Her gah commanded fouks' assent,
Before they fairly saw her bent ;
When ane replied, she took him quick,
To what he said she gart him stick,
Syne drew some unforeseen conclusion,
Which crush'd his system in confusion ;
And, vanquish'd by superior skill,
He sat convinced, against his will.

When arguments were turning het,
And fouks confuted took the pet,
The seventh sister *, in a clatter,
Would set the squad a-laughing at her ;
Whene'er this queer and comic lass
But hinted up her keeking glass,
They throng'd in bourracks at her ca' ;
For, by some cantrap, she could shaw,
Whate'er another wish'd to hide,
Black Envy's ga', or swelling Pride ;
Though fouks were laith to ken themsel',
Her pictures seldom fail'd to tell ;
She'd let you see, by mimic art,
How fools and pedants play'd their part ;
She mov'd sae, easy in her mask,
It seem'd a pleasure, not a task ;
Now, Quaker-like—precise and prim ;
Neist fun and frolic—mirth and whim ;
A wither'd prude, with envious e'e ;
A gay coquette, with glances slee ;
A toothless granny, auld and crazy ;
Syne, fair and fresh, a blooming daisy.
If ony chap had ta'en the chair,
Wi' paughty, philosophic air,
She'd sic a knack of making faces,
Wi' solemn looks, and dull grimaces,
And aye the tither gaunt and honest,
As made him, hirpling, leave his post :
The hare-brain'd poet's love-sick sonnet
She'd twine like ribbons in her bonnet ;
Syne, if he kneel'd to kiss her loof,
She'd scorn him for a bleth'ring coof,
And pointing upwards to the moon,
Ding heart and harns baith out of tune.
The scented beau, and modish fop,
Whose temple was a tailor's shop,
Nae better far'd when she espied him ;
For she would hunker down beside him,
Admire his boots, his whiskers praise,
And talk of glovee, surtouts, and stays ;
When weel blawn up, wi' love of self,
To teach the consequential elf,
A box of butterflies she'd shaw,
And prove he was not half so braw :
The hen-peck'd snool—the jealous wife,
Whose jaundiced e'e embitters life ;
The doating gowk, aye seen to hing
Tied to his dearie's apron string ;
She shaw'd them a' in sic a light,
They cou'dna thole to bear the sight ;
Each painting prov'd a moral stricture,
Truth stood confess'd in ilka picture ;

* Melpomene, the Tragic Muse

† Polyhymnia, the Muse of Rhetoric
and Logic.

* Thalia, the Comic Muse.

For 'twas the object of her satire,
To "hold the mirror up to Nature;"
Thus, first wi' ane, and then anither,
She'd anger a' the squad together.

Syne as they a' bang'd up for hame,
In came the neist *, a strapping dame;
Straight as a rash, and light of heel,
Ilk joint as supple as an eel;
Her leg sae neat—nane ever view'd it
But frae his heart fu' sairly rued it;
For though she lik'd a gloamin's daffin,
When they grew serious, she was laugh-
ing;

Yet a' wha suffer'd by her scorn
Were fain to come and tect the morn.

To put the blades in blithsome mood,
She'd buckle on her silken snood,
While ilka lock and wanton curl
Made mony a youngster's heart-strings
dirl;

And as they gaz'd wi' glamour'd e'en,
She'd shake her fit upo' the green,
And, lilting o'er some lightsome spring,
Would let them see the Highland fling:
For nane on a' the Olympian brae
Could boast her "light fantastic tae;"
There ne'er was ane it set sae weel
To bob about in jig or reel;
She'd trip you o'er a brisk strathspey,
As light's a lamb upon the ley;
And when she join'd a country-dance,
Love flang his shafts at ilka glance;
In cleeking arms, or clasping looves,
The pawky quean coost aff her gloves;
Her milk-white hand, sae warm and soft,
Made ilka bosom dunt like daft;
While they mistook baith time and tune,
But thought it ended aye o'er soon.

Whate'er the step, be't quick or slaw,
Her gait was graceful in them a';
In minuets, Minerva's air
And solemn dignity was there;
But when she tripp'd cotillions light,
'Twas Venus sporting in the sight;
Be't Sleepy Meg, or Dainty Davie,
She play'd them aye the tither shavie;
In Jacky Tar, or Tullochgorum,
She'd aye some contraip variorum,
That while she spang'd upo' the green,
The feint a chiel cou'd lift his e'en:
But though she was a lightsome lassie,
Aye merry-mouth'd and never saucy,
She never would degrade ber charms
By waltzing in a swankie's arms;
She thought a young and modest woman
Sic freedoms should allow to no man;
And they wha wriggled wi' the chieles,
Had heads far lighter than their heels!

When she had kittled ilka heart,
And lads got up, though laith to part,
Her eldest sister † would come forth,
Of manners douce and modest worth;

In gloamin' light but seldom seen
Among the rest, upo' the green;
She sat and goupit at the starns
Till some fouk thought they'd turn'd her
harns;

She had sic trantlums in her cham'et,
It was believ'd she dealt in glamour;
Maps, sextants, quadrants, globes, and
glasses,

Not such as aft delight the lasses,
Her purpose was wi' them to spy,
And keek at ferlies in the sky;
For she had sic a wondrous gift,
She weel could measure a' the lift;
Girth round the planets wi' a string,
And tell the size of Saturn's ring.
This lass would lend the fallows out,
And gulke their e'en a' round about,
Synce, gleg's a razor, rattle aff
The length and height of Peter's staff;
Point ilka planet's path fa' plain,
Between the Dog and Charlie's Wain;
And bid them tent the milky way,
Where orbs unseen in clusters lay;—
Synce would she tell of warlds aboon,
Ten thousand miles ayont the moon;
And starns, sae far frae mortal sight,
That fouks below ne'er saw their light;
With warlds and systems still behind
them,

That ding our telescopes to find them.

Thus have I sung, how lads and lasses
Erewhile gallanted round Parnassus;
Langsyne they sought our sea-girt isle,
Where still they shed their softest smile:
Sometimes, I think, Thalia's e'e,
In summer gloamin's, blinks on me;
When lilting o'er this lightsome strain,
I thought the cummer smirk'd fain.
Should you admit me as a brither,
The muse and I may come together,
To join the splore, when neist we meet;
Her dimpling cheek, and smile sae sweet,
Her laughing e'e, and witching tongue,
Will glad the hearts of auld and young;
Till ane mair apt get up an' sing,
And safter touch the trembling string.

When the Dominie sat down, pat-
ting of feet and clapping of hands
indicated the high approbation of
the company; but the Schoolmaster
again starting to his feet, cried,
"Hooly, callans! ye're maybe mind-
ing on the auld byeword, 'claw me
an' I'll claw you.' But I warn man
and nither's son of you, that if any
ane of you speak what I think non-
sense, I'll no fleech you up wi' bla-
flum flattery. However, come awa',
laird; loose your pock, and shaw your
sample." He who was now called
on was a young man, heir to a small
estate in the neighbourhood; his

* Terpsichore, the Muse of Dancing.
† Urania, the Muse of Astronomy.

frame was slender and his mind delicate, and rather inclined to melancholy. It had been hinted that he had lately met a disappointment in love, which had increased the morbid sensibility of his mind; and this, although only the conjecture of his friends, was in some degree confirmed, from the expression of his features and tones of his voice, as he recited the following effusion:

The Evening Walk.

Now gently sinks the star of day,
And mountain tops reflect the ray
That fainter shines, and fades away,
The fond eye gazing wistfully.

How sweet the breeze, from upland ground,
The varied landscape smiling round,
While echo joins each warbler's sound,
In Nature's softest melody!

The streamlet, fringed with flowery sides,
O'er shining pebbles gurgling slides;
Then onward, softly murmuring, glides,
To join the rural symphony.

I hear the screaming sea-birds' wail;
At distance see the whiten'd sail
Expanded, woo the lingering gale,
That sleeps with evening silently.

On this retired, romantic hill,
The hum of men is hush'd and still,
And cares no more the bosom chill,
For all is peace and harmony.

The woodlands wave in cheerful green,
And purple twilight smiles serene,
The soul expanding, hails the scene,
Inspiring hiest tranquillity.

From yonder bower, laburnum gay
And scented birch exclude the day,
While woodbine twines its slender spray,
To form the fragrant canopy.

Successive rushing o'er the mind,
The hours return long fled behind;
When Love was new, and Laura kind,
I forward look'd exultingly.

The fragrant primrose, smiling fair,
And cowslip sweet, I cull'd with care,
When Laura deign'd the gift to wear,
And blush'd, and look'd so tenderly.

Then lightly stole the fleeting hour,
On broom-flower'd bank, in shady bow'r,
The enchanter, Love, with magic pow'r,
Still whisper'd dreams of ecstasy!

Illusive joys! but ever dear,
While Memory whispers in my ear,
How fondly once ye hover'd here!
I leave your haunts reluctantly.

But, ah! the airy vision flies!
No more I mark the azure skies,
Nor heed the flow'rs which round me rise
In benighted chaste simplicity.

When crystal dew-drops gemm'd the vale,
Beneath yon thorn that skirts the dale,
Love often breath'd his tender tale,
'Twas whisper'd fond and faithfully.

Alas! no longer blooms that thorn,
By rude untimely tempests torn,
None seeks its shade, unless to mourn
O'er joys still dear to memory.

Now mellow'd from the vale below,
The breathing flute's soft numbers flow,
Again they wake the fervid glow,
The thrill of sensibility.

That strain, to me erewhile was dear,
And still its cadence soothes my ear,
Yet wakes a sigh, a starting tear,
While here I linger pensively.

It tells my morn of life is past,
Its noon-tide sun with clouds o'ercast,
And evening shades approaching fast,
In dim and dark solemnity.

I saw the city smoke ascend,
And curling blue, with ether blend;
So sublunary pleasures end,—
And such their instability.

E'en now, the glowing twilight fled,
O'er Nature's face thick darkness spread,
The dews of night around my head,
All teach the heart humility.

To him, who, hid from human eye,
With full heart heaves the secret sigh,
The dark brown heath and low'ring sky
Impart a sullen sympathy.

The rude rock frowning o'er the deep,
Whence oozing waters ever weep,
And waves a ceaseless murmur keep,
Inspire a pleasing melancholy.

In the dim shade of ruins gray,
Their turrets trembling in decay,
While twilight points the dubious way,
'Tis sweet to ponder silently.

When waning moonlight shadows fall
On dewy turf, or moss-clad wall,
While night-birds from their caverns call,
My bosom heaves responsively.

The mould'ring arch, in ivied gloom,
The silent choir and roofless dome,
The long grass waving o'er the tomb,
Proclaim that all is vanity!

But setting suns again shall rise,
And morning's glories gild the skies,
Again the weary sleeper's eyes
Shall wake to Immortality!

Although the young laird's recitation was not adapted to the taste of some present, yet the emotions which it had awaked in the feelings of others were visible in their countenances, and were, by him, considered as the most sincere marks of applause. He had written from the heart, rather than the head; and when he succeeded in exciting a gentle sigh, he esteemed it beyond the loudest plaudits of admiration. The next who was called on was a son of Esculapius, who had recently taken his degree of M. D. He was a keen, sometimes a violent politician, and a warm assertor of what he conceived the just liberties of mankind. He had stickled for leave to speak in prose; but it could not be permitted; and with the energy peculiar to his character, he poured forth the following rhapsody:

The Congress of Verona.

What, who are these, on fair Ausonia's plain,
With pomp and splendour in their pageant train?
The lords of earth, who meet in dark divan,
Sworn foes to freedom and the rights of man,
All leagued oppressors, in one cause combin'd,
Yet trembling at the boundless march of mind;
Who seek to plunge the world in ancient night,
For sons of rapine always hate the light.
With impious oaths, and epithets profane,
Long since the holy junco forged the chain,
And now they wish to clench the fetters fast,
Or, like Simoom, to blight with with'ring blast!
See him, the foremost, in this hot-brain'd band,
Whose sceptre trembles in his palsied hand,
Who long a scholar in misfortune's school,
By fate and friends advanced to sovereign rule;
But still untaught, his mind a blank or blot,
No wisdom learn'd, no prejudice forgot;
With hoary locks, when years have o'er him roll'd,
With head as empty, and with heart as cold;
When imbecile, and bending o'er the grave,
A tool for Ultra, Superstition's slave!
Such is the man, the dark decrees of fate
Have placed as ruler o'er a powerful state,

The pigmy monarch of a mighty land,
To guide the reins snatch'd from a Giant's hand,
Who made and unmade sovereigns with a nod,
While trembling nations crouch'd beneath his rod:
Though such his follies in his mad career,
Wilt thou, like him, in storms, attempt to steer
The helm of state—like him, attempt to shine,
Nor strength, nor skill, nought but his frailties thine?
Hast thou the head to plan, the art to bend
The stubborn mind, and make a foe a friend?
Canst thou, like him, thy council sway, and wield
The carnaged weapon on the martial field?
Canst thou, like him, Marengo's banner wave,
And lure with glitt'ring eagles to the grave?
Say, can thy venal hosts and Ultra crew
Iberia's laws o'erturn, her sons subdue?
This fortune's minion long essay'd in vain,
And worse than folly fires thy doting brain,
To send thy troops to die in hopeless toil,
Where Gallic blood, still reeking, feeds the soil!
If Time can ever teach, or Kings be wise,
Think once how high,—how low the mighty lies!
And while thou seek'st to prop a despot's throne,
Look first at home, and tremble for thy own!
But who is he, that, close behind thy back,
With fluent tongue still urges the attack?
'Tis he, the sceptre and the knout who waves
O'er rude barbarians, serfs, ignoble slaves,
Well skill'd in blandishment, and courtly grace,
With honey'd tongue and sanctimonious face,
A subtle, scheming sophist, cunning, sly,
Who looks abroad with jealous, jaundiced eye,
Whose piety is policy disguis'd,
His magnanimity in this compris'd,
Against Freedom's rights to pour the fierce tirade,
In manifestoes fill'd with gasconade,
To talk that men are vassals made for Kings,
And constitutions base, forbidden things,
That Kings legitimate are demi-gods,
Their subjects puppets, play-things, torpid clods;

At best, machines, their masters to obey,
Or pawns at chess, when monarchs chuse
to play !

Such are the fulminations, fiercely hurl'd,
By this dictator, to a wond'ring world,
Whose lust of boundless power attempts
to keep

Within his grasp the monsters of the
deep ;

O'er frozen seas, that scorn the sway of
man,

He claims to rule, from Nootka to Japan.

Who follows next ? what boots the
muse to name,

Whom hroken faith has "damn'd to
lasting fame ?"

The promis'd freedom, the paternal smile,
A despot's juggle, and a tyrant's guile !
The patriot blood of Naples leaves a stain
Indelible, to mark his coward reign *.

See, last, the laurel'd Captain of the
age,

Whose name will live in history's blood-
stain'd page ;

He, too, his seat amidst the Congress took,
With mild demeanour and a timid look ;
Just dared to hint, with diplomatic skill,
And though a soldier, prov'd a courtier
still ;

His country's cold neutrality display'd,
Nor once the foul confed'racy forbade.
Perhaps the hero felt a secret awe,
A reverence for the fulminated law,—
Thought rights of nations patry, trivial
things,

Compar'd with pomp, and power, and
crowns, and kings !

Alas, how fallen ! how low my country
now !

How droop the laurels on Britannia's
brow !

How short the time since, war's red flag
unfur'd,

She dared the conqueror who defied the
world !

For twice ten years her sons to battle
led—

Her bravest sons, who fought, and toil'd,
and bled ;

She swept the seas ; firm in the breach,
by land,

She stood, with dauntless heart and steady
hand ;

The continental, fickle, faithless kings,
Brib'd with her gold, and plum'd their
drooping wings !

For what, or whom, was form'd this
mad crusade ?

It was the sacred cause of kings to aid ;

And chiefly his, by fate condemn'd to
roam,

In pride and poverty, exil'd from home ;
This helpless wanderer Britain cloth'd
and fed,

And in a palace lodg'd his houseless head ;
And, scorning danger, ere she sheath'd
the sword,

Saw him to rank and royalty restor'd ;
For him her blood was spilt, her mil-
lions spent,

A Mightier Name to lasting exile sent !
But he, for whom these matchless feats
were done,

Blood shed in torrents, and a kingdom
won,

Sure he was grateful ?—Scarcely home
return'd,

When Britain saw her wisest counsels
spurn'd.

Ungrateful France !—Ah no ! the muse
is wrong ;

France owes us nought, and I correct my
song ;

'Tis true we gave a King,—*Le Desiré*—
Yet, spite of all that priests and ultras
say,

Should we of her ingratitude complain,
She'd frankly send our present back
again ;

For there is One, not yet forgot, though
dead,

Who sleeps, without a stone to mark his
head,

Whose memory lives in many a French-
man's mind,

With victories, triumphs, arms, and arts
combined.

Could England wake the Giant from
his sleep,

On yon rude rock, which rises o'er the
deep,

Though still a captive on the Indian main,
Yet, if he turn'd, like mastiff on his chain,

The clank would echo to the monarch's
ear,

Its rattling shake his heart with withering
fear ;

Oh then, my country need but say, " For-
bear !

Or I will loose the tiger from his lair !"

Then he who madly strikes the tocsin
bell,

Like timid snail, would shrink within his
shell.

This cannot be—yet, Britain, hear the
hast ;

Though distant far, the tempest gathers
fast ;

Thy continental friends, misnam'd Allies,
Still hate and fear thee, hut would fain
despise ;

Thy wealth, thy power, they mark with
jealous eye,

And hourly for thy degradation sigh.

* It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the promised Free Constitution to Prussia, and the amnesty pledged to the deluded Patriots of Naples.

Should Spanish Freedom find an early
grave,
Without a hand to help, a friend to save,
The leagued oppressors soon would find
pretext

With neutral states to pick a quarrel next ;
In despot eyes, what greater guilt can be—
What deadlier crime, than daring to be
free ?

The vial of their wrath would soon be
pour'd,

And Britain's self the last to be devour'd.
Yet, tyrants, pause—your fetters cannot
bind

The light of Heaven, nor stop the march
of mind ;

Not all the Inquisition's bolts and bars
(Could holy leaguers, with unhallow'd wars,
That den of hellish demons now restore,)
Can quench the light of intellectual lore !
Barbarian hordes, or Gallie gold, or guile,
May o'er Iberia triumph for a while,
May check fair Freedom in her sacred
course—

Retard her progress—not destroy her force ;
For, like the bended oak, she will rebound,
And strike her proud oppressors to the
ground.

The lofty bark, with wide-spread, swelling
sail,

Bounds o'er the waves, and scuds before
the gale,

The pilot reckless, and unskill'd to steer,
Minds not the breakers which a-head ap-
pear ;

She comes—she strikes on adamantine
rock,

And backward reels, recoiling from the
shock ;

With rifted sides, she founders on the
wave,

While the proud pilot finds a wat'ry grave ;
'Midst floating wreck, the rock unshaken
stands,

So sacred Freedom scorns unhallow'd
bands !

And royal Ferdinand, O could my pen
Advise thee to thy former trade again,
Twere better, safer, fringing petticoats,
Than league with priests in hatching
secret plots !

Where'er thy home—Spain, or Canary
Isles,

Oh ! trust not foreign arms and venal
smiles ;

'Twere wiser could thy eloquence per-
suade

The royal crew to join thy stitching
trade ;

With fringe and lace adorn Loretto's
shrine,

With fashion's trappings make the Virgin
shine ;

For this were wiser, better for mankind,
Than leagues profane, to crush the free-
born mind :

We laugh at fools ; but tyrants we de-
test.

Go, despots, stitch !—and leave the world
at rest !

This effervescence of patriotism
produced a long dispute, which the
Dominic brought to a conclusion, by
reminding them, that their present
business was not with the opinions
advanced in the verses they had just
heard, but with their merits as a
composition: this being denied, he
maintained his argument, by the fol-
lowing simile: "Suppose a mechanic
claimed to join the blacksmiths' cor-
poration, and produced a gun-lock
of exquisite workmanship, as a spe-
cimen of his abilities—should he be
rejected, because their Deacon disap-
proved of shooting either man or
beast ?"

It being agreed that all the three
should be admitted, it was next con-
sidered by what appellation they
were to be distinguished. The con-
trast between the style and tone of
the first two being so remarkable,
the physician proposed, that the Do-
minic should be called Democritus,
and the young laird Heraclitus ; the
Dominic, in return, addressing the
M. D. by the name of Dr Tell.

I have thus stated the origin of
"The Harum-Scarum Club," and
described three of its members ; if
the specimen is reckoned worthy of a
place in your Miscellany, we will all
have the pleasure of perusal, as it
forms part of our infant library ; and
I shall take an early opportunity of
transmitting the productions of the
other three members, and the sub-
sequent occurrences of the evening.
Meantime, I am,

Mr Editor,

Yours, very respectfully,
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, Sec.

Harum-Scarum Hall, }
Burgh of Kittleprankie. }

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS, PARTICULARLY THOSE OF THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS, DETAILED IN THE TREATISE OF MR GRANT STEWART. EDINBURGH, CONSTABLE AND COMPANY; LONDON, HURST, ROBINSON, AND COMPANY. 1823.

THERE is a stage of society when supernatural beings are supposed to have more intimate communication with mankind than at after and more enlightened periods. The Heathen Mythology, particularly, filled the earth with such visitants: according to it, there was much difficulty in accounting for the creation of the surrounding universe; but it seemed certain that it had been beyond the power of those who were commonly denominated *Gods*. These were beings whose descents were traced like those of mortals, and who, though they were of superior natures to men, yet resembled them in their intellects, in their appearances, and even in their manners, however loose and immoral these may sometimes have been.

As to the *substance* of which they were composed, if the expression may be used, it would have been derogatory to their dignity to have considered them *material*, in the ordinary sense of the term; yet, as they were supposed to have been occasionally seen and heard, it was necessary so far to embody them, as to account for these things; and accordingly, Cicero, in his treatise *De Naturâ Deorum*, (one of the most curious tracts of all antiquity), gravely says, that though they had not *corpora*, or solid bodies, yet they had *quasi corpora*, or bodies of an acrial and shadowy kind. The same general notion was entertained by our forefathers regarding the superior beings of their belief: and Ossian tells us, that when the heroes of other times sat on their clouds, listening to the songs of their praise, "the dim stars twinkled through their form." The divinities of the ancient heathen religion were imagined to pay many visits to men, as all the poets testify. Not only were Iris and Mercury, their general messengers, sent constantly on errands to this lower world, but the chief *Cœlicolæ*, the great inhabitants of heaven themselves, frequently visited earth, sometimes with good, and

sometimes with bad intent; and though Egeria descended from heaven to instruct Numa in the institution of the Roman sacred rites*, Jupiter and Mercury had no such meritorious object, when they came to the house of Amphytrion, where the greatest rakes in Athens or Rome could not have shown worse conduct†.

But not only was the earth thus visited by the natives of heaven, the beings of the higher order in the universe; it had itself innumerable inhabitants of natures more than human; for while Neptune with his trident swayed the waves of the ocean, attended by his train of marine deities, Thetis, Melita, Pasithea, Nesea, Spio, Thalia, Cymodoce, &c.‡, and all the Tritons, every river had its aged and hoary water-god presiding, with innumerable Naiads, over its streams; and every grove had its Dryads, or fair Nymphs, who, though only occasionally visible to mortal eye, yet held delightful dwellings there.

In the ancient mythology, we are not aware that the earth, as in our modern systems of belief, was supposed to be troubled with the presence of any great *Evil Spirit*; for the demons, of whom we occasionally hear, were a few low vagabonds, scarcely worth notice. According to the conceptions of later races of men, those who had rebelled against Heaven's Sovereign, and were, as Milton says, "hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, down to bottomless perdition," are yet unaccountably supposed to be permitted to prowl about this lower world, incessantly working mischief. But matters were better managed among the heathens. The giants, like Satan and his companions, had reared their daring fronts against the King of Heaven; but they were thrust down, never to rise again,

* Tit. Liv.

† Amphytrion.

‡ Æneid, Lib. v. l. 825.

and were not suffered so far to demean themselves, as, like Beelzebub, to frighten children, or play bagpipes to dancing hags. Let not the unclassical reader imagine, however, that though those rebels were thus sufficiently quelled, all went happily on in the Pagan universe. The heart-burning contentions of the divinities themselves supplied the want of Devils. This poor Æneas found to his cost, when he was tossed for years over the sea, through the wrath of Juno, notwithstanding all the protection of his mother Venus; and though, in the sequel, we shall see what the Witches of after ages could accomplish on the watery element, their doings were not so perseveringly vexatious there, as those of the Queen of Heaven, aided as she was by Æolus, though opposed in her endeavours by her brother, the God of the Ocean.

Besides the Deities, there was another set of supernatural beings who occasionally visited the ancient world; and those were the Manes or Shades of departed mortals. Thus, amid the burning of Troy, the pale and trembling Ghost of Hector appeared to Æneas: But

"Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achil-
lis *;"

And the shade of Anchises returned to enjoin his son to meet him, for great purposes, in the regions below. There were also similar beings of an intermediate nature—the Genii, or Familiar Spirits of men, as that which was supposed to attend Socrates, and the Spectre which appeared so woefully to Brutus at the battle of Philippi.

But it is not so much with the ghostly visitants of heathen times that we have now to do: our business is more properly with those of more modern days, and particularly with those which have abounded among the romantic mountains of our own country, as detailed in the little work now before us.

Our Scottish supernatural beings may be divided into six classes: 1, *Ghosts*, properly so called; 2, *The Wraiths* of individuals; 3, *Fairies*;

4, *Brownies*; 5, *Kelpies and Spunkies*, and, 6, *Witches*, who were a race partaking of both human and spiritual natures.

The ancient HIGHLAND SPECTRE, like his brother described by Job, or the "Stark and Stalwart" Ghaist which appeared at Linluden Abbey, according to Burns, was a large and powerful being, and, as our Author says, "not like the present puny, green, worm-eaten effigies, which now-a-days stalk about our premises, and feed upon air." Accounts of three of these are given by him—the Great Ghost of Bogandoran, the Great Male Ghost of Ben Baynac, and his weaker female companion, Clashnichd Aulnaic; but mighty though those were, they were no match for human bravery when fairly roused; for Bogandoran was forced to vanish into air, under the prowess of Lachlan Du M'Pherson, a gallant Highland fiddler: as Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel, so Ben Baynac could be assailed only on a mole which he had on his breast, "large as a Highlandman's bonnet," and there he was fortunately struck by the arrow of a keen archer, Owre of Bullelg, and was seen no more. Clashnichd, abusing the hospitality of the wife of the miller of Delnabo Mill, had a kettle of boiling water overturned on her bosom, and when "scalded beyond recovery," she fled up the wilds of Craig-Alnaic, uttering the most melancholy lamentations, and has never been heard of since*.

The WRAITHS of men were what our Author calls "Ghosts in a co-existent state," that is, they were frequently seen even during the lives of the individuals to whom they belonged, and had no small resemblance to the familiars of heathen belief. They were so far different, however,

* Let not our learned readers sneer at all this, nor deny the possibility of such beings being wounded with steel, or burned with scalding water. They must not forget, that, according to Homer, similar disasters often happened to the Deities contending in battle during the Trojan war; and that Mars himself, when pierced with a sword, ran wailing to Jupiter, with as little dignity as Clashnichd fled from the miller's wife.

from the attendant spirits of the ancients, that while he of former times seemed to confine his attentions to him whose wraith he was, the modern one often went about to the distress of his friends, planting himself in their way, and yelling hideously, with cries like the "expiring shrieks of a goat under a butcher's knife, or the howling of a dog in a solitary cavern."

But it is immediately before the period of death that the wraiths seem most active; and we refer our readers to an interesting account of this, in the rencounter with that of a neighbour, which was had by *Donald Doole*; forming the subject of the frontispiece of the work. The death of a person of distinction is often foretold by the shadowy appearance of what his funeral will be, and of the company that will attend it; those accustomed to such things being able to descry, not only their friends, but *themselves*, in the procession. The following account of one of these visionary burials is given by our author:

A smith, who had a large family to provide for, was often necessitated to occupy his smithy till rather a late hour. One night, in particular, as he was turning the key of his smithy door, his notice was attracted to the public road, which lay contiguous to the smithy, by a confusion of sounds, indicative of the approach of a great concourse of people. Immediately there appeared the advanced ranks of a procession, marching four men deep, in tolerable good order, unless occasionally some unaccountable circumstance occasioned the fall of a lusty fellow, as if he had been shot by a twenty-four pounder. Thunderstruck at the nature and number of the marvellous procession, the smith, honest man, reclined his back to the door, witnessing a continuation of the same procession for nearly an hour, without discovering any thing further of the character of those who composed it, than that they betokened a repletion of the *Uisquelough*. At length, the appearance of the hearse, and its awful ensigns, together with the succeeding line of coaches, developed the nature of the concern. It was then that the smith's knees began to smite each other, and his hair to stand on an end. The recent demise of his venerable chieftain confirmed his conviction of its being a *Taish*, (or shadowy anticipated funeral,) and a very formidable one too. Not choosing to see the rear, he

directed his face homewards, whether he fled with the swiftness of younger years, and was not backward in favouring his numerous acquaintances with a full and particular account of the whole scene. This induced many honest people to assume the smithy door as their stance of observation on the day of the funeral, which took place a few days after; and, to his honour be it told, every circumstance detailed by the smith in his relation accurately happened; and this established his veracity in all time thereafter.

After death, the Ghost is said by our Author to be in its *post-existent state*; but it does not seem clear whether that means the soul of the departed, or his wraith, or co-attendant spirit. Be that as it may, however, the idea of such a being had not a little influence.

Mrs Grant says finely—"The lofty visions that shew man to be imperishable, and still connected by links of tender recollection with those once loved or esteemed, have in themselves something, not only interesting, but aggrandizing. Where the mind was deeply, though not clearly, impressed with the sense of immortality, every thing connected with a being that ceased not to exist, assumed importance. The image, once dear and pleasing, became awful and impressive, when it was supposed, from the passing cloud, or rapid whirlwind, to look with kindness on those who mourned its departure. To those who had no deep-felt apprehension of futurity, the path of the departed was but as that of a meteor, hurrying past with transient brightness. With the fond enthusiast, who listened for the whispers of the passing spirit, and caught short glimpses of the dim seen form, it was far otherwise. They thought of the sacred dead as we do of a benignant planet, which, though beyond our reach, still sheds sweet influence over us*."

But it was not only in a sentimental, but a moral point of view, that the belief in Ghosts was supposed to have valuable effects. Guardian uncles have been too often faithless and cruel; and from the Babes in the Wood, up to the ill-fated nephews of the treacherous Richard, too many,

* Mrs Grant on the Highlanders. Vol. II. page 98.

alas ! have suffered. But not so the wards of the Highland *tuit-shears*, (for such is the Gaelic term for a tutor so near in blood ;) and to the general feeling impressed by a belief of the Spirits of the departed knowing what still passes among men, and occasionally interfering in their concerns, Mrs Grant ascribes it, that, in the authenticated instances, and even legends of the Highland Clans, she remembered only a solitary instance of want of fidelity in such a guardian. These feelings are even a strong incitement to affectionate performance of duties. " My mother's shade (said the amiable Charlotte) hovers round me, when in the evening I sit with her children : when I behold them assembled about me as they used to be about her, I then turn my swimming eyes towards Heaven, and wish she could be amongst us, and see that I fulfil the promise which I made her in her dying moments, to be a mother to her orphan children *."

And here, again, we must protest against the presumption of *over-wisdom* ; nor can we agree with our Author, that " nothing can appear more surprising, than that any human being, possessing the *rational* faculties of human nature, could entertain any ideas so *preposterous*" as those of the popular belief. Far greater men than our Author, great as he is, have at least not slighted the belief in Ghosts. Dr Johnson was understood to have had faith in the Cock-lane Ghost, and Dr Pitcairn, Dr Franklin, and Lord Rochester, saw nothing improbable in the return of the Spirits of the deceased. But the strongest instance of that belief in an eminent man, has lately come to light in a memoir printed, though not published, of Sir James Steuart, the great Author of the "*Political Economy*." He made a regular compact with an intimate friend, that " whichever of them should die first, was, at a certain place, and at a certain time after death, to meet the survivor. The friend died first : Sir James kept his appointment, in anxious hope to meet the shade of the departed, and was not a little disappointed at its not appearing.

It has been said by wise persons,

that all wrongs have a remedy ; and the influence of Ghosts and Spectres being so potent, we cannot but here advert to the most approved *safeguards* from them. Now, some hits of rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, placed as a cross, have been found very effectual in this respect ; and the writer of this article, having on one occasion a country wet-nurse for his child, found such talisman in its cradle. The good woman said she put it there " to keep off ill een frae the bairn," and it certainly had the desired effect, as a more healthy child never existed. But of all expedients, that of *turning back the cuff of one's coat* has the greatest effect, and generally discovers any straggling Ghost which may be near, though otherwise invisible. It was this which enabled Donald Doole to see the wraith of his neighbour's wife, as shown in the frontispiece of our Author's book ; and the power of Venus herself did not more effectually open her son's eyes to the hostile deities overturning the walls of Troy, according to Virgil, on the fatal night of its destruction, than this simple operation did these of Donald. As to the *exorcism* of Ghosts, we must refer our readers to Sir Walter Scott's account (in his *Border Minstrelsy*,) of the mode in which a Reverend Minister of Peebles dispossessed one ; and as connected with the subject, the curious inquirer may take some interest in knowing how the matter was managed by the Jews, according to rules which, Josephus tells us, were prescribed by no less a person than Solomon : " The exorciser," he says, " applied a ring to the nostrils of the person possessed, with a piece of root conveyed under the seal of it ; the demoniac did but smell to it, and the devil was drawn out by the nose *."

The next set of supernatural beings mentioned by our Author are FAIRIES : they are considered to be a part of the fallen Spirits thrown down from heaven, for having joined Satan in the " great rebellion," and of which, as our Author remarks, " the Highland mountains received an ample store." Our bounds do not admit of our saying all that is due to

* Sorrows of Werter.

* Josephus's Jewish Antiquities, Book viii.

beings of such high descent: we may, observe, however, that the Highland Fairies do not seem to have been so genteel, nor so splendid and elegant, as those mentioned in the *Fairy Tales*, with habiliments "of white and gold, dropped with diamonds." Nor were their garbs (as our Author says) wove by the shuttle of Iris, but by that "of some greasy Highland weaver." The jurisdiction of Queen Mab never extended to Scotland, and the Scottish Fairies appear never to have deserted their leader Satan; though, from all we can learn, his dominion over them was but imperfect. The Fairies lived in communities, inhabiting old castles, and were a gay race, as we constantly hear of their mirth and dancing; but woe to the unfortunate wight who was ever tempted to join their revels! Their not being always visible, and the difficulty of associating with them, render our knowledge of them incomplete; but they seem to have lived in a primitive state of society, each being his own tradesman in all kinds of work—"his own weaver—his own tailor—his own shoemaker." Yet, contrary to the theory of Adam Smith, that only the *division of labour* makes clever workmen, they were frequently most expert. The Author shews this, by mentioning "a Fairy shoemaker, who sewed a pair of shoes for a Highland shepherd during the time that the latter mealed a cog of porridge for him." The sceptics may try to account for this, from their favourite *natural causes*, by alleging that a sharp-set appetite produced exertion; but what will they say of a Fairy barber, who "actually shaved a man with no better razor than the palm of his hand, and yet did it so effectually, that he never afterwards required to undergo the same operation?" This must confound unbelievers, and we shall testify our faith in this story, by saying, that we wish, from our hearts, that we could fall in with a similar operator; for, what a blessing would it be, to be freed at once and for ever from that galling servitude which all of us are under to *bristly beards*! But there is still another incontestible evidence of the existence of Fairy tradesmen. The truth is, as mentioned by our Author, that the work-

men of the great Michael Scott were all Fairies; and it is only in that way that it could be accounted for, that some stupendous bridges in the north country were built by him in the course of a single night. These naturally gave the reputation to Michael of being *uncanny*, and it was, much dreaded that in his death his fate would be mournful. Michael, who was a good political economist, however, knew, that, as a capitalist, he was entitled to go to the best market, both for materials and labour; and he was thus excusable for hiring Fairies, if they were good workmen. To relieve the minds of his kind well-wishers, and preserve a good fame when dead, he fell on the following interesting device, which, with the result, as they regard so great a man, we give in the Author's own words.

"When I am just dead," said he, "open my breast, and extract my heart. Carry it to some place where the public may see the result. You will then transfix it upon a long pole, and if Satan will have my soul, he will come in the likeness of a black raven, and carry it off; and if my soul will be saved, it will be carried off by a white dove." His friends faithfully obeyed his instructions. Having exhibited his heart in the manner directed, a large black raven was observed to come from the east with great fleetness; while a white dove came from the west with equal velocity. The raven made a furious dash at the heart, missing which, it was unable to curb its force, till it was considerably past it: and the dove, reaching the spot at the same time, carried off the heart amidst the cheers and ejaculations of the spectators.

Our readers know how customary it was for Fairies to steal healthy children, and substitute ill-thriven wretches in their place; but not content with doing so, they occasionally took away even grown-up persons, of an instance of which our Author gives the following interesting account:

There was once a courageous clever man, of the name of John Roy, who lived in Glenbrown, in the parish of Abernethy. One night, as John Roy was out traversing the hills for his cattle, he happened to fall in with a fairy banditti, whose manner of travelling indicated that they carried along with them some booty. Re-

collecting an old, and, it seems, a faithful mying, that the fairies are obliged to exchange any booty they may possess for any return, however unequal in value, on being challenged to that effect, John Roy took off his bonnet, and threw it towards them, demanding a fair exchange in the emphatic Gaelic phrase, *Sluis sho slumna sheen* *. It was, no doubt, an unprofitable barter for the fairies. They, however, it would appear, had no other alternative, but to comply with John Roy's demand; and in room of the bonnet, they abandoned the burden, which turned out to be nothing more nor less than a fine fresh lady, who, from her dress and language, appeared to be a Saxoness. With great humanity, John Roy conducted the unfortunate lady to his house, where she was treated with the utmost tenderness for several years; and the endearing attentions paid to her by John and his family, won so much her affections, as to render her soon happy in her lot. Her habits became gradually assimilated to those of her new society, and the Saxon lady was no longer viewed in any other character than as a member of John Roy's family.

It happened, however, in the course of time, that the new king found it necessary to make the great roads through those countries by means of soldiers, for the purpose of letting coaches and carriages pass to the northern cities; and those soldiers had officers and commanders in the same way as our fighting army have now. Those soldiers were never great favourites in these countries, particularly during the time that our own kings were alive; and, consequently, it was no easy matter for them, either officers or men, to procure for themselves comfortable quarters. But John Roy forgot the national animosity of his countrymen to the *Cottan Darg*, when the latter appealed to his generosity as an individual; and he, accordingly, did not hesitate to offer an asylum under his roof to a Saxon captain and his son, who commanded a party employed in his immediate neighbourhood. His offer was thankfully accepted of, and while the strangers were highly delighted at the cleanliness and economy of the house and family of their host, the latter was quite satisfied with the frankness and urbanity of manners displayed by his guests. One thing, however, caused some feelings of uneasiness to John Roy, and that was the extreme curiosity manifested by them, whenever they were in the company or presence of his English foundling, on whom their eyes were continually rivet-

ted, as if she were a ghost or a fairy. On one occasion, it happened that the captain's son lapsed into a state of the profoundest meditation, gazing upon this lady with silent emotion. "My son," says the captain, his father, "tell me what is the cause of your deep meditation?"—"Father," replies the sweet youth, "I think on the days that are gone; and of my dearest mother, who is now no more. I have been led into those reflections by the appearance of that lady who is now before me. 'Oh, father! does she not strikingly resemble the late partner of your heart; she for whom you so often mourn in secret?'"—"Indeed, my son," replied the father, "the resemblance has frequently recurred to me too forcibly. Never were twin sisters more like; and, were not the thing impossible, I should even say she was my dearest departed wife;"—pronouncing her name as he spoke, and also the names of characters nearly connected to both parties. Attracted by the mention of her real name, which she had not heard repeated for a number of years before, and attracted still more by the nature of their conversation, the lady, on strict examination of the appearance of the strangers, instantly recognised her tender husband and darling son. Natural instinct could be no longer restrained. She threw herself upon her husband's bosom; and Ossian, the son of Fingal, could not describe in adequate terms the transports of joy that prevailed at the meeting. Suffice it to say, that the Saxon lady was again restored to her affectionate husband, pure and unblemished as when he lost her, and John Roy gratified by the only reward he would accept of—the pleasure of doing good."

From the sequel of the story, it appears that some of the hordes of fairies, inhabiting the "*Shian of Coir-laggack*," found it convenient, for purposes which may be easily guessed at, to take a trip to the South of England, and made no scruple to kidnap this lady in the absence of her husband, and on the occasion of her accouchement. A stock was, of course, deposited in her stead—which, of course, died in a few days after—and which of course, was interred in the full persuasion of its being the lady in question, with all the splendour which her merits deserved. Thus would the perfidious fairies have enjoyed the fruits of their cunning, without even a suspicion of their knavery, were it not for the "cleverness and generosity of John Roy, who once lived in Glenbrown."

The BROWNIE has been generally considered large and lubberly, like

* Mine is yours, and yours is mine.

Shakespeare's Caliban; but the Highland Brownie, our Author tells us, was a handsome fellow, and was so called from his being of a brown complexion. They were extremely useful and faithful attendants on several Highland families, as long as the successors of their estates were lineal. They took a kindly interest in all their concerns; and neighbours remarked, that wherever a Brownie was, the affairs of the family went on well, according to the frequency of his visits. Our Author alludes to the two well-known Brownies of Tullochgorum. The affectionate guardianship of the female one, called *Maggy*, is well known over the Highlands; and a friend of ours has mentioned to us, that an acquaintance of his having, on a time, gone to wait on the laird, previous to his setting out for Germany, and having mentioned to him, in a field where he met him, that, in the house, he had just seen, in the cradle, his young child, with a girl in a yellow petticoat sitting by it, "Oh! said the laird, with pleasure, "I am glad to hear it, for that girl must have been our *Maggy*."

The WATER-KELPIES were spirits inhabiting lakes, like the water-cows, mentioned in notes to the first work of the Ettrick Shepherd; and the object of both sets of them was to beguile unthinking mortals, and carry them into their watery dwellings, where they devoured them.

The "moss-traversing SPUNKIES" were, no doubt, spirits, but their bodies were the *ignis fatuus*, frequently misleading strangers by its sparkling light.

But it was no wonder that that being had power in the Highlands of Scotland, for our learned friends will remember its having been sent, by the gods, to glow among the hair of Servius Tullius*, to give promise of his future greatness as Sovereign of Rome: and a similar omen, in an earlier age, occurring, with regard to the young Iulus, during that terrible night, to which we have so often alluded, when Troy was in flames, was the sign of the will of Heaven that old Anchises should no longer object to setting out on that

great expedition, which was to lead to future empire, the patriotic Trojans escaping with their country's gods.

Cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum.

Namque manus inter mæstorumque ora parentum,

Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli

Fundere Lumen apex, tactuque innoxiam molli

Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora pasci*.

We have now reached the last great division of our subject, namely, WITCHCRAFT; a matter of not a little interest, and deserving more ample inquiry than we can spare for it here. Witches were but few among the ancients, and we scarcely remember any others than Hecate and Horace's Canidia, who seems, according to him, to have had, however, not a little power.

Refixa celo devocare sidera†.

The reason of this lesser prevalence in ancient than in modern times, was—what we alluded to before—the want of a right Devil; for our modern Witches are mere deputies of Satan, employed in his *increasing business*. Why old women have been generally pitched on as his coadjutors does not seem clear, but there is little doubt of the fact. Have we not the strong testimony of Tam o' Shanter in Burns? and was not the sad adventure of the husband of the Witch of Fife, told us by Hogg, important and convincing? But if poets are not competent authorities, may we not refer to far graver writers? Sir George Mackenzie, (known to our countrymen by the name of the Bluidie M'Kenzie), who was his Majesty's Advocate, and had the best opportunity of knowing about it, in his treatise on Criminal Law, actually describes the *Devil's nip* on old women, which was a pinch that he generally gave to Witches, leaving a discoloured spot, to show them to be his own, like the farmer's *buis*, or *mark*, on a flock of sheep. But, besides, did not even our erudite King James VI. believe in old wives being Witches? And does not Lord Fountainhall, in his account of his

* Æneid, Lib. II. l. 680.

† Epod. Lib. V. car. 17.

* Livy.

times, record an instance of various women having been brought to Edinburgh prison, for having actually danced with the Devil on Heriot Moor, when it was established, that a deposed member of Crichton, by his direction, walked behind them with a long whip, the frequent smacks of which accelerated the vivacity of the reel? But, moreover, do not the records of our Justiciary Court (the authenticity of which none has doubted) bear testimony of very many trials of old women, who actually admitted that they were Witches, *condescending* most specially on their communication with Satan? and, what is generally understood as proof positive, they went to death confessing it: all this happened not in few, but in hundreds of instances. And, farther, and still more materially, have not testimonials of witchcraft been held to be found in many texts of Scripture? It is true, that Mr Paterson, a seceding minister at Midmar, in the North country, has written a treatise against the ordinary interpretation of such texts, in which he shews, that the Bible was translated in times when witchcraft was generally believed, which makes our copies have the appearance of supporting it. With some ingenuity, he has also succeeded in shewing that nothing more was meant than a species of ventriloquism, when the Bible speaks of familiar spirits, "which peep and mntter with sounds coming out of the ground, and talk as whispering out of the dust:" but all that Author's well-meant and zealous attempts to *lay* the Witch of Endor have been wholly vain; and not one word which he has written has, in the smallest degree, injured the authority of the passages regarding her, which, in all ages of the church, have been quoted in support of witchcraft. We may be told that Witches have been "*put down*" by Act of Parliament, and that the Legislature drove them away by its enactments: but all this is nothing to the purpose: King, Lords, and Commons, have no command over the powers of the air; and our serious readers may rest satisfied, that the "*sway of the Evil One is as great still as it ever was; that he still meets as often as*

ever with his chosen friends the Witches, and that they still ride with him through the air on broomsticks, as much as they ever did." On the truth of those positions we peril our literary reputation, and will ever support them to the utmost, let sceptics say what they will!

Having thus defended Witches from the attacks of infidelity, we shall conclude what we have to say on the subject, by some allusions to our Author's account of them. It seems to be agreed, on all hands, that Witches have the complete power of transformation. The shape of *hares* is often taken, the more unobservedly to bewitch the fields and their produce. To impede the plough, a stubborn Witch will often lay herself before the ploughshare, in the semblance of a large stone, which the ploughman, if he does his duty, generally breaks in pieces out of despite of her. For more domestic purposes, the form of a *cat* is often resorted to by Witches; and the carlines, in such disguise, find much facility in running out and in to one another, unobserved, and meeting their master the Devil. There are many well-established instances of their misdeeds in such form, and the following is one of them:—A Laird of Rosay returning from a hunting-match in the Isle of Lewes, with his followers, was overtaken by a sea-storm. The chief had himself taken the helm, and was keeping the vessel steadily in her course towards a lofty point in Skye,

When, lo! (says our Author) to their great astonishment, a large cat was seen to climb the rigging. This cat was soon followed by another of equal size, and the last by a successor, until at length the shrouds, masts, and the whole tackle, were actually covered with them. Nor did the sight of all those cats, although he knew well enough their real character, intimidate the resolute Razay, until a large black cat, larger than any of the rest, appeared on the mast-head, as commander-in-chief of the whole legion. Razay, on observing him, instantly foresaw the result; he, however, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and immediately commanded an attack upon the cats—but, alas! it soon proved abortive. With a simultaneous effort, the cats overturned the vessel on her leeward wale, and every soul on board were precipitated into a watery grave.

This anecdote relates to the Witches prevailing. We shall give another, which is just as true, where the Hags were overcome through the fidelity of a wife, and the sly dexterity of her husband. The wife had appeared to consent to become a Witch, and she was to be initiated on a pool in the Avon, where the Ladies of the Broom Sticks were assembled for the purpose. The wife having concerted with her husband, he took her dress, and acted her part.

On his resorting to the pool's side, (says our Author,) he saw abundance of Hags steering themselves to and fro in their riddles, by means of their oars, the brooms, hallooing and skirling worse than the bogies, and each holding in her left hand a torch of fir,—whilst at other times they would swirl themselves into a row, and make profound obeisance to a large black ugly tyke, perched on a lofty rock, who was, no doubt, the 'Muckle Thief' himself, and who was pleased to acknowledge most graciously those expressions of their loyalty and devotion, by bowing, grinning, and clapping his paws. Having administered to the *bride* (for so the novice witch was called) some preliminary instructions, the impatient wives desired him to remain by the pool's side, until they should commune with his Satanic Highness on the subject of her inauguration, directing *her*, as they proceeded on their voyage across the pool, to speed them in their master's name. To this order the *bride* was resolved to pay particular attention. As soon as they were embarked in their riddles, however, and had wriggled themselves, by means of their brooms, into a proper depth of water, "Go," says he, "in the name of the Best." A horrid yell from the Witches announced their instant fate,—the magic spell was now dissolved—crash went the riddles, and down sank the Witches, never more to rise, amidst the shrieks and lamentations of the Old Thief, and all his infernal crew, whose combined power and policy could not save them from a watery end.

But there is one noted Witch slightly mentioned by our Author, of whom we should like to hear a good deal more. (See page 198.) We allude to the *Goodwife of Laggan*: now, she must have been a neighbour, and perhaps an acquaintance of Mrs Grant of Laggan, through whose instructive and interesting work on this curious subject we have searched

in vain for information about her. We trust that that intelligent lady will take the hint, and supply the defect in the next edition, by a copious account of her.

The treatise before us, though not remarkable for any particular merit, yet deserves some praise. The reader will remember, that the Spectator remarks, that we are often desirous "to know even the personal appearance of an author who instructs us." The same observation is applicable to professions; we wish to know the lines of life of those whose works we read with pleasure. We felt that anxiety here; but, as the Covenanter said of the Episcopalian, "Buck ye as ye like, I see the horns of the mitre," so our Author has not been able to conceal his being a limb of the law. Various allusions in his book shew this. Thus, there is one to an infestment at page 54, and one to the style of an indenture at page 170; but, above all, his well-founded suggestion, at page 168, of a "*claim of relief*," against Auld Nick, for the value of a cow, which he had given to a poor Highlander for his soul, and which had been *evicted* from him as stolen goods. We therefore say we have no doubt that this *Author* is in truth a *writer*. But with this discovery, let him not be afraid of the present critic, who is himself of the ordinary trade*, as well as he; and in a paper so much connected with Scotland as this is, we may say that "*ae corby is loth to pike out another's e'e*." After all, however, he does not require to shelter himself under such a plea of mercy, for he has really produced a very distinct *memorial* on his case; and, what is but rare in such productions, it is a *very amusing one*. It is a good specimen of his arrangement and talent for neat composition, and a swatch which we trust may produce him many good orders, where the proceeds will be less shadowy and more substantial than Ghaists and Goblins.

* In Ancient Greece, each district had a separate *dialect*. So it is also in Scotland; and the same word in different quarters has different significations. At Paisley, by the term ORDINARY TRADE is meant a *Weaver*; at Edinburgh, the same expression means either a *Writer* or an *Advocate*.

In his next edition, he must really give us some account, and a few well-authenticated instances of *Second Sight*, which has been improperly overlooked by him; for what Dr Johnson believed must not be slighted.

We recommend to him the perusal of Collins' Ode to Dr Carlyle, and the late lamented Lord Kennedy's addition to it, on Highland Superstitions. The last of them particularly abounds with information; as for the first, it is much more

poetical than perspicuous, and has added nothing, which we can discover at least, to the knowledge previously possessed on its subject. We advise our Author to pursue his research, and shall be happy to see him again before us. Next jaunt he takes to his mountain clients, we trust he will find leisure to do so; and that from their proofs and protests, deeds and declarations, tacks, tailzies, and testaments, he may spare a little time for their Feys and their Fairies, their Witches and their Warlocks.

Dan Duffe's Pilgrimage.

Canto IV.

Dan left Montrose quite cocker'd up in spirits,

Having no small opinion of the people
Who had distinguish'd well his passing merits,

(And he who there reaps honour does not reap ill :)
The echo of his triumph gave some queer hits

Upon his heart, when parting from the steeple,

Which happen'd at that time of his existence

When he was from the borough six miles distance—

That is, two miles from Brechin, where he view'd

A scene most aptly suited to the painter,
And also to my muse; but notions crude
Have tended (most unluckily) to taint her :
There run the Grampians, lofty, firm,
and rude,

With tops that in the distant sky were fainter :—

Here Brechin smiles with tenements and towers,

Streams, meadows, gardens, rocks, and shady bowers.

It is an ancient and most reverend city,
Having been once a famous bishop's see ;
But then, you know, our forefathers' committee

Renounced th' ecclesiastical degree ;
And yet their spoliation was a pity,

They might have pruned, and not cut down, the tree ;—

In Brechin, *Maison Dieu*, with ruin'd gabel,

Houses the horse, and, therefore—is a stable !

The finest view of Brechin may be got
From a soft rising ground beyond the bridge,

Where you may see the country, every spot,

And the town rising up a sudden ridge ;
The castle, old cathedral, and what not,
And the spire's griffin 'minish'd to a midgie ;

Then, as I said before, the lofty Grampians

Protect the distance like stout Highland champions.

Dan and his servant view'd this pleasant scene,

So did the Gulloch and John's charger view it ;

Some folks may have their doubts, but what I mean

Is, they'd an opportunity to do it.

The cavalcade, fond to proceed, I ween,
Rode to the town, and joyfully march'd through it,

Yet not with all those special marks of glory,

Which graced them in the former Canto's story.

With all the Gulloch's highly-spurr'd velocity,

Dan hasten'd to the inn, and there he found,

(Besides a luncheon) a great curiosity—
A man of genius worth ten thousand pounds !

A gentleman, indeed, whose shrewd precocity

Had well been prov'd by volumes large and sound ;

But neither as a wit nor a grammarian,
But as a clever, subtle antiquarian,

Who, when a little boy, scarce fit for school,

Delighted to retain within his trust
That which is spent by any other fool,

To wit, a fine collection of bright dust ;

This last word has two meanings, by the rule
Of mother tongue or slang; it may be rust,
It may be gold, or silver too, and I know
That this man lov'd both old and modern rhino.

Besides a good acquaintance with the sciences,
Painting and heraldry, he was a man
Whose fathers had made very good alliances
With the fair daughters of each Highland clan;
Therefore he had the strength of their defiances
United in himself, and laugh'd at Dan,
Who, though an antiquarian, seem'd to be
Without a long and glorious pedigree.

He told his own as follows: (you'll excuse,
Sweet readers, what I've now to lay before ye;
Because the special forte of my poor muse
Is to relate a lineal kind of story:
Doubtless you may have better things to choose,
And finer tales with brighter beams of glory;
But that's no reason you should treat your bard,
His pilgrim and acquaintances, too hard.)

When Alpine, king of Scotland, led to battle
A host, to take the Pictish land by force,
After preliminary noise and rattle,
Which a good veteran reckons things of course;
Fate, when she saw that the Picts' plumage sat ill,
Came from a wood in shape of several horse:
The Scots, alarm'd no doubt, ran to and fro,
As ermmets on an ant-hill would, you know.

Well, this same skirmish happen'd near Dundee,
I think i' the year eight hundred thirty four;
Poor Alpine tried in vain to run or flee,
As well you may suppose as many more;
They took him to the stump of some old tree,
And sapp'd its dry roots with his royal gore;
Killing this monarch of the Caledonians
As we would hang thieves, robbers, and bezonians!

This Alpine left behind two princely sons,
Kenneth the one, and Berendeth the other,

Not that he had not several little ones,
But these I mention had the self-same mother;
His daughters ('twas the fashion) were made nuns,
And a wolf swallow'd the remaining brother;
Kenneth receiv'd the crown as th' elder boy,
And all the people bellow'd loud for joy.

He swore against the Picts with dreadful fury,
And when he saw his nobles were not pliant,
(His nobles may be here suppos'd the jury,
And then, you know, the kingdom is his client.)
"Brave men," he cried, "I come here to assure ye,
That though ye had the sinews of a giant,
Unless our favour sways your wise majority,
Prudence may reasonably cry, good-morrow t' ye!"

This would not do: so in the dead of night,
All for the nonce of his most ardent wishes
He gets some ghosts, most hideous to the sight,
Cover'd with skins and scales of certain fishes;
Salmon, and cod, and haddock, shining bright,
(And looking temptingly when on the dishes;)
These ghosts, all glitt'ring like a lump of phosphorous,
Or like fair Hero's lanthorn near the Bosphorus,

Came to the chambers of the sleeping peers,
Each muttering through a hollow twisted horn;
The awful oracle so struck their ears
That ne'er a wink of sleep had they till morn;
They swore they never felt before such fears
Even since the blessed day that they were born;
Kenneth was pleas'd that things so patly tallied,
And rais'd his standard, and his army rallied.

But stay—I'm wrong: I'll follow from the root
This lineal tree, and only take a grapple
Of any thing that looks like tempting fruit,
Just as a thirsty boy would cat an apple:

But if you bawl out to me, then I'm mute,
As the old woman who shew'd Roalin
Chapel ;
Or else, like her, when interruption's
grinning,
I must begin again at the beginning.

Now for it ! Berendeth soon took a wife,
And running from her t'wards the Pic-
tish army,

In the first bickering he lost his life,
Which made his widow sad, his brother
barny :

Says he, " My sister, get thee hence to Fife,
For these our noisy battles will alarm ye."
The lady then retired to Eden water,
And in her mansion there she bore a
daughter.

This daughter was a charming maid at
twenty,

Having upon her face the rose and lily ;
Flowers that were quite sufficient to con-
tent ye,

Sore-liver'd ladies of the daffodilly :
Of course she soon had beaux and lovers
plenty,

Handsome and ugly, rich, poor, wise, and
silly ;

But she, o'erlooking these, bestow'd her
beauty

Upon the laird of Dalts—a name quite
new t'ye.

The house of Dalts was honour'd with
two imps,

The one a most unshapely sort of fellow,
Who, when you cast on him a casual
glimpse

Reminded you of some huge violoncello ;
The other's joints were nimble as a
shrimp's,

And he did dress so well in fine prunello,
That a rich lady sought him for her lord,
And he had soon ten children round his
board :

Eight died in battle, and one died in bed ;
Glory, you see, that makes our stanzas
glorious ;

And yet, for my part, talking of the dead,
I've no great notion of your death victo-
rious ;

To pine, and bleed, and lay your dying
head

Upon a turf, your requiem frosty Boreas ;
Honour, as Falstaff says is yours indeed,
But, " can you feel it ? No"—Proceed,
proceed.

The sole remaining acion was a stripling
Of no great promise, take my word upon
it ;

His chief fault was an ardent love of tip-
pling,

For which he sold house, lands, coat,
sword, and bonnet :

'Tis no long process, when the throat
wants rippling ;

Less time than centuries has often done it :
I had forgot to tell, this youth was father
To an old woman, or a young one rather ;

But she grew old, yet not before her
wedding,

Which happen'd in the earliest month of
Autumn :

Then a proud Dane, his native soldiers
heaving,

Sought some Scots noble—but in vain he
sought him.

This girl was in a hay-field, and while
tedding,

Turn'd up a rick ; the son of Lochlin
caught him,

For he (the Scotsman) there had made
his bed in,

And he (the Dane) married the lucky
maiden.

His third son was a non-descript in person,
Whose body was in shape most like a liz-
ard ;

But were the willing Muse t' attempt a
verse on,

I fear 'twould stick within the reader's
gizzard !

What would a lord and lady say, if their
son

Was call'd an ugly monster, and a wiz-
ard ?

Yet, sooth to say, this man of artful mind
Kept shops in Norway—where he sold
the wind.

He loved—but whom I sha'n't pretend
to say,

Except that wizards should be wed to
witches ;

However, in his snug Æolian way,
He left his heir a heavy bag of riches ;

He let them out to spy the light of day,
By opening frequently his father's stitches ;

At last he took his money to the capital
Where some new-gathered friends contriv-
ed to snap it all.

The Danish capital, you know, I mean :
There is a waltz so named : but, ne'er
mind that :

Well, at an age not much above nineteen,
He went in search of Fortune, that old
cant ;

Having all Germany and Prussia seen,
And learn'd in France their free and
easy chat,

He came to England, where he liv'd full
forty years

And heard great Canute scold his flatter-
ing courtiers.

His son found favour in a lady's eyes
Who had a fine face and a deal of money ;

The latter is by far the better prize,
Being of industry the very honey :
The other is mere wax, of different dyes,
And shapes vermicular as macaroni :
The dyes are red, or green, or white like
paper,—
The shapes a doll, a candle, or a taper.

Sweet ladies ! I have got no quizzing-
glass,
Nor do I mean to ogle your fair faces,
For I abominate that foppish class
Who praise you first, then mock you with
grimaces ;

I am a simple bard : well, let that pass,
For I must push on with my lineal traces :
Lo, then, thy husband's lady lived to see
Her great-grand-children climbing round
her knee !

One fought a glorious battle, and did won
it,

For which great action he was made a
knight ;

And then his wife was lady in a minute,
By a known rule of privilege and right :
One flesh, you know, there's no chicane
within it ;

Exalt the one's, you raise the other's plight ;
For man and wife, oh ancient days ! as ye
saw,

Were not like little children playing see-
saw.

Their second son, black as a chimney-
sweeper,

Bold as a game cock, saucy as a goose,
A nimble runner and a better leaper,
Whene'er his legs and passions were let
loose ;

He fitter, as you see, for some goal-keeper,
Married the great-grand-daughter of the
Bruce,

(Though in her genealogical chronology
The priest was absent once, I must ac-
knowledge ye.)

This fruitful lady had as many sons
As ever had the wife of healthy yeoman ;
Supposing they had double-barrelled guns,
They might have shot about three-score
of foemen ;

But they were shot themselves (you'll
pardon puns),

Some by an arrow, others by a woman ;
The former found the weapon Death's sad
seasoners,

The latter liv'd, and took the en'my prison-
ers.

The first of sweet captives was so hand-
some,

That she became her lord's delight and
joy ;

The second brought with her a very
grand sum,

Twelve hundred merks, (in our days but
a toy ;)

The third one gave her husband, for a ran-
som,

A present of a fine stout healthy boy,
Who married at a proper age of life,
Whose daughter was a thriftless, scold-
ing wife.

Her great-grandson was godly—that's to
say

He was a round-head, but his head was
long,

Shap'd like that animal's which oft does
bray

A most uncouth and unharmonious song ;
He fought, preach'd, drank, pray'd, swore,
and bless'd for day,

And growing popular with the holy throng,
He gave his son a long name, near the
same as

Barebone's, and altogether quite as fa-
mous.

This stripling with the long name threw it
off,

And with it threw the round-head and
fanatic ;

Just as a man his coat-of-mail would doff
Whene'er he feels himself somewhat sci-
atic ;

He learn'd his father's corner-rant to
scoff,

And turn'd so cavalier, and eke prelate,
That he was made a dean, and really
reckon'd

Fit for a mitre, by King Charles the Se-
cond.

A daughter next appear'd, who was suc-
ceeded

By one who made his patrimony poor ;
And, to make up the fortune which he
needed,

He hail'd King James the Eighth at his own
door ;

He joined with Mar, and shared the deeds
which he did,

And fell at last i' the field of Sherra
Muir,

Leaving his heirs in poverty's bare grotto,
To think of their lost title, arms, and
motto.

Their prudence was the moth's, and they
did thrive

As does that insect when its wings are
burn'd,

For running foremost, at the Forty-five.
All their proud schemes of glory were o'er-
turned ;

Three only out of nine were left alive,
Six in Culloden's fatal field inurn'd ;

One went to Sweden, where (his pride to
bolster)

The king created him Knight of the Pole-
star.

Reader, (your patience wins my praise,) 'tis curious

To trace one's fathers down from times so old,

And to observe the fights and quarrels furious

Which they have shar'd, like heroes firm and bold :

As for ourselves, we seem a breed quite spurious,

Of whom no deed of moment can be told :—

I said *ourselves*—I mean the generation That lives in this and every other nation."

Dan was delighted with this long recital,
(More than my gentle readers are, perhaps ;

But then they may obtain a small requital
For all this trash, by a few pleasant naps ;)

Dan wish'd to search for fathers, buy a title,

Examine into heraldry and maps,
Either in high Auld Reekie or Edina—
That huge black tea-pot and fair tray of china.

The Castle is suppos'd to be the spout,
Particularly so if it is smoking,
And then St. Giles's is the top, no doubt,
And, I think, pat enough to wave all joking :

The rest o' the simile I can't find out,
Which, you will own, is something like provoking ;

Unless we call old Holyrood the handle—
But this may be interpreted as scandal.

Edina's like twelve tea-cups, neatly placed
Quite parallel, and rang'd in double row ;
Between whose edges easily is traced
Prince's, and George's, and Queen's streets,
you know ;

The gilded margins (if with gilt they're graced)

Will answer for some ornament or shew ;
And you may make cream-pot and sugar-bason

To stand for church, or—you may ask the mason.

I said that Dan was rather in the humour
Of pushing on to Edinburgh, and then
To satisfy his growing *lineal* tumour,
And be made known to scientific men ;
Of course his deeds would make a nine days' rumour,

And he subjected to the tongue and pen :
He own'd he rather would wear Highland tartan,

Than have been born a Roman or a Spartan.

The tartan—oh ! when, by the King's command,

(His sceptre's magic, man's invidious boast,)

It came in armies from our outmost land ;
Things which we knew of only in their ghost ;

We had our clans before ; but when so clann'd,

As when in Embro' lately, in one host ?
Like their own Urisk, and their mountain fairy,

Uprose Breadalbin, Athole, and Glengary :

All had their badges in their caps to dangle,
Emblems of fierce, and wild, and warlike men,

Which, spotted with the blood of some rude wrangle,

They pluck'd up first in desert, hill, or glen :

The mountain-trees, heath, grass, and even tangle,

Nodded in bonnets, for the stranger's ken ;
Not shewn that day for enemy's defiance,
But mix'd and twin'd in loyalty's alliance.

All have their pibrochs, and their marches merry,

Their reels, strathspeys, their dance, and what not,

As other nations have their hey-down-derry,

Sonata, waltz, concerto, and gavotte ;
But these, though fine, can never warm or stir ye

With such a pulse of life as those have got—
" *Campbelleare coming, ho !*" the "*Cameronians*,"

And "*Rothiemurcus*," charm the Caledonians.

They welcom'd George with Charlie's rebel airs,

Airs that once cost a death within a halter,

But now the royal smile these feuds repairs,

And makes the loud musician no defaulter :

(So monkish priests have often said their prayers
Before those steps that erst were Pagan altars :)

'Tis very right : our King has got the thistle
And throne of Stuart !—let him have the whistle.

Avaunt, ye vague digressions ! for I see
Dan rising nimbly from his noontidetable,

And down the stairs he hastes with happy glee,

And runs precipitantly to the stable,
Calls for his horse, and pays the hostler's fee,

And mounts his beast as quick as he is able ;

The gentleman, the hostler, and good John,

Were "up to things," and saw Dan safely on ;

That is, upon a horse of blood and
spirits,
And limh and mettle for a good long race,
With other qualities, and high-prized
merits,
Which knowing jockeys in their features
trace ;
And as a horse, you know, oft-times in-
herits
A partial longing for his dwelling-place,
'Twas so with this ; of Aberdeen a native,
Whose motions governed that city in the
dative.

No sooner was our pilgrim on his back,
Than with a spring, both sudden and
elastic,
He bounded like a deer before the pack,
And clear'd the alleys by his efforts
drastic ;
Boys shouted, women scream'd, and whips
did crack,
Which made the courser kick in mode
fantastic ;
The gentleman, and John, and all the
fellows,
With laughing made their lungs all pairs
of bellows.

Dan pass'd like lightning on through
Trin'ty Muir,
Leap'd the toll-gate, as dog would leap a
harrow ;
Then onward, till he thought himself se-
cure
At a farm-house, 'mong cows, calves,
pigs, and farrow ;
But still the courser ran, and pass'd the
door,
And shot along an avenue like an arrow ;
Then o'er the North Esk bridge, and with
a jerk,
Soon gave Dan Duffe a view of Laurence-
kirk :

'Tis famed for making snuff-boxes, but I,
Something like Dan, have little time to
stay ;
The best proof of their quality's to buy
The first time that you chance to pass
that way :

Drumlithie soon set up the hue and cry,
And fain would make our luckless Gilpin
stay ;
The weavers cried to one another, " See
yon—
That hurried madman ? Losh ! he rides
like John."

The distance from Drumlithie to Stone-
haven
May be—it matters not—for the swift
horse

Made it but one hour's ride ;—a kite or
raven
Could not in less time measure such a
course.

" Oh, that this mad Bucephalus had the
spavin !"
Cried Dan, still bridling him with all
his force ;
But all in vain ; he very soon was seen
Within ten minutes' ride of Aberdeen !

And there he landed, ruin'd, shent, and
batter'd,
His body bruis'd, and soften'd to a jelly,
His notions and ideas flown and scatter'd,
And sad and sore in spirits, let me tell
ye ;
As for his raiment, it was so bespatter'd,
And worn, somehow, to threads of ver-
micelli,
That it was requisite to get a new one—
I mean a pair—to substitute the ruin.

" Oh fond desire to view fine rural scenery,
And wander o'er the bosom of a nation
In search of manufactures and machinery,
Clapping the hand of joyous admiration !
Weeping to see old bishopric and deanery
Cast to the ground, (those roads to our
salvation.)
Looking at caverns, rocks, streams, towns,
and palaces—
Thinking of Burnses, Knoxes, Bruces,
Wallaces—

" Oh, worst of follies !"—but he could
no more,
For by this time he calmly fell asleep,
Prov'd by the echoes of a nasal snore,
Which came from a sad bosom, loud and
deep.—
Meantime, 'tis fit to say, my song is
o'er ;
My rhyme, I mean, for I have fail'd to
keep
My promise with the reader ; pray thee,
pardon
A fool, who calls his wilderness a garden.

I stop, however, only, first, to see
How a " discerning public" treat this
sample ;
And, secondly, if ill, that I may be
Warn'd and prepar'd for silence by th'
example ;
A little praise will be enough for me—
To be the rage nine months is fame most
ample ;
But then, you know, if they reject this
article,
I cannot—will not write another particle.

ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

No. VI.

MR EDITOR,

PERHAPS, in the whole range of your acquaintance, there is not a single *he* that loveth his native land more affectionately than I do, nor one that calleth to mind the scenes of his childhood more frequently; yet have I great cause to be thankful that my heart refuseth not to receive kindly impressions on this side of the Tweed; and, between you and me, it is now pretty rich in that respect, because there certainly never was an outlandish man that had greater cause to extol Southern benevolence.

Ever since the destructive fire at Millennium, my basket and store have teemed with abundance of creature comforts. Geese, turkies, game, venison, hams, cheeses, and every other munchable, that causeth the belly to rejoice and the lips to smack, have been forwarded to Mrs Vandervrow's, by Englishmen of all creeds, both religious and political; and now that the mental benevolences, transmitted from Nithsdale, have made such a mighty noise in this lower world, these worthy Saxons, in imitation of their Northern brethren and sisters, have begun to supply my literary larder also. I received a packet yesterday afternoon, by the Lincoln mail, containing a queer story, the which I herewith inclose for your perusal. The introductory epistle that accompanied it is also a curiosity, and would have been transmitted for publication, but there are certain passages, extolling me to the skies for taste and talent, that Modesty saith I really do not possess; and I am therefore of opinion, that my safest plan will be to suppress every syllable thereof, except the latter end, which is altogether unexceptionable. The writer concludeth thus: "But, thank God, all these prejudices are now most happily removed, and a North Briton may walk the streets of Lincoln, morning, noon, and night, without falling in with a single citizen foolish enough to say 'D—n your Scotch eyes.' Of a truth, Mr Kilgrew, we looked upon the way-

faring Scotsmen with visuals similar to those used by the Egyptians when contemplating a swarm of locusts about to hive on their cultivated fields; and so completely were our faculties under the influence of national dislike, that we actually associated for the purpose of annoying your countrymen by every means we could devise. Our Clergy assailed them with sly wipes from the pulpit; our Magistrates administered justice agreeably to Act of Parliament, whenever a *Sandy M'Gregor* or a *Duncan Campbell* made his appearance in the habiliments of an evil doer, and even scrupled not to give the law a bit of a twist, in order to make it bear more effectually on the pannel's case; whilst our *Johnny Raws* were not idle in pelting the breechless loons with epithets that neither types nor scribbling-tools, it is to be hoped, will ever commit to foolscap. But it pleased Providence to send that most wonderful and singularly discreet man, *Saunders Waumphrey*, the pedlar, amongst us, to remove the film from our eyes, and illumine our benighted minds. He put up at the Goat Inn, where one of our annoyance-committees usually met, and luckily mistaking the club-room for his bed-chamber, being rather near-sighted, Mr Waumphrey lifted the latch, walked in, bolted the door, and set down his pack, before he was aware of being an intruder; but Mr Ralph Maudlin, the chairman, soon let him know that he stood in the presence of Lincolnshire gentlemen. "Well, Sawney," quoth Ralph, "what have ye got for sale—curry-combs and Edinburgh ointment, I presume?" "Likely enough," said Tim Joskin. "The land is so infested with Northern interlopers, and every man's hide in such a fidgetty condition, that brimstone is bought up with avidity, and scratching tools are become saleable commodities. Good Lord deliver old England from the pest!" "Dem all outlandish vermin, say I, and make them turnspits in old Cloven-foot's kitchen," vociferated Mr Deputy Swaggler, as he

dashed his pipe under the grate; "why the devil don't they stay at home, and pick sheeps'-heads in their smoky shealins? Was I in his Majesty's shoes, never a Scot of them should find rest for the sole of his foot in English ground."

"Gentlemen," said the pedlar, with great composure of countenance, "it clearly appears unto me that the causes o' Scotch emigration are very imperfectly understood; and if ye'll only ha'e the gudeness to listen wi' attention, I'll endeavour to mak' ye rise up wiser men than ye sat down." We certainly are an uncouth, hairy-minded people, Mr Killigrew, jealous of our hirthrights, and more stiff-necked than the wild ass's colt; but kindly dispositioned withal, fond of fair play, and inclined to furnish our intellectual warehouses with wholesome knowledge: consequently the pedlar's proposal was received very favourably indeed. We declared unto him, conjunctly and severally, that pack and person would be suffered to depart in peace, hale and harmless, notwithstanding any unpleasant truths he might have occasion to make manifest; and on the strength of these our solemn assurances, Mr Waumphrey advanced his right foot somewhere about half a pace before its companion, planted the knuckles of his left hand immediately above the hip joint, which certainly is the most graceful of all oratorical positions, and having motioned with his right to obtain silence, a boon that was very readily granted, he spoke as follows, word for word: "I' the first place, my friends, be it known unto you, that the centrifugal impetus o' the planet we inhabit, as it whirls about on its axletree frae West to East, naturally inclines every particle o' loose matter to hizzle awa' towards the Equator, and in consequence thereof, a' the hodies on our hemisphere that ha'e legs to rin on, are impelled Southward, more or less; but, luckily for poor auld Scotland, there are certain localities that in some measure counteract the aforesaid impulse, otherwise she wou'd soon be childless. Many o' her grave bairns contrive to withstand it by clinging to the Kirk; ithers mak' a cauld shift to hide at hame, by keeping a gude grip o' the wheel-hain'd

geer their fathers, mithers, uncles, and aunties, left behind them; and not a few, to their credit be it spoken, are withheld by the attraction o' green hills, bloomy glens, todlin burns, and trysting thorns; whilst the hapless residue are constrained to put a clean sark i' their pouch, and tak' the gate, staff in hand. Hence it is evident, that Scotsmen are impelled Southward by a power not to be gainsaid, and ye may therefore just as weel save yoursel's the trouble o' throwing stumbling-blocks i' their way, because Nature will ha'e her ain gate, in spite o' your teeth. But there is also a local, or secondary cause, that fetches very many North Britons across the Tweed. In this blessed country, where cordial gin, rich compounds, and strong waters, o' every denomination, are quaffed out o' pint stoups, and ither drinking-vessels, hy word o' mouth, it may weel be supposed that the national intellect is reduced many degrees below proof; and in order that ye may clearly comprehend how the depreciation is brought about, and also in what manner it is remedied, *attendez vous*, as Dominie Monkland said to Robin Wightman's ass, and I'll endeavour to make it appear as plain as a pyke staff."

Having thus far acquitted himself, to our entire satisfaction, Mr Waumphrey proceeded to sketch a couple of vessels on the sanded floor, with the tip of his ellwand,—connected them together by means of a stop-cock, at least the semblance of one,—marked the said vessels E and S, for distinction's sake,—and continued his very edifying discourse in these words: "Now, gentlemen, ye clearly see how the twa kingdoms are connected thegither, and perceive the means whereby a free intercourse is maintained between them. It is therefore my intention to demonstrate, i' the first place, how baneful causes produce ill-conditioned effects, then prove the absolute necessity o' Norland emigration, and likely enough conclude, by illustrating the subject wi' a wheen practical observations. Thae preliminaries being settled, we'll dismiss the whole clan-jamphry o' speculative arguments, and proceed to demonstration. Into the vessel E, by means of a jug, de-

canter, forum, or any other convenient utensil, pour a sufficient quantity o' Auld Tam *, Yorkshire Stingo, and Barclay's Genuine, whose praise is the theme o' every living language, and a' the intellectual matter therein contained will become rarified, and a partial vacuum the consequence thereof. Now, in order to renovate the contents, and save the vessel itself frae being squeezed as flat as a pancake by the external atmosphere, that presses wi' a density o' fifteen pounds averdupois, or thereabouts, on every superficial inch, open the communication-cock wi' your finger and thumb, and a' the unsophisticated intellect contained in S will immediately put itself in motion, and continue to flow into its Southern neighbour, until the twosome are what we ca' in a state o' equilibrium. There's nae fear o' S becoming a bankrupt, sae lang as she continues to procreate wit and wisdom faster than Charlie Barclay can brew, and Jamie Booth distil. Having now pointed out the evil influence o' Auld Tam and his friends, and clearly demonstrated the absolute necessity o' keeping the cock open, I'll e'en fa' to, wi' leave o' the company, and offer a few remarks by way o' supplement."

The limits of a letter, Mr Killigrew, will not admit of our transmitting one fiftieth part of the wisdom imparted to us by your most excellent countryman, and we therefore beg leave to state, generally, that the Waumphronian Philosophy hath effectually eradicated illiberal prejudice, in which this city abounded, root and branch. Our "Scotch Annoyance-Clubs," as they were formerly called; are now denominated "Caledonian Fraternities;" and every member binds and obliges himself to encourage the importation of North Britons, by every means in his power. As a proof of our good will, the committee, on hearing of your great loss, commanded me to make out a circumstantial account of what came to pass in this city a few years ago, and send it to Millennium without delay, in order that they might enjoy the satisfaction of contributing, though in a very small de-

gree, to the intellectual comforts of an unfortunate Scotsman. Though a leading man in the committee, it pains me to say, that I can neither read nor write, because these essential accomplishments were scouted before Saunders Waumphrey came amongst us; but my son, Barnaby, is a decentish scribe, and sits at my elbow on club-nights, which enables me to fill the honourable situation I now hold with tolerable credit. Sincerely wishing that the inclosed literary mite may be of service, and afford amusement to your public friends, I beg leave to subscribe myself, for the Goat-Inn Caledonian Fraternity,

Dear KILLIGREW,

Thine for evermore,

his

HONGE X SHERWIN, Secretary.
mark.

And in humble imitation of our very good friend, Mr Hodge Sherwin, Secretary to the Goat-Inn Caledonian Fraternity, I also beg leave to subscribe myself,

Dear Editor,

Thine for evermore,

SAML. KILLIGREW.

London, 1823.

The Lottery Club.

"Ned, Ned, Ned," cried the Porkman's wife, as she punched his ribs with her elbow; "Gad rabbit it, wont ye stir?—seven pigs ripe for the whittle, born beauties every mother's son of them. Only see how the dear creatures look up the chimney, wagging their tails, and longing to be hung!" She rubbed' her eyes until they glimmered from beneath their respective winkers, and dived under the bed-clothes, muttering as she disappeared, "Mercy on us! what a strange dream!" Ned being a heavy sleeper, turned him on his lair, scratched his hocks, and snored on, without paying the smallest attention to Mrs Faggles. In less than half an hour thereafter, the Porkman's wife pegged his ribs once more, and beseeched him to put on his spectacles, "because," quoth she, "it will do your precious sight good to look upon the handsomest goose that ever was hatched in Lincoln-

* Old Tam, a cant phrase for strong cordial gin.

shire—never did I clap my eyes on her marrow." But Ned lent a deaf ear to his wife's entreaty, and demeaned himself precisely as aforesaid. In like manner, did Mrs Faggie start in her sleep, just as Big Tom* was announcing the third hour, and called upon her husband to lend a hand in trussing five of the loveliest ducks that ever waddled; but she called in vain, for Neddy's nasal drone was in such excellent order, that he could not be prevailed on to lay it aside; and when Mrs F.'s imagination was fairly delivered of its visionary brood, she also tuned her chaunter, and accompanied Ned's bass most melodiously, until within a few minutes of four o'clock, when another and more successful attempt was made to waken the Porkman. Mrs Faggie beheld, in the course of her dreaming, a couple of stately turkeys, well feathered, and fair to look upon, standing by the kitchen range, wistfully contemplating a blue and white woollen string, as it hung before the grate ribs; and verily believing that the creatures secretly wished to be trussed and suspended to the roasting-peg, she arose and leapt on the floor, but unfortunately seizing her husband's wet boots in lieu of the aforesaid Norfolk volunteers, Mrs F. soon became sensible that the porkers and poultry she had so very lately been in love with, were neither more nor less than a pack of illusive impostors. Lincolnshire ladies are celebrated all the world over for their kind-heartedness, delicate sensibility, purity of demeanour, and inviolable attachment to their liege lords—all which virtues were happily concentrated in the person of Mrs Edward Faggie. She loved her husband most sincerely, and he, in return, did all that in him lay to make Seuky Napple, (Mrs F.'s maiden name,) the happiest wife in all Higgle-lane. No stone was left unturned by Neddy, to find her in wearables meet for a Porkman's wife, and his praiseworthy attention to the *main chance* was also very commendable. He slew, and sold early and late, Sunday and Saturday, church hours excepted, because it is

very sinful to mind our worldly concerns during divine service; and Ned was a man that regularly attended public worship, after the manner of his forefathers. But, unlike the generality of tradesmen, who fritter away their odd Sabbath hours at cricket, trap-ball, leap-frog, and other unprofitable amusements, he returned to the shop when service was over, and busied himself in cutting up carcasses, cleaving heads, chopping sausage meat, and serving his customers; whilst Mrs Faggie was no less beneficially engaged in making up pennyworths of pigs' fry, cleansing chitterlings, scalding pettitoes, and bringing up her only child, *Miss Sue*, in the pure Episcopal light of our holy religion. This latter part of her daily task was too frequently a thistle under the foot of poor Mrs Faggie, because little Seuk, though a sensible, intelligent girl of her age, was nevertheless of a stubbornish disposition, peevish, irritable, and inclined to obstinacy, particularly at bed-time, when commanded to say her prayers; and many a time has Neddy been called from the counter to enforce obedience, because a father's rebuke, generally speaking, falls heavier on the young ear than a mother's fiat. He usually took the child on his knee, and expostulated with her in this manner: "D—n thy limbs, thou little pouting baggage, what the d—l's all this rumpuring about? Ground thy marrow-bones this precious moment, or by the L—d I'll wring the starch out o' thy stiff neck." Then followed a few slaps on the breech, if necessary, accompanied by a fatherly curse or two,—discipline that never failed of bringing Miss to her senses. I pity the parents, from my soul, whom the Evil One tormenteth with obstinate children: but to return to Mrs Faggie. On clearly perceiving that her pigs and poultry were "all my eye, Betty Martin," she repaired to the bedside, like unto a dutiful wife, whose superior wisdom is regularly delivered to her husband, the moment it is hatched, in order to counsel with Noddy, and devise ways and means whereby she might be enabled to procure an interpretation of her dreams, because mother Faggie

* A Bell in Lincoln Cathedral, said to be the largest in England.

had heard tell of the great plenty that Pharaoh's fat kine and well-filled ears of corn betokened; and was inclined to believe, that the born beauties, fat goose, comely ducks, and stately turkies, she had seen in her sleep, were also harbingers of good luck. With this intent, she laid violent hands on Ned's shoulder, and jogged him pretty freely for a certain space of time; but the man, as we before observed, being a sound sleeper, and partial to nasal music, felt no inclination whatever to comply with her wishes, and therefore Mrs Seuky had recourse to more effectual means. With the freedom that married ladies in general consider themselves entitled to exercise, she let go Ned's shoulder, and thumped his ears so very affectionately, that he awoke without more ado.

Far be it from me to introduce extraneous matter, however specious, into this narrative, when so many kindred facts intimately connected therewith are teasing me to put them on record; and as for recapitulations, no man despiseth the whole seed, breed, and generation of them, more than I do, because they make such a fill-the-field appearance. Hence it is, that I have fully made up my mind to pass over the colloquial altercation that ensued altogether, because the result of it will appear in due time, pack up my awls, and take the road with Mr and Mrs Faggles, heart in hand: so here goes. Ned padlocked the gate of his back premises, filled his hog-troughs, and unmuzzled Jowler, whilst his no less careful wife set every breakable utensil out of the cat's way, fastened her cupboards, and put on her things, consisting of a sky-coloured bombazeen gown, full flounced, and bound with blue satin—white dimity petticoat, altogether unexceptionable as to fabric, and warranted to wash well—light fawn-complexioned silk stockings, black velvet shoes, and pattens attached to her feet by means of red leather tags and silk strings, together with a real Dunstable *Leghorn* gypsie hat, trimmed with scalloped pink ribbons, à la François, and a double row of genuine amber beads about her comely Parian-marble neck: ivory and alabaster are dull common-place comparisons, and there-

fore we reject them. These corporeal decorations, when coupled with an elegant ivory-shanked parasol, and fashionable reticule of best crimson velvet, the former upheld by her kid-gloved right, and the latter dangling from her kid-gloved left, induced very many creditable passers by inly to say, "Gracious me! what a smart, well-dressed, lady-looking woman!" But Neddy could never be persuaded to furnish his wardrobe with suitable apparel, and tidy himself to Seuky's liking, owing to a clownish obstinacy on his part, that gave birth to many domestic bickerings, and, what is most surprising, Mrs Faggles, though an excellent logician, was uniformly worsted in every squabble. "Gad rot it!" Neddy used to say, "what the deuce care I for tassel-shin'd boots, frill'd-shirts, lawn-cravats, fashionable-cut coats, and the devil knows all what? Hand down my good old rough-and-ready Flushing fearnought, the wrapper that hides all blemishes, front, flank, and rear; and, hear ye me, old lass, bring forth the boots that neither brush nor blacking-ball furbisheth from week's end to week's end. As for a third day's shirt, dem the fellow, say I, that boggles at it. Rummage the drawer, Seuk, and find me the Belcher handkerchief that took home Alderman Belgoit's pork chops last night,—it's good enough, in all conscience, for a tradesman's neck; and he that dislikes my rusty napless hat, let him take it off and put on a better. Ned Faggles's a Lincolnshire lad, unschooled, home-spoken, and rudely-fashioned withal, blessed be the maker! but, thank God, he can drive a bargain, and cut up a hog, with ever a pig-jobber in England, and that's a bold saying."

Having fastened the shutters, and locked up their shop, the worthy couple trudged away down the lane, not hand in glove, as some people may be disposed to imagine, because Neddy was a full tether-length ahead of his wife, and might have been taken for any body else than Mrs Faggles's husband; but I was just going to lay hold of the finest allegorical conundrum, illustrative of conjugal attraction, that ever presented itself to the imagination of man, and certainly would have succeeded,

had not the wayward idea of Neddy's napless hat fairly driven it out of my head. The courteous reader will therefore be kind enough to excuse any little deformity of style that may happen to appear hereabouts. Mrs Susan Faggie was by no means ashamed of her husband, either at home or abroad; but women are weak vessels. There is a sensitive delicacy peculiar to the whole petticoated fraternity, from the wine-merchant's wife down to the pork-merchant's lady, that the writer hereof had some thoughts of analyzing; but, as it would require a much larger portion of ability than he can well afford, to do it justice, the notion, of course, must be abandoned, and, consequently, Master Reader is at liberty to judge for himself, as to Seuky's motives for following her husband at a shy distance, with little Miss toddlin in the van, dandling her doll, and singing like a nightingale. On approaching the *Hog in Armour*, an ale-house so called, famous for Burton Stout, Devonshire Cyder, and Maidstone Gin, *Mrs Tubly*, the landlady, espied Seuky from the bar-window, threw up the sash, and made her obeisance; not that the woman had any particular business with Mrs Faggie, but ladies are naturally of a sociable disposition; and when they happen to descry an intimate acquaintance, seized, as the lawyers term it, of a new sky-coloured bombazeen gown, white dimity petticoat, Dunstable *Leghorn*, ivory-shanked parasol, and crimson velvet reticule, they are very apt to congratulate the owner upon sight, examine the fit, fashion, and quality of her *things*, then praise what is praiseworthy, and blame what is blameable. On Seuky's nearer approach, Mrs Tubly accosted her in this fashion: "Dash my wig, Mother Faggie, thou sports thy figure rarely. The prettiest bombazeen, the handsomest gypsie hat, the smartest parasol, and the most beautiful reticule, that ever woman clapt eyes on. My stars! who would not be a Porkman's lady!" But Mother Faggie turned the tide of Mrs Tubly's astonishment into another channel, when she related her three dreams, and declared that Neddy had made up his mind to have them interpreted, cost what it would.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the astonished landlady, "I can dream of nothing the live-long night but surly brewers, growling distillers, bilked reckonings, and baited bulls goring the ground, and tossing their horns. As for geese, pigs, ducks, turkies, and so on—Gad fatten them!" "Hush, hush," quoth the Porkman's wife, significantly touching her nose with her forefinger; "speak low, I beseech ye, and for Heaven's sake mention not a syllable of what's been said to a living soul, because, should it happen to travel, any body, you know, might go to the *Wise Man*, and pick the luck out of our fingers." "Me divulge a syllable of it!" exclaimed mine hostess of the Hog in Armour; "marry and grace, how the woman talks! The secrets committed to my keeping, Mrs Faggie, never travel any farther. It's well known that I'm no tattler."

On the strength of these sayings, the Porkman's consort took a hasty leave of Mrs Tubly, and followed Ned without delay; but she had not proceeded along the lane ten lengths of herself, before another admirer of sky-coloured bombazeen gowns, white dimity petticoats, gypsie Leghorns, &c. &c., made her appearance in the person of *Mrs Wigly*, the tripe-woman, who was even more delighted with Seuky's finery than she of the Hog in Armour; and Mrs Faggie, in return for the many highly-finished compliments paid to her rigging, could do no less than unbosom herself to Mother Wigly also, concluding, with a *fac-simile* of the very appropriate admonition she had just delivered to mine hostess, "For Heaven's sake, mention not a syllable of what's been said to a living soul." "Lord love ye, Seuk," quoth the vender of blanchéd intestines, "I'd part with my right hand sooner than part with a secret; and foul befall the woman, Mrs Faggie, that divulges what a female friend communicates in confidence! I'm no gossipier."

The Porkman's wife started after her husband once more, and made good her lee-way with some difficulty, because of the many admirers of sky-coloured bombazeens she forgathered with, to all of whom Mrs Faggie related her three dreams, made known the course she and Neddy had

agreed to steer, and earnestly beseeched her hearers not to mention a syllable, &c. To the honour of our Higgler-lane ladies be it spoken, not one of them denied her an assurance of inviolable secrecy; and very many, indeed, voluntarily declared unto Mrs Faggie, that they would sooner forego the heartfelt gratification of filling a needy newsmonger's ear, and thereby endure the most execrating temptations, than betray her confidence.

But, notwithstanding all Senky's precautionary admonitions, and in spite of every effort used by the lane ladies to hold their tongues, long before she and her husband reached North Carlton the whole affair had become town-talk. Every body spoke of Mrs Faggie's wonderful vision,—every body marvelled what might be the purport thereof,—and every body knew that Ned and Seuky were gone to consult *John Goodwyn* on the subject. This provincial sage, or *wise man*, (the title we usually confer on soothsayers of distinction,) was visited by ladies and gentlemen of every degree, when hearts, head-dresses, dogs, lap-dogs, quizzing-glasses, hogs, fowls, or property of any kind, happened to be missing. He was indeed a most sagacious old lad, and well deserved the many high encomiums bestowed on him, throughout the year, by every unbiassed man; though, like unto all other seers, both ancient and modern, Mr Goodwyn's professional abilities were scouted in his native village. The unbelieving clowns laughed him to scorn. The sceptical maidens called in question the validity of his mission, by hooting after him, "who the dickins made thee a conjuror?" and gentlemen of consideration too frequently maltreated his person. Old farmer Higgins horsewhipped the seer most severely for passing him without pulling off his hat when scampering home from market, and the Squire made out his mittimus, and committed him to the stocks, for the like unpardonable offence. But farmer Higgins broke his neck three days thereafter at a fox-chase, and Squire Giblest lost his election for the county the ensuing summer. So much for maltreating a soothsayer.

"Good-morrow, fair lady," quoth John Goodwyn, the wise man of North Carlton, as he opened a little

wicker gate in front of his cottage; "thy face is not strange, neither is thine errand unknown to me; for the spirit of divination causeth phantom-likenesses of the love-lorn, the despoiled of worldly goods, the dreamers of dreams, and the seers of visions, to pass before my face, when sleep falleth on men's eyes, and darkness covereth the ground as with a garment. Their persons are known, and their secrets manifest to whom this gate openeth. Walk in, fair lady, and declare unto me all that is in thine heart." Struck with the singularity of Mr Goodwyn's address, and awed by his formidable whiskers, bushy beard, shaggy eye-brows, and forbidding aspect, Seuky became rather alarmed, and beckoned Ned, who lagged behind her, to advance. He obeyed the summons without hesitation, because, when Mrs Faggie planned the expedition, she reserved unto herself the honour of doing business with John Goodwyn, and bound over her husband, for reasons best known to the good lady herself, to keep at a respectful distance during the conference; but in case her courage happened to give way, it was then declared lawful for Neddy to make sail, and succour the weaker vessel; which he accordingly did, and accompanied her to the seer's office, where Mrs Susan Faggie truly and faithfully declared all that was in her heart.

On receipt of Seuky's information, Mr Goodwyn took up his parable, and said, "Pigs, though unclean beasts, are nevertheless occasionally permitted to fret their hour on the visionary stage; and geese, of late years, have also made their appearance thereon. The duck waddleth likewise, and turkeys, being lucky birds, always appear to the fortunate dreamer. Now, it is manifest, that four kinds of living creatures have been employed in a figurative capacity, and four half-crowns, when gathered together, make just ten shillings."

Having accommodated Mr and Mrs Faggie with these sayings, John Goodwyn held his peace, and amused himself with stroaking his beard. Ned stared at Seuky, and Seuky stared at Ned, not knowing how to demean themselves, because neither he

nor she had ever been in a conjuror's presence before. But woman's wit soon wakens. Indeed it is very seldom found napping. Mrs Faggie unclasped her velvet reticule, and brought forth a whole handful of broad pieces, four of whom the seer's yawning fur purse, that whilom arrayed the person of a special water-rat, incontinently gulped; and immediately thereafter John Goodwyn produced his diploma, book of knowledge, staff of power, and other divining implements we could name; but as the curious reader is no doubt most anxious to enrich his mental library with John's interpretation of Seuky's dreams, we purposely pass them by, in order to allay his impatience. Having delineated a semblance of her visionary porkers, &c., on the office-floor, rudely enough, God knows, with his incantation staff, Mr Goodwyn forthwith opened the book of knowledge, and disclosed a most important secret to Neddy and his wife. "Seven pigs," quoth he, "make 7, the goose maketh 1, the ducks 5, and the turkeys 2," chalking down every figure as he named it, on the lid of an ancient oak chest. "These numerals," continued John, "when expressed in words at length, make seven thousand one hundred and fifty-two, the luckiest number that ever was dreamt of—" "In the lottery," quoth Seuky, lifting up her hands. "Even so, fair lady," replied the soothsayer, as he chalked 7152 on the brim of Ned's hat; "now is the interpretation of thy dreams given unto thee. Hold thy tongue, and go thy way." Seuky was so delighted with the idea of riding in a coach, and exchanging Mistress for Madam, that she fell on John Goodwyn's neck, and saluted him most cordially, then lifted up her voice to praise his wisdom; but the old lad said, "Mum,—close thy lips and be gone." Not deeming it prudent to disobey the wise man of North Carlton, lest evil should befall their good luck, Mr and Mrs Faggie made their obeisance, and departed without so much as bidding him good-bye.

All ye of humble descent, whom Fortune hath lifted from a low estate, mounted on horseback, and dispatched to Moll Crankums, draw near unto me, and declare how ye felt when

she put spurs on your heels, and whips in your hands, and I, in return, will present you with plans and elevations of certain airy castles built by Neddy and his wife on their way to Higgle-lane. "Thirty thousand pounds," quoth Seuk, "for the seventh drawn ticket, three twenty thousands in the wheel, and ours the luckiest number that ever was dreamt of. Good gracious me, Ned, what a haul we'll have!" But Neddy's fancy had so far got the start of his wife's, that he was absolutely looking about him for a freehold. "There's a lodge," quoth Mr Faggie, pointing to an elegant mansion built by the late *Jonathan Grimshaw, Esq.*, within a stone's throw off the road-side, "where a fellow might spend his afternoon pretty comfortably. Garden, orchard, shrubbery, green-house, piggeries, and out-buildings of every description, laid out in style, and built most substantially. I should not mind laying down young *Hopeful* fifteen thousand guineas for the title-deeds." "What's yon," said Mrs Faggie, pointing to an inscription-board nailed against one of the avenue trees? "This desirable freehold residence, land-tax redeemed, to be disposed of; apply to *Claudius Grimshaw, Esq.* King's Bench, Terrace, London, or Mr *Joel Gripely, Solicitor, Lincoln.*" Zooks and daisies!" exclaimed Seuky, "how the old Squire would stamp and swear, and box young spendthrift's ears, were he permitted to arise, and see his dearly-beloved shiners squandered on gallopers, wantons, lackeys, and the like. O Ned, Ned, what a scatterment! God grant that our little Sue may be spared, and gifted with saving grace to make a righteous use of what we'll be enabled to leave her!" "She shall never have it in her power," quoth Ned, smiting off a thistle top with his stick, "to squander away an estate worth that. We'll convert the whole of our prize-money into freehold property, and entail every fur, stick, and stone of it, in our posterity for ever." "Wisely spoken," quoth Mrs Faggie; "the girl's naturally skittish, and, if she live to see you and I under the turf, may fool away our moveables, such as household furniture, carriages, family-plate, and the like; but entailed

land's entailed land. Seuky, my woman," said the affectionate mother, patting her child's shoulders, "be a good girl, and the Lord will be with thee wheresoever thou goest."

In this manner did the loving couple converse, until they arrived within half a gun-shot of the Hog in Armour, where a goodly assortment of acquaintances, both inside and out, awaited their arrival; but Mr Tubly, the landlord, being a most discreet, sagacious, worldly-wise man, threw himself in the way of Ned and his wife before they were perceived by his guests, and led them, by a circuitous route, to an inner chamber, where he contrived to make himself master of their secret before the first rummer of punch was tipped. Of a truth, mine host was a well-informed, quick-sighted blade, as we before hinted, and consequently no stranger to Seuky's fame as a dreamer. She had beheld, in her sleep, a couple of goshawks pouncing on Mother Hallet's chickens, two of whom were clutched by these evil birds, and the very next night that worthy lady's fair daughters, Miss Poll and Miss Deborah, were carried off, bag and baggage, by Captain Donaghue, and Serjeant-major O'Farrel, of the Lurgan Rangers. She also saw, in a vision, the late farmer Higgins fall from a pale horse, and break his arm,—the reader already knoweth that it was his neck, and the edifying colloquy distinctly heard by Mrs Faggie in her sleep, between parson Tower's wig and the barber's block, fully established her credit as a dreamer throughout the city of Lincoln; so that, upon the whole, we cannot, with any propriety, call mine host and his friends rash, speculative men, for taking Mr and Mrs Faggie by the hand. "I'll tell thee, Ned," said Mr Tubly, beating the ashes out of his pipe, "what I've just been thinking on. There's me and *Bill Swypes*, *Tim Fudge*, *Mat Baggles*, and a few more substantial neighbours, have been talking of laying our mites together, for the purpose of buying tickets and shares, and if not otherwise disposed, we'll admit thee and Seuk into the club *Scot free*, purchase the number so highly spoken of by John Goodwyn, along with others that we verily believe will bring us in a few thou-

sands, and whatever profit may accrue, the one half of it shall be handed over to thee and she, without so much as risking a brass farthing." This very gentlemanly proposal was accepted by Mr and Mrs Faggie, after a little under-tone consultation; and the landlord, without giving them time to cool, introduced his good friends Messrs Swypes, Fudge, Baggles, and Co. who were quite delighted with the bargain he had struck. "Now, gentlemen," said mine host, "down with the dust. Nothing venture, nothing win. You, Mat, run to the White Hart with my compliments, and bespeak a post-chaise; one or two of us must start for London this very night, to buy the tickets. Strike iron when it's hot, say I." All present, with the exception of Ned and Seuky, drew their purses, and in five minutes the table was covered with gold. "*Bill Swypes*," quoth mine host, "thee and Tim had better be off, with the company's leave, and go plump to Rouland Juglum's office—he's the boy for selling prize tickets." This proposition was also agreed to without a dissenting voice, because the two men were what we commonly call *old files*, and knew London well; Bill having picked up a decent competency at the Golden-Cross Inn, when following the honourable profession of waiter's assistant, and Tim had been no less successful in the very creditable capacity of Gentleman Usher at a neighbouring coach-stand; so that Mr Tubly was perfectly justifiable in recommending them as special messengers. When our travellers had packed their portmanteaus, and their constituents made out a list of the luckiest numbers they could devise, Mat Baggles drove up to the door in a post-chaise, tabled his money like a man, and immediately thereafter Messrs Swypes and Fudge set off for London, to which city, for the present, we wish them a very pleasant journey.

All our play-wrights, that is to say, gentlemen authors who write for the stage, are fond of weaving what is called *underplot* into their pieces, for the purpose of bringing about certain events; and molewarp exertion is no doubt legally admissible, otherwise an enlightened public would never

endure it for a moment. We, too, have something of the kind to offer, with this slight remark, that it is a downright truism; whereas our playwright underplots are all of them proportioned by the slide-rule, and made up for the penny; consequently their appearance is somewhat stiffish, and in many instances rather tawdry, though it must be confessed that certain craftsmen, we could name, have succeeded in copying Nature to a shaving. The fact we allude to is just this, *Ben Daggie*, the street-keeper, was in the habit of smoking his pipe every night at the Hog in Armour, and being creditably informed by the devil, or some of his agents, that Seuky's dream related to the State Lottery, and also that John Goodwyn had conjured her visionary pigs and poultry into No. 7152, he incontinently took the mail, not only with a guilty knowledge of the number in question, but also of those whom the gentlemen were commanded to purchase, and arrived at Juglum's lucky office in the very nick of time to see Bill Swypes depositing No. 7152 in his pocket-book. Without betraying the smallest symptom of disappointment, Ben saluted his fellow-citizen very cordially, bought a few sixteenths, and departed; not to chew the cud of Christian resignation, but to envy and grieve at the good of his neighbour. He retired to the Goose and Gridiron, St. Paul's Church-yard, and there wrote a very long letter to his partner in iniquitous speculation, *Sam Bangster* the parish beadle, advising as how that Messrs Swypes and Fudge had been rather too nimble for him, consequently their hopes of securing Mother Faggie's dream-ticket to themselves were at an end. "But, after all," observed the malevolent scribe, "John Goodwyn may have misinterpreted Seuky's vision, and should the number happen to be drawn a blank, oh, how sheepishly some folk will stroak their beards!" He then proceeded in the true spirit of a malignant, deliberately to show how and in what manner the club-men might be excited to rejoice prematurely, and thereby dree, as Saunders Waumphry expresses it, baith the skaith and the scorn, should their speculation turn out unlucky. A more

wicked epistle was never put into the Post-office. On receipt thereof, Sam Bangster proceeded to the Hog in Armour, called for a tumbler of punch, and seated himself by the parlour fire, where Mr Tubly, Mat Baggles, and a few friends, were enumerating the many ample fortunes acquired by spirited adventurers in the State Lottery. "There's our friend and neighbour, Mr Alderman Bellgoit," quoth mine host; "will any man persuade me that a tally-shop supports his corporation? No such thing. The twenty thousand gold sovereigns laid down for Grubby-hall Manor were never hatched behind his counter, nor yet the twenty and five thousand flung in Miss Lucy's lap when Sir Julius O'Flacherty solicited her hand. We all know that his worship dabbles in the Lottery." "A gentleman of my particular acquaintance," observed Mr Baggles, "was so completely reduced, that he had scarcely wherewithal to bliss himself. What with bankrupt corn-factors, runaway drovers, fraudulent stewards, chancery suits, and the devil knows all what, the poor fellow was in a sad pickle, sure enough. Well, Sir, as I was going to tell ye," addressing himself to Mr Tubly, "as this distracted gentleman and his half-distracted lady were sitting one evening by the parlour fire, brooding over their misfortunes, he suddenly started up, and said to his wife, 'Go fetch my whip, great-coat, boots and spurs, and tell Will to saddle the chestnut horse. D'ye hear, Sal,—no whying or wherforing—be off this instant.' Not daring to disobey her lord, whose positive, headstrong character she was no stranger to, the poor woman did as she was desired. Boots, great-coat, and every other riding habiliment, were brought forth; Will saddled the chestnut horse, and his master having pocketed what little money was in the house, mounted and rode away. This was on the Wednesday night, about nine o'clock, and not a syllable was heard of him until the following Friday, when he returned to his disconsolate lady, and demeaned himself as usual, railing at all white-livered, designing men, cursing his own simplicity, and keeping a sharp look-out for duns and sheriffs' of-

ficers. At length, when hope had fairly abandoned the unhappy couple to their fate, a horseman came to the hall-door at twelve o'clock at night, in a plaguy hurry, knocked up the servants, and delivered a letter from Rowland Jugglum to their master, stating, that the ticket he had purchased a few days before was that day drawn a prize of thirty thousand pounds, and requesting to know whether he would please to have the amount remitted in hard cash, or laid out in India bonds, bank stock, long-annuities, or Government debentures? There was luck for ye!" exclaimed Mat Baggles, smiting the table with his fist; "and it's a true tale, so help me God, every inch of it." "The like good fortune," observed Sam Bangster, "may have been notified to some lucky fellow last night, for aught we know. I've just received a letter from a friend in town, stating, that the drawing commenced a day sooner than expected, and that he had been at Guildhall as usual, to see what luck was a-stir. It appears that several capitals were drawn before my informant came away;—but I may just as well give his own words;" so saying, Mr Bangster produced the aforesaid lying epistle, and read as follows: "'Rob Smasher, the Bristol Gypsy, and Young Pluck, are matched for a hundred guineas a side, play or pay. Scene of action, Wormwood Scrubbs'—that's not it—'Caleb Baldwin's game bull broke away from the ring yesterday afternoon, and overthrew fifteen apple stalls, seven buggies, and nine donkey carts—rare fun for the cockneys'—plague on Guildhall, where is it gone to—'Ben Scraggum's terrier, Snapdragon, was unmuzzled last night in the Royal Cock-pit, before a most numerous and highly respectable audience, and worried, to the utter astonishment of every beholder, no less than threescore and seventeen full-grown rats in the space of one hour and eleven minutes'—Devil worry him and his rats too—what's become of Guildhall? The fellow writes such a confounded flat, there's no possibility of finding—oh, here it is—'In the course of my ramble, I stepped into Guildhall, to see the drawing, which certainly is conducted in a most equitable manner, and reflects

great credit on Messrs Jugglum and Scamplor, the contractors. It really was amusing to see the lucky adventurers cutting all manner of capers, whilst their less fortunate brethren hang their heads like bullrushes. The very first ticket drawn from the wheel, No. 11,375, being declared a prize of £.15,000, up leapt a little wall-eyed fellow with a snub-nose, clapt his hands, and called with all his might—'Well done, our side!' whilst an elderly gentleman, with a broad, full-moon face, waved his hat, and sang out, 'Jugglum for ever!' " "Tim Fudge and Bill Swypes, as I've a soul to be saved!" vociferated Mat Baggles; "where's the club-book?" Mine host produced it in a jiffy, and, to the unspeakable joy of all concerned, No. 11,375 was on their list. "Read on, Sam; go it, my boy!" exclaimed Mr Tubly; "luck never comes alone, be it good or bad." The beadle inly grinned at his success, and proceeded: "'The second, third, and fourth,' continued Sam, 'being blanks, lengthened a few faces. The fifth, No. 391, turned out a prize of £.10,000, which caused the moon-faced gentleman and his snub-nosed friend to leap for joy.'" "By Gowls," exclaimed Mother Tubly, who had just entered the parlour with a tankard of stont, "that's one of our numbers, as I'm a Christian woman:" on referring to the list, it was discovered that she was perfectly correct; and so greatly did the club-men rejoice, that Sam was under the necessity of hauling his wind until the uproarious din in some measure subsided. He then resumed his narrative, and gave a finishing stroke to the most unneighbourly hoax that ever was played off. "'The sixth-drawn ticket," quoth Mr Bangster, 'being a prize of small value, we shall say nothing at all about it, and pass on to the seventh, which you know was entitled to £.30,000, whether blank or prize, agreeably to the scheme. Never will I forget the anxiety depicted on every countenance, when the blue coat-lad thrust his arm into the wheel, and brought out No. 7152, nor cease to remember how snub-nose and moon-face whooped and holloed when it was declared a prize of £.20,000.'" "Well dream'd, Seuky Faggle!" exclaimed the half

frantic landlord; "never was such luck ever seen or heard tell of!

"We'll bang the barrel about,
Pull out the spigot too,
We'll all get drunk to-night,
For we've nothing else to do;"

and having sung this well-known Bacchanalian stanza to its own proper tune, Mr Tubly flung his wig in the fire, and departed.

Then did the triumphant shouts, that burst from every pore of the Hog in Armour, fairly beggar all description. Some yelled for pailfuls of punch, some for flaggons of wine, others huzza'd until the very windows chattered in their casements, and not a few shuffled and cut like a parcel of delirious dancing-masters; whilst, ever and anon, the Reverend Mr Obadiah Skinnandgrief, our much-respected Curate, pulled the bell-cord with both hands, singing out most lustily, "Beef steaks and ingans for ever!" In this manner did the parlour-gentry conduct themselves, until an unusual thumping noise was distinctly heard, which induced them to sally forth, and, by the glimmer of day-light that remained, they descried Mr Tubly, and a few more jolly fellows, banging open the cellar door with a billet of wood, mine host being in too great a hurry to grope for the key. Such was their ardour, that in fifteen minutes the door, though a stout one, was compelled to give way, half-a-dozen hutts of strong ale were rolled to the street, their heads stove in with a hatchet, and all comers made welcome. To the honour of merry old England be it spoken, never did ale barrels stand long in such an inviting attitude without being emptied. The casual passenger was arrested on the spot, or, more properly speaking, fascinated by the fumes of our national beverage; the immediate neighbours rushed from their dwellings, tankard in hand, to partake thereof; and presently the whole male and female population of Higgle-lane was in motion, as far as the eye could reach.

But Mr Tubly was not *solus* in the work of jollification. His lady caused a fire to be kindled under the brewing copper, and twisted the neck of every fowl she could lay

her hands on. She also commanded the spits and gridirons to be put in a state of requisition, and dispatched messengers to certain butchers, fishmongers, fruiterers, and confectioners, with positive orders to furnish abundant supplies of their respective commodities. All these commandments being executed to her liking, Mrs Tubly hied her away to Ned Faggles, partly to communicate the joyful news, and partly to clap her thumb on every roasting-pig in his possession. Edward and his consort were in the back court, supping their hogs, when Mrs T. arrived with the glorious tidings, and so wonderfully struck were these good people with the superabundant dazzle of wealth that presented itself to their respective fancies, that they really knew not what hand to turn themselves. Ned caught little Seuk in his arms, bolted out at the back door, and made the best of his way to the Hog in Armour; Mrs Faggles, upon sight, hastily put her gown-tail about her, and followed his example; mine hostess also took to her heels; and the swine, seventeen in number, conceiving themselves at perfect liberty to use their own discretion, sallied forth, and ambled away after their master and mistress, though they made hut a sorry hobble of it, being full of keep, and all of them on the Doomster's list. The Porkman and his lady were quite delighted with the scene that presented itself, when they arrived within eye-cast of Mr Tubly's door, and many gentlemen of high respectability scruple not to say, that they felt much pleasure in witnessing men, women, and children, of every age and denomination, quaffing mine host's home-brewed from all manner of concave utensils; whilst those less fortunate in procuring drinking-vessels, dashed their hats, wigs, and what not, into the ale-butts, and guzzled until they humbled themselves in the kennel by threes and fours at a downfall. Poor Jem Wheezley, the bellows-maker, had well nigh lost his life on this occasion. Having dropt his pitcher in one of the butts, he leapt up to regain it, but unfortunately overbalancing himself, the affrighted youth plunged in head foremost, and certainly would have

perished, had not the humane bystanders pulled him out by the heels; though, in so doing, they overturned the vessel, and the whole of its precious contents would most assuredly have been lost to the public for ever and ever, but for the timely interposition of Dick Flare, agent to the Caloric Insurance Company. That gentleman, with a presence of mind peculiar to his profession, dammed the kennel with the readiest materials he could procure, and thereby saved many a precious gallon. Such was the state of affairs when Ned Faggles's swine hove in sight, accompanied by a few friends whom they had picked up by the way. Now, of all breathing animals, the hog possesseth the happiest knack of upsetting his opponents, particularly those of the biped breed, for when once he gets his nose fairly between a fellow's legs, and bounces forward, the devil himself cannot uphold the hapless bestriker; an assertion that we will endeavour to make manifest by-and-by. Ned's hogs, as we are about to observe, on perceiving so many animals of a higher class, humbled on *all-fours*, with their noses in the kennel, naturally enough conceived that they could not by any means degrade themselves by mingling with their betters, and instantly pricking up their ears, the whole herd rushed forward, nose aground. In a twinkling, every lady and gentleman that stood upright was laid low, and the triumphant porkers, without opposition, thrust their long snouts between the jowls of their Christian brethren, and regaled themselves for a season. With respect to the internal *jollification*, we have merely to observe, that it was much of a piece with the external *roué*, in so far as decorum was concerned, and consisted of every delicacy of the season, got up in Mrs Tubly's very best manner, consequently her guests were highly gratified.

As for Mrs Faggles's dream-ticket, No. 7152, sorry are we to say, that it came forth a blank, and, what is

rather singular, No. 2517, which the learned reader will readily perceive is a fair transposition of Seuky's, not only turned out a prize of twenty thousand pounds, but, being the seventh drawn, was entitled to thirty thousand more, agreeably to the scheme. This very extraordinary fact gave occasion to much unpleasant discussion, when Messrs Swypes and Fudge arrived from London, with the prize cash in their pockets, that amounted not to one twentieth part of the prime cost outlay, which induced all concerned to scratch their heads, and declare, that Jugglum and Scamplor "baited with sprats to catch mackerel." Not satisfied with what had befallen them, as we just now hinted, the clubmen set off in a body to expostulate with John Goodwyn for wrongfully interpreting Seuky's dream; but that gentleman having departed from North Carlton by moon-light, they returned to the city of Lincoln just as wise as when they left it, many of them shrewdly suspecting that the old rogue had pocketed their good luck, which really appears to have been the case. Mr Waumphrey, the pedlar, forgathered with him on the Bath road about a twelvemonth thereafter, lolling in an elegant barouche, with a couple of lackeys scampering in his rear; and happening to fall in with Gaffer Todland, a gentleman whom he knew well, Mr Todland informed Saunders, that the great personage who had just then passed them by was no less a man than Squire Goodwyn of Goodwynhall, a rich West-India merchant, who had lately purchased an estate in the neighbourhood.

Much ink might be shed in blackening John Goodwyn's character, and much more in proving that he cannot lay on his pillow with a quiet conscience; but as the reader is perfectly capable of judging for himself, and anxious, no doubt, to get rid of a drowsy, unprofitable subject, we take the liberty of respectfully bidding him good-bye:

L'Amour.

THEY say of old, when Beauty's child,
 Fair Love, was born in Paphos' bower,
 Foster'd by Hope, that Nature wild
 Before his bounteous presence smil'd,
 And Pleasure hail'd the hour:
 Him yet a child, the laughing Hours
 Cradled in Ida's golden bowers,
 'Mid roses bright with dew;
 And fed him there with idle sighs,
 With fond looks sent from doting eyes,
 With smiles of brightest hue.

So up he grew, in Ida's shades,
 The darling of the blue-ey'd maids
 But he forsook his mother's courts,
 That tend the Queen of Smiles;
 And green Idalia's bower'd sports,
 And Beauty's golden isles,—
 And forth he rov'd a winged child,
 Sometimes attir'd an archer wild,
 Rejoicing in his youth—
 His cheek with fondest beauty glowing,

Brightly his auburn tresses flowing,
 With joy around his mouth:

Or he a fisher lone would go,
 And sit where waters murmur'd flow
 By shady banks all day;
 With wishes wild he wove his net,
 His baits were looks that hopes begot,
 But hearts were still his prey.

So on he went, a child of joy,
 And still he lives a wayward boy
 In Pleasure's summer isles:
 Still is he seen for ever sighing,
 Still new-found paths inconstant trying,
 Fed but on tears and smiles.
 Oh power! to whom the rolling eye,
 The fond and rapture-breathing sigh,
 The tear of bliss belong—
 Who lovest the panting bosoms bare
 Of maidens, with dishevell'd hair,
 Of thee alone my song.

T. S. D.

SCHILLER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued.)

*Schiller to the Baron Von Dalberg.**Stuttgart, 12th Dec. 1781.*

IN the change proposed by your Excellency on my dramatic work*, with a view to its publication, I readily acquiesce; and the more especially, as I perceive that in this way two very separate and different interests may be reconciled and united, without endangering its popularity, or breaking the natural progression and continuity of its scenes. Your Excellency mentions, however, in addition, several very vital and material alterations, which you have already effected on my drama; and in these I feel assuredly so deep an interest, that I must be forgiven if I enter somewhat fully and critically upon their examination. And in the outset, I may, without disguise, admit, that I should esteem your alteration, in throwing back the action of the drama to the remote era of the immediate establishment of regular and effective government throughout Europe, and the consequent suppression of that wayward and uncurbed violence which previously reigned, together with the entire new-

modelling of the piece, which must result from the adoption of such a change, as infinitely to be preferred to the dramatic conceptions I have already embodied, could I alone view this matter abstractly, and shut my eyes to the incongruous effects which would result from ingrafting such a vital alteration upon a work which draws the whole of its distinguishing peculiarities from sources utterly incompatible with the alteration you propose. I feel, assuredly, the force of your objection,—that it is with difficulty, amidst the existing vigorous and definite agency of the laws, and the wide-extended refinement, and more humanized manners of the present times, that we can conceive so lawless an association of desperate men, springing up within the bosom of well-ordered society, and for several years maintaining their evil power and ascendancy. To this I have only to oppose the bold and unfettered freedom of poetical fiction, which, in its seducing and creative power, can invest, with the dignity and force of truth, the cold probabilities of the passing world, and elevate the possible into the magic range of the probable and the likely. This, it is true, does not wholly remove the force of the ob-

* The Drama of the Robbers.

jection. Should I, however, allow this to your Excellency,—and I may do so with the most perfect conviction and sincerity,—what, after all, could justly be deduced from it? Assuredly no more than this, that my dramatic work is disfigured by a blemish in its original conception; a blemish, which so intimately and minutely winds and diffuses itself throughout the whole progression of its incidents, as to defy every attempt, even of the most dexterous and skilful critical surgery, to remove it. Any endeavours to remedy a defect so closely and inseparably associated with its frame and structure, would only, I fear, draw after it the destruction of the whole. But I shall here render myself, in this, more clearly intelligible to your Excellency.

1. The general tone of the dialogue of my dramatic personages is altogether too obviously modern, and dashed with traits of sentiment and refinement, wholly dissimilar from the manners and modes of thinking of the remote era to which you wish to throw back the action of the piece. That simplicity, so pure and touching, which the author of "*Gotzoon Berlichingen* *" has portrayed with such vivid animation, is in my piece wholly a-wanting. Many of the most striking and delicate traits and attributes of my dramatic characters have been drawn from the marked and peculiar aspect of present times, and would ill accord with the far-distant, and more simple age of Maximilian. In a word, my drama, were I here to follow your suggestion, would, I fear, exhibit somewhat of the same monstrous incongruity which once struck me in a wooden print prefixed to an edition of Virgil. The Trojans there appeared accoutered in elegant Hussar boots, and the mighty Agamemnon was seen bearing a pair of pistols in his holsters. In this way, then, I should only be doing violence to the times of Maximilian, while I endeavoured to do away the sin of a partial transgression against the age of the second Frederick.

2. But, still farther, my whole episode of the love of Amelia would seem somewhat monstrous and un-

* This noble drama was written by Goethe, in professed imitation of the manner of Shakespeare's *Historical Plays*."

natural, if contrasted with the more coldly-chastened and surly-tempered affection which marked the heroines of those more distant chivalrous times. I should then be compelled, in obedience to your hint, to transform Amelia into the noble daughter of one of the knights of the age; and I need scarce, I think, press upon your discernment, that the peculiarity of the character of Amelia, and the distinctive attributes of the mingled ardour and tenderness of her affection, shed across my whole dramatic work so marked and predominating an influence,—they sway, and hold forth in such varying lights, the character of the Robber Moor,—and spread their effective colours with so intimate and adhering a power throughout the whole dramatic painting, that it would here be impossible to effect a change, without destroying the appropriate keeping and beauty of the whole. This, also, you may perceive, applies with nearly similar force to the character of Francis, in which I have sought to pourtray a villain, cool, calculating, and with some shade of metaphysical subtlety in his composition. I may, in short, finally add, upon this topic, that such a transformation in my dramatic piece as you propose, while, in the first outset of its composition and conception, it might have been adopted with the highest and most appropriate beauty and perfection, would only now, in its present completed form, impart to it the most discordant and inconsistent qualities. It would, I fear, be like decking the homely crow in the gorgeous plumage of the peacock. Forgive, I beseech you, these zealous expressions of conciliation and intercession, by a father, tender of the fate of his literary offspring. I am aware that my drama, as to any changes or alterations which may be afterwards made upon it, must lie wholly at the mercy of the different theatres. I must, therefore, in this, submissively resign myself to what I have no power to control; and I assuredly ought to account myself peculiarly fortunate that my "*Robbers*" has fallen into such safe and lenient hands. This, however, above all, I must anxiously stipulate with H. Schwan, that, in the publication of my drama, he shall scrupulously ad-

here, without deviation, to the manuscript, in the original unaltered form of its composition. As to any changes or alterations which may be thought more peculiarly to adopt it for public representation, in these I desire to claim no voice, or privilege of direction.

Your second main alteration, touching the death of Amelia, excited, if possible, still more strongly my interest than the former. I may here truly assure your Excellency, that it was this incident of the piece which, of all others, I the most deeply weighed and pondered; and the conviction at length irresistibly pressed upon my mind was, that Amelia ought to die by the hands of the Robber Moor. This seemed to me powerfully to elicit a striking dramatic excellency of character, in which the most ardent, uncontrolled tenderness of soul is displayed, without overlooking what may be deemed the not inappropriate trait of the leader of a robber band. But I feel that, within the narrow limits of a letter, I should be unable to enlarge, as I could wish, on the justification and exposition of this incident of my drama. I may assuredly, however, without hesitation admit, that the few words by which, in your proposed alteration, you merely announce the death of Amelia, are highly excellent, and the dramatic situation deeply impressive. I may say with truth, I should have felt proud of being the author of what is so indubitably marked by the traces of great genius. I perceive, from a letter of H. Schwan, that my piece, with the music, and those pauses during the representation which are indispensable, will occupy no less than five hours; a space assuredly much too long for any drama. I must therefore engage in a second curtailment. I am unwilling to resign to any other this work of compression; and I feel I should myself be unable adequately to undertake its execution, without witnessing, either a rehearsal of the piece, or being present at its first public representation. Were it possible for your Excellency to accomplish your definitive rehearsal of the drama, some time between the twentieth and thir-

tieth of this month, and were I at the same time permitted to rely upon your kind generosity, in defraying the serious expence of my journey, I might then cherish the hope of very shortly uniting my own interests with those of your theatre, and of imparting to my drama those last appropriate touches, more strikingly suited for scenic effect, and which I should in vain attempt vividly and justly to realize, were I not a previous spectator of its representation. I trust I may hope for a speedy and favourable answer to my request, that I may thus be enabled, in sufficient time, to arrange matters for my departure. H. Schwan writes me, that a Baron Von Gemmingen has done me the high honour of selecting my drama for a public reading, and as the subject of critical examination. I hear, also, that this nobleman is the author of the play, "*The German Father of a Family*." I should esteem myself peculiarly happy to have the honour of assuring this distinguished personage, that I have found his drama marked by numerous traits of striking excellence; and that I have felt a true pleasure in recognising, throughout it, the pleasing and indubitable traces of an elegant and graceful genius, united with an amiable and benevolent heart. But may I not here exclaim with delighted surprise,—Is it possible that the author of this distinguished dramatic production should yet find somewhat worthy of commendation in the irregular and unsteady efforts of so young and inexperienced a candidate for literary fame? Permit me to add, that when I shall have the delicious satisfaction of expressing, to a Von Dalberg, at Mannheim, my deep and ardent respect, I shall then, while my eager affection hurries me within his embrace, declare how inexpressibly dear to me are such gifted minds as Dalberg and Gemmingen.

Your suggestion, of a short sketch or summary of the piece, to be distributed previous to its representation, meets with my most cordial acquiescence. I send you here enclosed what may perhaps fully answer this purpose; and I have the honour to remain, with the truest respect, &c.

"The Robbers*."

In this Drama is exhibited the picture of a great mind, unhappily perverted and misled; stored with the richest and most amiable gifts and endowments, and yet, with all these, fatally lost. Evil companionship, and the indulgence of unbridled passion, corrupt his heart; he is hurried from crime to crime, until at length the leader of a band of murdering desperadoes, horror and enormity mark his footsteps, and he is seen plunged in the dread depths of despair. Great and majestic, even amidst the darkness of his fortune, he is finally beheld, purified through calamity, and led back, though late, to the feeling of what is noble and commendable. Such a character may well, perhaps, cause pity, and hate, and love, alternately to swell within the bosom of the spectator. The artful and designing hypocrite will here be seen perishing amidst the failure of his own deep-concerted plots. Here, also, are portrayed the foolish and excessive tenderness of a too indulgent and credulous parent; the miseries and trials of enthusiastic love; and the agonizing conflicts of tumultuous and subduing passion. The spectator will shudder with instinctive horror, while, in the feigned scene before him, he looks upon the dark machinations of guilt, and depart the theatre impressed with the deep conviction how vain and fruitless are all the gilded and seductive appliances of fortune, to stifle the dread and ever-reproving voice of Conscience within us, or to escape from that painful apprehension, that anguish and remorse, which ever track the steps of guilt. Let the spectator, while he views our pageant and imitative scene, weep while he shudders, and learn to guide his passions and desires by the wise and safe dictates of religion and reason. Let the young behold, with a salutary terror, the tragic, headstrong end of unbridled licentiousness; and let those of calmer and more mature years draw from our scenic representation the safe lesson that Providence, in its dark and mysterious course, of-

ten employs the wicked as the impressive means of working out, and more strikingly manifesting its wise purposes; and causes to burst forth, with the light of a clear and irresistible intelligence, what, to our limited and feeble human vision, seemed hopelessly shrouded in darkness, and the most inextricable perplexity.

Schiller to the Baron Von Dalberg.

Stuttgart, 17th January 1782.

I cannot deny myself the high satisfaction of now repeating, in a written form, my most warm and unfeigned acknowledgments for your kind and endearing courtesies so lately extended towards me. I feel myself wholly unable adequately to express my deep sense of the flattering interest you generously took in my humble dramatic production; of the scenic pomp and circumstance by which you so strikingly ennobled it; and for all those skilful and ingenious aids by which its beauties were thrown forth in a more lustrous light, and its more feeble and imperfect parts gracefully veiled amidst the splendour and shew of theatrical art and device. The extreme shortness of my stay in Mannheim, together with my earnest wish to preserve myself strictly incognito, prevented me, unfortunately, from conversing with you so fully as I could have wished, of my dramatic piece and its representation. I may now, however, unfeignedly assure you, I have reaped from the spectacle much minute knowledge, and a more enlarged and varied appreciation of the difficult requisites of stage effect; and if Germany shall ever inscribe me in the proud list of her dramatic writers, I feel I must date my power and capacity of eminence, in this distinguished walk of composition, from the epoch of my latter visit to your Mannheim theatre.

Your Excellency will, I trust, forgive me for at present entering upon the composition of a critical discussion and examination of those feelings and observations which forced themselves upon me, from the representation of my "Robbers" at Mannheim; and should I, at some future period, give the fruit of my labours to the world, in the form of a Trea-

* The following is the abstract, or philosophical summary of the piece alluded to in the preceding letter.

tise upon the Play itself, in this work I shall eagerly seize the opportunity of suitably characterising and appreciating the separate merits of these distinguished actors, Iffland, Beck, and Beil, in so far as I may be permitted to express an opinion of them, from those characters of my own drama which they lately supported. I shall also, in this Treatise, assume the privilege of defining, with a more clear and marked precision, the separate and differing provinces of the poet and the actor; and upon some situations of my piece, not sufficiently felt in the true and direct spirit of their original conception, I shall throw the light of a clear and satisfying illustration. In the composition of this critical work I have already engaged,—although, as the author of the piece which I examine, I fear you may perhaps too justly regard me as a judge not wholly free from bias and partiality. I look forward with confidence to the speedy accomplishment of this labour, when I shall immediately send you my work for perusal. In conclusion, I may ingenuously own to your Excellency, that the part of Francis, which strikes me to be, perhaps, the most arduous and difficult in the piece, far exceeded, in the dramatic power and effect of the more striking and peculiar traits of character, my own anticipations in this respect—not, assuredly, small. The part of Amelia, also, seemed, in the representation, to awaken a more forcible and intense interest than in the mere perusal. I commend myself to your Excellency, and have the honour, &c. &c.

—
Schiller to the same.

Stuttgart, 1st April 1782.

The encouraging and animating commendation by which you seek to wake to new efforts my dramatic muse, I feel to be, in the highest degree, flattering and delightful; and is to me, in some sort, an assurance, that my first attempt, in this species of composition, has been happily sealed by your invaluable approbation. I should only belie my own sentiments, were I to disguise from you my strong and growing passion for the drama. In this, I feel, must

centre, in future, my chief happiness and gratification; several months, however, I foresee, must still elapse before I shall be enabled to resign myself to the full indulgence of this intoxicating bias. The situation in which I now stand renders it necessary I should take the degree of Doctor in Medicine in this University; and with this view I must presently plunge into the diligent revision of my former medical studies, and write a treatise upon some topic proper to the profession. You may well believe I shall feel some strong feelings of mingled regret and reluctance, in descending, so to speak, from the animating and inspiring elevation of the hallowed, poetic Pindus, to ruminate upon the benumbing and paralyzing nomenclature of the medical art. But I must here submissively resign myself to the dictates of necessity, and, in the mean time, curb my rebellious inclinations, eager to expatiate in more congenial and inspiring occupations. It may be that I shall then renew my poetical pursuits with an ardour more inventive and felicitous, from the length of my previous unwilling estrangement; and that, wholly wrapt up in the fascinations of so delicious an art, I shall receive an ample and consoling indemnification for the severity of my less-inviting medical studies. I have hopes, by the end of this year, of completing my "*Conspiracy of Genoa*," in the composition of which I have already far advanced. May I here be forgiven, if I presume to remind your Excellency of your kind promise, of suggesting to me some striking event of German history, capable of being wrought up into a national drama?

As to "*Gotz Von Berlichingen*," I have not yet engaged in its alteration, as I fear, in this way, giving offence to its author. If your Excellency, however, through your influence and personal acquaintance with Goethe, can obtain for me full power and permission in this respect, I shall then assuredly enter upon the work, and derive from it the most exhilarating and refreshing gratification, amidst the irksome and repugnant labour of my present medical pursuits.

The critical dissertation upon the

representation of my "Rohbers," which I formerly promised your Excellency, I deem it prudent, meanwhile, to delay, until, by the more frequent witnessing of dramatic exhibitions, I shall have acquired a more varied and extended knowledge of the fitting requisites of scenic power and effect; and the more especially, as I trust, within no distant period, to have this improving gratification often in my power. I have, however, notwithstanding my present more confined views, ventured to express a few thoughts upon this subject in one of our national Journals. Desiring still farther to conciliate and merit the favour and generous protection of your Excellency, I remain, &c. &c.

—
Schiller to the Baron Von Dalberg.

Stuttgart, 24th May 1782.

Pardon, I entreat you, my presumption, in preferring a request to your Excellency, which, if generously granted me, shall add one more to the numerous flattering and distinguished tokens I have already experienced of your generous and affectionate regard. The ardent and impatient desire I feel to witness, a second time, the representation of my drama, and the liberty in which I at present find myself, from the absence of the head of our medical staff, have determined me, together with some ladies of my acquaintance, and several of my intimate friends, all as anxiously and restlessly curious as myself, to witness the public performance of the "Rohbers," to leave Stuttgart, with this view, so early as to-morrow, on an excursion to Mannheim. As this may, indeed, with truth, be said to be the sole object of our trip, you will perceive that much, touching my credit and reputation as an author, will depend upon the skill and excellence with which the piece is got up; and as I assuredly feel it will not be devoid of scenic instruction and salutary

and inspiring excitement to myself, in the dramatic work upon which I am at present engaged, I therefore presume to make it my most humble and earnest request, that you would indulge my friends and myself with this eagerly-courted gratification, on Tuesday the 28th of May. From you, I know, a word is at once sufficient to give movement to the great theatrical machine; and as I feel confident the courtesies and kind wishes of the actors would lead them readily to afford me this gratification, I venture fondly to flatter myself, that my journey, undertaken solely with this view, shall not be made in vain. Upon that wished-for occasion, with what eager joy shall I yield up my whole soul to the seducing and effective power of the representation, and with what unrestrained and ardent satisfaction feed upon the transporting sight!

If, therefore, you can any how effect this public exhibition of my drama, permit me to rely upon your generous and affectionate friendship for its accomplishment. I shall be unable to prolong my stay in Mannheim longer than the evening of Tuesday, or to witness, in all, more than two dramatic performances. How peculiarly fortunate should I account myself were my "Rohbers" selected for one of these! Need I here seek to disguise from you, that the satisfaction I derived from its first exhibition, however exquisite, was not greater than the eager joy with which I now look forward to beholding, a second time, its representation?

Allow me to entreat your forgiveness for the perhaps too zealous and eager importunity of the request I have urged. Your candour and indulgence, however, I trust, will impute it wholly to the seductive and delicious power of those anticipations into which I have, perhaps too inconsiderately, hurried. Believe me, with the deepest respect, &c. &c.

Lines to Lord Byron.

DARK, wayward spirit ! who can read
Thy mighty and immortal song,
Nor feel his rising bosom bleed
That all its woes to thee belong,
Whose genius takes the lightning's form,
And gleams through thunder-cloud and storm ?

On thee in vain Creation's smile
Is shed, where endless summers bloom ;
E'en beauty's self no more can wile
Thy heart from woe, thou child of gloom :
Spring thaws the ice around the Pole,
But not the winter of the soul.

No rays of hope the shades dispel,
That rest upon thy future years ;
Thy heart alike hath sigh'd farewell
To all that woke its hopes and fears ;
And oh ! if truth is in thy strain,
Man, hapless man, was made in vain !

With talents gifted as thou art,
Unmatch'd, the glorious boon of Heaven,
And with fair woman's hand and heart,
To thee in being's blossom given—
In want and woe though thousands pine,
Oh ! who would change his lot with thine ?

Vain, vain thy wealth and noble birth,
And fame as never man possess,
E'en in thy youth, which fill'd the earth,
They soothe not that mysterious breast ;
And yet thy heart (strange warbler !) sings
Most sweetly with its broken strings !

Alas for Genius ! Fate still weaves
A mournful wreath, her brow to bind ;
The nightshade and the cypress leaves
Are with her laurels closely twin'd :
Form'd for a higher, happier sphere,
She needs must droop, and wither here !

DISCOURSES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE EPISTLE OF ST JUDE. BY WILLIAM MUIR, D. D. MINISTER OF ST GEORGE'S CHURCH, GLASGOW.

THE author of these Discourses is evidently a man of respectable talents and good sense ; neither so far biassed by the fashion of the day, as to flatter favourite prejudices, or argue in support of unmeaning dogmas, nor seeking opportunities to thrust forward a barren and unmeaning orthodoxy, to combat some imaginary heretic, or to excite a spirit of controversy, in order to exhibit the keenness of his invective, or the bitterness of his spirit : had he done these, and many other things, we doubt not that he might have secured for himself a number of readers who are perhaps at this moment unacquainted with his work. But the Doctor belongs to a very different school. In the perusal of his Discourses, we meet with no dark hints or railing accusations—no perversion of Scripture, to bolster up a favourite system ; he appears, throughout his volume, to feel his responsibility as a Minister of the Gospel, to consider that the object of his labour is to bring men to the knowledge of the truth, and, by making them better, to make them also wise even unto salvation. His Discourses throughout are chiefly practical ; his aim being to seize those plain views of

Christian duty which are matters of universal concern, and not to render the Bible a text-book, or the pulpit an arena for the exhibition of critical ingenuity. These are evils which prevail too extensively ; and we could wish that some of our preachers and sermon-writers would exhibit the doctrines of the Gospel as they ought to appear in the life of a Christian ; not as points of speculative profession, but as influencing principle, and actuating conduct in the different departments of life. The preacher ought to be intent on utility, not on display ; to be careful that he mistake not words for things, nor discard the same devotion, because expressed in different words, any more than he would assume the co-existence of the same devotion with the same form of expression. But we must proceed to set before the reader a few extracts from the work before us, which will enable him to form some conception of its merits.

Having chosen the Epistle of St Jude as the subject of exposition, he presents it to the public in fourteen distinct Discourses. The method which he has followed, in exhibiting the practical application of that Epistle, is certainly the best he could

have adopted, though, to some fastidious critics, he may perhaps appear defective in point of acquaintance with the more recondite principles of biblical criticism.

The general practice in theological exposition is, we believe, to entertain the reader with new translations from the original, to remove textual difficulties, and to appeal to the Fathers in support of what is conceived to be the genuine interpretation of the passage. This, we know, is, in the judgment of many, essential to what they consider able exposition, though, for our own parts, we are disposed to think that few persons of late have materially improved upon our translators; and we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction, that the greater number of religious controversies have, in every age of the Church, originated in verbal distinctions, injudiciously introduced, and tenaciously maintained, in order to explain or support some favourite dogma which had unfortunately taken hold of the imagination of the writer. Aware of this, the Doctor has wisely avoided all "strife of words," and simply laid before us what is the evident and direct meaning of the Epistle. The three first Discourses he has devoted to the illustration of the faithful and diligent preaching of the doctrines of Christianity. Having, in the first, furnished his reader with a general view of the state of the Christian Church at the time the Epistle was written, and shown how well it was adapted to counteract the corruption, both of doctrine and practice, which the errors of false teachers had diffused; he then informs us, that the encouragements, the warnings, and the rebukes of St Jude, were requisite to expose the heretical, to confirm the faithful, and to restore, if possible, those who had fallen from the faith; and accordingly he enumerates three classes of persons to whom these exhortations were peculiarly applicable; the first needing to be resisted—the second to be strengthened—the third to be reclaimed.

To this general exposition and design of the Epistle he subjoins some reflections of a practical nature, earnestly recommending ministerial faithfulness, which, whilst they

evinced his own deep personal conviction of its importance and absolute necessity, claim the attention both of teachers and taught, for their powerful and scriptural illustration of the respective duties of both. The following quotation, from his first Discourse, will best communicate to the reader the opinions of the author upon this branch of his subject:

First, The example of St Jude in this Epistle may suggest to us, that "the servant of Jesus Christ," or the minister of Christianity, is justifiable in using the plainest language of warning and reproof, when circumstances demand it,—nay, that he is bound to do so. And this ought to be duly considered, by not a few of the hearers of the Gospel, who are inclined to restrict the province of the preacher to the statement,—either of what is addressed to the understanding merely, and consists in little more than a distinct account of the evidences and the speculative points of theology; or of what (if it be addressed to the heart) shall yet present only the most agreeable and consolatory views. I am quite assured, indeed, that the agreeable and consolatory views ought to be prominent; because it may be clearly proven, that even the threatenings of religion coincide with the same ineffable benevolence of design which has dictated the promises. And I am equally assured, that the statements in which the understanding is alone concerned, are as needful for the basis of every appeal to the heart, as the foundation is for the building. But there is still such a province in religious discourse, as the province of warning and rebuke; and ministerial fidelity, undoubtedly, consists in not overlooking this any more than the others. Nay, (though we allow it not to absorb the consolatory and encouraging,) yet we must never forget that it is equally essential,—that to lay open sin in its enormity, must be requisite for showing us both the need of a Saviour and the value of his salvation,—that exposure of the effects of iniquity, must be preparatory for recommending and enforcing the means of moral escape,—and, that the unfolding and condemning of the guilt, must ever be the necessary prelude to reformation and amendment. It is true, that often when we speak of, and prescribe the necessity of, faithfulness in preaching Christianity, some are ready to conceive of it, as what is made up altogether of coarseness, and arrogance, and invective, and personal allusions,—in which the preacher indulges his own spleen upon men or customs, ra-

ther than disinterestedly does his duty. But such, if it is ever practiced, is an abuse of privilege, and is a disfigured exaggeration of ministerial faithfulness. To be plain in what we say to you, it is not necessary our language should be coarse. To be bold in declaring to you the truth, we may stand at the widest distance from arrogance and presumption. We may be fully earnest and vehement, without using invective. And strict, and powerful, and awful, may be our denunciations on sin, without the unwarrantableness of a single personality. And it is undeniably evident, that if all who retain the profession of Christianity were only to read and to admit the doctrines and precepts of that volume, their avowed assent to which entitles them to the name of Christian, they would find, that plain and faithful discoursing to them on the subjects which serve to warn and reprove, is as much a portion of our revealed commission, as the detailing to them of what is encouraging and consolatory. Our calling to the ministry prescribes it. For here is the solemn charge given by St Paul to the "servant of Christ:"—"I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; *reprove; rebuke.*" Our oath of fidelity binds us to this: we have sworn "to declare the whole counsel of God." Our concern for the welfare of our people urges to it: we are "watchmen," placed on "the tower to warn of danger." Our anxiety for ourselves doubly constrains us:—for "the blood" of all who perish through our neglect is "to be required at our hands."

We regret that our limits will not permit us to enter into a more minute detail of the Author's views, illustrative of ministerial fidelity, as exhibited in his three first Discourses. We must, however, be excused by our readers, in requesting their particular and attentive perusal of the author's fourth Sermon, in which he exposes, with great force and ability, the *abuse* of the doctrines of the Gospel, and shews that the economy of grace, in all its parts and accompaniments, is the source, the incentive, and promoter of righteousness.

In examining this doctrine, as revealed in the Scriptures, he has shewn successfully, that every view we can take of it assures us of its moral tendency, and that the interposition of the Saviour was solely to provide the means of dispensing par-

don, consistently with the principles of purity and moral rectitude. We look upon the whole Discourse as an excellent defence of the moral tendency of the doctrines and precepts of Christianity; and whilst it exposes the licentious practices of professing Christians, and refutes the false reasonings of the declared infidel, it warmly exhorts all who profess the Christian name, "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

The only other extract we shall introduce, is taken from his eighth Discourse, upon the responsibility attaching to all who deliberately indulge in profane literary speculations. His remarks upon that gross perversion of genius and talent, which is unfortunately exhibited by too many of the present day, for the purpose of disseminating impurities calculated to corrupt the present generation, and the thousands of a future age, merit for their author the thanks of all classes, who have at heart the best interests of society,—the virtue and sound morality of the community. It is indeed melancholy to think, that men professing Christianity can for a moment excuse themselves in countenancing publications, which, whatever be their literary merits, directly aim at the subversion of every right principle, and therefore ought to be reprobated and discouraged by all who have any respect to the Christian name. We would earnestly recommend the whole of this discourse to the attentive perusal of such as have hitherto discovered no evil in supporting and publishing licentiousness and profanity: in the mean time, we must content ourselves with the following quotation:

Let me request you, for the sake of illustration, to observe that serious responsibility which men of literary eminence have often incurred, by directing their writings against the cause of religion and godliness. When genius degrades itself into the auxiliary of scepticism and licentiousness; and, taking advantage of the perpetuity which art has given to thought, is employed not, only in corrupting the present generation, but in disseminating impurities for the thousands of a future age, an instrument of evil is then at work, almost as powerful

as can be wrought by the enemy of human happiness ; and which, in proportion to the effects arising from its operations, entails on the person who has successfully used it the corresponding measures of criminality. Think on the mischievous effects which may flow even from a single copy of a profane and immoral writing. Observe it when it has found its way into the bosom of a family, the members of which have been reared up in the faith of religion and in the love of virtue. It seizes on the attention of one of them. It is at first read secretly and by stealth. Its specious reasonings insinuate themselves into the understanding of its victim. Its polluting maxims leave an impression on his heart. Not at once are its arguments yielded to. Not at once are its guilty principles tolerated. The book may even at times be shut with the feeling of aversion and fear, at the daring conclusions to which it points. But it is again opened. Curiosity, perhaps, to know the extent of its wild inferences, may tempt to another and to a third inspection, till the repeated perusal complete the ascendancy of its bold and bad speculations. Then, alas ! how speedily those safeguards, which wisdom and affection equally had raised against the influence of vice, are overturned !—how the mind swells with the proud and foolish thought of emancipation, from what are now named idle scruples and dotting prejudices !—how the look of scorn is turned upon that kind instructor, the lessons of whose parental experience had formerly been received in reverence !—how the modesty and piety of the youth “ remembering his Creator,” are supplanted by the arrogance and scoffings of the disputations and blustering infidel,—and falling a prey to the men “ who lie in wait to deceive,” how zealously he becomes, in his own circle, the promoter of irreligion and libertinism ! But shall these men themselves,—shall the well-gifted sceptics, whose genius has been employed to promote, over the young and inexperienced, the ascendancy of evil principle,—shall they escape responsibility for that long train of ills, the origin of which is traceable to their daring speculations ? Say, if the hopes of families,—if the glory of nations, which, as with the assassin’s weapon, they have slain, shall never be inquired after at their hands ? There is blood in their hands. They have destroyed souls. “ They have gone in the way of Cain ;” and shall they not be brought to an account ? Ah ! could they themselves bring back every copy of their profane and immoral writings, and obtain a re-

compital of all that has been achieved by each for the vitiation and wretchedness of mankind, the most volatile and cold-hearted among them might surely be disposed to seriousness, and might be induced to gaze on the extended ruin which has been wrought, as the incendiary would on the city which he had wantonly fired, when he beholds, smoking, in one promiscuous and dark heap, the dwellings and the ashes of its inhabitants ! If, however, he relent at the miserable sight, does he not condemn himself ? If pity be excited in him, is not the feeling akin to self-reproach ? Yes. The conviction must smite him, that he partakes deeply of other men’s sins, and that he justly shares with them in their “ woe.”

Our readers will discover, from the extracts now given, what they are to expect from the perusal of the highly respectable volume before us ; and whilst we regret we cannot notice every Discourse, we hesitate not to assure them, that they will find the whole characterized by good sense, practical simplicity, and Christian benevolence. The author never goes out of his way, in quest of novelty of illustration ; he thinks with precision, and his ideas flow so spontaneously, that we are never at a loss to perceive the legitimacy of his conclusions. Sober, temperate, and convincing in his statements, he enters into no “ doubtful disputations ;” and whilst his pages bespeak the devotional warmth of his own heart, and his anxiety to promote it in the hearts of his fellow-men, they at the same time exhibit the doctrines of Christianity in the most attractive and amiable of all views,—that is, in harmonious and modest combination with all the Christian virtues.

In regard to the composition and style, we consider him entitled to no mean praise. His language is uniformly pure, natural, and unaffected ; if not nervous, it is, with very few exceptions, accurate and chaste. His ideas are seldom expanded beyond their due value ; every word is of weight, and we are never obliged to labour to get to his meaning. Preserving in his composition the life and fervour of the Christian orator, he at the same time attends to the truth and exact signification of every expression, and sets before his reader a train of thought which will abide

the scrutiny of philosophy and criticism; disdaining empty, shewy expressions, and the unmeaning flippancy of smooth-turned periods, his composition is opposed to every embellishment that is not at once natural and necessary. Altogether, we

look upon the volume as a work of superior merit, and highly creditable to the literary and theological talents of its author; and we are sure that the majority of those who peruse it will unite with us in thanking Dr Muir for its publication.

Liber Honoris.

DIONYSIUS SCRIBLERUS (MART. FIL.) ΗΕΠΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ: OR, OF THE ART OF SINKING IN POETRY: INTENDED AS A CONTINUATION OF THE WORK OF THE GREAT MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

It was a subject of the deepest concern and surprise, to the great Scriblerus, that one of the most essential qualifications of modern poetry should be treated with such undeserved and unaccountable neglect. In like manner, at the outset of this great work, have I to lament, that, notwithstanding the labours of that illustrious man, the Bathos continues to be neglected, and that the task of recording the present state of the Antipodes of the Sublime, should again fall to the lot of an unworthy member of the family of the Scribleri.

That a work of this nature is imperatively called for, must be acknowledged by every one who for a moment cast his eyes on that bright galaxy of the masters in the Bathos, which at present adorns our literary horizon. Assuredly the want of such a record cannot be ascribed to a poverty of materials. The industry of the times has been such, and our poets have been so landably active in the perfection of this great characteristic feature of their writings, that never—I rejoice to say—was there a period that could boast such a multitude of works rich in the most perfect specimens of sinking—never has poetry so boldly or so deeply descended into the profundities of the Bathos. Those glorious geniuses, who, in the days of my great progenitor, flourished amid the filth and obscurity of the murky atticks of Grub-street, are nothing when compared with those more transcendent luminaries that our age can boast, whether they deign to disport themselves in the alleys of Coekayne, or luxuriate their fancy amid the scenery of the Northern Lakes.

Ambrose Philips and Blackmore must yield the palm to Col——e and W——h, who at present conjointly wield the sway over the wide plains of the Lowlands of Parnassus. Happy Dionysius! more favoured than thy ancestors, who only witnessed the commencement of that which thou enjoyest in perfection. They are fools who say that the world is retrograding. Let them read my pages, and they must, to their satisfaction, be convinced, that in the Bathos, at least, we are daily making the most sensible steps towards perfection.

The first species of the Bathos that I will attempt to illustrate shall be the Horrific. Here the poet makes choice of some most bloody and most improbable story, illustrating it with every aggravating circumstance that may add to its horrors; and sparing no allusion, however loathsome, and no detail, however repugnant. He condescends to employ his Muse on no theme less horrid than murder, incest, fratricide, starvation, cannibalism, &c. Dwelling on such themes, he marches forward, ever and anon precipitated from the pinnacles of the sublime, to the depths of the Bathos, by the pit-falls and precipices which lie in his path, and which the gutta serena of vanity and presumption prevents him from observing.

In this style of writing, the Germans and their imitators have particularly distinguished themselves. Of our modern poets, Lewis, without doubt, deserves to be first mentioned, and, after him, the Author of Christabelle.

Proximos ille tamen occupavit
Coleridge honores.

Let us take a few examples from the War Eclogue :

Famine—I stood in a swampy field of battle ;

With bones and skulls I made a rattle—
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
And through the chink of a cottage wall ;
Can you guess what I saw there ?

Both—Whisper it, sister, in our ear.

Famine—A baby beat its dying mother ;
I had starv'd the one, and was starving the other.

Both—Who bade you do't ?

Fam.—The same, the same ;

Letters four do form his name—(Pitt.)

Another good example may be drawn from that passage, where *Famine* asks *Fire* who sent her there ? when she thus answers, in objection to *Slaughter's* advice, that the name should be whispered :

Fire—No ! no ! no !

Spirits hear what spirits tell ;
'Twill make a holiday in hell.

No ! no ! no !

Myself I named him once below,
And all the souls that damned be
Leapt up at once in anarchy—
They no longer heeded me ;
But laugh'd to hear hell's burning rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughter.

No ! no ! no !

But it is in giving an air of mystery to common and every-day occurrences that the forte of such authors lies. Thus we have the rising and setting of the sun described in the following most mysterious manner :

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he,
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea—
Higher and higher every day,
Till o'er the mast at noon ;
The wedding guest he beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

Ancient Mariner.

Could the most atrocious murder be described in more mysterious terms ? But it is in this that the sole merit of the piece lies, for as it is the province of the *Upsos* to dignify great actions, so it is the equally meritorious office of the *Bathos* to exalt and celebrate trifling and contemptible events.

As in the last-cited example the author makes use of a bassoon, to

eke out a metre ; so, in the following, for the same purpose, he calls in the assistance of an owl :

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock,

Tu whit, tu whoo ! ! !

And found a bright lady surpassing fair,
Tu whit, tu whoo ! ! !

In the following example the ice is described as labouring under a fit of flatulent colic :

The ice did break in a thunder-fit,
The helmsman steer'd us through.

In the following, the reader is horrified by the description of the sun, under the figure of a copper vessel in a brazier's shop :

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand
No bigger than the moon.

The same heavenly body, on a cloudy day, is farther compared to a pick-pocket in limbo, looking through the bars of his prison ;

And straight the sun was fleck'd with bars,
As if through dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face:

The dreadful sensations excited by protracted thirst, in the following examples, are compared to those experienced in attempting to swallow soot :

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been chok'd with soot.

Through utter drought all dumb we stood,
Till I bit my arm and suck'd the blood,
And cried—a sail, a sail.

The next species of the *Bathos* that we will notice shall be the *Fustian*, or *Mock Heroic*. Mark how he mouths it in the following specimen of noisy bombast :

And all around, behind, before
The bridal car, is the raging rout,
With frantic shout, and deaf'ning war,
Tossing their torches' flames about.

And the double double peals of the drum
are these,
And the startling burst of the trumpets' blaze,

And the gong that seems with its thunders
dread
To stun the living, and waken the dead ;
The ear-strings throb as if they were broke,
And the eyelids drop at the weight of its
stroke.
Fain would the maiden have kept them
fast,
But open they start at the crack of the
blast.

Curse of Kehama.

In the same lofty strain we have
an account of the family and paren-
tage of Experience.

He sprung, on either side, a birth divine ;
Thus to the Olympian gods allied was he,
And brother to the sister nine :
They call'd him Praxis, in th' Olympian
tongue,
But here, on earth, Experience was his
name.

Lay of the Laureate.

In the same strain is the following
tirade :

And in the hub-bub of senseless sounds,
the watchwords of fashion,
Freedom invaded rights, corruption, and
war, and oppression,
Loudly announced, were heard.

Vision of Judgment.

To the same tune we have the fol-
lowing pointed description of a mas-
tiff bitch, and her conversation with
the crowing cock :

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;
She makes answer to the cock,
Four for the quarter, and twelve for the
hour,

Ever and aye, noonshine and shower,
'Tis three short howls, not over loud,
Some say she sees my lady's shroud.

The next variety of the Bathos,
which falls to be noticed, is that
known by the names of the Infantile,
or Milk-and-water, the Lake, &c. It
is with the highest pleasure that I
have to state, that our examples to
illustrate this variety (thanks to the
spirit of modern poetry !) are parti-
cularly numerous and valuable. To
the father of the Lake School especial-
ly, and his followers, we account our-
selves particularly indebted,—their
works possessing, in an eminent de-
gree, the quality of inanity so much
recommended by the great Scriblerus.

What child could more circum-
stantially describe the puddle in

which he is in the habit of sailing
his paper boats, than Mr W—— has
done the little pool of water, whose
dimensions were three feet by two ?

You see a little muddy pool,
Of water never dry,
I've measur'd it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide !
Lyrical Ballads.

In the same spirit is the following
warning advice :

Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble ?
Up, up, my friend, and leave your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.

In another passage, the same au-
thor gives us, on the authority of old
Father Simpson, a piece of informa-
tion of great importance to midwives
and mad doctors, viz. that the child
in utero, by working about the heart
of the mother, will bring back her
senses, if she should be so unfortu-
nate as to have lost any of them.

Old Father Simpson did maintain,
That, in her womb, the infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again.

Lyr. Bal. p. 47.

Equally remarkable is his notice
of the following new disease :

A cruel, cruel fire they say
Into her bones were sent ;
It dried her body like a cinder,
And almost turn'd her brain to tinder.

Lyr. Bal. p. 46.

Not less admirable is his manner
of informing us that it is not custo-
mary for adults to cry and blubber
in the street :

In distant countries I have been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public ways alone.

Lyr. Bal. p. 15.

In the following example we find
a poet very appropriately claiming
consanguinity with a young ass :

Innocent foal—thou poor, despis'd, for-
lorn,
I hail thee Brother, spite of the fool's
scorn ;
I fain would take thee with me in the dell
Of peace and mild equality to dwell.

Coleridge's Effus. to a Young Ass.

What can be more silly and self-complacent than the following apostrophe of Southey to his book?

Go, little book, from this, my solitude;
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways;
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world shall find thee after many days;
Be it with thee according to thy worth—
Go, little book, in sooth I send thee forth.

That the Bathos in poetry is evidently on the increase, the inquisitive may be convinced, by the fact, that the writings of one of our most eminent poets are not altogether free from passages which may be ranked with the examples we have just been quoting. Thus, in *Marmion*, we observe the following instance:

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the Royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.

Equally meritorious is the following passage:

'Tis James of Douglas, by St. Serie,
The uncle to the banish'd Earl.

Listen to the following enumeration of knightly accomplishments:

Fleet foot on the Corei,
Sage counsel in Cumber,
Red hand in the Foray, &c.
Lady of the Lake.

The anticlimax has always been deservedly regarded with partial eyes by the masters in Bathistical poetry. It is, in fact, a sort of sudden diminuendo, in which the performer, after commencing *fortissimo con strepito*, passes over at once to *pianissimo con sordo*. Let one example of this figure suffice:

What is glory? In the *socket*
See how dying tapers fare.
What is pride? a *whizzing rocket*
That would emulate a star.
Word. Inscriptions.

Let us now descend to the Vulgar. In the following description of the horrors which wait on a guilty conscience, we have our attention occupied by the pillow and bed-clothes:

I had just laid me down, not a word
could I pray,
I had pillow'd my head, and drawn up
the bed-cover.

The ascent of a warlock through the clouds is compared, by the same poet, to the progression of a screw through a cork:

Astonish'd to hide, in the moonbeam he
flew,
And screw'd the night-heaven till lost in
the blue.

Queen's Wake.

You may take the following examples without commentary:

The wind that blows,
Warms itself against his *nose*.
Marm.

Or Boreas, when he scours the snow,
That *skins* the plains of Thessaly.
Wordsworth's Dion.

Having gone thus far right pleasantly, we come at last to the famous land of unintelligibility—the *ne plus ultra* of our pilgrimage in search of the Bathos. In the cultivation of that favoured district, many are the labourers who have arisen in our time.

In illustrating this head, we will follow the example of the setting sun, proceeding gradually from the gloom and indistinctness of twilight, to the palpable obscure of midnight darkness;—from the mystical and visionary flights of Wordsworth, which are not altogether devoid of some traces of meaning, to the utter absurdity of my Lord Thurlow. As it would require a more learned person than I to write a commentary on what is avowedly nonsense, I shall on this occasion remain silent, giving the passages as they stand in the original, without note or comment.

The sighs that Matthews drew were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were *tears of light*, the oil of gladness.
Yet sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
He seem'd as if he drank it up,
He felt with spirit so profound.
W.'s Schoolmaster.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing, to itself;
A fairy thing, with red round cheeks,
That always finds, but never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight,
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick, so fast,
Upon his heart, that he at last

Must needs express his love's excess,
With words of unmean't bitterness, &c.
Christabelle.

But Love, who heard the silence of my
thoughts.
Coleridge's Ode in imitation of Spenser.

O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd
heart.
Coleridge's Eff. 36.

To hear the mighty stream of Tendency,
Utter for elevation of our thoughts,
A clear, sonorous voice, inaudible, &c.
Excursion.

Thou, thou art not a child of Time,
But daughter of th' Eternal Prime.
White Doe.

Then are we to this fatal passion sworn,
As innocent as is the balmy air;
Nay often, on the pinions of the morn,
The angels to her golden rest repair.
Thurlow's Althæa.

Very good poetry this for a lord!
You see that, even in the Bathos,

the Aristocracy has its representatives.

Thus far, most courteous reader, have I led thee, through the faery land of the Bathos, pointing out, in thy progress, and for thy oblectation, the pleasant spots that every where lie scattered around. Go on in the path I have pointed out, if thou hast the courage. Enroll thyself under the banners of absurdity and nonsense; gird thyself with the sharp sword of impudence; and fence thyself behind the impenetrable shield of self-conceit. Then, when Milton, and Homer, and the Princes of Song, shall be heard of no more; and when Colley Cibber, and Southey, and the indwellers of Cockayne, shall have usurped their places, the Bathos may appoint thee a seat in her temple, as one of the many advocates who have laboured in her cause. T. S. D.

Glasgow, 1823.

ON RELIGIOUS NOVELS.

MY DEAR SIR,

PERHAPS you may consider it an equivocal compliment, when I say I do not take you for a *religioso*. By this expression, I mean to designate a set of pragmatists, hypocritical, and gloomy puritans, who assuming, as they do, most erroneous and most pernicious views of religion, are disposed to carry these views into the most innocent and the most trivial of our enjoyments, and thereby to affect the sources of our purest recreations. Like all other Editors, you are of course a minute and intelligent observer of the signs of the times; and you must, no doubt, have been frequently startled by observing the far-spread and almost universal spirit of religion which now prevails. That spirit is not now confined, as it formerly was, in periods when the character of the nation was more decidedly of a serious cast than it is at present, to men of high character, or of grave and serious deportment. We meet with religion, not only in our closets, and in our Bible Societies—it attacks us even in our drawing-rooms and assemblies. Our young ladies, as well as our old maids, seem to be all inspired with the spirit of

conversion. The lively and animating conversations of the tea-table are banished and put down, and a gloomy, serious, and burdensome colloquy is substituted, which contributes neither to our profit nor amusement. In one word—*hinc illa lachryma!*—our very novels have become infected with this *religionizing* spirit. A religious novel! Why, it is a direct contradiction in terms. Novels have been preached against by the religious of all ages, and of all sects. They were represented as equally destructive of the morals and dispositions of the world, and as intended only to seduce the young, and encourage the vicious. These representations were not merely directed to the mode in which novels were written. The plan or principle of novel-writing was deprecated and abused in the strongest terms. I never could see the slightest ground for these general declamations against a class of writings, which, if well conducted, must inevitably be conducive to the improvement of society. But I can as little perceive any reason for adopting this species of composition as a medium for the inculcation of

religious truths. On the contrary, I see many solid objections to it.

For my own part, I cannot away with a religious novel. It seems quite an anomaly in literature. Its materials are perfectly heterogeneous, and form a heavy, flat, stale, and unprofitable production,—unprofitable, at least, to the reader. Whatever may be said of its principles and its objects, I decidedly disapprove of its plan. The writers of such works may be actuated by the highest and best of motives, a desire to extend the knowledge and influence of divine truth,—and I am very ready to believe, that such are the motives which have place in their breasts; but are their works calculated to produce the effect they have in view? I do not think they are. On the contrary, I am inclined to be of opinion, that their real tendency is to injure the vital interests of religion. The sum and substance of my objection is, that religion is not a fit or becoming subject for the groundwork of a novel. Its principles are too dignified—its interests are too magnificent—its objects are far too important to admit of being moulded to the purposes of the novel-writer; and in introducing them at all to our consideration in the course of his story, he must inevitably lower their sacred character, and weaken their influence on the mind of the reader. I have no doubt, as already observed, of the honesty of the writer's intentions; and he may see various reasons for throwing his lucubrations into the form of a novel. It is very obvious, however, that such works are likely to give rise to the inference, that religion, openly and undisguisedly portrayed, would either alarm by its restraints, or fatigue by its dullness. They seem to proceed upon the principle, that the world must be tricked, or wheedled, into being religious; and that no better resource now remains, than to assume the disguise of worldlings, and of trifling, in order to find a place in that heart, or to remove a doubt in that judgment, which has remained unaffected or unconvinced by the appeals or by the reasonings of the philosopher and the divine. Works undertaken on such a principle compromise and lessen the dignity of religion. I am so

deeply impressed with its important and sacred character, that I dislike all mention of it in the company of triflers, and deprecate all discussion of it in a trivial or irreverent mood. I have sometimes shuddered to hear its doctrines discussed, and its truths arraigned, in a company of tea-table chatters; and, *multo magis*, I disapprove of its introduction in novels. Religion appears to me to be recommended by all that can interest the human heart, or influence the human judgment. Its principles require only to be known and understood, to be thoroughly admired and instantly adopted. The importance and interest which it possesses to every individual, impress it deeply and frequently upon his consideration. Its importance is of too great magnitude to allow him to rest satisfied with a superficial knowledge of its doctrines; and its interest is too intense and lively to admit of its being repressed or fatigued by speculation or discussion upon such a subject. The feelings and the imagination are not alone to be moved or excited. It is necessary that the judgment should be primarily convinced; and how is the judgment to be convinced of the reasonableness, suitableness, truth, and general excellence of religion? Surely by works expressly devoted to the consideration and discussion of religious subjects; and such discussions are neither dry, nor dull, nor wearisome. Their prodigious importance is sufficient to excite and command the attention of all, and these may be safely, and with great propriety, left to our established religious teachers, to the reasonings of the scholar and the man of sense. Are these novels qualified or calculated to assist in this good work? Do they unfold any new illustrations of divine truth, or are the examples they exhibit, or the sentiments they record, of such a tendency and character, as either to confirm the good in their virtuous course, or reform the vicious in theirs? I do not think they are. To the unbeliever or the irreligious, they afford matter of scorn and merriment. To the truly religious they must be productive of pain, rather than of pleasure or of benefit. Take, for example, any one of the many

specimens which have been of late thrown upon the literary world: "Happiness," "Constancy," "Rich and Poor," *cum multis aliis*; and I would just ask, whether any one reader of these anomalous productions rises from their perusal, either a better man, or with a higher or more reverential opinion of religious truth? I shall not at present examine them particularly, but perhaps, if you approve of it, I shall take the trouble, sometime soon, of illustrating my opinion by examples.

I dare say, Mr Editor, wise and sagacious though you be, you have often, like other people, who do not possess the same reputation for wisdom, been imposed on, and deceived, by newspaper puffs, in which a quotation from Shakespeare leads us to a most impotent panegyric upon Warren or Sievwright. If you never were so imposed on yourself, you must, I am sure, have frequently observed others in this predicament. With what an expression of disappointment does a newspaper reader finish one of these paragraphs I have alluded to! I suspect very much it will be found, that the feeling produced by the perusal of a religious novel is somewhat similar. The mere novel reader is disappointed with its dulness and gravity; the more serious reader is displeased with its levity and buffoonery. If it leaves any impression at all, it must be one unfavourable to that cause which I am willing to believe the author intended to support. The utmost effect which I do think it is qualified to produce, is to superinduce a superficial, but more frequently erroneous knowledge of the realities of religion. It may indeed be said, that many a reader may be induced to open and peruse a serious book, in the form, and under the name of a novel, who would never think of opening one bearing a graver title or appearance. Even if this were correct, it appears to me to be a trick unworthy of religion; men are not to be taken by surprise, on a subject of such deep importance. They are not to be trepanned unto a conviction of the truths of religion; and, as already remarked, the appearance of any thing like trick must disgust and irritate. Neither is it attended with

the efficacious and important consequences, which seem to be contemplated. A mere novel reader is not likely to be tempted to run through such a work, or, if he does, he very carefully skims or passes over the more serious parts; and after collecting the story, and amusing himself with the gayer passages, lays aside the book, I venture to say, with his veneration and regard for the sacred and divine character of religion somewhat lessened and impaired: readers of a more serious class may peruse it probably in a different spirit, and rise from its perusal with a different impression; but would they not have perused it with more unmingled pleasure, and with more decided benefit, had its more serious parts been unconnected with what is put in merely to interest or amuse? And, besides, such works are not addressed, or intended for readers of the latter description, who can find

"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

There is another ground on which I would object to these serio-comic productions. I am very much of Gray's opinion, that to lie on a sofa and read new novels is one of the joys of Paradise. But this cannot be said of the works I allude to. Religion is too important and too serious to be productive of mere amusement. It has its proper place in the world of literature, and ought to be treated of and discussed in a manner becoming and suitable to its dignity and importance. One resorts to a novel for recreation and delight—not for information on disputed points of religion. It is as much out of place in a novel, as it is in the chit-chat of the vain and the gay. It affords me pleasure in one respect, to perceive that religion has now-a-days become so fashionable and so universal, because it is much better to be serious in our fashions than frivolous or wicked. But, to speak the truth, I do not much like the change. When young and lively, I loved to indulge in the gaiety and cheerfulness of youth, and now, when I am old, I love to dwell on the delightful retrospection, and take pleasure in seeing the youth of the present day sharing the same

amusements, and enjoying the same frolicsomeness in which I formerly participated with so much zest. I loved the quiet seclusion and serious retirement of my closet, in its regular returns,—I loved the good old man who impressed on my mind, with holy fervour, the truths of divine religion—and, above all, I loved the lessons which he taught me. Things are changed now, and I do not think for the better. Far be it from me to wish to lessen the importance, or limit the influence of religious instruction; but I am afraid that the true principle of religion is generally, in our days, very much misunderstood. It is neither austere, nor gloomy, nor disagreeable. It imposes no check on our natural inclinations, unless where they are really wicked or sinful—nor does it proscribe gratifications, which are in themselves innocent, although, perhaps, neither edifying nor improving. On the contrary, if properly understood, and truly felt by its disciples, it ought to superinduce a cheerfulness much more exhilarating than can be produced or derived from any mere worldly pleasures. But what are the opinions of our *religiosi* on these points? Not only are our most innocent and rational amusements objected to and anathematised, but our very novels, the most delightful and exquisite of all our enjoyments, and, we are sure—when kept within the bounds of moderation—the most innocent also, are *not* openly censured or objected to, but converted into extraordinary vehicles for the communication of religious improvement! It would not be so annoying, or so disagreeable, to repress novel writing altogether, as thus to deaden its influence, and destroy its efficacy,

by a load of religious instruction. It is quite clear, that, by introducing so important and so engrossing a subject as religion, into this light and beautiful species of reading, besides the injury done to the religion itself, the world is deprived of a most rational and beneficial source of gratification. The literary labours of the much ridiculed, and perhaps much injured Leigh Richmond, and the ponderous tomes of Hannah More's lucubrations, are preferable to this insidious kind of composition. I hope I will not be misunderstood in expressing sentiments like these. My objection lies against the introduction of grave, important, and serious matter, into compositions which I have been accustomed to resort to for the most delightful recreation; and I found my objections as well upon the inconsistent and degrading conjunction, which is thus made between what is of deep importance and what is merely conducive to amusement, as upon the serious injury which I conceive such compositions are calculated to do to religion itself.

I do not therefore conceive this an evil of a trifling or unimportant nature. It is one which, within these few years, has become of considerable magnitude, and threatens to inundate and overwhelm our strongest barriers of literary recreation, as well as to overturn and degrade the principles of our sacred religion. I have been silently, and with regret, watching the progress of this unsuitable, and inconsiderate, and pernicious conduct—and I hope a remonstrance like the present, in the spirit of kindness and humanity, will put an immediate stop to the evil. M.

1st July 1823.

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL RAPP, FIRST AIDE-DE-CAMPE TO NAPOLEON.
LONDON, 1823.

IN interesting events, perhaps no equal portion of history can vie with the last thirty years of European war and dissension. The mighty convulsions, and the great revolutions which we have witnessed during this period, have succeeded each other with a rapidity that leaves the mind wrapt in astonishment and awe. However much the philosopher may lament

those disturbed periods of the world, as little conducive to the happiness or moral improvement of mankind, it cannot be denied, that they are favourable to the development of great mental energies, which might have slumbered for ever in the tranquillity of peace, and to the formation of characters which, however they may be condemned in the eye of calm rea-

son, have ever challenged the admiration of mankind. It is in those times of convulsion and great political excitement, that all the daring spirits of the community are thrown loose, as it were, from the restraints and regular discipline of society. In a season of tranquillity and regular government, when every thing is in its right place, and one uniform routine must be gone through, to reach certain objects,—when every one must tread the beaten track, dulness and talent are more upon a level. Genius is obliged to walk by fixed rules. The leaden hand of authority weighs down the bold aspirations of talent; interest is then the only sure road to distinction: it is court favour which unlocks the door of preferment; and unless modest merit can contrive to get possession of this key, the flowery time of hope and activity may wither away in vain despondency, or the fire of genius may never be kindled, but may be allowed to lie dormant in the quiet shade of domestic life, and in some ordinary occupation. But once remove these weights, which depress the elastic force of genius—once remove the mounds and sluices which dam up the waters within their old, regular, and well-known channels, and the stream issues forth in all its irresistible majesty and power, sweeping down every opposing obstacle, but enriching, at the same time, and fertilizing the earth over which it is spread. All the great prizes furnished by the lottery of society are then set up to open competition; there is no vantage-ground in the great arena where the struggle is to take place; and in this convulsion of the world, every man naturally rises to the level of his talents and courage. Aspiring talent, far from being kept down, is kindled into activity by the prospect of such an unbounded field for its exertions; society is in a blaze, and sends forth a light and a glory which it cannot possess in more peaceable times, however much safer it may then be, as a quiet habitation to dwell in. Times of trouble then afford the choicest materials of history, which, as Goldsmith remarks, is little else than a register of human misery; its incidents, its character, its various scenes, assume, in these periods, a

brighter and fresher hue. These are the seeds which spring up into a rich harvest of memoirs, biography, anecdotes, until these materials are gradually condensed into a formal narrative by the regular historian.

Respecting the great events of our own times, and the Emperor Napoleon, who was the hero of the piece, we have already had various anecdotes, and a great store of interesting information. They have, however, all come from one source, and they have all, therefore, one uniform bias; and, in order to throw a correct and impartial light on many controvertible points, we require to have the testimony and opinions of others. The work of Las Casas, though admirable, and as candid and moderate as could have been expected, was still necessarily partial to its object; and on this account, though even from his narrative we might see the true state of things, yet many points are naturally thrown into the background, which more impartial narrators would have brought more prominently forward. It is in this view that the present work of General Rapp is chiefly valuable, as it appears to be the production of an independent mind, which boldly disapproved of Buonaparte's projects and his policy, while he was in the zenith of his power,—of one who was no flatterer of him during his greatness, and who now calmly states, from the retirement of private life, wherein he condemned of his character and policy. General Rapp, it is well known, was highly trusted by the Emperor, was employed by him in missions, and in important military commands, and the fullest reliance was placed on his talents, devotion, and valour. He was engaged in the service of the palace, and was frequently in close intercourse with Buonaparte, in the most critical moments of action. His opportunities, therefore, cannot be questioned, and the volume before us contains the result of his observations. It is written in a brief and vigorous style, rising into animation with the subject, and is totally devoid of affectation. It seems the honest effusion of a brave soldier, attached, by every tie of gratitude and admiration, to his long victorious leader, but still not blind to those

obvious faults of his policy and conduct, which terminated in his ruin.

General Rapp was fortunate enough to attract, in an early part of his career, the notice of Desaix. He had served several years in the capacity of a subaltern; and the advanced guard, which was in disorder, having been quickly rallied, he threw himself, with about a hundred hussars, among the enemy's troops. He succeeded, by this vigorous and well-timed attack, in driving them back, and returned covered with wounds. Desaix from that moment became his patron. He made him his aide-de-camp, and carried him with him to Egypt. After his death, at Marengo, Buonaparte, from his regard for Desaix, appointed Rapp to a post about his own person; and from this time he was considered a man of importance. He was attached to the person of Napoleon, whose character he had therefore an opportunity of observing, and which he defends from some of the usual reproaches thrown upon it. He will not allow that he was either harsh, violent, or passionate. Absorbed as he was in business—thwarted in his views, he allows that he was frequently impatient, and liable to great inequalities of temper. But these sudden and transitory gusts of caprice and humour gave way before the natural generosity of his temper. Besides, he informs us, that there were always persons about him to flatter him in his humours, and to add fuel to the fire of his anger. "Your Majesty," they would say, "is right; such a one deserves to be either shot or banished; examples are necessary to the maintenance of tranquillity." If contributions were to be levied in the enemy's country, and if twenty millions were wanted, they would have advised him to raise ten more. In the same manner they encouraged him in all his schemes, and plunged him into continual wars; "and thus," says Rapp, "they gave to his reign a character of violence quite foreign to his character and habits, which were perfectly good-natured and gentle."

The present work is in no respect a regular historical narrative. It is merely an account of the events in which General Rapp was personally

engaged. He commences with the third Austrian war, which broke out while the troops were encamped at Boulogne, and which ended with the battle of Austerlitz; and even of this wonderful campaign he does not attempt to give any general or comprehensive view, but merely tells what came under his own observation. It is well known by what surprising and vast combinations Buonaparte, deceiving the Austrian generals as to the point of his attack, succeeded in surrounding their army, and finally forced the greater part of this immense force to surrender. Our author gives a lively account of these remarkable events,—of the frightful disorder and dismay which reigned in the Austrian army,—and, on the other hand, of the vigour, animation, and confidence, which inspired all ranks among the French, and which impelled them to the most extraordinary feats of almost miraculous valour. The opposite influences of victory and defeat were fully displayed in all the operations of the two armies; and the French, marching almost night and day, through the most dreadful roads, exposed to all the inclemencies of cold and wet, rushed upon their enemy as their sure prey, however unequal in numbers, and finally destroyed, or made prisoners, the wreck of Mack's fine army, which had escaped in different directions from Ulm. We have a spirited account of the pursuit, and of the vigour and masterly combinations by which such vast results were accomplished. Finally, they arrived at Austerlitz, where the war was to be concluded. It is well known, that, previous to this action, it was part of Napoleon's game to inflame the confidence of the Allies to the highest pitch, and that he succeeded in decoying them into this snare. The battle commenced, and, contrary to their expectations, the Russians every where encountered an obstinate resistance. At last they made a grand effort with their Imperial Guard, and succeeded in penetrating one of the French brigades, which they were cutting in pieces. General Rapp was sent forward by Napoleon, who heard the fire of musketry, to reconnoitre, and to make an attack with the centre. The following is the ac-

count given of the manner in which this decisive attack was executed :

I advanced in good order ; I had the brave Colonel Morland on my left, and General Dallemagne on my right. " Do you see," said I to my troop, " our friends and brothers trampled on by the enemy ? avenge them, avenge our colours." We rushed on the artillery, which was taken. The cavalry, who awaited us, was repulsed by the same shock ; they fled in disorder, and we, as well as the enemy, trampled over the bodies of our troops, whose squares had been penetrated. The men who had escaped being wounded, were rallied. A squadron of horse grenadiers arrived to reinforce me ; and I was enabled to receive the reserves, who came up in aid of the Russian guard. We resumed the attack, which was maintained with terrible fury. The infantry dared not venture to fire ; all was confusion ; we fought man to man. Finally, the intrepidity of our troops triumphed over every obstacle. The Russians fled and dispersed. Alexander, and the Emperor of Austria, witnessed the defeat. Stationed on a height, at a little distance from the field of battle, they saw the guard, which was expected to decide the victory, cut to pieces by a handful of brave men. Their guns and baggage had fallen into our hands, and Prince Repnin was our prisoner. Unfortunately, we had a great number of men killed and wounded. Colonel Morland was no more, and I had myself received a sabre wound in the head. I went to render an account of this affair to the Emperor. My broken sabre, my wound, the blood with which I was covered, the decided advantage we had gained with so small a force over the enemy's chosen troops, inspired Napoleon with the idea of the picture which was painted by Gerard.

The battle of Austerlitz produced the peace of Presburg, and Napoleon was all-powerful in Europe. During this short, but memorable year, Prussia temporized ; but her conduct was soon decided, by the rapid events of the campaign. Napoleon, however, penetrated her policy. He plainly saw that her friendship was the consequence of his success ; that she was waiting for the maturity of events, to declare herself either his ally or his enemy ; and he accordingly took from her part of her territories. The Prussians became irritated, and a new war approached. The battle of Jena was fought, which laid Prussia at the feet of her irri-

tated enemy, from whom she experienced the most harsh and overbearing conduct ; and thus was laid the foundation of that mortal enmity which has ever since prevailed between the Prussians and the French. Prussia had now to suffer a long train of indignities, from the insolence of her victorious enemies, who were quartered on her subjects, and lost no opportunity of making them feel their degradation. This was a part of the policy of Napoleon, or rather it proceeded from the irritation of his temper, which appears to have been highly incensed against Prussia. The army advanced to Potsdam, where Napoleon's headquarters were established. Poland was entered,—the battles of Eylau and Friedland took place,—and peace was concluded. In entering Poland, the army encountered the most grievous fatigues and privations. The French soldiers disliked the country extremely. They could neither procure bread nor water. They had learned the following four words, which they said constituted the whole Polish language : " Kleba ? niema ; voda ? sara :—Some bread ? there is none ; some water ? we will go and fetch it." These words gave occasion to the following anecdote, which shews Napoleon's capacity for ruling the minds of his troops, and keeping them in good humour :

Napoleon one day passed by a column of infantry in the neighbourhood of Nasielsk, where the troops were suffering the greatest privations, on account of the mud, which prevented the arrival of provisions. " Papa, kleba ?" exclaimed a soldier. " Niema," replied the Emperor. The whole column burst into a fit of laughter : they asked for nothing more.

Some severe actions were fought in Poland. In one of these, General Rapp, who was sent to dislodge the enemy from a wood, had his left arm broken by a musket bullet. He was removed to Warsaw, where he was visited by Napoleon. Of this visit the General gives the following account :

Napoleon arrived there on the 1st January, and he did me the honour to come and see me. " Well, Rapp," said he, " you are wounded again ; and on your unlucky arm, too." It was the ninth wound which I had received on my left arm, and the Emperor therefore called it

my unlucky arm.—“No wonder, Sir,” said I; “we are always amidst battles.” “We shall perhaps have done fighting,” he replied, “when we are eighty years old.”

M.M. Boyer and Yvan dressed my wound in his presence. When Napoleon saw that the bone was really broken, he said, “His arm must be amputated. He is now very ill; and this wound may be his death.” M. Boyer smiled, and said, “Your Majesty would go too hastily to work: the General is young and vigorous, we shall cure him.”—“I hope,” said I; “this is not the last time you will have occasion to make me suffer martyrdom.”

In order to re-establish his health, General Rapp was now sent to the government of Thorn, with instructions not of the mildest description. Napoleon passed through Dantzic on the 29th May. He expected that this new acquisition would afford him the most immense resources, particularly in specie; and he gave Rapp the strictest orders to collect the contributions, which amounted to twenty millions, and which were afterwards extended to thirty millions, in consequence of the treaty. Any means he was empowered to resort to, in order to make good the contributions; in other words, to plunder and ruin the wretched inhabitants; and such proceedings took place in consequence, as must raise our detestation of those tyrants, who could so coolly consign a peaceable country to cruel and lawless extortion. To collect the contribution was found impossible; and the effect of such an extravagant imposition, was to place the people at the mercy of their plunderers. “Sometimes (says Rapp) one measure of severity was resorted to, and sometimes another. The common people, as well as the richest and most considerable citizens, were all threatened in their turns.” What a system of detestable tyranny and cruelty is here disclosed! We have not, to be sure, all the details, which would be highly instructive; but we can easily figure all the cold-blooded scenes of oppression and cruelty, which would take place under the unbounded license thus given to military robbery. General Rapp appears to have mitigated the rigour of his orders. He could not consent to be the agent of such rapacity and

cruelty; and he extorted from Dantzic, under the mild regime of martial law, only thirteen millions. Is it wonderful that the population of those oppressed countries should have risen in a mass against their tyrants, who so cruelly abused the rights of conquest? The determined resistance which afterwards broke out against the overgrown power of Buonaparte, after the destruction of his army in Russia, was the consequence of his previous cruel and impolitic exactions, and of the continental system, and the destruction of commerce which spread universal misery, and brought the evil to its height. All these measures, it appears, were strongly condemned by General Rapp, who warned him of their consequences, and of the general rising which was threatened in Germany. Napoleon, who disliked anticipations of evil, turned a deaf ear to his admonitions, and replied, that the Germans were dogs which would bark, but would not bite. He found, when it was too late, that General Rapp's words were faithfully fulfilled, and that the inhabitants of the conquered countries, whom his oppressions had raised up, were his most formidable and his most inveterate enemies. Rapp, however, would not execute the continental system in all its rigour. He refused to burn English goods, by which he would have utterly ruined the inhabitants of Dantzic; and he was in the habit of conniving at the entrance and the sale of contraband goods, as they were called—the commerce in which he found absolutely necessary for the subsistence of the people. With one hand to abstract their wealth, and with the other to ruin their trade, which were, however, the orders he received, would have set before his eyes such wretchedness and discontent, that he could not encounter it. He could not bear to live amid the cries of misery, and to hear for ever sounding in his ears, the curses of those who were brought to ruin by his unfeeling policy. Rapp read in these curses the earnest of future vengeance, slow, but sure; a bloody arrear running up against him, until the fatal day of reckoning which was soon to come. In civilized Europe, the oppressor may strut his hour upon the

stage; but he is sure to be brought down at last. The enlightened reason of mankind cannot be for ever provoked with impunity; and those who, in such a state of things, trust entirely to force for maintaining violent wrong, will, some day or other, perceive their mistake. Some false step they will make in the long-run—some fatal mischance will befall them in the fluctuating course of human affairs, and then will be poured upon their devoted heads the whole accumulated wrath of outraged humanity. They will fall, and there will be none to help them; but their enemies will cluster round them, and trample them down. The Holy Alliance should think in time of this awful lesson, which all history holds out for their instruction. Mankind may for a time be borne down under physical force; but no chains can bind the human mind; and where, by galling and wide-extended oppression, an intense sympathy is created between many minds, the valiant arm will not be long wanting to second the impulse of the heart. Sooner or later, the gathering storm will rush forth, and lay prostrate all that stands in its way.

Napoleon appears to have entertained great prejudices against the Prussians, and to have treated them accordingly. He said, in one of his letters, "Overlook nothing in the Prussians; they must not be allowed to raise their heads." In these feelings Rapp acknowledges that he, for a long time, participated, and that he behaved to the Prussians with great severity. But he gradually relaxed in this unjust rigour. "Both sides," he adds, "began to lay aside their mutual animosities, and confidence was re-established." He wrote to this effect to Napoleon, in order to soften his severity. He told him that the King and the Government never ceased to recommend that resignation to the people which misfortune renders indispensable. The first intelligence of the disasters of the French arms in Spain awakened the flame which was but half extinguished, and violently agitated the public mind. General Rapp informed Napoleon of this; but he, disliking the revival of painful recollections, and unpleasant anticipations of the fu-

ture, replied to him, "Germans are not Spaniards; the character of the German bears no resemblance to that of the fierce Catalanian."

Napoleon went to Spain, where he overthrew all that was opposed to him. He was recalled by the fourth Austrian war, which had now begun, and was forced to come to the assistance of Bavaria, threatened by Austria. Rapp found him at Landshut, after gaining the victory at Ratisbon. He was drily received by the Emperor, with the following address:

"How do your Prussians and Dantzickers get on? You ought to have made the latter pay me what they owe me. You see we have not all been killed in Spain; I still have men enough left to beat the Austrians." I felt the allusion.

The army marched on Vienna. The battle of Esslingen took place, where thousands of brave men lost their lives; the French army was in a most perilous position, when General Rapp, who was sent forward to reinforce Count Lobau, advised him to attack the advanced columns of the enemy, and drive them back at the point of the bayonet. This attack succeeded. The village of Esslingen was carried, and the safety of the army ensured. In this attack General Rapp bore a conspicuous part, and received the marked approbation of Napoleon. The battle of Wagram was fought, and negotiations were afterwards commenced.

Buonaparte was generally in good humour, of which we have the following specimen:

One day I was soliciting him for the promotion of two officers: "I will not make so many promotions," said he; "Berthier has already made me do too much in that way." Then, turning to Lauriston, "Lauriston," said he, "we did not get on so fast in our time, did we? I continued for many years in the rank of Lieutenant!"—"That may be, Sire, but you have since made up famously for your lost time."—He laughed at my repartee, and my request was granted.

The negotiations proceeded slowly, and Germany groaned under the heavy load of supporting the foreign troops. One sentiment of vengeance was now beginning to animate men's minds,—conspiracies were

set on foot,—plots were discovered,—and Napoleon's mind was disquieted by agitating rumours. In the midst of all this, a singular circumstance occurred, well calculated to awaken, in his mind, not merely a salutary terror for his life, but doubts as to the policy of that warlike course he was pursuing. A young man, who approached near the person of Napoleon, on pretence that he wished to present a petition to him, having excited some suspicions, was apprehended, and a large carving-knife was found concealed in his pocket. The following particulars of this singular story, which is also mentioned in the *Journal of Las Casas*, we shall give in General Rapp's own words. Being brought before Napoleon, the narration proceeds :

The presence of Napoleon made not the least impression on him, but he saluted him respectfully. The Emperor asked him whether he could speak French, and he replied, in a firm tone, "Very little." Napoleon then directed me to ask him, in his name, the following questions :—"Where were you born?"—"In Naumburg."—"What is your father?"—"A protestant minister."—"How old are you?"—"I am eighteen years of age."—"What did you intend to do with the knife?"—"To kill you."—"You are mad, young man; you are an *illuminatus*."—"I am not mad; and I know not what is meant by an *illuminatus*."—"You are sick, then."—"I am not sick; on the contrary, I am in good health."—"Why did you wish to assassinate me?"—"Because you have caused the misfortunes of my country."—"Have I done you any harm?"—"You have done harm to me as well as to all Germans."—"By whom were you sent? Who instigated you to this crime?"—"Nobody. I determined to take your life, from the conviction that I should thereby render the highest service to my country and to Europe."—"Is this the first time you ever saw me?"—"I saw you at Erfurt, at the time of the interview."—"Did you then intend to assassinate me?"—"No; I thought that you would no longer wage war in Germany; I was then one of your most ardent admirers."—"How long have you been in Vienna?"—"Ten days."—"Why did you so long defer the execution of your design?"—"I came to Schoenbrunn a week ago; but the parade was over when I arrived, and I postponed the execution of my design until this day?"—"I tell you, you are either mad

or sick."—"Neither the one nor the other."—"Desire Corvisart to come here."—"Who is Corvisart?"—"He is a physician," I replied.—"I have no need of him." We remained silent until the doctor arrived. St. . . . evinced the utmost indifference. At length Corvisart made his appearance. Napoleon directed him to feel the young man's pulse. "Am not I quite well, Sir?"—"He is in very good health," said the doctor, addressing himself to the Emperor.—"I told you so," said St. . . ., with an air of satisfaction.

Napoleon was embarrassed by the unconcerned manner of the offender.

"You are a wild enthusiast," said he; "you will ruin your family. I am willing to grant your life, if you ask pardon for the crime which you intended to commit, and for which you ought to be sorry."—"I want no pardon," replied St. . . .; "I feel the deepest regret for not having executed my design."—"You seem to think very lightly of the commission of a crime!"—"To kill you would not have been a crime, but a duty."—"Whose portrait is that that was found upon you?"—"It is the portrait of a young lady to whom I am attached."—"She will be very much distressed to hear of the unhappy situation in which you are placed!"—"She will regret to hear that I have not succeeded. She detests you no less than I do."—"Would you not be grateful were I to pardon you?"—"I would, notwithstanding, seize the first opportunity of taking your life."

Napoleon was confounded. He ordered the prisoner to be led away; and then entered into conversation with us, and said a great deal on the subject of the *illuminati*. In the evening he sent for me, and said: "The circumstance that occurred to-day is very extraordinary. The plots of Berlin and Weimar are at the bottom of this affair."—"I repelled these suspicions."—"Women are capable of any thing," resumed Napoleon.—"Neither man nor woman connected with those two courts," I replied, "would ever conceive the idea of so atrocious a crime."—"Recollect the affair of Schill."—"It bears no resemblance to a crime like this."—"You may say what you please, General, but I know I am no favourite either at Berlin or Weimar."—"That's very true; you cannot reasonably expect to be a favourite at either of those courts. But because they dislike you, does it follow that they would assassinate you?"

Buonaparte had observed that the people of Vienna were more unfavourable to the French than in their

former campaigns. Rapp observed to him, that despair had contributed greatly to produce this feeling, and that the people were everywhere tired of them and their victories. The Emperor, he observes, did not like this sort of reflections. He was furious also against the Russians, because of their shuffling and insincere conduct, and resolved to be revenged on them. Thus, passion began to take the lead in his councils, and thus was he blindly impelled, under its influence, to his ruin. How could he imagine that either the Russians or the Prussians would be sincere in fixing on their neighbours the iron yoke of French oppression, which they themselves were to share with them? This, they saw, was rivetting their own chains, and they no doubt played the part of allies to Napoleon with a very bad grace. To be angry at this was folly, and the effect of blind passion, which was beginning to gain the ascendant over him, and which seems, indeed, to have formed part of the plan of Providence for his destruction.

The great public measure, agitated after the close of the Austrian war, was the Imperial divorce, to which measure Rapp was not friendly, and, in consequence, fell into some disgrace. He gives the following reason for his aversion, which does honour to his heart:

I felt for Josephine, who had always proved herself amiable, simple, and unassuming. She was banished to Malmaison: I frequently visited her, and she made me the confidant of her sorrows. I have seen her weep for hours together; she spoke of her attachment for Buonaparte, for so she used to call him in our presence. She regretted the close of her splendid career: this was very natural.

Rapp was sent to take the command of Dantzic, where a numerous garrison was soon accumulated, which, he says, displeased him, as it imposed a heavy burden on the already-oppressed inhabitants. But no feelings of this nature seemed to stop the march of Napoleon's measures, and Rapp had a difficult part to act, between his own feelings for the suffering inhabitants, and the rigour of his instructions. He refused, however, to carry into effect the continental system. The following is the

striking account he gives of the state of the public mind:

The continental system, and the rigorous measures employed by Napoleon in the north of Germany, excited more and more dissatisfaction. The people were exasperated. I was frequently applied to for reports on their situation: I described them such as they really were—oppressed, ruined, and driven to the last extremity. I pointed out those secret societies, in which the whole nation was enrolled, where hatred brooded on vengeance, and despair collected and combined her plans. But Napoleon looked upon those societies with contempt. He little knew the character of the Germans.

Rapp, on being applied to for his opinion of what the French allies would do in the event of any reverses, answered, "That they would all turn against the French—that the Russians and Germans would rise in a mass to throw off the yoke—that a crusade would be set on foot—that even the King of Bavaria would join the coalition, and the King of Saxony would be forced to the same side by his subjects." With this report Napoleon was much displeased, and sent it to Marshal Davoust, whom he directed to notify his displeasure, adding, that he was greatly astonished that one of his aide-de-camps should have written such a letter. Rapp was accordingly out of favour for a considerable time. When Buonaparte obliged the King of Prussia to send to Magdeburgh all the prohibited merchandise which had been confiscated at Königsberg, Rapp, and M. de Clerambaut, addressed him, in the most urgent tone, not to persevere in such measures, which were calculated to exasperate the whole nation. But these remonstrances were not attended to. Napoleon was blinded by his passions, and under their influence, he plunged into the Russian war.

The grand army was already on the Vistula, and Buonaparte soon afterwards arrived. Rapp was among the first persons whom he saw, and the following is the account of what passed:

He was fatigued, and in consequence the King of Naples and I withdrew. I was recalled in a moment, and I remained with the Emperor while he dressed. He asked me several questions respecting

the duty of the fortress. When he was dressed, and his valet-de-chambre had left the room, he said, "Well, General Rapp, the Prussians have become our allies, and the Austrians will shortly be so too." "Unfortunately, Sire," replied I, "we do a great deal of mischief as allies; I receive complaints against our troops from all quarters." "That is merely a passing cloud," said he: "I shall see whether Alexander really intends to go to war; I will avoid it if I can." Then, changing the conversation all at once, he said, "Did you observe how queer Murat looked? he seems ill." I replied, "No, Sire, he is not ill, but out of humour."—"Why out of humour?" said he: "is he not satisfied with being a King?"—"He says, he is not a King."—"Why, then, does he act so like a fool? He ought to be a Frenchman, and not a Neapolitan."

In the evening Rapp supped with the Emperor, when the following striking conversation took place, in which it will be seen what honest advice was thrown away upon the infatuated Emperor:

In the evening I had the honour to sup with Napoleon, the King of Naples, and the Prince de Neufchatel. Before we sat down to table, we conversed on the subject of the war with Russia: we were in the saloon. The Emperor suddenly perceiving a marble bust on a bracket, said, "Whose head is that?" "Sire," I replied, "it is the Queen of Prussia's." "So, General Rapp, you keep the bust of the fair Queen in your house: she did not like me." "Sire," I replied, "I presume I may be allowed to possess the bust of a pretty woman: besides, she is the wife of a King who is now your ally."

Napoleon maintained silence for a long time: at length he suddenly asked how far it was from Dantzic to Cadiz? "Too far, Sire," I replied. "Ah! I understand you, General," said he: "but we shall be further off a few months hence."—"So much the worse," I added. The King of Naples and the Prince de Neufchatel did not speak a word. "I see, Gentlemen," said Napoleon, "that you do not wish for war. The King of Naples does not like to leave his beautiful kingdom, Berthier wishes to hunt at Gros Bois, and General Rapp longs to be back to his superb hotel in Paris." "I must confess," I observed, "Sire, that your Majesty has not spoiled me; I know very little of the pleasures of the capital."

Murat and Berthier continued to observe profound silence: they seemed to

be piqued at something. After dinner they told me that I had done right to speak as I did to Napoleon. "But," replied I, "you should not have allowed me to speak alone."

Of the Russian campaign,—of the rapid advance of the French on the flying Russians, we have an animating account. The troops were greatly retarded among the bogs of Poland, in which every thing sunk. But they were animated with the enthusiastic recollections of former achievements, and nothing stopt them. They advanced through swamps, and forests, and scenes of savage aspect. We have the following account of the battle of Smolensko:

The affair of Smolensko took place. The battle was obstinate, the cannonade violent. The Russians, taken in flank, and enfiladed, were defeated. They could not defend those walls which so many times had witnessed their victories; they evacuated them; but the bridges and public buildings were a prey to the flames. The churches in particular poured out torrents of fire and smoke. The domes, the spires, and the multitude of small towers which arose above the conflagration, added to the effect of the picture, and produced those ill-defined emotions which are only to be felt on the field of battle. We entered the place. It was half consumed, of a barbarous appearance, encumbered with the bodies of the dead and wounded, which the flames had already reached. The spectacle was frightful. What miseries follow in the train of glory!

Here it was that the intrepid Junot wavered, and hesitated to advance, in order to cut off the retreat of the Russians, and thus lost the rank of Marshal, which this successful achievement would have gained for him.

The army continued its movements, the Russians retiring as the French advanced. A stand was made at Borodino, and after reconnoitring the enemy, Buonaparte made preparations for a general battle. Rapp was sent forward to reconnoitre, and was driven back with grape-shot. Napoleon went himself, and met with a like reception. Night came. General Rapp was in attendance in Napoleon's tent, where he slept. There was a thin partition of cloth betwixt him and the Emperor,

whom he frequently waked, to give in reports and accounts from the advanced posts, all proving that the Russians were to wait the enemy's attack. The following is an account of what took place afterwards :

At three in the morning he called a valet-de-chambre, and made him bring some punch ; I had the honour of taking some with him. He asked me if I had slept well ? I answered, that the nights were already cold, that I had often been awaked. He said, " We shall have an affair to-day with this famous Kutusow. You recollect, no doubt, that it was he who commanded at Braunau, in the campaign of Austerlitz. He remained three weeks in that place, without leaving his chamber once. He did not even get on horseback to see the fortifications. General Benigsen, though as old, is a more vigorous fellow than he. I do not know why Alexander has not sent this Hanoverian to replace Barclay." He took a glass of punch, read some reports, and added, " Well, Rapp, do you think that we shall manage our concerns properly to-day ?"—" There is not the least doubt of it, Sire ; we have exhausted all our resources, we are obliged to conquer." Napoleon continued his discourse, and replied, " Fortune 'is a liberal mistress ; I have often said so, and begin to experience it."—" Your Majesty recollects that you did me the honour to tell me at Smolensko, that the glass was full, that it must be drunk off."—" It is at present the case more than ever : there is no time to lose. The army, moreover, knows its situation : it knows that it can only find provisions at Moscow, and that it has not more than thirty leagues to go. This poor army is much reduced, but what remains of it is good ; my guard, besides, is untouched." He sent for Prince Berthier, and transacted business till half past five. We mounted on horseback : the trumpets sounded, the drums were beaten ; and as soon as the troops knew it, there was nothing but acclamations.

The action, it is well known, was obstinately contested. The Russians were numerous, and covered with entrenchments. They were broken, however, by the impetuosity of Ney's attack, and three redoubts were carried. Fresh troops immediately came up ; confusion began in the French ranks ; two of the redoubts were lost, and the last was in danger, and was only saved by the desperate efforts of the King of Na-

ples. General Rapp was sent to take the command of the division of General Cambray, who had just been wounded ; it had already taken one of the entrenched positions of the enemy, and was in confusion. Being rallied, however, the troops rushed headlong on the enemy. Infantry and cavalry charged from one extremity of the line to the other ; and according to General Rapp, he had never seen such a carnage. The enemy were finally driven back ; and General Belliard, reconnoitring a wood at some distance, perceived the road covered with troops and convoys, which were retreating. He instantly sent word to the Emperor, who hesitated, observing, " I do not see sufficiently clear on my chess-board." The opportunity was gone, and the Russians were preparing to renew the attack. The following closes the account of this dreadful action :

The Russian guard was advancing ; infantry, cavalry, all were coming up to renew the attack. The General had only time to collect a few pieces of cannon. " Grape-shot, grape-shot, and nothing but grape-shot," he said to the artillerymen. The firing began ; its effect was terrible ; in one instant the ground was covered with dead. The shattered column was dissipated like a shadow. It did not fire one shot. Its artillery arrived a few moments after ; we got possession of it. The battle was gained, but the firing was still terrible. The balls and shots were pouring down by my side. In the space of one hour I was struck four times, first with two shots rather slightly, then with a bullet on the left arm, which carried away the sleeve of my coat and shirt close to the skin. I was then at the head of the sixty-first regiment, which I had known in Upper Egypt. There were a few officers present who were there ; it was rather singular to meet here. I soon received a fourth wound ; a ball struck me on my left hip, and threw me headlong from my horse :—it was the twenty-second. I was obliged to quit the field of battle ; I informed Marshal Ney of it ; his troops were mixed with mine.

General Dessaix, the only general of that division who was not wounded, succeeded me ; a moment after he had his arm broken ; Friant was not wounded till afterwards.

I was dressed by the surgeon of Napoleon, who also came himself to visit me. " Is it, then, always your turn ? How

are things going on?" "Sire, I believe that you will be obliged to make your guard charge." "I shall take good care not to do so. I do not wish to see it destroyed. I am sure to gain the battle without its taking a part." It did not charge in effect, with the exception of thirty pieces of cannon, which did wonders.

The day ended; fifty thousand men lay on the field of battle. A multitude of generals were killed and wounded: we had forty disabled. We made some prisoners, took some pieces of cannon; this result did not compensate for the losses which it had cost us.

The army soon afterwards entered Moscow, which speedily became a prey to the flames. The General gives an interesting account of this awful catastrophe, and of the risks which he ran in escaping from the place, weak and wounded as he was.

On the course which was now to be taken, the destinies of the world may be said to have hinged. Buonaparte delayed; he was amused with the shew of negotiations, which were only meant to deceive him, and to retard a retreat which was now become inevitable, and which the approach of the winter season rendered dangerous. Many officers of Napoleon's army were not, however, deceived by these false appearances. General Narbonne, who was sent by Napoleon to inquire after the health of General Rapp, often said to him, like many others in the army, that the Emperor was wrong in calculating on peace; that they were not in a condition to dictate terms, and finally, which appears, indeed, an unanswerable argument, that the Russians had not sacrificed their capital to accept disadvantageous terms. "They are amusing us, (he added,) in order to take their revenge, and to have a finer game." General Rapp endeavours to excuse Napoleon for this false step, on the ground of his having particular information. But the destruction of Moscow ought to have been sufficient evidence to him of the hostile policy of Russia. No nation ever would have consented to make the conflagration of its capital the prelude to a dishonourable peace, which was not the proper sequel to such a tragedy; peace, if it had been resolved on, would have been made before. But after such an enormous

sacrifice was resolved on, in order to ruin the enemy's army, it was the height of weakness to trust to the slippery chances of negotiation; and it is inconceivable how Napoleon should have fallen into so obvious a snare. The policy of Russia was determined and consistent. She burns her capital, in order to dislodge the enemy, and she decoys him, by the lure of a false negotiation, into a fatal delay. In the mean time, the winter sets in, and his retreat becomes perilous, if not impracticable. Thus Napoleon is strangely deceived by the artifice which many others saw through, and his army is destroyed; and thus is laid the foundation of his ruin. From the plain and unanswerable fact of the burning of the capital, he ought to have seen that his only safe course was an immediate retreat. The flames of Moscow might have lighted him into the path of safety, and it is inconceivable, how, with this beacon full in his view, he should have run upon the rocks and quicksands of the treacherous shore.

The want of food and forage rendered retreat indispensable. Napoleon was chiefly distressed on account of the wounded, for whose transportation the most anxious preparations were made. The retreat began. They were pursued by the Russian army, and at Malojaroslawitz, had to fight a most desperate action. Napoleon, going to view the field of battle next day, with his suite, was interrupted by a cloud of Cossacks, who issued from a wood. He had barely time to withdraw, when they rushed on, shouting with all their might. The French were overthrown.—General Rapp's horse was wounded by a lance, and he was trampled under foot by the barbarians, who were repulsed by the arrival of the artillery. General Winzengerode, who was born in the Confederation of the Rhine, and who, nevertheless, acted in the Russian army, was taken prisoner in Moscow, into which he had rashly entered. He was most unworthily treated by Napoleon, whose violence, on this occasion, transported him beyond all bounds of decorum or propriety. General Rapp gives the following account of his unmanly and outrageous behaviour.

Napoleon sent for him, and fell into a violent passion, treated him with contempt, branded him with the name of Traitor, and threatened to punish him; he even told me that a commission must be named to proceed with the trial of the gentleman immediately; he had him escorted by chosen gendarmes, and ordered him to be confined *au secret*. Winzengerode sought several times to exculpate himself, but Napoleon would not hear him. It has been pretended in the Russian army that this General spoke with courage, and said very strong things to the Emperor. It is not the fact:—anxiety was marked on his countenance; every thing expressed the disorder of mind into which the Emperor's anger had thrown him. Each of us endeavoured to appease the Emperor; the King of Naples, the Duke de Vicenza particularly, suggested to him how much, in the present situation of things, any violence towards a man who hid his origin under the quality of a Russian General, would be to be lamented; there was no council of war, and the affair rested there. As for us, Winzengerode ought not to complain of our treatment: his situation inspired us all with interest. His aide-de-camp was treated with much kindness. Napoleon asked him his name. "Nareschkin," replied the young officer.—"Nareschkin! one of that name is not made to be the aide-de-camp of a deserter." We were hurt at this want of consideration; we sought every means imaginable to make the General forget it.

General Rapp gives an awful picture of the horrors of this retreat, in which it is extraordinary that one man of the French army ever escaped to tell the tale. Never, perhaps, was more matchless skill, valour, and constancy, displayed, than by this unfortunate army, thus doomed to perish, by the folly of its leader, in the steppes of Russia. Great incapacity was betrayed by the Russian commanders, who, with fresh and numerous forces, were still kept at bay by the miserable remnant of this harassed army, destitute of cavalry and artillery. Ney bore a conspicuous share in some of the most brilliant operations of this disastrous retreat. The great master-stroke of Napoleon's skill was at the passage of the Beresina, which was deep, muddy, and covered with floating ice, while on the opposite bank the enemy were ranged in order of battle. The woods, the marshes, were full of them as far

as the eye could reach: and here the army must pass, or it must surrender. "We were surrounded (says General Rapp) on every side; the situation was frightful and unheard of. Nothing less than the talents, and the great decision of the Emperor, could extricate us; no Frenchman, not even Napoleon, could expect to escape." All, from the highest to the lowest, were filled with the most gloomy reflections. The following dialogues, which took place with General Rapp, give a just picture of the melancholy forebodings which now prevailed:

Ney took me apart; we went out together; he said to me, in German, "Our situation is unparalleled; if Napoleon extricates himself to-day, he must have the devil in him." We were very uneasy, and there was sufficient cause. The King of Naples came to us, and was not less solicitous. "I have proposed to Napoleon," he observed to us, "to save himself, and cross the river at a few leagues distance from hence. I have some Poles who would answer for his safety, and would conduct him to Wilna, but he rejects the proposal, and will not even hear it mentioned. As for me, I do not think we can escape." We were all three of the same opinion. Murat replied, "We will all get over; we can never think of surrendering." While conversing, we perceived the enemy were filing off; their missiles had disappeared, the fires were extinguished, nothing more than the ends of the columns, which were lost in the wood, were seen, and from five to six hundred Cossacks that were scattered on the plain. We examined with the telescope; we were convinced that the camp was raised. I went to Napoleon, who was conversing with Marshal Oudinot.—"Sire, the enemy have left their position."—"That is impossible." The King of Naples and Marshal Ney arrived, and confirmed what I had just announced. The Emperor came out from his barrack, cast his eye on the other side of the river. "I have outwitted the Admiral (he could not pronounce the name Tchitschagoff;) he believes me to be at the point where I ordered the false attack; he is running to Borkow." His eyes sparkled with joy and impatience: he urged the erection of the bridges, and mounted twenty pieces of cannon in battery.

The mass of the army passed, and defeated the Russians, from whom they even took two thousand prison-

ers. A miserable crowd of all nations were left on the opposite bank, and when the bridge broke down, a dreadful scene of confusion took place, which General Rapp's feelings will not allow him to revive, and which is described at length in Lebeaume's narrative of that extraordinary retreat. Arrived at Smorgoni, about eighteen leagues from Wilna, Napoleon left the army, and made the best of his way to Paris. General Rapp was sent to Dantzic, of which he afterwards made so gallant a defence, and of which he gives the details at length. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he was engaged in the defence of Alsace until the memorable battle of Waterloo decided the contest. He was sent for by Napoleon after he had re-ascended the Imperial throne, and he gives at length the dialogue which passed between them, which is extremely characteristic:

Napoleon. "You are there, M. le General Rapp; you have been much wanted. Whence do you come?"

Rapp. "From Ecouen, where I have left my troops at the disposal of the Minister of War."

Napoleon. "Did you really intend to fight against me?"

Rapp. "Yes, Sire."

Napoleon. "The Devil!"

Rapp. "The determination was compulsory."

Napoleon. (In an animated tone.) "F—! I was very well aware that you were before me. If an engagement had taken place, I would have sought you out on the field of battle: I would have shewn you the head of Medusa: Would you have dared to fire at me?"

Rapp. "Undoubtedly,—my duty—"

Napoleon. "This is going too far. But the soldiers would not have obeyed you; they have preserved more affection for me. Besides, if you had fired a single shot, your peasants of Alsace would have stoned you."

Rapp. "You will agree, Sire, that the situation was a very painful one: you abdicate, you leave us, you engage us to serve the King: you return. All the power of old recollections cannot deceive us."

Napoleon. "How is that? What do you mean to say? Do you think that I have returned without alliance, without an agreement?—Moreover, my system is changed: no more war, no more

conquests; I wish to reign in peace, and promote the welfare of my subjects."

Rapp. "You are pleased to say so; but your anti-chambers are already full of those flatterers who have always encouraged your inclination for arms."

Napoleon. "Bah! bah!—Did you often go to the Tuilleries?"

Rapp. "Sometimes, Sire."

Napoleon. "How did those folks behave to you?"

Rapp. "I have no reason to complain of them."

Napoleon. "The King appears to have received you well on your return from Russia?"

Rapp. "Quite so, Sire."

Napoleon. "Did you sometimes see the Duke d'Orleans?"

Rapp. "I only saw him once."

Napoleon. "He is the only one who has discretion and tact! The others have bad men about them, and are very ill advised. They do not like me; they will now be more furious than ever; there is good reason for it. I am arrived without striking a blow. They are now about to cry me down as ambitious; that is their eternal reproach: they have nothing else to say."

Rapp. "They are not the only persons who accuse you of ambition."

Napoleon. "How—am I ambitious? When people are ambitious, are they as fat as I am?" (He struck his stomach with both hands.)

Rapp. "Your Majesty is in jest."

Napoleon. "No: I have wished that France should be what she ought to be; but I have never been ambitious. Besides, what do these folks think of? It becomes them well to assume importance with the nation and the army. Is it their courage on which they pride themselves?"

Rapp. "They have occasionally shewn some—in the army of Condé, for instance."

Napoleon. "What is that order that I see on you?"

Rapp. "The Legion of Honour."

Napoleon. "The Devil! They have had, however, the sense to make a handsome decoration of it. And these two crosses here?" (He touched them.)

Rapp. "Saint Louis and the Lily." (He smiled.)

Napoleon. "What do you think of that . . . Berthier, who did not like to remain? He will return; I forgive him all; on one condition however—it is, that he will wear his *garde du corps* uniform to appear before me. But enough of this. Well, General Rapp, we must serve France once more, and we shall

rescue ourselves from the condition in which we are."

General Rapp objects here, that he did not make peace at Dresden, and the conversation is continued in the following terms;

Napoleon. "You are ignorant what such a peace would have been:" (and suddenly growing warm,) "Would you be afraid to go to war again? you, who have been my aide-de-camp for fifteen years? On your return from Egypt, at the death of Dcaix, you were nothing but a soldier; I have made a man of you: now you may pretend to any thing."

Rapp. "I have never let slip any opportunity of shewing my gratitude to you for it; and if I am yet alive, it is not my fault."

Napoleon. "I shall never forget your conduct in the retreat from Moscow. Ney and you are of that small number who have the soul thoroughly well tempered. Besides, at your siege of Dantzic you did more than impossibilities."

Napoleon fell on my neck, and pressed me with vehemence against him for at least two minutes. He embraced me several times, and said to me, pulling my mustachios:

"Come, come, a hero of Egypt and Austerlitz can never forsake me. You shall take the command of the army of the Rhine, while I treat with the Austrians and Russians. I hope that, in a month's time, you will receive my wife and son at Strasburg. It is my pleasure that, from this evening, you perform the duty of my *aide-de-camp*. Write to Count Maison to come to embrace me; he is a brave man, I wish to see him."

Napoleon related a part of this conversation to some persons about him. He told them, that I had spoken to him with too great liberty, and that he had pulled my ears.

We have several amusing traits of Napoleon, who seems to have been violent and irascible in his temper, and impatient of contradiction. He was not, however, implacable. On the contrary, he appears ready to forgive, and to resume his old habits of intimacy. He disliked flattery, unless it was delicately seasoned; and, above all things, he disliked it when he was deliberating on serious business. The following are some anecdotes of him by General Rapp:

Two days before the battle of Austerlitz, a portion of the army was stationed

in an unfavourable position, and the General who occupied it exaggerated its disadvantages. However, when the Council was assembled, he not only admitted that the position was tenable, but he even promised to defend it. "How is this, Marshal?" said the Grand Duke of Berg. "What has become of the doubts you expressed but a short while ago?" "What signifies flattering, when we have met for the purpose of deliberating?" said Marshal Lannes, in his turn. "We must represent things in their true light to the Emperor, and leave him to do what he may deem expedient." "You are right," said Napoleon; "those who wish to win my good graces must not deceive me."

But though he wished advice from those who were qualified to give it, he could not endure the remarks of officiousness or ignorance.

On his return from the Russian campaign, he was lamenting, with deep emotion, the death of the many brave men who had been sacrificed, not by Cossack spears, but by the rigours of cold and hunger. A courtier, who wished to throw in his word, said, with a very doleful air, "We have, indeed, sustained a severe loss!" "Yes," replied Napoleon, "Madame Barilli* is dead."

He always sneered at folly, but he was never averse either to pleasantry or frankness.

One evening, after the battle of Wagram, we were playing at *vingt-un*. Napoleon was very fond of this game: he used to try to deceive those he was playing with, and was much amused at the tricks he played. He had a great quantity of gold spread out upon the table before him. "Rapp," said he, "are not the Germans very fond of these little Napoleons?" "Yes, Sire, they like them much better than the great one." "That, I suppose," said he, "is what you call German frankness."

Rapp relates another anecdote of him, which occurred during the Prussian campaign, which does him no honour, and not only evinces the greatest violence of temper and precipitation, and, if he had not been furnished with cooler-headed men than himself, would have brought upon him the stain of great cruelty.

Prince Hatzfeld had come to Pottsdam as deputy from the city of Ber-

* A celebrated opera singer.

lin, and in transmitting an account of his mission to Prince Hohenloe, he had also sent him an account of the state of the French troops, artillery, and ammunition. Napoleon gave orders to have him arrested as a spy, tried by a court-martial, and shot; and he refused to listen to any representations in his favour, though all his counsellors and generals were against so outrageous a proceeding.

Caulincourt and Duroc withdrew from the Emperor's apartment. Napoleon was left alone with Berthier, and he directed him to sit down and write the order by which M. de Hatzfeld was to be arraigned before a military commission. The Major-general made some representations in his favour. "Your Majesty will not, for so trivial an offence, shoot a man who is connected with the first families in Berlin. The thing is impossible, you will not think of it." The Emperor grew more angry. Neufchatel persisted in his intercession; Napoleon lost all patience, and Berthier quitted the room. I was called in. I had overheard the scene that had just taken place.

The fatal order was written out, but General Rapp did not send it. In the mean time, the Princess of Hatzfeld, who was with child, had fainted in the anti-chamber, on hearing of her husband's danger. She afterwards threw herself, in tears, at Napoleon's feet. He was moved with her situation, and directed the trial to be suspended. The following is the account of the interview of the lady with the Emperor:

Napoleon returned to the palace, where Madame de Hatzfeld was waiting for

him. He desired her to enter the saloon: I was present. "Your husband, Madam," said he, "has brought himself into an unfortunate scrape. According to our laws, he deserves to be sentenced to death. General Rapp, give me his letter. Here, Madam, read this." The lady trembled exceedingly. Napoleon immediately took the letter from her hand, tore it, and threw the fragments into the fire. "I have no other proof against the Prince of Hatzfeld, Madam; therefore he is at liberty." He ordered me immediately to release him from his confinement at head-quarters. I acknowledged that I had not sent him there, but he did not reproach me; he even seemed pleased at what I had done.

In this affair, Berthier, Duroc, and Caulincourt, behaved as they did on all occasions, that is to say, like gallant men: Berthier's conduct was particularly praiseworthy.

This anecdote evinces a great degree of furious and unreasonable conduct. It shews of what violence Buonaparte was capable, when passion took the lead of his clear and unerring judgment; and it was these violent passions which brought on his ruin. It was to gratify his passion that he undertook the Russian war, of which all his wisest counsellors disapproved, and which proved his destruction; and wherever, indeed, this degree of passion exists, it in a manner blasts all the other faculties. It renders them of no use. It is like Nature's curse upon all her best gifts, rendering them unavailing for the good of their possessor, and frequently only helping him on to his destruction.

PLAYS WRITTEN BY THE THRICE NOBLE, ILLUSTRIOUS, AND EXCELLENT PRINCESS, THE LADY MARCHIONESS OF NEWCASTLE*.

WERE the excellence of dramatic productions to be estimated solely by the direct moral instruction they convey, considered apart from much that is deemed striking in situation, interesting and skilful in plot, powerful and impassioned in emotion, or varied and original in character, we should indeed be presented with an estimate of talent and genius most dissimilar from what the world has

at all times decisively and imperatively pronounced. But, happily for our high and varied enjoyment, this is not the criterion by which dramatic productions are to be judged and appreciated. It is one from which mankind have at all times revolted, as an attempt to reduce to the level of coldly formal and didactic discussions, what, perhaps, of all other human productions, ought, from the

* London: Printed by A. Warren, for John Martyn, James Allestry, and Thomas Dicks, at the Bell in Saint Paul's Church-yard, 1662.

very richness and diversity of the materials of their structure, be the most animated, the most seducingly varied, and the most powerful and instantaneous, in their appeals to the heart and the imagination. This alone is the fascinating and wildly-diversified road by which the most eminent dramatic poets have been enabled to exhibit such commanding and touching delineations of power and excellence. Instruction may, it is true, be said to be the great and prevailing aim of the drama. But it is a knowledge which flows, as it were, through the channels of interest and excitement; which is not held up to us as the theme of unceasing and querulous exposition, but which rather follows, silently and secretly, as a beautiful and natural consequence of the skilful delineation, and conflicting and contrasted opposition of human character. It is the legitimate effect of the beautiful and artful disentanglement of that plot, which throws new masses of light upon the characters, while it shews them sinking, overpowered by disastrous ills and misfortunes, or entering, with a calm and serene joy, the secure and peaceful haven, safe from the trying and perilous reverses of a dark and tempestuous ocean.

The most distinguished dramatic writers have ever been most solicitous to veil the too conspicuous design of instruction. Not that they do not cherish so noble and wise an incentive, but that they knew well it often emanated from their characters, most powerfully and efficaciously, where, in the formation of their scenes, they perhaps least anxiously thought of it; like streams, which often run with the greater force and depth of current, where their surface appears most placid and unbroken. Our early dramatists appear to have appreciated too justly and philosophically the wide excursive range of incident and of character, which the drama, in its highest acceptation, demands, willingly to have fettered themselves by any such cold and paralyzing limitation and restraint. They selected or devised those trains of dramatic incident most powerfully fitted to stimulate, while they gratified curiosity; which should not partially reveal the peculiar dispositions

of their characters, but which, through every variety of motive, and peculiarity of situation, should elicit each hidden and lurking bias of fluctuating passion, from its first feeble excitement, to its last tempestuous and agonizing struggles.

It is true, that, in several of the plays of Shakespeare, Massinger, Ford, and their great contemporaries, we are sometimes led to imagine that we recognise the exposition of a specific moral, which seems to predominate. This impression, however, is generally deceitful; for of what narrow and dissimilar elements are such dramas composed! How many incidents and traits of character occur, (to obscure our impression of this moral design,) which, while they rise up in hostility to the principle which we at times imagine the dramatist seeks to inculcate, are yet impressed with the deep and ineffaceable colours of Nature and of human occurrence! Where we would seem to discover this illustration of a moral, in the train and complexion of any of the incidents, it may perhaps justly be said to have come unsolicited by the author, and to have risen in its beauty and power, beneath his rich inventive hand; rather as the legitimate and natural consequence of the striking scenic effect of his incidents, than of any anxious wish to model and arrange them with a view to such moral purpose or effect. Indeed, we may suppose our greatest writers for the stage to have been well aware that dramas framed with the conspicuous design of enforcing some moral and abstract truth, would have been, of all others, the least animated and effective in representation. The slightest reflection must satisfy us, that the wide and majestic range of the drama would, in this way, be limited and circumscribed. The dramatist might then, too truly, be said to wander beyond the limits of the mystic circle of enchantment, and no longer to hold in his charming and creative hand, so to speak, that magic rod which can awaken dire storms from the bosom of calm serenity, or spread before the delighted and enraptured sight scenes of the fairest, the most delicious, and surpassing beauty. His incidents are devised how best he may illustrate and expound his mo-

nal; and it is undeniable, that, to his philosophy, he often sacrifices the fairest flowers of his poetical invention. Crowds of opposing and dissimilar characters, in which the true essence and verisimilitude of the drama consist, are studiously rejected, as they might cloud and obscure that lustre which the purposes of the moral demand, should, in its full light and effulgence, be alone shed upon one prominent and conspicuous character. In this way, the whole interest is made to reside, almost exclusively, in one personage. The scene languishes and droops when he appears not; incidents are devised, which singularly jostle and crowd upon each other, to illustrate and picture forth the workings of the presiding passion and darling purpose of his soul. It may be said to be, as it were, an exhibition of the beauty, the symmetry, the grace, the muscular energies, of one towering and elevated figure. All the other personages can only be said to appear in their slippers, and to have every mark of being in complete dishabille. They are, so to speak, the humbled and degraded miners and gold-washers, who dig for brilliants and diamonds, which they themselves can never wear, but which are alone to glitter in the ears, or decorate the rich attire, of this prominent and favoured personage. Instead of that noble and comprehensive drama, where life is depicted in all its many-chequered hues, and where each character, from the strong natural truth of the delineation, and the important and inseparable part he sustains in the progress and development of the plot, would seem equally a favourite of the poet, in the apposite and finished graces of his embellishment, we see, in this monstrous philosophical drama, the free and unrestrained current of human action,—the unalloyed agitation and changing stream of human passion, as it were, frozen and congealed. If we except the principal dramatic personage, the others may be likened to the hired mourners at funerals in the East, who stop at set stages, intemperately and querulously to lament the dead, and mingle with their sorrow some acceptable eulogy of the living. They

are merely used as those who may develop incidents, and more imposingly prepare situations in which this conspicuous character, who bears upon his devoted shoulders the atlas of human suffering—this living personification of a moral and philosophical principle, may give unrestrained vent to his fury, his despair, or his tenderness. The insignificance of the great mass of the characters by whom he is surrounded, with his own obtrusive and unnatural prominence and elevation, remind us of those gigantic and misshapen images in Eastern temples, which are surrounded by a multitude of diminutive figures, who crouch abjectly far beneath, and seem, in submissive prostration, to await the commands of their awful and majestic superior.

Many such dramas as those which we now reprobate, must be fresh in the memory of those of our readers, the least versant in dramatic productions. Several of these have been the work of persons of high and undoubted genius. Would that they had rather chosen the more nobly and widely expansive range, so wisely followed, and with such unequalled power and richness perfected, of our older dramatists!

We have been led insensibly forward in these remarks, by the very peculiar form of the dramatic compositions which we are now about to examine. They appear mostly to have been modelled with this obvious and decided moral purpose; not that we mean to say their separate scope and bearing are solely directed to the development of the truth of one great and leading moral principle, but rather that each drama embraces and enforces many. The incidents, however, have evidently been anxiously selected and devised, with the sole view to these successive moral and didactic lessons; and while we cannot withhold our admiration of the flexibility and pliancy with which the writer richly and copiously devises what is natural, under such restraints, yet it is indisputable, that, where such incidents, in their homeliness and simplicity, seem to eulog, what she conceives the more impressive and dazzling elucidation of her moral principle or truth, she is often

seduced in her invention beyond the limits of nature, and strict poetic truth.

The noble writer of these dramas was no less remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments, than her early, enthusiastic, and abiding passion for literature. She was the daughter of Sir William Lucas, and became the wife of the Duke of Newcastle, so conspicuous, in the civil wars, for the fervour of his loyalty, the intrepidity of his exploits, and the temporary ruin of his immense fortunes. His Duchess accompanied him in his foreign exile, during which they resided at Antwerp, where, amidst the poverty and distressing privations they endured, they found a rich and dignified solace in diversified literary study and occupation. It was during their residence abroad that the noble writer, stimulated by some similar productions of her husband, engaged in the composition of her dramatic works. She seems, throughout life, to have been averse to mingle much with the world. It cannot, however, assuredly be said, that her seclusion was dragged out in idleness, or vain and frivolous amusement, when it is considered, that the crowd of her writings, upon nearly every variety of subject, have filled thirteen folio volumes, of which ten have been published. She appears to have written with astonishing fluency and rapidity, and seldom revised the copies of her compositions, "lest," to use her own words, "it should disturb her following conceptions." We can only wish, however, for her own literary reputation, and the higher and more uniform gratification of her readers, that she had been less copiously fertile in her productions, or more frequent and unrelenting in her corrections. The noble writer appears, from her prefaces, and various didactic passages throughout her dramas, to have had very just and comprehensive conceptions of the requisites and the range of this species of composition. Would that she had more accurately and powerfully accomplished what she seems so wisely to have appreciated! She is decidedly and enthusiastically devoted to the varied and expansive form of the older drama; and while she decries the Unities, fears not to

hurl her attacks against their most successful and elaborate supporter. Her reasons, in the following passage, are witty and conclusive: "My plays," says the fair writer, "may be condemned likewise, because they follow not the ancient custom, as the learned say, which is, that all comedies should be so ordered and composed, as nothing should be presented therein but what may be naturally or usually practised or acted in the world, in the compass of one day; for though Ben Johnson, as I have heard, was of that opinion, that a comedy cannot be good, nor is a natural or true comedy, if it should present more than one day's action, yet his comedies that he hath published could never be the actions of one day; for could any rational person think that the whole play of the "Fox" could be the action of one day? or that so many several cozenings could be acted in one day by Captain Face and Doll Common? and could the "Alchymist" make any believe they could make gold in one day?—could they burn so many coals, and draw the purses of so many, or so often, from one person, in one day, although it were a day at the Poles."

By way of palliative and excuse, for the imperfection of the plots of her pieces, the noble writer mentions, that they are exclusively of her own contrivance and invention: and while she hints that many of the greatest dramatic poets have, in the arrangement and distribution of their scenes, been enlightened by the superior judgment of their friends, "she," to use her own fanciful, homely language, "like as a poor tailor," unaided by "journeymen and apprentices, was forced to do all herself, as to cut, shape, join, and sew each several scene together, without any help or direction." Each of her pieces are appropriately armed with prologues and epilogues, conciliatory and supplicatory; but it does not appear, that, from the peculiar construction of her dramas, she very sanguinely contemplated their public exhibition upon the stage.

From the conspicuously moral and didactic design, therefore, with which these dramas appear to have been framed, many of the errors and imperfections by which they are

clouded, may be said naturally and inevitably to have arisen. But their most serious blemishes and defects, amidst all their singular copiousness and diversity, must, we fear, be imputed to a coldness of mental temperament and feeling. We desiderate throughout them a more intensely fervid and creative poetical mind. The noble writer possesses, it is true, invention, but it is not of that kind which richly conceives, and which develops, in the brightness of its many-coloured hues, its bold and original creations. She rather conceives philosophically, and embellishes rhetorically, than in the more natural, and varied, and seducing manner of a poet. She has devised rather, perhaps, from the masculine strength of her judgment, than the richer and more dazzling store of imagination, a vast variety of characters, which, in many of their elements, might, at the time, be safely pronounced to be original. However, the power of her judgment, in selecting such characters, could little aid her in their complete, and varied, and rich developement. Reason can go but a little way in the arduous journey of invention. It is imagination, in its creative ardour, which carries to their full and perfect completion the first rude and imperfect outlines of characters, which the judgment may have dictated or approved. Many of her dramatic personages are boldly, though rudely sketched; but it is only in a few prominent and conspicuous features. The mysterious depths of their characters remain yet unsounded. The light, so to speak, has only partially flashed upon the objects, which yet slumber in the darkness and obscurity of the shade. The noble writer may be likened to an architect, whose genius is insufficient to blend, into a finely-proportioned and impressive whole, the separate designs and conceptions he entertains, however excellent. The apposite and graceful ornaments, the harmonious agreement of the connecting parts, which throw across the magnificent amplitude of the whole an accordant and perfect beauty, are wanting. We shall not, therefore, in these dramas, meet with that beautiful and skilful distribution and disclosure of incident, or that effec-

tive scenic opposition of dissimilar characters, which, like the magic effects of light and shade, beneath the hand of a great painter, strike out to the life those singular peculiarities, or those powerful and overwhelming passions, which might otherwise have slumbered unrevealed.

It therefore necessarily followed, (as we have hinted,) from the trammels to which the noble author had subjected her ingenuity and resource, and the less ardent and richly poetical cast of her mind, that her dramas should be precisely of the character and complexion of those we are now considering. She saw not objects and things growing out into all that variety of interesting and animated forms, which the ardour of creative imagination, completing its conception, lends to them. They rather presented themselves to her mind divested of many of their touching and splendid poetical accompaniments, with somewhat of the plain, and often rebutting simplicity of the naked realities themselves. She seems often to have seen them merely as the bold outline of the design, before, so to speak, the skilled artist, by the aids of colour, and the rare and practised illusions of his pencil, has thrown, as it were, life and animation into every feature, and energy and grace into every limb. The dramatic characters of the fair writer cannot be said to open and expand in rich and growing diversity upon the reader, but merely tenaciously exhibit, with few finely fluctuating and contrasted shades, those bold, fundamental, and distinguishing attributes and qualities, which they had originally received.

It may be said, likewise, to have naturally followed from those peculiar features in the genius of the noble writer, and from the more decidedly didactic form of her scenes, that the plots of her dramas should be meagre, and feebly and imperfectly developed; that those bold and finer intricacies, into which our older dramatists so eagerly and fearlessly plunged, to grasp at some striking novelty of scenic effect, or some singular and forcible contrast of conflicting character, should be cautiously and studiously avoided. No difficulties were to be hazarded

which, not dexterously overcome, might perplex the scene, or hopelessly embroil and confront the characters with each other. No storms were to be raised where the less skilful enchanter, so to speak, knew not those magical and talismanic words, which should at once hush the warring elements into soft serenity and peace. In the absence of varied poetic power, and that finely intuitive penetration, which detects those qualities, which, in their slumbering embers, lie deepest hid in the human character, all that artful entanglement of plot, which holds the mind in delighted uncertainty,—that conflict of humours, and passions, and predilections,—that mingling of characters, which powerfully elicit and display the peculiar qualities of each,—that animated diversity of scene,—that striking and impressive originality of situation, which, amidst all their temporary opposition, and seeming hostility, lead, by natural and beautifully consequent steps, to the final developement or catastrophe, like the indistinct shadowy haze of the early dawn, which ushers in the sweet and welcome light of day ;—all these great requisites of the drama may be said to have been carefully avoided and, we think, wisely so, by the noble writer.

It must, however, be allowed, that if we are not hurried forward, in that eager and delightful suspense which attends upon our noblest dramas, and perhaps even upon many more feeble than the present in real and diversified mental power, that our satisfaction is yet often of a very serene and gratifying kind. It is not that which is elicited, by coming unexpectedly upon brilliant and striking objects, by skilfully-regulated and prepared surprises ; but we are placed, without art, in the solemn avenue which leads direct to them, and from which they, in the distance, at first meet the eye. In the play of "*Love's Adventures*," (which consists of a first and second part,) like all the other dramas of the noble writer, there is no intricacy or complexity of plot. She seems alone, in the more interesting and dignified portion of the incidents, boldly to confide, in a simple inornate truth of delineation, which possesses some-

what of the direct and vivid intelligibility of a person narrating some remarkable occurrence he had beheld. In this play, the most striking and attractive part of the incidents turns upon one of those devices so frequent in our old drama, and, when skilfully conducted and elucidated, so fertile in interesting and impressive displays of dramatic passion. The Lady Orphant, young and beautiful, from the fame of the great and splendid actions of the Lord Singularity, who has risen to be General of the Venetian army, conceives towards him a romantic passion : she sets out for the Venetian camp, accompanied by her old steward, Trusty. They assume, occasionally, the disguises of pilgrims and beggars, to pass with safety through the country ; in which capacity, some slight incidents are developed, which, while they might perhaps awaken the pity or disdain of a French critic, may be regarded as peculiarly characteristic of our more early dramatic writers ; seldom startled by the homeliness and simplicity of their incidents, if they could elucidate some new trait in the characters of their personages. The pilgrims arrive at the Venetian camp, and the Lady Orphant, under the name of Affectionata, becomes the page of the Venetian General, who is ignorant of her sex and condition. It is in this situation the pure, ardent, and watchful love of the seeming page,—her tender and placid melancholy,—the peculiarity of her situation, which nurses the strength of her affection, while it seems to extinguish her hopes,—those ardent expressions of artless and soft passion which drop from her,—those anxieties and ever-awakening fears, which hover around one who feels not their natural and impassioned import, contrasted in the soldier, with the growing violence of a love which seems to him mysterious and incomprehensible—a love which he assimilates to the watchful and protecting tenderness of parental affection,—which leads him ever into her cherished society,—which unbosoms to her his secrets,—which gratifies the strength of his affection, in adopting her as his son, and finds a strange, undefined satisfaction,—which yet cannot exhaust his tenderness, in devising

and picturing forth her future establishment in life ;—it is the delineation of this mutual and fine-contrasted passion, in its seeming discrepancy and opposition, which has communicated to us high and unalloyed pleasure. The General, stimulated by the fervour of his affection for his presumed page, adopts Affectionata as his heir, and destines her for the inheritor of his titles of dignity, made to flow in this new direction through the munificence of the monarch. To continue the honours of his house, he eagerly desires the union of his page with a lady of beauty and worth, whom he remembers to have left when in her extreme youth, before he departed for the wars. This lady, however, has disappeared, and his most anxious search and inquiry is in vain. Those with whom she was left, he causes to be seized. They give no explanation of the absence of their mistress. They are tried as her presumed murderers, and the jury of the drama, as it is to be hoped, more precipitate and less enlightened than our juries in real life, at once, without hesitation, find them guilty. The judge is on the point of sealing their dread doom, when Affectionata, arrayed in rich and splendid female attire, as the Lady Orphant, believed dead, makes her timely and unexpected appearance. The dread terrors of the law fade before the influence of her presence. The General recognizes, with rapturous transport and emotion, his former page, in her who now stands before him, in radiant and surpassing beauty. He now feels at once the true character of his tender and ardent affection revealed to him. He sues for the hand of his mistress, and he pleads not in vain to one who had displayed towards him so pure, so deep, and romantic a passion.

The scenes which in this drama describe the progress and aspect of this mutual passion, are by much the most interesting and attractive of the whole. In accomplishing what in

these scenes has imparted to us high gratification, no recourse may be said to be had to poetical imagery or embellishment. All is effected by a natural and vivid truth of delineation, which gives out, with a tender and unadorned simplicity, and an instantaneous directness, the feelings and emotions as they seem to rise in the minds of her dramatic personages. It is true, we may perhaps, at times, desiderate a more skilful elucidation of passion and feeling ; we may desire that the noble author had yielded herself more boldly up to the warmer and more free impulses of her genius ; that Nature, in her characters, would speak to us in a more decisive and impassioned voice ; and that the final issue of the piece had been more artfully and elaborately prepared, and more powerfully and tenderly developed, amidst a greater and more impressive assemblage of poetical circumstances. However, the whole, if not very strikingly dramatic, possesses so harmonious and simple a beauty,—the excellencies gain upon us, not through the dazzling effects of surprise, but by their mild and softly-mellowed lustre,—and so much is singularly accomplished, without those poetical aids which are wont to throw their powerful charms around similar dramatic situations, that we know not if, without defacing the calm and soothing tenderness of the whole, it could admit of advantageous addition or change. As our gratification in these scenes is not so much the consequence of any prominent and striking excellencies, as the calm and graceful effect of the whole, we feel it difficult to make any extract which in itself shall seem to justify the approbation we have bestowed. The following scene, however, may be regarded as exhibiting the general tone and manner of the noble writer.

Affectionata, as the page of the General, is accused by the other commanders, jealous of her sway and influence, of being a spy.

SCENE 33d, 1st PART.

Affectionata.—By your face, Sir, there seems a trouble in your mind, and I am restless until I know your griefs.

Lord Singularity.—It is a secret I dare not trust the air with.

Affectionata.—I shall be more secret than the air, for the air is apt to divulge, by retorting echoes back, but I shall be as silent as the grave.

Lord Singul.—You may be tortured to confess the truth.

Affectionata.—But I will not confess the truth, if the confession may any ways hurt or disadvantage you ; for though I will not belye the truth by speaking falsely, yet I will conceal a truth, rather than betray a friend,—especially my Lord and master. But howsoever, since your trouble is of such concern, I shall not wish to know it, for though I dare trust myself, yet perchance you dare not trust me ; but if my honest fidelity can serve you any ways, you may employ it, and if it be to keep a secret, all the torment that Nature hath made, or art invented, shall never draw it from me.

Lord Singul.—Then let me tell thee, that, to conceal it, would damn thy soul.

Affectionata.—Heaven bless me ! But sure, my Lord, you cannot be guilty of such sins, that those that do but barely hear, or know them, shall be damned ?

Lord Singul.—But, to conceal them, is to be an actor.

Affectionata.—For Heaven's sake, then, keep them close from me, if either they be base or wicked ; for though love prompt me to inquire, hoping to give you ease in bearing part of the burden, yet Heaven knows, I thought my love so honourable, placed on such a worthy person, and guiltless soul, as I might love and serve without a scandal or a deadly sin.

Lord Singul.—Come, you shall know it.

Affectionata.—I'll rather stop my ears with death.

Lord Singul.—Go ; thou art a false boy.

Affectionata.—How false a boy ; howsoever you think me, I have an honest soul and heart, that is ready to serve you in any honest way ; but since I am deceived and cozened into love by false reports, finding the best of mankind basely wicked, and all the world so bad, I will inanchor myself, and live on antidotes of prayers, for fear of the infection.

Lord Singul.—And will not you pray for me ?

Affectionata.—I cannot choose, my Lord, for gratitude enforces me : first, because I have loved you ; next, because I have served you ; and give me leave to kiss your hand, and then there drop some tears at my departure.

[Weeping, kneels down, and kisses his hand.

Lord Singul.—Rise ; you must not go away until you have cleared yourself from being a spy.

Affectionata.—I fear no accusations.

The display of strong and mutual affection, in the following scene, strikes us forcibly from its inornate beauty and simplicity :

SCENE 7th, PART 2d.

Lord Singularity.—My *Affectionata*, I wonder you could suffer an accusation so patiently, knowing you were accused falsely.

Affectionata.—The clearness of my innocence needed not the fury of a violent passion to defend it, neither could passion have rectified an injury.

Lord Singul.—'Tis true, yet passion is apt to rise in defence of innocence and honour.

Affectionata.—And many times passion, my Lord, destroys the life, in striving to maintain the truth, and defend the innocent ; but I find a passionate sorrow, that your Lordship must go to endanger your life in the wars again.

Lord Singul.—The wars are pastime to me, for I hate idleness, and no employment pleases me better than fighting, so it be in a good cause ; but you shall stay.

Affectionata.—Why, my Lord, are you weary of my service ?

Lord Singul.—Know, I am careful of thy safety, thy rest and peace ; for shouldst thou not come near danger, yet the very tragical aspect will terrify thee to death, thou art of so tender a nature, so soft and sweet a disposition.

Affectionata.—Truly, my Lord, if you leave me behind you, the very fear of your life will kill me ; where if your Lordship will let me go, love will give me courage.

Lord Singul.—Then let me tell you, you must not go, for I have adopted you my son, and I have settled all my estate upon thee, where, if I am killed, you shall be my heir, for I had rather virtue should inherit my estate than birth, yet I charge thee take my name upon thee, as well as my estate unto thee.

Affectionata.—My noble Lord, I should be prouder to bear your name, than to be master of the whole world ; but I shall never be so base to keep myself in safety, in hope of your estate, wherefore must entreat your leave to go with you.

Lord Singul.—I will not give you leave, but command you to the contrary, which is to stay.

Affectionata.—I cannot obey you in this, for love will force me to run after you.

Lord Singul.—I will have you lashed, if you offer to go.

Affectionata.—Stripes cannot stay me!

Lord Singul.—I will have you tied and kept by force.

Affectionata.—By Heaven! my Lord, I'll tear my flesh, and break my bones, to get loose, and if I have not legs to run, I'll creep through the earth like worms, for though I shall move but slowly, yet it will be satisfaction to my soul that I am travelling after you.

Lord Singul.—*Affectionata*, you anger me very much.

Affectionata.—Indeed, my Lord, you grieve me more than I can anger you.

[*Affectionata weeps.*]

Lord Singul.—What, do you cry! and yet desire to be a soldier?

Affectionata.—A valiant heart, my Lord, may have a weeping eye to keep it company.

Lord Singul.—If no persuasion can stay you, you must go along with me.

[*Affectionata bows, as giving his Lord thanks.*]

We are almost averse to speak of those improbabilities of incident, by which the portion of the intrigue of the piece which we have detailed is disfigured. These, however, at least in some slighter degree, would seem to be inseparable from the intervention of such devices and disguises in dramatic composition. The noble author, however, might surely have contrived to prepossess our minds in favour of her disguised heroine, by incidents more within the range of poetic probability, than drawing her as a bold and intrepid soldier,—as speaking with surpassing military wisdom at a council of war,—as thwarting and triumphing over Cardinals, in learned and recondite discussion,—as eagerly desired of the Duke of Venice to be adopted as his son,—or the Pope as solicitons to do honour to her warlike talents, by the somewhat misplaced dignity of a Cardinal's hat.

Our interest in the graver and more dignified scenes of this drama is relieved by the introduction of a variety of other characters, totally unconnected with their gradual progress and developement. Some of these are boldly and originally conceived, in the few strong and prominent features of their character; but, as we have already hinted, there is a want of that comprehensive and fertile dramatic power which reveals to us characters, not in part, but in the picturesque, and full amplitude of those peculiar, and often dissimilar attributes, by which they are marked. There is a Lady Ignorance, drawn as eagerly plunging into the gaieties and follies of fashionable life, while her husband, a studious recluse, renews her attachment to that sweet

domestic privacy she had deserted, by artfully awakening her fears by his seeming extravagance and profusion, and by recalling and stimulating her affection, while he excites within her the pangs and disquiets of jealousy. There is also a young lady of great beauty, delineated as unhappy, and the object of sport and ridicule to others, from an oppressive bashfulness and timidity of nature, in whom the influence of a pure love unfolds the tender and graceful qualities of her heart, while the imminent hazard to which her devoted admirer is exposed, from the vindictive jealousy of a rival, makes the hidden energy and intrepidity of her character flash unexpectedly forth with a pleasing and impressive brightness.

In these dramas of the noble writer, the plot is generally of the simplest and most inartificial kind. It consists of a few striking incidents, often imperfectly adapted for dramatic delineation, which are for the most part evolved by the characters strictly and immediately interested in their issue, leaving little at any time to be worked out by the intervention of others, or by those more striking and intricate devices of plot and situation which so admirably colour and heighten the impression of the simplest incidents. As to the other characters who are introduced into these dramas, they have frequently no knowledge of the more prominent personages who are engaged in developing the more striking incidents of plot. They are to them, as it were, strangers, and although they succeed, or go before them in scenes and soliloquies, yet they cannot be said to hear those cries of trouble and anguish, or those exclamations of joy and merri-

ment, which seem beating at their ears. The two sets of characters walk through the piece in which they are associated, seemingly conversing, but yet never meeting. They may be likened to those living in the same narrow alley, who daily pass and jostle each other in the business of life, without acquaintanceship. Those minor, and less conspicuous characters, are often engaged in carrying forward some shallow stream of incident, or some slighter circumstances of plot, totally isolated and apart from the higher and more dignified interest of the drama. They are intended, as in "*Love's Adventures*," in the "*Unnatural Tragedy*," and in the "*Public Wooing*," to withdraw our attention, at times, from the more striking and prominent incidents. The noble writer has designed them to resemble, in some measure, in their effects, the ancient interlude, and the motley and grotesque groups of the old maskers, of frequent introduction in our old drama, who brought with them gaiety and merriment in their train, and a short cessation from the more intense interest of pathetic and commanding incident. And it may perhaps be safely allowed, without looking in this strictly to the truth of nature, that, by the singularity of the topics,—the ingenuity and moral wisdom of the arguments,—the constant gladiatorship of wit,—the strong and pungent, rather than delicate tone of the satire,—the pertinacity of rejoinder,—all aided by the frequent introduction of a fanciful poetical ingenuity, seasoned and embellished to profusion by a crowd of singular and strange images, and elaborate rhetorical resemblances, that our amusement is frequently so fully and effectually accomplished, that the incidents which were meant to be most prominent, are, in our minds, in danger of being somewhat obscured in interest and importance. The noble writer appears occasionally so delighted by the copiousness of her invention of topics, and unexpected rejoinders,—the fancy of her speculations,—the wit and subtlety of her distinctions,—and the well-covered pitfalls which she proposes for some more rash and less-favoured disputant, that she sometimes ap-

pears cruelly to forget the situations of clamorous or ludicrous distress and perplexity in which she has left her previous characters; and which, amidst this animated, protracted, and nicely-adjusted intellectual warfare, seem in vain to call to her for disentanglement and relief.

In the piece entitled the "*Unnatural Tragedy*," which delineates the incestuous passion of a brother towards his sister—a subject not unfrequently handled by our older dramatists—our interest in the more grave and serious incidents is occasionally relieved by the introduction of characters of this gay, scholastic, and pugnacious kind. There are four young ladies, called the "*Sociable Virgins*," almost wholly unconnected with either intrigue of the piece, who appear to be introduced solely for their animated and crudite conversational talents. And we may observe, that, for females of this description, a sort of antique and more profound class of *Blue-stockings*, the fair writer, in all her pieces, displays a strong and decided predilection,—perhaps thus unconsciously giving forth somewhat of her own likeness and peculiar bent of mind. In one of these scenes, the merits of *Thucydides* and *Tacitus*, in the composition of their speeches, are touched upon, and the license allowed historians in this walk laid down with precision. Old *Camden* is visited with severe stricture for his supposed partiality, and taxed for his numerous omissions; and the divine *Grecian Bard* is not sacred from their sportively witty and satirical remarks. They ridicule the rude and primitively simple manners and occupations of his heroes, with those weapons which *Chesterfield*, at a later period, has scarcely wielded with more amusing animation and dexterity. In the piece entitled "*The Female Academy*," the characters may be said to be imbued, to excess, with this critical and disputative talent. They deliver, each of them, upon some topic proposed, in the manner of the sophists of old, an oration or discourse, elaborate, fanciful, filled with strange resemblances, and passages of slowly moving and protracted allegory.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Mathematical Volume of the series of separate Dictionaries, intended to form a *Methodical Cyclopaedia*, will appear in July. The extraordinary time required in printing these highly-finished volumes, and the care requisite to render them perfect works of reference, have prevented their more rapid appearance. This, however, is of little consequence to the purchasers of the work, because each of the volumes is a substantive work, standing complete by itself, and wholly unconnected with the others. The new volume will include the whole of the mathematical and physical sciences, and the latest discoveries in every branch.

A reprint of Warton's History of English Poetry, in four large volumes, octavo, is nearly ready for publication. It embraces a large body of notes, written by the late Dr Ashby, the late Mr Ritson, F. Douce, Esq. and other eminent antiquaries; together with the copious illustrations and additions of Thomas Park, Esq. The specimens of poetry have all been collated with the original manuscripts, or editions of acknowledged merit, and the numerous errors arising from inattention at the press, or in transcribing the author's copy, have been carefully corrected, while no alteration has been permitted in the text.

A new edition is announced of the Divisions of Purley, by John Horne Tooke, A.M. in two volumes, octavo, from the copy corrected and considerably enlarged by the author, and hitherto in the possession of his executors.

A series of Lectures is printing upon the Elements of Chemical Science, lately delivered at the Surrey Institution, by Mr G. Gurney. They will comprise the bases of the new theory of crystallization, and diagrams to illustrate the elementary combinations of atoms, particularly theories of electrical influence and of flame, with a full description of the author's blow-pipe, when charged with certain gases, &c.

Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentaise, and various Parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, in Savoy, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the years 1820, 21, and 22, with remarks on the present state of society, manners, religion, agriculture, climate, &c., by Robert Bakewell, Esq., are in the press.

Mr Sheldrake has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, (dedicated, by permission, to Sir Thomas Lawrence,

President of the Royal Academy,) an Enquiry into the Origin and Practice of Painting in Oil, to ascertain what was the real invention of Van Eyck, and what were the materials and vehicle that were used by Giorgione, and the fine artist of the Venetian school.

Fonthill and its Abbey delineated, to be richly embellished with numerous highly-finished engravings and spirited wood-cuts, by John Rutter, of Shaftesbury, is nearly ready for publication.

A curious work, in one octavo volume, written by the actuary of a Life Assurance Company, is about to make its appearance, in the form of a Caution to intended Shareholders, and a Guide to persons effecting Insurances; in which will be exhibited the comparative merits of the different companies, and their claims to public patronage and confidence investigated, with necessary information to persons who may wish to insure their lives, or purchase annuities or endowments for their children.

Early in July will appear Vol. II. of Whittingham's French Classics, containing Elizabeth, ou les Exiles en Siberie, par Mad. Cottin; also Part 3, of Whittingham's Cabinet Edition of Elegant Extracts in Poetry.

Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen, by W. S. Landor, Esq. are in the press.

A Classical Assistant to the Study of Homer, Virgil, &c. in the Translations of Pope and Dryden, by Mrs Oom, will soon appear.

Journal of a Tour in France in the years 1817 and 1818, by F. J. Carey, is printing.

Flora Domestica, or the Portable Flower Garden, with directions for the treatment of plants in pots, and illustrations from the works of the poets, is in preparation.

The English Flora, by Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnean Society, &c. will soon appear.

Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand, by Capt. A. Cruise, of the 84th regiment, is printing.

Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano, with notices of their principal works, will appear in a few days.

Lectures on the General Structure of the Human Body, and on the Anatomy and Functions of the Skin, delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons of London, during the course of 1823, by Thomas Chevalier, F.R.S. F.S.A. and F.L.S. will soon be published.

Proposals are made for publishing, by subscription, Six Etchings from Pen Drawings, drawn and etched by W. Cowen. The subjects of these Etchings represent some of the finest scenery in Italy and Switzerland, and they are facsimiles of his own Drawings made upon the spot.

A republication is preparing, in two volumes, octavo, of *Pseudodoxia, Epidemica, or Inquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly-received Truths*, by Thomas Brown, Doctor of Physic, much enlarged by the author, with additions and corrections, by the editor, in the form of notes.

Miscellaneous Collections, forming a fourth volume to the "Lawyer's Common-place Book," will appear shortly.

A new work, for the use of commercial gentlemen, by Mr Wright, accountant, Fenchurch-street, entitled, the *New Mercantile Assistant, and General Cheque Book*, containing nine copious and distinct sets of new and useful tables, will appear in a few days.

A Memorial of the late Rev. Mr Evans, of Wymondbam, Norfolk, is in the press, including a selection from his private correspondence; to which is subjoined, a funeral sermon by the Rev. J. Hooper.

A new edition of the *Young Countess*, a tale for youth, is printing.

Mr Biagioli, author of several esteemed elementary works on the Italian language, is printing a new edition of the *Decameron of Boccaccio*, in five volumes, octavo and quarto, in Italian.

Berthollet on Dyeing, translated from the latest Parisian edition, with notes and illustrations, is preparing by Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S. in two volumes octavo.

Illustrations of Shakspeare's Dramas, consisting of 111 fine Engravings, all from Pictures, by T. Stothard, Esq. R.A. in the possession of Mr Tegg, are in forwardness.

Mr Herbert Mayo has in the press, a second number of his *Anatomical and Physiological Commentaries*.

Mr Moore has resumed his long-suspended task, the *Life of Sheridan*, and this work may be expected to appear early in the ensuing winter.

Influence and Example, or the Recluse, a tale, by the author of "Dangerous Errors," is in the press.

Mr T. D. Worgan is preparing for publication, a Treatise on a Motet in forty-five parts,—ten vocal, and thirty-five instrumental; composed for every class of voice, and every sort of instrument generally used in concert; and illustrated by two Lectures, of which he has published a prospectus.

EDINBURGH.

A *Compendious View of Creation*; with the *Microscope descending into Infinity* in the minute Creation; with the naked eye, as seen in general; and with the *Telescope rising into Infinity*, among the ponderous Orbs that crowd the Universe. By J. Paterson, Surveyor, Montrose.

The *Picturesque Antiquities of the Roman Province of Narbonne*, from original Drawings by a Gentleman lately resident in that country, will shortly appear. The Engravings will be executed by Mr Lizars, in the best blue manner, and the work will be completed in 18 Monthly Numbers, royal 4to.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Sylva Florifera, the Shrubbery. By H. Phillips, F.H.S. 2 vols. 8vo. £1.1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of William Hayley, Esq. the Friend and Biographer of Cowper; written by himself. With Portraits. 2 vols. £4.4s. boards.

The Life of a Soldier: a narrative and descriptive Poem. Imp. 8vo.

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Letters illustrative of the Wonders of Conchology. By the Author of "the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom."

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

SPAIN.—Affairs in this country seem rapidly approaching to a crisis. The ardent patriotism of the Spaniards, and their determination to uphold their free constitution, of which we heard so much previously to the late invasion of their country by France, has never shewn itself in deeds, and they seem now about to yield up their liberties without even a

show of struggle. The Cortes, indeed, have not been wanting in determination, but they have not been backed by the people; and in all probability they will soon be under the necessity of seeking in foreign countries for safety from the vengeance of their irritated King, who, when he shall be reinstated in the plenitude of his despotic power, is not likely to show much mercy to those whom

he has hitherto looked on as his jailors. Nearly the whole of Spain has now been abandoned to the invaders, and the Cortes have retired to Cadiz, taking with them the person of the King, there to await and make their last stand against their enemies. They held a stormy meeting at Seville on the 23d May, in which a proposition "for transferring the Government and the King out of the Continent, was rejected by a majority of eight votes, and the departure for Cadiz decreed almost unanimously." On the 9th of June, in a sitting of the Council of State, the Prince d'Anglona declared for negotiating with the Duke d'Angoulême; and his advice being rejected, he resigned. On the 11th, the King was waited on, and requested definitively to state whether he went to Cadiz with his own consent? to which he replied, that with regard to himself he had no objection; but he objected to such a measure, as being contrary to the interests of the Spanish people; on which the Cortes, in conformity to an article in the Constitution, voted, "that the provisional case had arisen contemplated by the Constitution, in which the King was in a state which rendered the appointment of a Regency for that specific purpose necessary." The Regency was appointed, the refusal of the King overruled, and the Cortes and the Government were transferred to Cadiz, where they arrived on the 14th. In consequence of this restraint on the person of the King, Sir W. A'Court, the British minister, sent in a note, stating, that he could not follow the King to Cadiz, but must wait for instructions from his Court. On their arrival at Cadiz, the Cortes immediately declared the Regency to be at an end, and the King was restored to the exercise of his functions.

The Spanish Regency set up by the French at Madrid, published a violent proclamation on learning that Ferdinand had been declared incompetent, and conveyed to Cadiz. The proclamation denounces as traitors the members of the Cortes who countenanced, by their presence, the deposition of the King; orders that the property of those who aided in his removal to Cadiz shall be sequestered; and declares, that the officers and troops of the line and militia who have attended the King to Cadiz, shall be held responsible for the safety of the royal prisoners. The proclamation also declares, that vigilant measures will be concerted with the Duke d'Angoulême, both by sea and land, to prevent the Royal Family being sent beyond sea; and that "general prayers shall be put up during eight successive days, to implore divine

clemency under circumstances so critical; and, during this interval, the theatres shall continue closed, and all public amusements be prohibited."—The Cortes, on the other hand, issued a circular manifesto, reclaiming and protesting against the atrocious invasion of Spain by the French troops.

The Cortes have had frequent meetings in the new seat of Government, in order to concert the measures necessary for the national safety. They seem to be preparing for a siege, and are taking measures to collect provisions for the support of the inhabitants. At one of the sittings, 110 deputies attended.

It appears from the French papers, that a plot had been contrived to carry off the King from Seville. He was to be conveyed out of the castle covered up in a bale of blankets, and, thus concealed, he was to be taken to the Guadalquivir, where a steam-boat was in waiting to receive him. Fifty French officers were to take charge of him during his passage.

The accidental discovery of this plot accelerated the removal of the King to Cadiz. It is stated in private letters, that an Englishman, Sir John Downie, who was concerned in the conspiracy, had been apprehended, and sent to Cadiz to take his trial.

The military operations since our last have been few and unimportant. The few constitutional troops in the field have offered no effectual resistance to the invaders; and there is reason to apprehend, that this arises, not so much from their want of strength, as from the want of good faith in their commanders. Since the events which we have noticed above, Morillo, who was understood to be at the head of a very considerable force (12,000 or 15,000 men,) has issued two proclamations, in which he protests against the proceedings of the Cortes, in putting a restraint on the person of the King, and refuses to submit to the authority of the Regency. He at the same time disclaimed the servile Regency of Madrid, and offered to negotiate with the French General Bourcke for a provisional neutrality; who, however, rejected his proposition, on the ground of his refusal to acknowledge the Madrid Regency. Quiroga, who held the second command in Morillo's army, is said to have withdrawn, dissatisfied with the conduct of his General, and to have taken the road to Corunna on his way to England. The Paris Journals add a rumour, that Ballasteros has imitated the example of Morillo in maintaining a provisional neutrality. Such was the state of matters in Spain, by our last accounts. While the

French troops are investing Cadiz by land, that port is blockaded by a French fleet.

PORTUGAL.—Events still more extraordinary have taken place in this country. Here a counter-revolution has been effected, with a facility which evinces that the liberal institutions which the Cortes had established had little or no hold on the affections of the mass of the population. The strong impulse of feeling which produced the revolution having subsided, the ancient prejudices and deep-rooted superstitions of the populace recovered their ascendancy, and, with a versatility not uncommon in men of strong passions and uncultivated minds, the people welcomed, with apparent cordiality, the return of the system they had so lately assisted to overturn. This change had been facilitated by the personal character of the Monarch, who is a moderate and humane Prince; but whether his moderation and humanity will resist the influence of evil Counsellors, who may prompt him to acts of vengeance, time only can discover.

On the 26th of May, early in the morning, Prince Miguel, the King's second son, quitted the Palace, and joined the 23d infantry, which had left Lisbon the day before, on its way to Almeida, and taken up a position at Villa Franca, five leagues distant from Lisbon. The Prince left behind him a letter, written to his father. The consequence of this event was a message from the Cortes to his Majesty, declaring that the present Ministry had lost the confidence of the country. His Majesty assembled a Council, and deliberated with them on the appointment of a new Ministry, as is stated in the Lisbon journals. On the 29th, being Corpus Christi day, the troops of the garrison assembled, as is their custom, to parade the streets. After the ceremony took place, they repaired to the Terreiro de Paço (a square), from whence all the regiments of the line (with the exception of the 18th Infantry,) and one or two regiments of militia, marched to join Prince Miguel, for whom General Sepúlveda, the military Governor, also declared himself. The other militia regiments, the 18th Infantry, and part of the artillery of the line, refused to follow the Governor, who nearly lost his life in the square, as one individual endeavoured to murder him, and he was hindered from such a deed by General Avilhez, and some other officers. The troops declared, on this occasion, that they wished some changes in the Constitution, naming, particularly, the establishment of two Chambers, and the King to have an absolute veto. On the 30th, in the afternoon, the 18th regiment declared itself for the same

cause as the other corps of the line; and, repairing to the Police of Bemposta, in the centre of the town, amidst cries of *vivas* to the King, the Queen, and the Infanta, induced the King and all the Royal Family to quit Lisbon. They took their departure at seven P.M., and reached Villa Franca on the next day, 31st. Abandoned as the populous and wealthy city of Lisbon thus was, and without any means of defence against those who always avail themselves of such a crisis, to disturb the public tranquillity, and commit every kind of excess, too much praise cannot be bestowed on the *Camera*, (City Corporation,) the Commercial Corps, both infantry and cavalry, the National Guards, and remaining regiments of militia, for their decisive measures and unremitting exertions to preserve good order in the capital, which remained perfectly tranquil. A project had been discovered of opening all the prisons, and giving liberty to the numerous felons; but fortunately it was anticipated, and the trust of the prisons given to the guard of the Commercial Corps, who behaved, on this occasion, with their usual energy and courage. The felons in the castle of St George endeavoured twice to force the prison; but found the necessary resistance, and the guard fired on them, killing and wounding several. The Cortes held their Session on the 31st, at the usual hour, and transacted their business in the usual way, and in all quietness. The *Camera* sent a deputation to the King on the 31st, begging to know what were his Royal intentions; the deputation returned late in the night, with an answer, that his Majesty by no means wished to return to the old system; but it was necessary to frame a Constitution more adapted to the interests of all classes. The Cortes, who remained at Lisbon six days after the troops left the capital, closed their sittings by protesting, in the name of their constituents, against any alteration or modification in the Constitution of 1822.

By the latest accounts from Lisbon, which are to the 18th June, it appears that the revolution was then decisive and complete, but every thing in the city was tranquil. The King made his public entry into Lisbon on the 5th. The Queen was immediately invited to join the Royal Family. The Infant Don Miguel was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, by a royal decree inserted in the Gazette of the 9th. John the Sixth appears to have acted, under all the circumstances, with much moderation. A committee of eleven have been appointed by the King, who are entrusted with the important task of re-modelling the fallen Constitu-

tion, so as to give, the article states, to the Monarch due power, and secure to the Portuguese the best privileges enjoyed by them under the late code. Count Palmella, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the late President of the Cortes, have been both appointed members of the committee. Amarante, as might be expected, has been restored to all the honours and emoluments of which he was deprived by the decree of the Cortes of the 5th of March.

In the other parts of the kingdom, the counter-revolution was affected in the same easy manner, by the intervention of the military; but no violence or bloodshed had been occasioned. It seems, however, that Sir Robert Wilson narrowly escaped assassination, at Braga, near Oporto. He had been sent on a mission from Vigo, to request the assistance of troops from the Portuguese Government, in the name of the Constitutional Spaniards; but while on his way, the counter-revolution was effected; and at the town mentioned he was very ill treated by the populace, from whose fury, however, he was preserved by the public authorities, and, after being detained some days in prison, was sent back, under a military escort, to Spain.

Private letters state, that, in order to effect the counter-revolution, a considerable sum was expended among the soldiery and officers—the men being paid at the rate of 35s. per head, under which engagement they revolted. Now the work is over, they do not hesitate to say, that if another party would pay them 40s. a-piece, they would be ready to undo what they have just done.

Among the first act of the restored despotism was a decree abolishing the liberty of the press. Tyrants seem to feel that their despotism and this powerful engine cannot long exist together—that the one must necessarily subvert the other. Various other decrees have been issued, reversing what the Cortes had established—setting at liberty persons confined for political offences—and restoring peace and friendship with France.

The Lisbon Gazette contains a letter from his Majesty to the Cardinal Patriarch, informing him that the cause which occasioned him to leave the kingdom having happily ceased, it will be desirable that he should, as soon as possible, return to his diocese.

A decree of the 14th of June orders that all the religious communities of the monasteries, convents, colleges, &c. which were suppressed by the law of the 24th October 1822, shall be restored, and reinstated in the possession and enjoyment of the property and revenues which they

enjoyed before the execution of the said law.

Since preparing the above, we have seen the Lisbon journals of the 29th of June. The Queen of Portugal has returned to the palace of Queluz, near Lisbon, and has visited the King and her sons; the populace warmly received her, and drew her carriage. On the 23d, the Royal Family went in solemn procession to the church of Santa Maria Maior, says a Lisbon paper, "to return thanks to the King of Kings and the Queen of Heaven for the ineffable favours bestowed on the Sovereign and Portuguese nation, by delivering us from the most impious and execrable government, whose sole object was to destroy, to the very foundation, the magnificent edifice of the Lusitanian empire." This procession was followed by illuminations and rejoicings of the people, who pulled down the monument to the constitution erected the 15th of September 1821. On the 25th, Count Amarante arrived at Lisbon at the head of 3000 men; he was met by Don Miguel, and large bodies of the people, who vied with the soldiers in expressions of joy. The Gazette of the 26th contains an order for abolishing all secret societies.

GERMANY.—The allied powers, have, it appears, withdrawn their Ministers from Wurtemberg. The reason of this mark of their displeasure is not stated. But it is supposed to be in consequence of the free Constitution which prevails in that kingdom, and the freedom of discussion that is allowed. The German Diet has at the same time suppressed a journal published in this country.

GREECE.—By letters from Corfu we are informed, that the Greeks have commenced the campaign against the barbarous invaders of their celebrated country, by a very brilliant action; the results of which may mainly contribute to the eventual liberation of their sacred fields from the tyrants by whom they have been so long polluted. On the 13th of May, General Marco Bazzaris surprised the garrison, and carried the Castle of Lepanto by storm, with great loss to the Turks. The chief was himself severely wounded in the head, for he led the stormers in person, but only ten of his brave comrades were slain. Ulysses is also again in the field, although, like the illustrious Mina, he has often been killed by his enemies. He has, according to well-authenticated accounts, made himself master of Negropont, a station of the greatest importance to the Turkish fleet. Throughout the whole of the Morea, the condition of the Turks is represented to be very desperate. The Pacha of Patras has quitted the for-

ness of that name, and gone to Prevesa, with only fifty-six attendants, for it was hourly expected that the Greeks would take possession of this fortress itself. There is now almost a certainty that a civilized empire will again arise in Ancient Greece, and to England it will be an important ally, at a time when tyranny is rearing her hydra form in Europe.

AMERICA.

BRAZIL.—Rio Janiero papers have been received, filled with addresses from various towns, expressive of unbounded attachment towards the new Emperor of Brazil.—Lord Cochrane took possession, on the 26th March, of the post of First Admiral of the national Brazilian navy. He hoisted his admiral's flag on board the *Pedro I.* The flag was immediately saluted by the whole squadron, with a discharge of twenty-one guns, amid the acclamations of the spectators.

Lord Cochrane sailed with his squadron from Rio, for the purpose of block-

ading Bahia, about the last week in March, consisting of a 74 gun ship, a frigate, two sloops of war, and two schooners, and fell in, off Bahia, with the Portuguese fleet, viz.—one 74, two large frigates, two small ditto, six armed merchantmen, one sloop of war, and two schooners. He bore down with his 74, keeping the remainder of his fleet to the windward, and endeavoured to cut off one or two of the small ships; but the Portuguese fleet kept close, and could not be separated. His Lordship then passed from one end of their line to the other, engaging each as he came up and passed; all of them endeavoured to avoid him. When he had passed the headmost (the 74) he hauled his wind to join his consorts. The *Nightingale* brig, commanded by a brave fellow, followed some time after the 74, and also fired a broadside at almost every ship in the Portuguese line. In one of the ships Lord Cochrane engaged there were five killed and forty-four wounded.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—*June 3.*—The Marriage Laws Consolidation Bill was discussed in a Committee. All the preceding clauses having been agreed to without any serious opposition, the Committee took into consideration the clauses rendering the marriages of minors, without consent of parents or guardians, voidable by a suit commenced within twelve months from the date of their celebration, when the Archbishop of York opposed the clause, as contrary to the divine law, which renders *bona fide* marriages indissoluble, excepting only for adultery. The Lord Chancellor supported the clause. He contended that the divine canon quoted could be only understood as referring to marriages contracted according to the terms of the law to which the parties owed obedience. In reply to the argument, that the clause would expose females to danger, he observed, that some protection was also due to male minors, who were frequently the victims of artful women—citing, as an example, a case in which a youth of 17, of high rank and expectations, had been seduced into a marriage with a bricklayer's daughter 20 years older than himself; who was, moreover, the mother of seven illegitimate children. The Bishop of Chester said, that there was no difficulty in discovering the marriages contemplated by the divine canon. All marriages, not repugnant to the law of God, were, in his opinion, en-

titled to the protection of that rule. The Earl of Liverpool opposed the clause, as oppressive or nugatory. Irregular marriages had, he said, been much more frequently celebrated by banns; and against marriages so celebrated the clause made no provision; there were, besides, the opportunities afforded by a journey to Scotland, or the still easier passage to Calais by a steam-boat; all of which rendered it impossible to provide absolutely against marriages without consent; and while such facilities existed, the clause could effect no good purpose, though it might produce much evil.—After some farther discussion, the clause was rejected by a majority of 28 to 22, and the bill was ordered to be read a third time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*May 16.*—After a short discussion, the Scots Commissary Courts Bill was ordered to be re-committed on Friday next. Mr Hume presented a petition from a spirit-dealer in Dundee, complaining of the administration of the Excise Laws in Scotland, which was read and laid on the table.

21.—Mr Sykes brought forward his motion for a Repeal of the duty upon tallow candles. The Hon. Member spoke at great length on the unjust and oppressive operation of the tax, which he described as a prohibition to the consumption of agricultural produce, a tax upon labour, and an invasion of the order of domestic economy. The Chancellor

of the Exchequer contended that a further remission of taxes, to the amount of the Candle Duty, would be impracticable at present; and that if even so much could be spared from the public service, the Candle Duty was not the most eligible object of repeal. Further reductions, at no distant day, he said, were in contemplation with Ministers; among others, a diminution of the duty on Scotch and Irish spirits, and an abandonment of the Lottery, which, he said, is to be proposed this year, for the last time. Mr Curwen supported the motion, which was, however, rejected without a division.

Sir J. Mackintosh then brought forward his annual motion on the Criminal Laws, in the form of Nine Resolutions. "To take away the punishment of death in cases of larcenies committed in shops, in dwelling-houses, and on navigable rivers. To repeal the statute of the 9th of Geo. I., commonly called the Black Act; that of Geo. II., called the Marriage Act; that of James I.; also the Act of Geo. II., inflicting the punishment of death on persons for breaking down the banks of rivers. To take away the punishment of death in cases of horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, and forgery; and in lieu thereof, substitute the punishment of transportation or imprisonment; to take away the punishment on felons returned from transportation. Also, to provide that Judges should not pass sentence of death, in any case, where it was not likely that the punishment would be inflicted; and to do away the forfeiture of the goods and chattels of persons who may have committed suicide. Mr Peel concurred in the propriety of a qualified revision of the criminal code, but objected to the comprehensive form in which the Hon. Mover had introduced the subject;—to the extent to which he proposed to urge his repeal, and to the doctrine that it was in all cases unsafe to confide a discretion to the judges. The Right Hon. Secretary then read a list of 23 offences, now capitally punishable, from which he would propose to take away the punishment of death; and concluded by moving the previous question. Mr F. Buxton complained, that the limited amelioration proposed by Mr Peel would not have the effect of saving one life in ten years. Mr Scarlett expressed his satisfaction that Ministers had at length been converted to the principles of Sir S. Romilly. Sir J. Macintosh repeated Mr Buxton's complaint, that the repeal proposed by Mr Peel would have no sensible effect in diminishing the number of executions; and persisted in

pressing his first resolution to a division, when the numbers were—For the Resolution, 76—Against it, 86.

23.—Mr Lindsay presented a petition from certain linen manufacturers of Perth and Dundee against the bill at present before the House to alter the linen laws of Scotland. The Honourable Member supported the prayer of the petition, and contended that the stamping system was essential to the trade. Sir R. Ferguson, in reference to a meeting which had been convened at Dundee, consisting of ninety-one linen manufacturers, said, that seventy-eight were in favour of the bill. Aberdeenshire was quite unanimous on the subject, and from Fifeshire only two petitions had been presented against it. In the county of Perth the linen manufactory was almost extinct. In Forfarshire the manufacturers were nearly unanimous. He had said, and would repeat, that petitions had been got up at the instigation of the stampmasters. The linen manufactory in Scotland involved a capital of about £3,000,000 sterling, while those who petitioned against the bill did not possess a capital of more than between £20,000 and £30,000.—1st petition received.

27. The inquiry into the conduct of Mr Thorpe, High Sheriff of Dublin, which commenced on the 2d instant, terminated this evening, when the chairman reported the proceedings of the committee. The charge against Mr Sheriff Thorpe was his having contrived to defeat the object of the Attorney-General for Ireland, in bringing to punishment the perpetrators of the late assault on the Lord Lieutenant in the Theatre, by picking Orange juries on the trial. A number of witnesses were examined, night after night, in a Committee of the whole house. Among these was Sir Abraham Bradley King, late Lord Mayor of Dublin, from whom it was attempted to exculpate the oath administered to Orangemen, on their admission to the society; but the worthy Baronet decidedly refused to disclose it, on the ground that it would be a breach of his oath, every Orangeman being sworn to secrecy. He however assured the House, that the oath was not to be found in the 10th chapter of Joshua, verse 19, as had been alleged, and that it had no hostile allusion whatever to any class of his Majesty's subjects. A discussion followed as to the propriety of pressing the question on the Baronet, in which the power of the House, to compel a specific answer, or to visit a refusal with punishment, was admitted on all hands; but the propriety of doing so, in the case before them, was strongly condemned; and, on a division, it

was carried, by a majority of 117 to 87, that the question should not be persisted in. Lord Althorpe brought up the Report of the Committee on "the small debts recovery bill."—His Lordship explained, that the principle of the bill adopted by the Committee is, to render the Sheriff's Court itinerant at stated periods through every county; to provide a Judge (a Barrister) of not less than thirteen years standing, who should be remunerated by a fixed salary, to be raised from the fees of Court, and in case of deficiency in that fund, the balance to be supplied by a county rate. The limitation of all actions in this Court to be narrowed to two years.

25.—Mr Hume presented two petitions from Mr J. Hunt, publisher of the "Liberal," now under prosecution for a libel, and Mr Joseph Trust, also under prosecution for a similar offence, complaining of the enormous and dangerous power possessed by the Master of the Crown Office, in the arrangements preliminary to the striking of special juries. Messrs. M. A. Taylor, Creevy, Grey Bennett, Bright, Hobhouse, and John Williams, strongly reprobated the power of selection possessed by the Master of the Crown Office, which was defended by Mr Phillips and the Attorney General.

Lord Nugent then moved for leave to bring in a bill to confer upon English Catholics the right of voting at elections, and, generally, to place them in the same state of enjoyment of all civil privileges as the Catholics of Ireland. Mr S. Wortley seconded the motion. Mr Wetherell

did not directly oppose the motion, but expressed some hesitation; he confessed especial apprehension that the practice of splitting freeholds, by which the Catholics in Ireland had obtained an undue political influence, might be resorted to in this country. Mr W. Banks had no objection to admitting Catholics to the Magistracy, but was not inclined to bestow upon them the elective franchise. Mr Peel supported the motion. He observed, that the danger suggested by Mr Wetherell could never arise without being detected by the Legislature; and that any attempt to increase unfairly the influence of the Catholics, would excite an adequate spirit of resistance. Mr Banks opposed the motion, which was supported by Mr W. Smith and Sir J. Mackintosh, and finally carried without a division.

Mr Maberly next moved for a Committee to enquire into the propriety of collecting the duty on malt and beer separately. He explained, that the purpose of his motion was to provide a remedy for the anomaly arising out of the Beer Tax, which extorted from the poor man a tax more than twice as great as that which the rich man had to pay. The Chancellor of the Exchequer denied the existence of any such unequal taxation, and opposed the motion. Messrs. Hume, J. Bennett, Ricardo, and Sir John Newport, supported the motion; and Messrs. Woodhouse, Western, and Byng, Col. Wood, and Lord Althorpe, opposed it; and, on a division, the motion was rejected by a majority of 119 to 27.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MAY.

22.—*Edinburgh Deaf and Dumb Institution.*—The foundation-stone of the new building for the Deaf and Dumb Institution was laid this day in Canonmills Park, by one of the senior pupils, in presence of his companions, whose looks bespoke the feelings of their minds, and which would have been a sufficient recompence to the contributors for the building had they but been witnesses of the scene. The building is intended for the accommodation of an hundred children, and the situation is the best that could have been found any where, for the health and comfort of these interesting objects.

JUNE.

5.—Yesterday, pursuant to their sentences at the last Circuit Court of Justiciary, James Wilson (but whose real name was M'Lusky) and John M'Donald were executed in front of the new

jail at Glasgow. Wilson had been thrice whipped in the courts of the jail, by sentences of the Sheriff, and was found guilty of breaking into the house of Mr M'Arthur, York Street, and M'Donald of breaking into the shop of Moses Mosely, jeweller, Candleriggs. M'Donald was born in the Calton, Glasgow, and Wilson, alias M'Lusky, at Lochwinnoch; his parents were from Ireland. The prisoners ascended the drop with great firmness and composure. The Rev. Mr Stuart offered up a prayer, surrounded by several of their friends; and, while the necessary preparations were making, they continued in earnest prayer. They saluted each friend on quitting the scaffold. Wilson requested the executioner to shake hands with him, and saluted him at the same time, while M'Donald desired him to give him plenty of rope, as he was light in body. The signal was

then given, and they were launched into eternity. They both struggled very hard, especially Wilson. The crowd assembled was very great.

Adulterated Tea.—On Friday the 2d instant, at an Excise Court held at Glasgow, G—A— and J. M. D—, agents, George-street, were prosecuted, at the suit of the Crown, “for sending out of their possession 10 lbs. black tea, the same being adulterated and mixed with peat-moss, and for dealing in tea without a license or entry.” The latter charge was not proven to the satisfaction of the Court, but the former was fully substantiated, by the analysis of the tea by Dr Ure, who produced from it a considerable portion of peat-moss, an article which, while it makes the tea *nice and brown*, does the drinker no harm, which is more than can be said of other substances that have been put into tea in China or elsewhere. The defendants pleaded, that they were but little acquainted with the trade, and purchased the tea in question from an itinerant dealer, who had thus imposed upon them. The Court thought otherwise, and awarded a fine of £.20 for the offence—the Excise pleading for the full penalty of £.10 for each lb. of tea seized, but which was not acceded to.

20.—The Beacon Newspaper.—On Wednesday, the 18th instant, there was an appeal before the House of Lords that excited a good deal of curiosity, connected with the late *Beacon* Edinburgh newspaper, and the bond given by Sir W. Rae, the Lord Advocate, Mr Hope, &c. to support said Journal, on certain terms and with specified subscriptions. It will be recollected that Mr Gibson brought an action against Mr D. Stevenson, the printer of the *Beacon*, to recover compensation in damages for a libel on him that had appeared in said newspaper. Mr Gibson afterwards split his action, on account of some formalities, and went into the Jury Court, Edinburgh, against Stevenson, the printer, and obtained a verdict—Damages £.500. Mr Gibson then commenced an action against the bondsmen, Sir W. Rae, &c. as publishers and proprietors of the *Beacon*, and that action is the ground of this appeal. Sir W. Rae, and the other defendants, resisted the proceeding before the Court of Session, but ineffectually: and the case was remitted to the Jury Court, where the defendants were called upon to put in their answer, which they neglected to do. Against an order of this Court to frame issues to be sent to a Jury, Sir W. Rae appealed to the House of Lords, on the ground that Mr Gibson had already ob-

tained a verdict of £.500, and had thus procured redress from his wrong. The Attorney-General supported the appeal, quoting the 55th and 59th of George III., Acts for creating and regulating the Scotch Jury Court, to shew that there was the power of appeal. In this case Mr Gibson had obtained redress; he had appealed to a Jury; he had obtained a verdict for £.500; and he now sought to proceed against other parties, to receive redress for that wrong which a Jury had already remedied. Mr Brougham spoke strongly against the appeal. He did not deny that the Acts which had been quoted gave the power of ultimately appealing against the decisions of the Scotch Jury Court to the House of Lords; but denied that the Acts gave the power of appealing on a case in its progress to the Jury, after the Lords of Session too had warranted the proceeding. Here the case was in its progress to the Jury. Objections of form had been overruled by the Lords of Session. There had been no verdict, and it was on a verdict only that there could at least be an appeal. The case was of vast importance. It was entirely novel in its nature: and if it succeeded, a most dangerous power would be given to those who desired to intercept justice. The Lord Chancellor considered the case of so much importance, that he delayed giving judgment till Friday. On Friday accordingly his Lordship gave judgment. He held that the appeal did not set forth that the second action was brought for the same publication of the same libel—it might be for a different publication of the libel; and, secondly, that the appeal interfered with the progress of the case to a Jury, on the direction of the Judges that the issues should be prepared, whereas the Acts (55 and 59 Geo. III.) only contemplated an appeal against the result of going to the Jury.—Appeal dismissed.

Resignation of a Minister of the Church of Scotland.—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Stirling, on Tuesday the 15th instant, the Rev. William Shirreff, who had for about thirty years officiated as Minister of the parish of St. Ninian's, resigned his clerical charge in the following form:—

“To the Moderator and other Members of the Reverend the Presbytery of Stirling,

GENTLEMEN—In the religious communion, especially when established by civil laws, of Papists, Prelatists, Presbyterians, and Pædo-baptists, the word of God, in fact, is not and cannot be used as the rule and only rule, to a greater or less extent, of the materials, constitution,

government, discipline, doctrine, worship, and obedience of the Church of Christ.

"Wherefore, and for other like causes, I do hereby resign my clerical charge of the parish of St. Ninian's.

"Your acceptance of this, my resignation, will oblige,

"Gentlemen, yours sincerely,

"WM. SHIRREFF."

Violent Outrage near Glasgow.—On Saturday night, the 21st instant, a violent proceeding on the part of the populace took place near Glasgow, which, but for the forbearance of the military, might have had a fatal termination. Mr Harvey, of that city, having resolved to prevent people passing through his lands of West-thon, on the banks of the river, erected a wall of massy stones battled with iron, at the end of which a *chevaux-de frise* was run into the river. To defeat that gentleman's object, an immense crowd assembled, and with pickaxes and gunpowder succeeded in levelling the whole, amidst discharges of guns and pistols. The Sheriff and a detachment of the Enniskillen Dragoons promptly attended, against whom several shots were fired, which the soldiers say contained ball, but which is denied by the people, who assert that the fire-arms were never loaded with ball, but merely used in the way of amusement. A very great proportion of the crowd finding themselves closed in on all hands by the judicious disposition of the military, took to the river, and fortunately none of them were drowned. The Dragoons, although convinced that they had been fired upon, acted with the greatest forbearance, and only one man was in any way injured by them. Forty-three prisoners were brought into town, charged with being concerned in this affair, but after judicial examination on Monday, they were all dismissed except one.

26. *Parricide and Suicide!*—The west end of London has been agitated by a dreadful occurrence. On Monday the 23d instant, at the house of Mr Wynn, Maddox-street, Bond-street, Col. Thomas Grant Griffiths and his family occupied lodgings. His son, Mr Abel Griffiths, was frequently spoken to by his father respecting his expensive mode of living, and domestic feuds arose. Soon after twelve o'clock on Monday, the son came in, and went to his father in the drawing-room; a violent altercation between them was heard, and, after a slight pause, the inmates of the house heard the report of fire-arms! The servants rushed up stairs, and, on bursting into the room, were horror-struck at seeing both father and son stretched weltering in their blood! On raising the Colonel, he breathed his last;

the son had expired on their entrance. There were two small pistols in the room, one on the table, and the other on the floor. Col. Griffiths was about to leave his lodgings, to pay a visit, at the time he was destroyed by his son: he had his umbrella in his hand, and his gloves (white kid) on, when he fell. The fingers of his right hand glove were not soiled, which would have been the case had he fired a pistol; and the handles of the pistols both lay towards the son, shewing that the son must have fired both. The son's fore-finger of the right hand was crooked, and scorched with powder. In the evening, an inquest was held. The room was an entire stream of blood, and a universal thrill of horror ran through the Jury, on beholding this horrid spectacle of father and son deprived of existence. From the evidence adduced, it appeared the latter had for some time led a life of dissipation and extravagance, and had recently been threatened with arrest. On the father refusing to relieve him from his embarrassments, a violent quarrel arose, when, in a moment of frenzy, the son shot his father, and afterwards himself. The inquest was adjourned till next day, when evidence was brought forward to show that the son was in a state of madness; but a verdict was given—*"That T. H. Griffiths was wilfully murdered by his son, Abel Griffiths, at a time when he (the said Abel) was in a sound state of mind, in which he afterwards shot himself."*—The body was ordered to be interred in a cross-road.

Scotch Attainders.—We understand that a petition has been presented to his Majesty, praying for the restoration of the titles of those Peers of Scotland who were attainted in the years 1715 and 1745; and that his Majesty, graciously considering that the families of those Peers have sufficiently suffered under the penalties inflicted on them, arising out of the attachment of a long line of ancestors to the cause of an unfortunate family, has been pleased to signify his will that the titles should be restored. The petition has been referred to his Majesty's Ministers, to be acted upon accordingly.—*London paper.*

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—*June 2.*—James Alexander, previously convicted of an assault upon a female, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment; and William Calderwood, previously convicted of deforcing revenue officers, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and to give surety in £40 for his good conduct for five years.

Violating Sepulchres.—Thomas Stevenson, alias Thomas Hodge, accused of

wickedly and feloniously stealing dead bodies, and, in particular, the dead body of Janet Moir, from the church-yard of Larbert, in Stirlingshire, on the 13th or 14th of March last; and of having been previously convicted, under the name of Hodge, of violating the sepulchres of the dead, pleaded Not Guilty. The evidence was such as to bring home the offence charged to the prisoner; and the Jury, *viva voce*, found the pannel Guilty.—The Court then sentenced him to seven years transportation beyond seas.

June 9.—Rioting and obstructing a Church Presentation.—Hugh M'Donald, Alexander Kennedy, John M'Kenzie, Hugh Mackintosh, and Margaret Kennedy, were charged with mobbing, or riotously and tumultuously assembling, with the purpose of obstructing the execution of a lawful sentence of an ecclesiastical judicatory; as also with assaulting and invading the Rev. Alexander Campbell, lately minister of the parish of Dores; John M'Andrew, solicitor in Inverness; and especially Captain George M'Pherson, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, while in the performance of his official duty; and also with violently and forcibly opposing and resisting the execution of the lawful sentence of the Presbytery of Nairne, by which the Rev. Alexander Campbell was accepted and sustained as the presentee of Lord Cawdor, and appointed to preach in the parish church of Croy on the last Sunday of February, 1823, preliminary to the moderation of his call, which the Presbytery appointed to take place on Thursday the 13th of March thereafter. The prisoners pleaded Not Guilty, except Margaret Kennedy, who acknowledged that she was art and part guilty of mobbing, but not guilty of the assault. After evidence had been examined, the Jury returned a verdict, finding the indictment Not Proven as to M'Donald, and the other four prisoners Guilty of the first and third charges. They unanimously recommended Hugh M'Intosh to the leniency of the Court.—Hugh M'Donald was dismissed *simpliter* from the bar. The Lord Justice Clerk, in pronouncing judgment, admonished the prisoners as to their future conduct, and stated, that though it had ever been the object of this Court to temper justice with mercy, the prisoners, in the present instance, owed the leniency of the punishment about to be awarded for an offence of so aggravated a nature, solely to the timely and humane interference of their respectable pastor. The Court sentenced Hugh Mackintosh to be confined one month, and the other three prisoners two months in the jail of In-

verness. The female prisoner, overcome by the fatigue of the day's proceedings, fainted during the charge of the Lord Justice Clerk, and did not recover her senses before the rising of the Court, when she had to be carried from the bar.

David Morrison and Alexander Wardlaw, who last Monday pleaded Guilty to the charge of rioting and assault, committed in the street of Linlithgow, were brought to the bar. The Lord Justice Clerk, after having stated that the Court had considered all the favourable circumstances of their case, in particular their former good character, and the recommendation of the Public Prosecutor, sentenced them to eight months' imprisonment in Bridewell, to be kept at hard labour at the tread-mill, and to find security in £30 to keep the peace for five years.

June 16.—John Smart and Arthur Mackechnie were found guilty of breaking open the drawers of John Clark, publican, Leith Walk, and with stealing therefrom a variety of articles, wearing apparel, &c. on the 20th of March last; Smart with the aggravation of being habit and repate a common thief. He was sentenced to be imprisoned in Bridewell for eighteen months, subject to the strict discipline of the place.

June 30.—This day Alexander Martin, from Aberdeenshire, was tried for the crime of rape, or assault with intent to commit rape, on the person of Christian Moir, a deaf and dumb woman. Martin had been indicted for trial at the Circuit, but, from the very peculiar nature of the case, the trial was removed to Edinburgh. The pannel having pleaded Not Guilty, the Court allowed the Prosecutor a proof of the mental capacity of the dumb woman, before adducing her as a witness. Mr Taylor, teacher at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Aberdeen, communicated an interesting account of the manner of teaching words, and communicating abstract ideas to deaf and dumb persons. Christian Moir had been under his instructions for a short time; she could distinctly convey to him her belief of the existence of a Supreme Being, and of a future state of rewards and punishments. He was of opinion that she was capable of comprehending the distinction between truth and falsehood, and the nature and obligations of an oath. Other persons who resided in her neighbourhood corroborated Mr Taylor's testimony. The Court, in consequence, allowed her to be examined as a witness. Mr Taylor administered an oath to her, and stated, that she fully comprehended its nature and import. She communicated, through Mr Taylor, various particulars in reference to

the present case, and stated that she had been grossly assaulted by a man near the wood of Woodland. She described him as dressed in a sailor's jacket; and on being asked the colour of his clothes, she pointed to one of the officers of Court, who wore a blue coat. She could not, however, identify the pannel as the person who assaulted her, nor would she hazard an opinion on the subject. The Prosecutor having declined to call farther evidence, the Jury immediately returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*, and the pannel was dismissed from the bar. It is but justice to Mr Taylor to state, that the Court, and the Counsel on both sides, were fully satisfied of the accuracy and fidelity with which he interpreted the witness's meaning, and complimented him on the ability and intelligence displayed in conducting her examination.

JULY.

1.—*Edinburgh Academy*.—Yesterday, Monday 30th June, the foundation stone of the Edinburgh Academy was laid by the Directors, in the park fenced by them from the Governors of George Heriot's Hospital. In a cavity in the stone there was deposited a plate of copper, on which was engraved the following inscription:—

One one side,
UT NUMERO PARENTUM
IN URBE EDINBURGO IN DIES CRE-
SCENTI ET
AMPLIOREM QUAM QUI SUPPETEBAT
LOCUM
UBI ÆTAS PUERILIS
AD HUMANITATEM INFORMARI POSSET
JAMDIU EFFLACITANTI
CONSULERETUR
HANC ÆDEM
DOCILI JUVENTÆ SACRATAM
QUIDAM CIVIS
PECUNIA COLLATA
EXTRUENDAM CURAVERUNT
ET
PRIMUM LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
PRID. KAL. JUL.
MDCCCXXIII.

On the other side were the
NAMES OF THE FIRST DIRECTORS
OF THE
EDINBURGH ACADEMY,
BY WHOM
THE FOUNDATION STONE
OF THIS BUILDING WAS LAID
ON
MONDAY THE 30th DAY OF JUNE,
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
1823,
AND IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE
REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY,
KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Directors.

ROBERT DUNDAS, OF ARNISTON, ESQ.
PRESIDENT.

James Skene of Rubislaw, Esq.
William Wood, Esq. Surgeon.
Thomas Kinnear, Esq. Banker, Treasurer.
Sir John Hay, of Smithfield and Hayston, Bart.
John Russell, Esq. Clerk to the Signet, Secretary.
Colin Mackenzie, of Portmure, Esq.
Henry Cockburn, Esq. Advocate.
Alexander Woolf, Esq. Advocate.
Sir Robert Dundas of Breechwood, Baronet.
Leonard Horner, Esq. Merchant.
Alexander Irving, Esq. Professor of Civil Law.
Richard Mackenzie, Esq. Clerk to the Signet.
Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Bart.
Roger Aytoun, Esq. Clerk to the Signet.
William Burn, Esq. Architect.

There were also deposited three bottles, containing a list of the Contributors, the minutes and report of the Town Council, and the report of the Committee, and other proceedings relating to the establishment of the Academy; also various plans and maps of the city of Edinburgh, with returns of the population at different periods; the whole affording a complete view of the rise and progress of the city, both in extent and population.

We congratulate the public on the actual commencement of this Institution, from which the country at large, and particularly this metropolis, will derive so much benefit; and, as we understand the building is to be begun immediately, we have no doubt that the Directors will be able to perform their pledge to the public, of having it completed and ready for the reception of scholars on the 1st Oct. 1824.

5.—*Pedestrianism*.—Powell's match to York and back, 394 miles in five days and thirteen hours, has been outrivalled by Mark Hawkins, the Lancashire man, who completed his task of 400 miles in five days and twelve hours, at half past eleven o'clock on Thursday morning the 26th ult. His progress up to Sunday night, the second day, has been stated at 152 miles. He went thirteen miles to breakfast on Monday morning, and at two o'clock had reached the 200 mile stone in sixty-two hours, in good health, and returned back to Chirk to refresh, and arrived 165 miles from London to sleep. On the fourth day he felt much inconvenience from blisters on the feet, which was relieved by introducing worsted through the blisters. He did 65 miles only this day, leaving himself the remaining distance at tolerably easy work. On the fifth day he arrived three miles from Oxford at nine o'clock in the evening. He had 34 miles to perform, and appeared somewhat distressed; his stoppages were short, and he travelled but four miles and less each hour. He passed Gerrard's Cross at six o'clock, and did the match in half an hour within time, and it is the greatest pedestrian match on record.

Captain Swan has failed in his match to walk 600 miles in ten days, in Oxfordshire. He fell lame on the 9th day, and on the 10th was obliged to give up, when he had finished 571 miles.

Wright, the old veteran, completed his most Herculean and unequalled task of walking 2000 miles in forty successive days, on Wednesday night the 2d instant, at a quarter past eleven o'clock, being four hours and forty-five minutes within time, to the surprise of all who witnessed his steady and resolute perseverance during the whole of the above most arduous undertaking, having walked 56 miles each day for the first twenty days, from the Crown and Barley Mow, Gray's Inn Lane, London, by a circuitous road to Cambridge, and back, alternately leaving forty-four miles each day for the next twenty, which he walked on the St Alban's road, and returning to the above inn every evening. He appeared very much worn out, but his spirits never failed him.

12.—*Right to carry the Scottish Crown.*—Tuesday the 8th instant, the Lords of the Council assembled at the Council Office, Whitehall, to deliberate on the appeal of Lord Douglas against the Duke of Hamilton being entitled to carry the King's Crown, by virtue of the title of the Earl of Angus. The meeting was attended by the same Privy Councillors as at the former meetings. Their Lordships, after a considerable deliberation, concluded with determining to make their report to the King in Council, as is customary on all such appeals, as a Committee of the Lords of the Council cannot make any determination without the presence of the King to constitute a Council.—We understand, however, that their Lordships have agreed to report that Lord Douglas, of Douglas, the claimant of the honours and privileges, has not made out his claim.—*London Paper.*

COURT OF SESSION.—Some time since, an action was brought in this Court by Fox Maule, Esq. against his father, the Hon. W. Maule, of Panmure, for an addition to the annual income allowed him by his said father, which was only £100 per annum. Upon advising the pleadings in this case, the Lords ordered the case for the pursuer and defender to be stated in memorials for each party, and to be boxed in April last. This was done accordingly; and on Wednesday the cause came in the ordinary course of the rolls to be advised, when the Judges severally delivered their opinions, and pronounced an unanimous judgment, finding that the present sum

of £100 per annum, allowed by the honourable defender, was inadequate for the support of his son in that rank to which his birth and prospects entitled him; and the Court ordained the honourable defender to give in a condescendence of the amount of his income, that a suitable aliment may be awarded to the pursuer. Last week, the honourable defender gave in his condescendence, in terms of their Lordships' order; and on Wednesday the 9th instant, the Judges finally decided this cause, by awarding to the pursuer an aliment of £800 per annum.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—*Culpable homicide.*—Robert Sumers, late servant with Mr James Sutherland, coal-merchant, Leith, was this day brought to the bar, accused of culpable homicide, in having driven a loaded cart, on which he was riding, against William Sime, lute collector of the customs at the Watergate, Canongate, whereby he was killed on the spot. To the usual question, by the Lord Justice Clerk, "Are you, or are you not guilty?" the prisoner said—"No, my Lord; I do not think I am guilty of this crime." The Jury having been chosen, the prisoner was again interrogated in their presence, when he replied—"The cart which I drove was the cause of this man's death." The Jury found him Guilty in terms of his own confession.

Mr Hope Cullen addressed the Court in mitigation of punishment, stating that the prisoner was a person who bore a good character, and was of particularly quiet and gentle habits. He read a letter from the Rev. Mr Brown, minister of Channellkirk, addressed to the agent for the prisoner, giving him a very high character. Lord Gillies, in moving the judgment of the Court, said, that the practice of carters riding on their carts, and driving negligently through such a populous city as Edinburgh, where there were so many children always on the streets, was a very serious crime. He was sorry to observe, that the punishments inflicted by the Magistrates in the Police Court were inadequate to repress the offence; these punishments he was disposed to consider as nothing but a mere farce. He observed, in some of the papers, a report of a conviction of a carter for crushing a child through negligence, whereby its life was endangered, and for which offence he was only fined in the paltry sum of 10s. The Lord Justice Clerk concurred with Lord Gillies in thinking that the punishments awarded by the Police Magistrates were not likely to remedy the evil. This was an offence which could be visited with the last punishment of the law short

of death; but in respect to the former good conduct of the pannel, and particularly to the certificate of the good character given him in Mr Brown's letter, the Court was, in the present case, disposed to award a more lenient punishment. Sentence of nine months' imprisonment was then passed upon the pannel, who appeared to feel much for his situation.

13.—*High Court of Admiralty, Edinburgh.*—Yesterday the Court met in the Court-Room of the First Division of the Court of Session, when James Menzies was placed at the Bar, charged with being concerned in sinking the brigantine Friends, with intent to defraud the Underwriters. It will be recollected that John McDougall was tried for the same offence on the 11th of May 1821, found guilty, and transported for life: the present prisoner was then outlawed for non-appearance. The criminal letters against him having been read, he pleaded Not Guilty. Mr Menzies, for the prisoner, in an elaborate speech, objected to the relevancy of the Criminal Letters on various points; on concluding, the Solicitor-General rose and stated, that he had not wished to interrupt the argument of his Learned Friend, nor should he trouble the Court, or consume the valuable time of the gentlemen summoned on the Jury, in replying to it, as, from the absence of a material witness, (Daniel Bannatyne) he could not proceed to trial. The crime with which the prisoner was charged was one of the greatest importance in a commercial country, and it was with great reluctance that he gave up the case. The prisoner was dismissed from the bar.

IRELAND.—Protestant Commemoration.—The Mayor of the city of Cork wrote a letter to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland lately, apprising the Government of the judicious and laudable resolve of the Corporation, to discontinue the public exhibitions of those political emblems on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, which had been lately productive of so much disquiet; to which letter his Excellency returned the following reply:—

“WELLESLEY,

“I entirely approve of the prudent and discreet conduct of the Mayor and Common Council of the city of Cork, on an occasion so interesting to the good order and peace of that city.

“The principal objects of his Majesty's Government are the tranquillity and reciprocal good-will of all his Majesty's loyal subjects. On this foundation alone can the happiness and prosperity of Ireland be established; and it is truly satisfactory to me to receive this testimony of so respectable a body, in addition to the most judicious and laudable conduct of their fellow-countrymen in the city of Dublin.

W.

“HENRY BAGNELL, Esq.
Mayor of Cork.”

It appears by the Dublin papers of Saturday, that the 12th of July passed off without any breach of the peace. The statue was not allowed to be decorated. It was expected that the day would pass off with equal quiet throughout the country.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

L. ECCLESIASTICAL.

May 10. Mr Joseph Somerville, Preacher, was unanimously elected by the patrons of the Chapel of Ease in St John's Parish, Glasgow, to be their Minister.

28. Mr Wm. McDougall was ordained Minister of the Relief Congregation, Campbellton.

June 7. The Curators of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch have appointed the Rev. Mr Cochran, North Shields, to the Church and Parish of Hawick.

11. The Rev. Francis Muir was ordained Minister of the newly-formed Relief Congregation of North Leith.

18. The Presbytery of Auchterarder met in Ardchapel, for the purpose of moderating in a hall at large, for a Pastor to supply the vacancy in said Chapel. The choice of the Congregation fell on the Rev. John McFarlane, of the Presbytery of Edinburgh.

23. Macleod of Macleod has presented the Rev. Roderick Macleod to the Church and Parish of Rumbaldie, in the Isle of Skye.

30. The Rev. Andrew Bullock, Minister of Alva,

has been presented to the pastoral charge of the Parish of Tullyallan, in the Presbytery of Dumblane.

—The Rev. William Lyon of Glamis, was elected Minister of the Union Chapel of Ease, Aberdeen.

—Mr Hugh McKenzie, Minister at Ardenaig, Perthshire, was unanimously elected Minister of the Gaelic Chapel of Ease of Aberdeen.

II. MILITARY.

Major George Aubray, h. p. Independents, Lieut. Col. in the Army

1 Jan. 1798.

Capt. Fawcett, 1 Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army

19 July 1823.

5 Dr. Gds. Lt. Maj. Storey, Maj. by purch. vice Martin, prom.

12 June.

Lieut. Meham, from h. p. 19 Dr. Lieut. vice Willey, exch. rec. diff.

19 do.

—Mercer, Capt. by purch.

12 do.

Cornet Burnsby, Lieut. by purch.

do.

—Chalmers, from h. p. 19 F. Cornet by purch.

do.

- 7 Dr. G. Ens. Lawrence, from h. p. 55 F. Paymaster Perry, return to h. p. of 25 Dr. 19 June 1823.
 Lieut. Chalmers, Capt. by purch. vice E. Power, ret. 29 May.
 Cornet Bowen, Lieut. by purch. do. F. Dunne, Cornet by purch. do.
 3 Dr. Surg. Walker, from 30 F. Surg. vice French, 34 F. do.
 6 E. J. Hickman, Cornet, (Riding-Mast.) 22 do.
 8 Cornet Robinson, Lieut. by purch. vice Young, ret. 5 June.
 S. Poole, Cornet by purch. do.
 9 Lieut. Greenwood, Capt. by purch. vice Lord G. Lennox, prom. Cape Corps do.
 Cornet Musgrave, Lieut. by purch. do. R. F. Shawe, Cornet by purch. do.
 10 Cornet Wood, Lieut. by purch. vice Earl of Wiltshire, 35 F. 12 do.
 E. B. Beaumont, Cornet by purch. do.
 13 A. T. Cockburn, Cornet vice Ellis, prom. 22 May.
 Capt. Bowers, Maj. by purch. vice Macalister, ret. 5 June.
 Lieut. Tomlinson, Capt. by purch. do.
 Cornet Nash, Lieut. by purch. do.
 ——— Evered, from h. p. 12 Dr. Cornet by purch. vice St. John, prom. Cape Corps 4 do.
 J. G. Ogilvie, Cornet by purch. vice Nash 5 do.
 Col. F. G. E. D. Wigram, Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Serjeantson, prom. 29 May.
 3 F. Gds. Ens. and Lieut. Montagu, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Hesketh, ret. 12 June.
 Ens. Clayton, late of 36 F. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Montagu, prom. 19 do.
 12 F. Lieut. Cruise, Capt. by purch. vice Bertridge, ret. do.
 Ens. Borthwick, Lieut. do.
 Edgar Bayly, Ens. do.
 18 Ens. Forbes, Lieut. by purch. vice Senior, prom. 22 May.
 C. S. Knyvett, Ens. by purch. do.
 22 A. Dunbar, Ens. by purch. vice Ogle, 4 Dr. Gds. 15 do.
 J. F. Mills, Ens. by purch. vice Majendie, 89 F. 16 do.
 27 Ens. Mitchell, from 57 F. Ens. vice Wallace, h. p. 22 Dr. 12 June.
 30 Lieut. Gen. Montgomerie, from 74 F. Col. vice Gen. Manners, dead 13 do.
 31 Bt. Maj. Nicolls, Maj. by purch. vice Fearon, prom. 24 April.
 Lieut. Farrington, Capt. by purch. do.
 Ens. Ward, Lieut. by purch. do.
 J. Foskett, Ens. by purch. do.
 34 Surg. French, from 3 Dr. Surg. vice Allardyce, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. 29 May.
 35 Lieut. J. Earl of Wiltshire, from 10 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Edgeworth, ret. 12 June.
 39 Surg. Waring, from h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. Surg. vice Walker, 3 Dr. 29 May.
 42 A. L. McLeod, Ens. vice N. L. McLeod, cancelled 12 Dec. 1822.
 49 Lieut. Col. Daniell, Insp. Field Officer of Rec. Dist. vice Lieut. Col. Breton, each. 19 June 1823.
 Ens. Hill, from 52 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Maxwell, prom. 12 do.
 51 Lieut. St. Maur, Capt. by purch. vice Storer, ret. 29 May.
 Ens. Timson, Lieut. by purch. do.
 W. Gordon, Ens. by purch. 12 June.
 52 Lieut. Love, Adj. vice Monins, res. Adj. only 29 May.
 Ens. Baldwin, from h. p. 90 F. Ens. by purch. vice Hill, 49 F. 12 June.
 53 Lieut. Goodall, Adj. vice Mackay, res. Adj. only do.
 57 Cornet Lord A. Conyngham, from h. p. 22 Dr. Ens. vice Mitchell, 27 F. do.
 59 Capt. Graham, Maj. vice Halford, dead 22 May.
 Lieut. Manners, Capt. do.
 Ens. Macdonald, Lieut. do.
 61 F. Bt. Maj. Annesley, Maj. by purch. vice Fane, prom. 12 June 1823.
 66 Capt. Hamill, from 2 W. L. R. Capt. vice L'Estrange, each. 19 do.
 74 Lieut. Gen. Hon. Sir C. Colville, C.C.B. & G.C.H. Col. vice Lieut. Gen. Montgomerie, 30 F. 13 do.
 75 Lieut. Marshall, from h. p. 7 F. Lieut. vice Rowe, each. rec. diff. 19 do.
 77 2d Lieut. Kellert, from Rifle Brig. Ens. vice Ramsden, each. do.
 89 Ens. Majendie, from 22 F. Lieut. by purch. vice McCrehan, ret. 15 May.
 94 Paymast. Heartsack, from h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Paymast. vice Fairfowl, dead 12 June.
 Rifle Brig. Ens. Ramsden, from 77 F. 2d Lieut. vice Kellert, each. 29 do.
 1 W. L. R. Lieut. Robinson, from 8 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Brooke, prom. in Cape Corps do.
 2 Capt. L'Estrange, from 66 F. Capt. vice Hamilton, each. do.
 Ceylon R. Bt. Lieut. Col. Churehill, from 18 F. Capt. vice Bolton, cancelled 22 May.
 Cape C. Cav. Lieut. G. H. Earl of Belfast, from 7 Dr. Capt. by purch. 25 March.
 Inf. Bt. Maj. Brooke, from 1 W. L. R. Maj. by purch. vice Lord G. Lennox, prom. 12 June.
 R.A.Col.C. Lieut. Jobling, from h. p. 104 F. Lieut. and Adj. vice Binns, dead 5 do.
 Lieut. Swamy, } to have permanent Rank of Ens. from 1 April 1827.
 ——— Jackson, }
 ——— Mollan, }
 ——— Mends, }
 1 Vet. Bn. ——— Mayes, from h. p. 10 F. Lieut. vice Fothergill, ret. list. 29 May 1823.
 2 Ens. Mair, Quart. Mast. vice Crombie, Ens. 13 Feb.
 3 Lieut. Pilkington, from h. p. 3 W. L. R. Lieut. vice Collins, ret. list. 29 May.

Unattached.

- Lieut. Lord Fra. Conynghame, from 17 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Maj. Hon. Robert Gardner, Royal Art. 12 May.
 Major Lord G. Lennox, from Cape Corps, Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purch. vice Col. Francklin of Royal Art. ret. 12 June.
 ——— Fane, from 61 F. Lieut. Col. of Infantry, by purch. vice Col. Griffiths of Royal Art. ret. do.
 ——— Oakes, from 1 Life Gds. Lieut. Col. of Infantry, by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Buckner of Royal Art. ret. do.
 ——— Martin, from 3 Dr. Gds. Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purch. vice Maj. Gen. Lord Muskerrey of 36 F. ret. do.

Medical Department.

- Assist. Surg. Finlayson, from 8 Dr. Supern. Assist. Surg. in the East Indies, vice Campbell, 30 F. 19 June.
 James Young, Hospital Assist. to the Forces, vice Donaldson, dead do.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

- 2d Capt. and Bt. Maj. Bereton, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Josiah Grant, h. p. 4 June.
 Major & Bt. Lieut. Col. Fraser, Lieut. Col. vice Col. Francklin, ret. 12 do.
 ——— Vivion, Lieut. Col. vice Col. Griffiths, ret. do.
 ——— Paym, Lieut. Col. vice Lieut. Col. Buckner, ret. do.
 Capt. & Bt. Lieut. Col. Breden, Major vice Fraser, do.
 ——— J. Power, Major, vice Vivion do.
 ——— F. Power, Major, vice Pym do.
 ——— W. Power, from h. p. do.
 Capt. James Grant, from h. p. Capt. t. vice Power do.
 1st Lieut. Cubitt, 2d Capt. do.
 ——— Rawnsley, 2d Capt. do.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Assist. Surg. Twining, Super Assist. Surg.
in India, vice Mount, 13 F. 12 June 1823.
Hosp. Assist. Walsh, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice
Simons, conc. 29 do.
Brown, from h. p. Hosp. Assist.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Allan, from 1 W.L.R. with Major
Capadose, h. p. 56 F.
Major Norcliffe, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. between
Inf. and Cav. with Major Lunard, h. p. 18 Dr.
Capt. Macnamara, from 1 W.L.R. with Bt. Maj.
Brooke, h. p. 58 F.
Ferguson, from 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt.
Lord Loughborough, h. p. 20 F.
Jones, from 52 F. with Capt. Douglas, h. p.
Place, from 65 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Cane,
h. p. 3 Gar. Bn.
Craddock, from 81 F. with Capt. Montagu,
h. p. 64 F.
Earl of Belfast, from Cape Corps, (Cav.)
with Capt. Cox, h. p. 1 Dr.
Earl of Yarmouth, from Cape Corps, with
Capt. Taylor, h. p. 22 Dr.
Lieut. Clarke, from 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Lt. Hon. C. Westcra, h. p. 8 Dr.
Smith, from 4 Dr. with Lieut. Sir K. A.
Jackson, Bt. 14 Dr.
Lieut. Callaghan, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Scott, h. p.
Carnie, from 6 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mac-
lean, h. p. 95 F.
Fraser, from 7 F. with Lieut. Stuart, 46 F.
Marshall, from 10 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Majendie, h. p. 89 F.
Kent, from 14 F. with Lieut. Crawford, h.
p. 60 F.
Everett, from 27 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Vandeleur, h. p. 85 F.
Monroe, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Harrison, h. p. 65 F.
French, from 63 F. with Lieut. Conroy, h.
p. 38 F.
Macdonald, from 89 F. with Lieut. Macleod,
h. p. 1 W.L.R.
Ensign Black, from 68 F. rec. diff. with Ensign
Cogan, h. p. 19 F.
Warden, from 62 F. with Ensign Calde-
well, h. p.
Asst. Surg. Hickman, from Royal Horse Gds. with
Asst. Surg. Bett, h. p. 98 F.
Thomson, from 86 F. with Asst.
Surg. Hendrick, h. p. 12 F.

Resignations and Retirements:

Major Gen. Lord Muskerry, 38 F.
Colonel Franklin, Royal Art.
Griffiths, do.
Lieut. Col. Buckner, do.
Major E. Power, 7 Dr. Gds.
Maclean, 13 Dr.
Hesketh, 3 F. Gds.
Edgeworth, 35 F.
Capt. Storer, 51 F.
Rycroft, West Kent Militia.
Lieut. Young, 8 Dr.
Adjutant Clerk, West Middlesex Militia.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Bolton, from h. p. 14 F. to Ceylon Corps.
Hosp. Assist. Simons, from half to full pay.

Dismissed.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Blackadder.
Fauquier.

Removed,

(But allowed to receive the Regulated value of his
Commission.)

Brevet Major Edgeworth, 35 F.

Discharged,

(But allowed to receive the regulated value of his
Commission.)

Brevet Major Wilder, 35 F.

Deaths.

General Manners, Col. 30 F. 9 June 1823.
Major Gen. Latham, late of 7 Dr. Gds. Dublin
9 April.
Colonel Sir W. Smith, Bt. West Essex Militia
Lieut. Col. Stopford, h. p. 60 F. Pim 13 May.
Capt. Adamson, ret. list, 1 Vet. Bn. Vaughtall Road
15 May.
Raleigh, h. p. 20 F. 9 Feb.
Chapman, West Kent Militia
Lieut. Gilbert, 20 F.
Colabah, Bombay 17 Jan.
Vickers, h. p. 3 F. 9 May.
Miller, h. p. 5 F. near Thurso 27 do.
Harding, h. p. 24 F. 30 Oct. 1822.
Brierly, h. p. 37 F. Oldham 28 April 1823.
M'Adam, h. p. 58 F. Maybole 26 Feb.
Coffin Campbell, h. p. 74 F. Halifax, Nova
Scotia 19 April.
Wirth, h. p. Brunswick Infantry, Brun-
swick 15 do.
Agostini, h. p. Corsican Rangers, Corsica
do.
Cornet Clarke, h. p. 25 Dr. 17 Aug. 1822.
Ensign Vanderee, 30 F. Secunabad, Madras
18 Dec.
Watt, Cape Corps, Graham's Town, Cape
of Good Hope 18 March 1823.
M'Phail, ret. list, 10 Vet. Bn. London
19 June.
O'Hara, h. p. 55 F. O'Hara Brook, County
of Antrim 23 Jan.
Paymast. Capt. Bidolph, 25 F. Southampton
26 April.
Heacock, 77 F. Edinburgh 30 May.
Quart. Mast. Scott, h. p. 21 Dr. 9 April.
Wingate, h. p. Lothian Fenc. Cav.
do.
Browne, h. p. Fraser's Fenc. Inf.
4 June.
Chaplain Nixon, h. p. 103 F. Dublin 22 March.
Surgeon Little, h. p. 36 F.
Asst. Surg. Dr. Burke, h. p. 37 F. Ireland
March.
Hosp. Assist. Sutherland, Fort George, North
Britain 4 June.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
June 1	M. 41	29.939	M. 61	W.	Foren. suns.	May 16	M. 38	29.998	M. 61	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 53	.570	A. 58		aftern. dull.		A. 54	.999	A. 61		suns. day.
	M. 41	.204	M. 58		Foren. sh.		M. 37	.999	M. 63		Cold morn.
	A. 51	.204	A. 56	W.	aftern. fair.		A. 54	30.102	A. 60	Cble.	day warm.
	M. 38	.138	M. 58		Heavy shs.		M. 42	.132	M. 60		Dull foren.
	A. 50	28.999	A. 58		rain.		A. 51	.136	A. 58		aft. warm.
	M. 37	.938	M. 58	W.	Dull, with		M. 38	.101	M. 59	E.	Dull and
	A. 51	.938	A. 59		shs. rain.		A. 50	29.999	A. 57		cold.
	M. 39	.937	M. 57		Dull, with		M. 40	.990	M. 55		Dull foren.
	A. 52	29.202	A. 55	W.	heavy sh.		A. 50	.910	A. 55	E.	suns. after.
	M. 40	.464	M. 58		Changeable,		M. 41	.938	M. 55		Dull and
	A. 53	.307	A. 59		with rain.		A. 49	.902	A. 55		cold.
	M. 40	.269	M. 59	SW.	Cold, and		M. 39	.996	M. 57	NE.	Foren. cold,
	A. 53	.382	A. 59		shs. rain.		A. 49	.985	A. 55		aftern. mild.
	M. 44	.512	M. 60		Changeable,		M. 39	.901	M. 59		Foren. sun-
	A. 55	.416	A. 56	NW.	with h. shs.		A. 50	.732	A. 59	Cble.	dull aftern.
	M. 42	.552	M. 60		Dull foren.		M. 41	.588	M. 58		Rain morn.
	A. 53	.624	A. 58		warm aftern.		A. 55	.576	A. 56		dull day.
	M. 39	.769	M. 55	Cble.	Rain foren.		M. 40	.270	M. 58	W.	Dull, heavy
	A. 49	.851	A. 58		warm aftern.		A. 51	.255	A. 57		sh. hail.
	M. 42	.755	M. 61		Dull, but		M. 35	.247	M. 57		Suns. and
	A. 57	.750	A. 60	W.	fair.		A. 49	.247	A. 60	W.	fair.
	M. 46	.705	M. 61		Dull, rain		M. 38	.250	M. 59		Th. & light
	A. 57	.722	A. 62		morning.		A. 51	.131	A. 58		foren. rain.
	M. 50	.902	M. 65	Cble.	Dull, but		M. 39	28.999	M. 58	E.	Dull, fair,
	A. 61	.574	A. 60		fair.		A. 35	29.205	A. 62		with thund.
	M. 42	.650	M. 60		Dull morn.		M. 43	.390	M. 63		Warm and
	A. 52	.605	A. 59	NW.	suns. aft.		A. 57	.568	A. 62	E.	dull, with sh.
	M. 38	.750	M. 59		Morn. cold,		M. 43	.728	M. 62		Changeable,
	A. 50	.950	A. 56		day suns.		A. 58	.685	A. 58		warm.

Average of Rain, .950 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE mean temperature, for the two last weeks in June, by observations taken at Ten morning and evening, in the central district of Scotland, was 54°, and for what is past of the present month, 57° Fahrenheit. The depth of rain since our last amounts to 2½ inches, the greater part of which has fallen within the two past weeks. Before the 28th of June, the soil was rather dry, and the temperature at night was frequently very low, the mercury in the thermometer often falling as low as 40°. Since that period, the temperature has become more elevated, and, from the regular and copious supply of moisture, the crop are, on all dry lands, luxuriant, compared with the two past seasons.

Fallow wheat came in the ear about the end of June; what was sown after potatoes, beans, or clover, being somewhat later, is just coming in flower, and the blossom may suffer from the late washing rains, by their destroying the fecundating farina. In many instances, we observe the ear is rather small, and the foliage yellow, but the general appearance indicates a fair crop. Oats promise well, and barley has a flattering appearance. Some fields that were early sown has the barley coming in the ear; but every species of grain seems to be about sixteen days later than last year; and the present dropping weather, though favourable to producing lengthened culm, has no tendency to forward the maturation of the crop. Beans and pease have improved considerably since the rains commenced, and will be more bulky than was expected. Potatoes shew vigorous stems, and turnips have given a fair and regular beard. Hay harvest commenced in the early districts about the beginning of the month, but in later situations a great breadth still remains to be cut. The English crop will exceed that of either of the two past seasons; but, from

- pureness of plants being in many places destroyed by the winter snows, it
 55 Lieut. Gordon's Adj. only reach an ordinary average weight.
 47 Cornet Lord A. continued almost stationary since our last. The demand for
 59 Capt. Graham, Maj. ask, but in lean stock there has been no advance in price.
 59 Lieut. Manners, Capt. per fairs. Prices of bark delivered at the tan-yard
 Ens. Macdonald, Lieut. Dutch weight. In Stirlingshire, 2s. per stone has

Perthshire, 11th July 1823.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck.	1823.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal					
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.				
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	d.	d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.				
June 18	516	25 0	33 0	29 1	20 0	24 0	17 6	22 0	17 0	18 0	8	8	June 17	424	1 5	71	1 2
25	441	25 0	33 3	29 11	25 0	27 0	17 6	25 0	17 0	19 1	8	8	24	424	1 5	67	1 2
July 7	670	25 6	33 6	30 0	25 0	27 0	17 6	22 0	16 0	18 6	8	8	July 1	307	1 5	57	1 2
9	624	25 6	33 0	29 11	25 0	27 0	20 0	24 0	17 6	19 6	8	8	8	433	1 5	87	1 2

Glasgow.

1825.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 204 lbs.				Barley, 320 lbs.				Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.					
	Dumtine.	For. red.	British.	Irish.		British.		English.		Scots.					Stirl. Meas.				
	s.	s.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.				
June 19	30	—	—	28 0	31 0	16 0	20 6	19 0	23 0	—	—	23 0	25 0	19 0	21 0	18 6	21 0	50	50 6
25	—	—	—	26 0	30 0	16 6	20 0	17 0	22 9	—	—	23 0	25 0	19 0	20 0	18 6	20 0	50	50 6
July 3	—	—	—	26 0	30 0	16 6	20 0	17 0	22 0	26 0	28 0	23 0	23 0	19 0	20 0	18 6	20 0	50	50 6
10	—	—	—	26 0	30 0	16 0	19 6	17 0	22 0	25 0	28 0	23 0	23 0	18 6	20 0	18 6	20 0	48	49 0

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat.						Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1823.	Oatmeal.										
	Boils.	Prices.		Av. pr.	s. d. s. d.							s. d. s. d.			Per Boil.	Pr. Peck						
		s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.						s. d.	s. d.	s. d.								
June 20	540	25	6	31	6	28	6	27	0	31	0	17	0	22	3	June 16	18	0	19	6	1	3
27	535	26	6	32	0	29	8	25	6	28	0	19	6	24	0	23	18	0	19	9	1	3
July 4	485	26	6	31	6	29	2	24	6	28	0	18	6	23	6	15	19	6	15	0	19	6
11	511	25	0	31	0	28	10	25	0	28	6	18	0	22	6	16	19	6	16	0	19	6

Dalkith.

London.

1823.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	
June 16	41 65	34 57	27 35	20 28	23 29	32 36	28 33	40 42	37 36	55 60	46 54	— 9
25	44 66	34 57	27 35	20 28	23 29	32 36	28 33	40 43	37 40	53 60	46 54	— 9
30	44 66	34 57	27 35	21 29	24 30	32 36	28 33	40 43	37 40	53 60	46 54	— 9
July 7	44 66	33 36	27 35	20 28	23 26	32 36	28 33	40 43	37 40	55 60	46 54	— 9

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
June 17	4 6 9 6	3 0 3 3	4 0 4 8	27 29	34 38	27 48	42 47	40 40	29 30	27 33	27 33
24	4 6 9 3	3 0 3 3	4 0 4 8	—	32 36	27 48	40 45	40 45	26 32	28 30	24 27
July 1	4 6 9 6	3 0 3 4	4 0 4 8	28 33	32 36	27 50	40 46	38 44	29 19	27 30	24 29
8	4 6 9 3	3 0 3 3	4 0 4 8	27 33	32 36	27 50	40 45	38 43	29 29	26 27	26 28

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
June 7	61 7	57 6	54 3	27 1	54 11	57 1	—
19	62 5	56 6	53 9	26 10	55 5	57 2	—
21	61 10	57 5	53 0	25 8	54 1	57 10	—
28	60 2	56 10	54 4	25 3	53 2	56 11	—

Course of Exchange, London, July 15.—Amsterdam, 12: 11. Ditto at sight, 12: 8. Rotterdam, 12: 12. Antwerp, 12: 10. Hamburgh, 38: 4. Altona, 38: 5. Paris, 3 days sight, 25: 90. Bourdeaux, 26: 10. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 160. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 50. Dublin, 9½ ½ cent. Cork 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0.0.0.0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3.17.6.—New Doubloons, £3.15.0.—New Dollars, £0.4.9.—Silver in bars, Standard, £0.4.11.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. a 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. a 30s.—Belfast, 25s. a 30s.—Hambro', 20s. a 50s.—Madeira, 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. a 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from June 18th to July 9th 1823.

	June 18.	June 25.	July 2.	July 9.
Bank Stock.....	219½	—	222	—
3 ½ cent. reduced	80½	80½	81½	82½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	—	—	—	81½
3½ ½ cent. do.	93	93	94½	94½
4 ½ cent. do.	98	98	99	99½
Ditto New do.	—	—	—	100½
India Stock.....	—	—	—	251½
— Bonds.....	42	39	—	47
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	22	19	23	28
Consols for account.....	81½	81½	82½	83½
French 5 ½ cents.....	88 fr. 25 c.	—	88 fr. 75 c.	89 fr. 80 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of May and the 20th of June 1823: extracted from the London Gazette.

Annett, T. Liverpool, stone-merchant.
 Askell, J. Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, dealer in cattle.
 Auckland, C. Beauvoir-town wharf, Kingsland-road, builder.
 Ball, H. M. Shakespeare's-walk, Shadwell, auctioneer.
 Banks, J. Leeds, flax-spinner.
 Bell, J. late of Guernsey, merchant.
 Bell, W. and J. G. Harris, Bridge-street, Westminster, haberdashers.
 Buck, J. Goldsmith-row, Hackney-road, carpenter.
 Buckle, J. Searah-mill, Yorkshire, miller.
 Burditt, T. North Brewham, Somersetshire, coal-merchant.
 Burton, H. Thayer-street, Manchester-square, auctioneer.
 Cave, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.
 Clubbe, T. Chester, brewer.
 Cole, J. Wolverhampton, currier.
 Corney, J. Beauchamps, Essex, shopkeeper.
 Corby, J. Kingsland-road, carpenter.
 Cornwall, W. Trinity-place, Charing-cross, leather-breeches-maker.
 Coster, W. Mount-street, Hanover-square, brick-layer.
 Cowie, J. George-street, Mansion-house, wine-merchant.
 Darby, D. Halesowen, Shropshire, miller.
 Davies, S. Llandoverly, Carmarthenshire, grocer.
 Denney, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, watchmaker.
 Dicus, J. Manchester, dealer.
 East, W. Newbury, coal-merchant.
 Field, G. Chichester, grocer.
 Field, S. Richmond, wine-merchant.
 Flatman, T. Hampton-wick, soap-boiler.
 Gee, S. Cambridge, tinman.
 Gerhardt, H. Savage-gardens, merchant.
 Gill, R. and C. Gridliths, Skinner-street, snow-hill, mercer.

Gouban, L. J. Haymarket, hotel-keeper.
 Gray, W. Birmingham, nail-factor.
 Grierson, A. Dudley, Worcestershire, draper.
 Hall, T. Crown-street, Soho, carpenter.
 Hawkins, R. T. Three Colt-street, Limehouse, patent anchor manufacturer.
 Herbert, G. Sibbertoft, Northamptonshire, salesman.
 Higham, J. Freckleton, Lancashire, coal-merchant.
 Hitchings, J. Littington, Sussex, farmer.
 Hollander, L. A. Winchester-street, diamond-merchant.
 Hurry, J. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
 Hutton, J. Abchurch-lane, painter.
 Inglis, J. and J. Mark-lane, merchants.
 Jones, W. Handsworth, Staffordshire, farmer.
 Lax, J. Liverpool, brewer.
 Leigh, C. and W. Tooth, Tyldsley, Lancashire, calico-printers.
 Lowe, S. Newman-street, Oxford-street.
 Mansor, T. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, hoop-manufacturer.
 March, G. W. Hope Bowdler, Shropshire, flannel-manufacturer.
 Mercer, W. Packer's-court, Coleman-street, wine-merchant.
 Millart, W. Carnaby-street, victualler.
 Milnes, B. Halifax, grocer.
 Moses, J. Farlam, Cumberland, dealer.
 Nelson, W. Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street, brewer.
 New, C. Leadenhall-street, umbrella-manufacturer.
 Petty, J. Everton, Lancashire, joiner.
 Pearce, W. C. Brantree, grocer.
 Pitcher, W. Salisbury-square, carpenter.
 Promise, A. Haselbury, Somersetshire, tinman.
 Pullan, R. Leeds, merchant.
 Rackler, J. Bolton-le-moors, cotton manufacturer.
 Randall, J. A. Aldermanbury, corn-dealer.
 Read, J. Love-lane, Aldermanbury, cloth-worker.
 Rowley, J. Stourport, timber-merchant.

Salisbury, A Windsor, and D. Salisbury, Nottingham, drapers.
 Seave, G. Tokenhouse-yard, scrivener.
 Scott, J. Preston, Lancashire, draper.
 Sedgely, W. jun. Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer.
 Simpson, J. Birmingham, plaster.
 Sparkes, W. and J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, grocers.
 Sutcliffe, B. Chesapeake, warehouseman.
 Tait, J. Adam-street, Adelphi, coal-merchant.
 Taylor, H. Leominster, grocer.

Taylor, J. Lydon, St. Lawrence, Somersetshire, dealer.
 Thatcher, S. J. Worth, Sussex, innkeeper.
 Thomas, W. L. Brighton, grocer.
 Trail, A. Hanover-street, boot and shoe-maker.
 Turner, J. Fleet-street, silk-mercer.
 West, A. Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, grocer.
 White, B. Maiden Bradley, Wilts, farmer.
 Whitehead, R. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturer.
 Wilkie, T. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
 Witcomb, L. Warminster, scrivener.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced June 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Chalmers, Wilham, jun. merchant in Ellon.
 Douglas, Alexander, sheep and cattle-dealer at North Binn, Perthshire.

DIVIDENDS.

Dewson & Marshall, lately tanners in Edinburgh; by W. Nelson, No. 9, Waterloo Place there.
 Melvill, John, merchant and grocer in Grahamston, near Falkirk; by Alexander Boyd, writer in Falkirk.
 Murry & Bonnard, booksellers in Glasgow; by James Murray, merchant there.

Newlands, James, & Luke Fraser, Jewellers in Glasgow; by P. Grierson, jeweller there.
 Penman, Andrew, bookseller in Glasgow; by Jas. Charles, merchant there.
 Rowley, Josiah, china-ware merchant in Glasgow; by John Paton, merchant there.
 Sandeman, Wm. & Co. merchants in Edinburgh, Leith, and Perth; by J. Spence, accountant in Edinburgh.
 Swayne, Walter, manufacturers in Dysart; by James Normand of Baltuly.
 Wright, Alexander, fish-curer in Banff; by John Smith, writer there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. May 8. At Gibraltar, the Lady of Wm. Fisher, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General there, a son.
 7. At Ruchill, Mrs Hamilton Dundas, a daughter.
 — At Clontarf, near Dublin, the Lady of the Hon. James Stewart, a son.
 30. At Inverugie House, the Lady of William Stuart, Esq. of Inverugie, a daughter.
 — At Campfield, Mrs Scott, a daughter.
 — At the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, the Marquesa de Reurio Sforza, a daughter.
 31. At the Parsonage, Teston, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Noel, a daughter.
 June 2. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William L. White, Esq. advocate, a son.
 — The Lady of D. Maclean, Esq. of Brunswick Square, London, a daughter.
 3. At Woolwich Common, the Lady of Captain H. W. Gordon, royal artillery, a daughter.
 3. At New Laverock Bank, Mrs William Swinburn Maclean, a daughter.
 10. The Hon. Lady Fergusson, a daughter.
 11. At Melrose, Mrs Capt. Stedman, a daughter.
 12. At Dunchattan, Mrs Horrocks, a daughter.
 14. At Manchester, Mrs David Scott, a son.
 15. At Farnham, Dorset, the Lady of Sir S. Stuart, Bart. a son and heir.
 — Mrs Ramsay, No. 1, Hill-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 — At his Lordship's house, in Albemarle Street, London, Lady F. Leveson Gower, of twin sons. Her Ladyship and her infants are in a fair way of doing well.
 — Mrs John Brougham, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 16. Mrs Bridges, 41, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 18. Mrs Robert Cadell, No. 154, George-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 — At Edinburgh, the Lady of A. Scott Broomfield, Esq. a daughter.
 19. At Teviot Bank, the Lady of the Hon. George Elliot, a daughter.
 — At her seat, Munster House, Lady Jane Lawrence Peel, a son and heir.
 — At Fox House, Mrs Stewart, a daughter.
 21. Mrs Carlyle Bell, 7, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, a son.
 — At Polkennet, the Lady of William Bailie, of Polkennet, Esq. a son.
 — At Gilton House, Fifeshire, the Lady of Captain Pearson, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1822. Dec. 20. At the Cathedral, Calcutta, Capt. Wm. Kennedy, Assistant Military Auditor-General, to Charlotte, second daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Robert Blair, K.C.B.
 1823. May 10. At Dublin, William Henry Oram, Esq. of the Royal Scots Greys, to Anne, daughter of John Ball, Esq. of Shannon, in the county of Donegal.
 13. At Berwick, George A. Gray, Esq. of Middle Ord, to Isabella, youngest daughter of John Morrison, Esq. banker, Berwick-upon-Tweed.
 14. At New York, Mr M. Drury, of Philadelphia, to Miss S. Steele, of Edinburgh.
 28. At Devonshire House, London, Earl Gower, eldest son of the Marquis of Stafford, to Lady Harriet Howard, daughter of Lord Morpeth.
 31. At Hampstead, Edward Burn, Esq. third son of the late John Burn, Esq. of Colchoe, Perthshire, to Amelia Frederica, youngest daughter of George Todd, Esq. of Belsize, Hampstead.
 June 2. At Liverpool, the Rev. Dr Barr, of Port Glasgow, to Sarah Jane, daughter of Mr Matthew Steele, of the former place.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr John Davidson, writer, Elder-Street, to Miss Christian Fotheringham.
 — At Denovan, Mr A. Hunter, merchant in Glasgow, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr P. Scott, Denovan, Stirlingshire.
 3. At the manse of Covington, Walter Somerville, Esq. surgeon in Carnwath, to Janet, only daughter of the Rev. William Watson, minister of Biggar.
 5. At Parson's Green, near Edinburgh, John Gardiner Kinnear, Esq. banker, to Mary, eldest daughter of Alexander Smith, Esq.
 — At Hallcath, Robert Macaclachlan, Esq. of Macaclachlan, to Helen Catherine, daughter of the late W. A. Carruthers, Esq. of Dormont.
 7. At Forglie House, Joseph Murray, Esq. younger of Aytoun, to Grace, youngest daughter of Sir George Abercromby of Birkenbog, Bart.
 9. At Edinburgh, Robert Branton, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Miss Jane Jack, daughter of the late Mr William Jack, merchant, Edinburgh.
 10. At Nether Haslefield, parish of Berwick, James Henry, Esq. of Auchincleek, to Miss Ann Kilpatrick, of that place.
 11. At Kelso, George Pott, Esq. of Dod, to Jane, third daughter of Mr Wm. Elliot, architect, Kelso.
 12. At Grayfield Square, Edinburgh, Mr James Peter Mitchell, brewer, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Kincaid Mackenzie, Esq.

June 14. At London, John McNeill, Esq. of Ballycastle, Ireland, to Charlotte Lavinia, youngest daughter of Major-General Sir Thomas Dallas, K.C.B.

17. At Edinburgh, Josiah Nisbet, Esq. of the Madras civil service, to Rachel, second daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks, of Lees, in the county of Berwick, Bart. M.P.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Maurice Lothian, solicitor at law, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Charles Black, Esq. London Street.

21. At Edinburgh, by the Rev. Dr Scot of Conestophine, James Browne, Esq. to Isabella, fourth daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Huntfield.

23. At Gorgie Mains, Capt. Thomson, Gilmore Place, to Miss Marshall Milne.

24. At Clayton, Major John Falconer Briggs, younger of Strathairn, to Miss Walker, only daughter of the late Colonel P. Walker of Clayton, in the service of the Hon. East India Company.

26. At Boggs, East Lothian, William Semmer, Esq. Skidsbush, to Margaret Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr Charles Howden.

DEATHS.

1822. Oct. 28. At Chunar, Ensign Daniel Campbell, of the 2d battalion of the 10th regiment of native infantry.

Dec. 21. At Bombay, the Rev. George Martin, M.A. one of the Chaplains to the Hon. East India Company at that station, Vicar of Great Ness, in Shropshire, and brother-in-law to his Grace the Duke of Athol.

1823. Jan. 2. At Calcutta, the Hon. Francis Sempill, youngest son of the Right Hon. Lord Sempill.

March 24. At St Louis, North America, of a fever, Mr Wm. Gordon, fourth son of the late John Gordon, Esq. of Lochdougan.

30. At Castrics, St Lucia, Mr James Fleming Loudon, son of Morehead Loudon, Esq. Glasgow.

April 30. At St John's, Newfoundland, Mr Donald H. McCalman, formerly of the island of Islay.

May 5. At Bow, New Hampshire, the venerable Samuel Welch, aged one hundred and twelve years and seven months.

7. The Rev. Wm. Nicholl, minister of the United Associate congregation in Aintree, in the 32d year of his age, and fourth of his ministry.

8. At Fort William, Mr John Wallace, rector of the academy there, much and justly regretted.

11. At Gibraltar, John Macdonald Buchanan, Esq. younger of Drummakill.

14. At Pisa, Lieut.-Col. James Stafford.

18. At Sorrento, in the Bay of Naples, Ronald, second son of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchinham.

19. At Broughton Place, Edinburgh, Mr Eastford.

— At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Lieut.-Colonel P. Waterhouse, Major of the 81st regiment.

21. At Pittinail, county of Sutherland, Mr Andrew Sutherland, merchant there.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr John Dempster, druggist.

26. At London, Lieut. George Macrae, R. N., youngest son of the late William Macrae, Esq. of Hamilton Hill.

27. At Arbroath, Miss Graham of Dontrun.

— At Freefield, Mary Eliza Gordon, wife of Alex. Leith, Esq. of Freefield.

29. At Annan, Mr Jonathan Neilson, late of Port Annan, merchant and ship-owner.

— At Glasgow, Mr James Johnston, jun. writer, Duke-Street.

— At Bath, Miss Agnes Bogle, daughter of Hugh Bogle, Esq. of Casker Bank, near Glasgow.

30. At Walton, Warwickshire, Sir C. Noddaunt, Bart.

31. At Kelso, Colonel Stephen Broomfield, of Haddington Mains, in the county of Berwick.

— At St James's, Westminster, the Dowager Lady Vernon.

June 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Isobel Black, relict of the late Mr Robert Pearson, merchant in Dunfermline.

— At Culross, the Rev. Walter McAlpine, first minister of that parish, in the 82d year of his age, and 54th of his ministry.

June 2. At Paris, of pulmonary consumption, Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl.

— At Etterick Bank, Matilda, only daughter of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters.

— At Peterhead, James Trail, Esq. surgeon, in the 28th year of his age.

— In London, General Robert Manners, Colonel of the 50th regiment, son of the late Lord Robert Manners, of Bloxholme, in the county of Lincoln, and Member of Parliament in several sessions for Cambridge.

3. At Musselburgh, Louisa, wife of J. H. Home, Esq. of Longformacus, and fourth daughter of the late Captain David Ramsay, R. N.

— At Northiam, Suffolk, Miss Mary Foulis, youngest daughter of the late Sir James Foulis, of Colinton, Bart.

4. At Perth, John Hay, eldest son of James Paterson, Esq. of Carpow.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Hill, son of the late Lieut. Colonel Thomas Hill, of the East India Company's service.

5. At St Ninian's, the Rev. Francis Archibald, preacher of the gospel, in the 82d year of his age.

— At Aberdeen, Mr Robert Troup, merchant, at an advanced age.

6. At his seat in the county of Dublin, Judge Fletcher, at the age of 75. He was second Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, and had continued to discharge the arduous duties of his station up to a few months past.

— At Farnie, Miss Margaret Farie, sister of Jas. Farie, Esq. of Farnie; and on the 8th, his daughter, Miss Farie.

— At Manchester, Henry Bannerman, Esq. merchant, in the 70th year of his age.

7. At Cyderhall, Sutherlandshire, Mrs Margaret Rule, relict of the late Mr Alexander Stewart, Dunrobin.

8. At Aberdeen, Capt. Robert Christie, late of the 88th regiment.

— At Ayr, David Scott, Esq. banker, aged 76.

9. At Dryden, the seat of Sir Charles Macdonald Lockart, Bart. Mr James Borthwick, aged 81.

— Thomas Paterson, Esq. residing at Dalsert House, late Paymaster 2d regiment of foot.

— At London, Archd. Armstrong, Esq. aged 58, late of the island of Grenada.

10. At Ayr, Capt. Bedford Stewart, late of the Irish revenue service.

— At Leith, Mr Cundell, late cashier of the Leith Banking Company.

11. At Bellevue Cottage, Edinburgh, Mr Robert Kidd, late baker.

— In York Place, Thomas, eldest son of Dr Gillespie.

— At Leith, Mrs Ann Clark, relict of Mr John Rogers, soap manufacturer, Fisher-row.

— At Kelso, Mr John Hoops, merchant, aged 73.

11. At Stirling, Colin Dawson, Esq. writer.

12. At Cumuserton, parish of Forgan, of typhus fever, Mr John Scott, surveyor of the northern division of the St Andrew's district of roads.

— At Waterford, Lieut.-Gen. William Doyle.

— At his residence in Portsmouth, aged 71, Captain Sir James Lind, K.C.B. of the royal navy, whose heroic defence of his Majesty's ship Centurion, of 50 guns, with a convoy of Indian men under his charge, in Vinegar-water Roads, in the East Indies, against Admiral Linco's squadron, gained him the thanks of the India Company and of the Patriotic Fund.

13. At Theobalds, Hatfield, Herbs, the Marquis of Salisbury.

14. At Dunbar, Lieut.-Colonel John Clark, royal marines.

— At London, the Countess de Dunsterville.

15. At Warriston Crescent, near Edinburgh, Agnes, wife of Mr A. Pinner, of the Stamp Office.

— At Maxwelltown, Miss Helen Martin, daughter of the late John Martin, Esq. of Upper Glasgow.

16. At Dunchattan, Mary, the wife of John Horrocks, Esq. of Tillychewan, Dumbartonshire.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Isabella Grant, daughter of the late Rev. James Grant, minister of Laggan.

— At Airleywright, Mrs Catharine Sharp, spouse of James Wylie, Esq. of Airleywright.

— At Edinburgh, Archd. Elliot, Esq. architect, aged 61.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

AUGUST 1823.

NAPOLEON'S MEMOIRS.

It is impossible to take even a cursory retrospect of the events of the last thirty years, without being almost impressed with a belief that the history of ten centuries has been comprised within the limits of that brief period. In the course of human affairs, there are certain mighty crises, in which alone the energies of men and nations are fully developed,—in which great crimes are committed, great sufferings endured, and a great reversion of ultimate good secured. At these grand epochs, happily few, the human mind, acted upon by a prodigious number of concurrent impulses, gradually emancipated from the bondage of ancient prejudices, and having fully fathomed the depths of that degradation in which it has been plunged, soon reaches the point where the worn-out and decayed defences of old-established error become too feeble to resist the constantly accumulating force by which it is urged forward, and where, bearing down every obstacle before it, it rushes onwards with an impetuosity proportioned to the time during which its native energies have been repressed, and the strength of the barriers it has overturned. Such a crisis was the French Revolution—that tremendous conflict between the spirit of feudalism and the spirit of the age—that first, and, we would hope, bloodiest act of a mighty drama of which we have not yet seen the catastrophe. The leading events to which this gigantic movement gave birth, are too well known to require to be detailed in this place. The de-

struction of the ancient dynasty, consummated by the murder of the king, was followed by that monstrous abortion the Republic—a combination of every heterogeneous element, the temporary triumph of terrorism and anarchy. But every country contains in its own bosom some individual, endowed with the courage, the talents, and the ambition of a Cromwell,—daring enough to affect the supreme power, fortunate enough to attain it. At the propitious moment Napoleon returned from Egypt, and the Revolution of the 18th of Brumaire made him First Consul. The sovereign power was now in his hands; and Marengo soon paved the way for throwing off the mask, and casting aside the disguise of Republican forms with despotic sway. The Empire was established; and the man who, but a few years before, was a commandant of artillery, who was not even a native of France, but the unrivalled brilliancy of whose achievements had united almost every suffrage in his favour, ascended the throne of one of the most powerful and warlike nations upon earth. Fortune did not forsake him in his elevation. Coalition after coalition, formed for his destruction, vanished before the ascendancy of his genius. At Austerlitz, at Jena, at Friedland, at Wagram, the French eagle was triumphant,—the nations of the Continent were prostrate at his feet. Had he paused at this point of his career, his power would have been placed beyond the reach of accident or chance. But the madness of am-

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bition led him to undertake the war against Russia, and the burning of Moscow, with the terrible disasters to which it formed the awful prologue, armed Europe *en masse* to subvert his dynasty, and, notwithstanding his incredible efforts in the campaign of 1814, and the extraordinary victories of Montmirail and Brienne, ensured his abdication. His return from Elba—his miraculous resumption of power, chiefly by the instrumentality of the people—the reign of the Hundred Days—the battle of Waterloo and his second fall, form the third and last part in the drama of his extraordinary and eventful life. Betrayed by his generals,—unsupported by his subjects,—unwilling to hoist the standard of civil war, and to prolong the miseries of his country, and reduced, at last, to seek an asylum where he might pass the remainder of a life of unequalled vicissitude, he, in an evil hour for himself, surrendered to the “most constant and generous” of his enemies, hoping to find protection and repose in the bosom of a country celebrated for its sympathy with misfortune. He reckoned without his host. This “constant and generous enemy” held him as a prisoner of war, after the war was terminated, and though he had not been taken in battle, but had voluntarily appealed to English hospitality; and humanely and magnanimously doomed the greatest man the world has ever yet beheld, to die piecemeal on a barren and unhealthy rock in the Atlantic Ocean. On the mean and vindictive policy of the English Ministry posterity will unquestionably pronounce a strong and decided opinion; let us hope, however, that the cruel and cowardly act of a contemptible oligarchy will never be laid to the charge of the high-minded and generous people, who bravely struggled against this man in his day of power, freely shedding their blood, and expending their treasure, to arrest him in the career of his ambition, but who would, nevertheless, have received and sheltered him in his uttermost need. We are aware of the miserable common-places with which every sentiment is met which breathes aught of sympathy with greatness fallen, or “the excess of glory ob-

scured.” The monopoly of such topics—the undisputed property of a class of writers, hired to propagate falsehood and slander—we have no inclination to disturb; and it would be hopeless to attempt to reason with men who have sold their independence of mind—a greater crime than that of Esau: but to those who calmly and dispassionately examine both sides of the question, particularly the whole conduct of England—the prime agent in organizing coalition after coalition against the man whom the suffrages of twenty millions of Frenchmen had called to the throne—it will unquestionably appear, that there was nothing in the character or circumstances of Napoleon to place him “beyond the pale of social relations,” and to justify the infringement, in his person, of the most sacred rights of humanity. The English Ministry had an opportunity offered them of performing an act which would have more effectually and enviably immortalized them, than twenty victories;—and they lost it. Lost it, did we say? The man who had been the sovereign of forty millions of subjects, who had chained Victory to his chariot wheels, and had humbled every country *except our own*, appealed to the “generosity” of the Rulers of that country, in the moment of their triumph, when peace had once more revisited the afflicted nations,—and they chained him to a rock, separated him from those who loved, or had most faithfully served him, and condemned him to perpetual exile! And all this for what? Why, because “the dreaded name” of this “Demogorgon” might have disturbed the slumbers of Legitimate Tyrants and Bigots, or troubled them with fearful visions in their “dark divan,” when mustering crusades against the nascent liberty of nations, and the progress of the human mind in knowledge and improvement. Worthy and noble motive this for the enlightened government of a great, a free, and a generous country! But Castlereagh is dead; and “the carotid artery” of the “continental system,” which he introduced into British politics, has, we trust in God, been “divided” by the penknife of its patron and defender.

It was during the years of this dreary and hopeless exile that his mind, whose element was action, whose health depended on incessant and boundless exertion, left to prey upon and eat into itself, as the rust corrodes the neglected or disused brand, sought to beguile the hours of sorrowful and bitter recollection, by living for a little on the past, and dictating the Memoirs of which, in this, and one or two more articles, we propose to render some account. Two volumes of these Memoirs, accompanied with an equal number of what are called Historical Miscellanies, have already appeared; and the remainder will, we trust, be published in sufficient time to enable us to preserve unbroken the series we have now commenced. Observing no chronological order as a whole, the Memoirs consist of detached chapters on separate events or campaigns, as the Capture of Toulon, the Expedition to Egypt, the 18th of Brumaire, and the Campaigns of 1800; but on each of the subjects treated, the most ample and satisfactory information is afforded. The Historical Miscellanies consist of criticisms on military and other works, relative to the campaigns or civil administration of the Emperor, and to those great questions of general policy which, at different periods during his eventful reign, occupied his attention, or formed the subject of discussion with other states: to the future historian, their value is incalculable: with regard to the Memoirs themselves, no history can ever supersede them. This work bears impressed on it the stamp of the gigantic mind from which it emanated. It is wholly free from the usual vices of French composition; depth, originality, comprehensiveness, and great energy of expression, are its prominent characteristics. A profound and intuitive sagacity, a clear and unerring insight into human character, mental resources almost preternatural, and an incredible knowledge of the minutest details of every subject discussed, are exhibited in almost every page: nothing escapes the observation, or transcends the capacity of the Imperial Annalist. He combines the judgment and penetration of Tacitus, with the prodigious versatility of Cæsar,

and the more enlarged views of modern philosophy and science; policy, religion, war, civil administration, statistics, art, even literature, in short, whatever he touches on seems to unfold its most recondite principles to his view, and to be fully comprehended and appreciated. With these qualities, his style, clear, rapid, vigorous, admirably harmonizes, yet appears occasionally to labour under the weight and importance of the materials of which it is the vehicle: and notwithstanding the severe exclusion of every thing in the shape of ornament, there are occasional flashes of that deep intellectual eloquence which strikes like a thunderbolt into the soul, thrills into its inmost recesses, and leaves us overmastered and subdued by its sudden and irresistible impulse. It is fortunate that the impetuous exuberance of his ideas forced the Emperor to have recourse to dictation; for, in this manner, his statements come warm and fresh from his powerful and original mind, stamped with the innate freedom, boldness, and energy of his character, and utterly divested of any symptom of painful and anxious elaboration. In the same ratio in which it increases the pleasure we derive from their perusal, this cannot fail to augment their value, as the living and veritable expression of those prodigious faculties to which all men of all countries have been compelled to render an unanimous homage.

We have already said, that the different subjects treated of in these most interesting volumes are not arranged in a chronological order. To avoid all risk of confusion, however, as well as to preserve the natural connection between successive events, and to show how one triumph necessarily paved the way for another, we shall avail ourselves of the fragments of the Campaign of Italy, printed in the *Journal of Las Cases*, and with the help of these and other documents, take up the thread of Napoleon's history after the Capture of Toulon, (of which some account has been already given in our review of the Count's work,) where he commenced his military career, and laid the foundation of his future renown.

Immediately subsequent to the fall of this important place, which cre-

ated a lively sensation in France, as, from the time which had previously been consumed in the siege, and the gross ignorance and blunders of those to whom the command of the republican troops had at first been entrusted, success was unexpected, and almost un hoped for, Napoleon was made Brigadier-General of Artillery, and appointed to the command of that department in the Army of Italy. But before he joined, he fortified the coasts of Provence, and the Isle of Hyeres, immediately after they were evacuated by the English. He was next directed to make a survey of the coasts of the Mediterranean, to erect new fortifications, and, in general, to strengthen and improve the whole defences, which had been allowed to fall into a lamentable state of decay; a service which he performed with his characteristic promptitude and energy, displaying, at the same time, an intimate acquaintance both with the theory and practice of military science. On returning from this inspection, he laid before General Dumerbion a memorial relating to the unfortunate attack of General Brunet, and to the method of driving the enemy beyond the high Alps, by taking possession of the Col di Tende. "If the French could thus fix themselves in the upper chain of the Alps, they would obtain impregnable positions, which, requiring but few men to maintain them, would leave a great number of troops disposable for other service."

This suggestion being laid before a council at which the representatives Ricors and young Robespierre were present, was unanimously approved of; and on the 8th of April 1794, a part of the army under Massena, filing along the edge of the Roya, by Menton, crossed the river, and divided into four columns; the first marching up the bank of the Roya, the second up that of the Nervia, the third up that of the Taggio, and the fourth moving on Oneglia. The column of Oneglia fell in with a corps of Austrians and Piedmontese, upon the heights of St. Agatha, and repulsed them. Troops were immediately marched to occupy Loano. From Oneglia, the French marched to the sources of the Tanaro, beat the enemy on the heights of Ponte Dinaro,

possessed themselves of the fortress of Ormea, and made themselves masters of the road from that place to Turin. By the movements of the three columns along the vallies of the Roya, the Taggio, and the Nervia, and those of the troops which had debouched in Piedmont, the Piedmontese army occupying the camps supported on Saorgio, might be cut off, or taken prisoners. This naturally alarmed the Court of Sardinia: the loss of such an army, consisting of 20,000 men, would have involved the ruin of the monarchy itself. Those celebrated positions, for the defence of which so much blood had been shed, were therefore abandoned without firing a shot; and Saorgio was immediately invested, and soon forced to capitulate. On the 30th of April the Piedmontese troops occupied the Col di Tende, which they kept possession of till the 7th of May, when, after a sharp attack, they were dislodged; and thus all the upper regions of the Alps fell into the hands of the French, whose right was now supported on Loano, the line passing to St. Bardinetto and the little St. Bernard, commanding the Tanaro, traversing the valley, reaching the Col di Terme, which commands the sources of the Tanaro on the left beyond Ormea, thence passing over the higher range of the Alps, to the Col di Tende and the straits which command the valley of Lastrera, till its left was supported by the right of the Army of the Alps, at the camp of Tormes. By these masterly manœuvres, the Army of Italy gained more than sixty pieces of cannon, besides Saorgio, the principal depôt of the Piedmontese Army, which was well provided with every kind of ammunition and provision.

The French remained in these positions till September, when learning that a considerable Austrian force was advancing on the Bormida, they passed the straits of that name, and on the 26th reached Balastreno. From this place they proceeded to Cair, where they fell in with from 12 to 13,000 Austrians, manœuvring in the plain, who speedily retreated upon Dego, which was taken by the French, after a brisk action with the Austrian rear-guard. The French had now attained their object. They

had several magazines, and had ascertained that there was nothing to fear from the expedition of the Austrians. The army then returned upon Savona, the right moving from Loano to the heights of Vado, in order to command the roads of that port, and the line extending by Septimani, Melagno, and St. Jacques, to Bardinetto and the Col di Tende.

The remainder of 1794 was spent in putting the positions occupied by the army, particularly Vado, in the best possible state of defence. In the month of May 1795 Napoleon quitted the Army of Italy, and returned to Paris, having been put on the list of Generals intended to serve in the Army of La Vendée. The command of a brigade of infantry had been assigned him; "but he refused the distinction, and protested against it." Meanwhile the command of the Army of Italy had been confided to Kellerman, who, though personally brave, was unequal to the task; and, towards the end of the year, he was superseded by Schérer, whose incapacity was still more glaring. The latter having failed to profit by his victory of Loano, and thus lost a favourable opportunity for making the conquest of Italy, was soon after recalled in disgrace.

But Napoleon was destined to figure in a new scene; the *Thirteenth of Vendémiaire* awaited him. The fall of the party of Danton and Robespierre, in May 1795, eventually produced the fall of the Jacobins, and the end of the Revolutionary Government. The Convention was indeed still governed by successive factions, but these could never acquire any preponderance, and "its principles varied every month." A horrible re-action afflicted the interior of the Republic; the national domains could find no purchasers; the credit of the assignats—that monstrous abortion of villany and folly—was daily sinking lower and lower; the armies were unpaid; the laws respecting recruiting, enforced with the greatest severity under the Revolutionary Government, had ceased; the foreign party, favourable to the restoration of the Bourbons, was gaining strength every day; Pichegru had been gained over; the destruction of the Republic was undis-

guisedly preparing. "All parties were now tired of the Convention; nay, it was tired of itself. Its mission had been the establishment of a Constitution; it perceived, at length, that the safety of the nation, and its own, required it, without delay, to fulfil its principal object. On the 25th of June 1795 it adopted the Constitution, known under the title of the Constitution of the Year III. The Government was entrusted to five persons, under the name of the Directory; the Legislature to two Councils, called the Council of the Five Hundred, and the Council of the Ancients. This Constitution was submitted to the acceptance of the people, called together in Primary Assembly." The fall of the Constitution of 1794 being ascribed to that law of the Constituent Assembly which excluded its members from the Legislature, the Convention, to avoid the same error, annexed to the Constitution two additional laws, which provided, that two-thirds of the new Legislature should be composed of the Convention, and, consequently, that, on this occasion, the electoral assemblies of departments should only have to elect one-third of the two Councils.

This was a severe blow to the foreign party, which had flattered itself that the two Councils would have been composed of new men, strangers to the crimes, and many of them to the principles of the Revolution; or even partly of those who had suffered from its excesses, and by whose instrumentality they hoped a counter-revolution might be expected. They had the dexterity, however, to conceal the true grounds of their discontent under very plausible and partly well-founded objections, to this proceeding of the Convention. These were, in substance, that, by giving to its own members the powers of a legislative body, the rights of the people were disregarded, since the Convention, which had been appointed only to establish a Constitution, now usurped the powers of the electoral assemblies; that, imposing the arbitrary condition of voting at once on the aggregate of the Constitution and the additional laws, plainly shewed, the Convention knew they were acting in opposition to the intention of

the people; that, by not allowing the people to vote separately on the Constitution and the additional laws, it was clear they believed the additional laws would be unanimously rejected; and that the Convention ought only to will what was the will of the people. In all these objections there is certainly much truth and reason; but, at the same time, all parties were agreed that the Constitution was preferable to what existed; though the foreign faction concerned itself but little about forms of Government which it did not intend to support, its object being to avail itself of whatever tended to wrest the power out of the hands of the Convention and its partizans, and to operate a counter-revolution.

Paris was, at this time, divided into forty-eight Sections: to these, the most violent orators, Laharpe, Serizi, Lacretelle the younger, Vauhlanc, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, &c. immediately hastened, and all minds were excited against the Convention. The National Guard, which had been organized after the 9th of Thermidor, now consisted of upwards of 40,000 men, armed and clothed; and in the anxiety to exclude Jacobins, a number of counter-revolutionists had unavoidably been admitted into its ranks. This powerful body participated fully in the exasperation of the Sections against the Convention, and the additional laws were rejected throughout Paris. The Sections appeared successively at the bar of the Convention, and fiercely declared their sentiments. The Convention, however, still believed that the agitation would soon subside, thinking this a mere temporary ebullition of popular feeling, like one of the London riots, which never lead to any serious result; and accordingly, on the 28th of September, they proclaimed the acceptance of the Constitution and additional laws, by the majority of the primary assemblies. But, on the following day, the Sections, who had calculated their own strength, and appreciated the weakness of the Convention, appointed deputies to form a central assembly of electors, and to meet at the Odéon. This was, in fact, an assembly of insurgents. The Convention declared the meet-

ing illegal, and ordered its committees to dissolve it by force, which was effected, without resistance, on the 10th of Vendémiaire (1st of October). The decree of the Convention for shutting up the Odéon enraged the Sections; and in the commotion excited by this vigorous proceeding, that of Lepelletier, of which the central place was the Convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, appeared to take the lead. Another decree ordered the assembly to be dissolved, the place of its sittings shut up, and the Section disarmed. On the 12th of Vendémiaire, between seven and eight in the evening, General Menou, with a numerous body of troops, proceeded to the place of meeting of this insurgent Section, to carry into execution the decree of the Convention. The committee of the Section refused to obey, and General Menou, who had crowded together infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in the Rue Vivienne, (at the extremity of which is the Convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas,) without making any proper disposition, leaving the houses and the windows to be occupied by the Sectionaries, soon found himself compromised; and after spending an hour in fruitless negotiation, was obliged to retire without dispersing or disarming the meeting.

Elated with this victory, the Section declared itself permanent, sent deputations to the other Sections, and hastened to make preparations for ensuring the success of its resistance. Napoleon, "who had been for some months attached to the directors of the movements of the French armies," was at the Theatre Feydeau when he was informed of what was passing, and immediately hastened to the Convention, which he found in the greatest agitation. Menou was accused of treason, and placed under arrest. The news which every moment arrived from the Sections showed but too plainly the extent of the danger. Different Generals were recommended by different deputies; but "those who had been at Toulon, and with the Army of Italy, and the Members of the Committee of Public Safety, who were in daily communication with Napoleon, proposed him as

more capable than any other person, from the promptness of his *coup d'œil*, and the energy of his character, of bringing them safely through the present danger." Messengers were accordingly sent into the city to seek him, the Members not being aware that he was present. The motives that determined him to accept the command thus designed for him, at the present critical and perilous moment, must be stated in his own words:

Napoleon, who had heard all that had been said, and knew what was in agitation, deliberated with himself more than half an hour on the course most eligible for him to pursue. A deadly war was breaking out between the Convention and Paris. Would it be prudent to declare himself,—to speak in the name of all France? Who would dare to enter the lists alone, as champion of the Convention? Victory itself would be attended with a degree of odium, whilst defeat would devote the unsuccessful combatant to the eternal execration of future generations. Why thus devote himself to be the scape-goat of crimes to which he had been a stranger? Why voluntarily expose himself, to add, in a few hours, one more to the list of those names which men shudder to pronounce? But, on the other hand, if the Convention should sink, what would become of the great truths of our Revolution? Our numerous victories, our blood so often shed, would then be only disgraceful actions. The foreigner, whom we had often vanquished, would triumph, and load us with his contempt; *an insolent, unnatural crew would re-appear triumphant* (as has since happened, unfortunately for France, Spain, and the world at large,) would reproach us with our crimes, would indulge their revenge, and rule us, like helots, by foreign force. Thus, the defeat of the Convention would place a victorious crown on the brows of the foreigner, and seal the disgrace and slavery of the nation. This sentiment—the ardour of five-and-twenty—confidence in his own powers and his destiny, prevailed. He made up his mind, and went to the committee, to which he represented, with energy, the impossibility of directing so important an operation, while subject to the interference of three representatives, who, in fact, exercised all power, and impeded all the operations of the General. He added, that he had witnessed all the proceedings of the Rue Vivienne; that the Commissioners had been chiefly to blame, and had, nevertheless, acted the part of accusers in the Assembly, with triumphant success.

Struck with these arguments, but unable to deprive the Commissioners of their functions, without a long discussion in the Assembly, the committee, to conciliate matters, for they had no time to lose, resolved to select the General from the Assembly itself. With this view, it proposed Barras to the Convention, as General-in-Chief, and gave the command to Napoleon, who thus found himself relieved from three Commissioners, without having any thing to complain of.

Being thus invested with the command of the troops destined to protect the Convention, Napoleon repaired to the Tuileries, where Menou remained under arrest, to obtain from him the necessary information as to the force and position of the troops and artillery. There he found to consist of only 5000 men, of all descriptions, with forty pieces of cannon, then at the Sablons, guarded by only fifteen men. It was an hour past midnight, and not an instant was to be lost. Murat, then Major of the 21st Light Horse, was immediately despatched with 300 cavalry, to proceed, with the utmost expedition, to the Sablons, bring off the artillery, and conduct it to the garden of the Tuileries. "One moment more would have been too late. This officer, on arriving at the Sablons at two o'clock, fell in with the head of a column of the Section Lepelletier, come for the purpose of carrying off the artillery; but his troops being cavalry, and the ground a plain, the Section retreated; and at six in the morning the forty guns entered the Tuileries." From six o'clock till nine, Napoleon occupied himself in visiting the different posts, and in placing this artillery in the most convenient positions for the defence of the Tuileries, particularly at the head of the Pont Louis XVI., of the Pont Royal, of the Rue de Rohan, at the Cul-de-sac Dauphin, in the Rue St. Honoré, &c., taking care to entrust the custody of the guns to officers worthy of confidence. All the matches were lighted, and the whole of the little force at his disposal was distributed at different points, or kept in reserve at the garden and Place Carrousel. At this critical and perilous moment all the energy of Napoleon's character was required. Forty thousand National Guards, well armed and trained, were arrayed against the Con-

vention; the generale had been beaten through Paris, and they had formed themselves at all the debouches, thus surrounding the palace and gardens. The troops of the line, to whom its defence was committed, were few in number, and might easily be brought over to the sentiments of the infuriated populace around them, or refuse to act against their fellow-citizens. In short, matters could hardly be worse; and when we consider, that this handful of troops was about to be assailed by the whole armed population of that city, which had stormed and carried the Bastille, been victorious on the memorable 10th of August, and perpetrated many other outrages even when opposed by regular forces, the chances of success were certainly on the side of the insurgent Sectionaries. In order to encrease its forces, however, the Convention armed 1500 individuals, called the Patriots of 1789; men who, after the 9th of Thermidor, had lost their employments, and quitted their departments, where "they had been persecuted by public opinion." Formed into three battalions, under General Berruyer, these "persecuted" patriots fought with the most determined bravery, influenced by their example the troops of the line, and greatly contributed to the success of the day.

In the meanwhile, the Convention, notwithstanding every exertion, were in the greatest alarm and agitation: they discussed much, and decided nothing; and while the pressure of the danger encreased every moment, they were occupied with some nonsensical, if not insane, proposition, for laying down their arms, and receiving the Sectionaries, as the Roman Senators received the Gauls. But events were approaching to a more decisive arbitrement. At two in the afternoon, a man named Lafond debouched on the Pont Neuf, at the head of three or four battalions of the Section Lepelletier, and was joined, in the Place Dauphine, by another column of the same force, which had advanced from the Odéon. General Cartaux, who had been stationed at the Pont Neuf with 400 men, and four pieces of cannon, with orders to defend the two sides of the bridge, abandoned his post, and fell back under the wickets. The gar-

den of the Infanta, Saint-Roch, the Théâtre Français, and the Hotel de Noailles, were occupied in force by the National Guard, and the opposite posts were not more than from twelve to fifteen yards asunder. The Sectionaries every moment sent women, or advanced themselves, unarmed, and waving their hats over their heads, to fraternize with the troops of the line. A battle had, however, become inevitable. Napoleon himself shall describe it:

Matters grew every moment worse. At three o'clock, Danican, General of the Sections, sent a flag of truce to summon the Convention to dismiss the troops which threatened the people, and to disarm the Terrorists. This messenger traversed the posts blind-folded, with all the forms of war. He was thus introduced into the midst of the Committee of Forty in which he caused a great sensation by his threats. He was sent back towards four o'clock. The night was coming on, and there could be no doubt that darkness must be favourable to the Sections, considering their great number. They might creep from house to house, into all the avenues of the Tuileries, already strictly blockaded. About the same time, 700 muskets, belts, and cartridge-boxes, were brought into the Hall of the Convention, to arm members themselves, as a corps-de-reserve, which alarmed many of them, who had not until then comprehended the magnitude of the danger in which they stood. At length, at a quarter after four, some muskets were discharged from the Hotel-de-Noailles, into which the Sectionaries had introduced themselves: the balls reached the steps of the Tuileries. At the same instant, Lafond's column debouched by the Quai Voltaire, marching over the Pont Royal. The batteries were then ordered to fire. An eight-pounder, at the Cul-de-Sac Dauphin, commenced the fire, and served as a signal to all the posts. After several discharges, Saint-Roch was carried: Lafond's column, the head and flank of which were both exposed to the cannonade from the quay, at the point of the Louvre wicket, and from the head of the Pont Royal, was routed. The Rue St. Honoré, the Rue St. Florentin, and the adjacent places, were swept by the guns. About 100 men attempted to make a stand at the Théâtre de la République; a few shells from the howitzers dislodged them in an instant. At six o'clock all was over. There were about 200 killed and wounded on the part of the Sectionaries, and nearly as many on the side of

the Convention; the greater part of the latter at the gates of Saint-Roch. The Section of Quinze Vingts, faubourg St. Antoine, was the only one that took part with the Convention; it furnished 250 men: so completely had the late political oscillations of this body alienated all classes from it. It is untrue, that, in the commencement of the action, the troops were ordered to fire with powder only; that would only have served to embolden the Sectionaries, and to endanger the troops; but it is a fact, that when once they were engaged, and success had ceased to be doubtful, they fired without ball.

The services rendered by Napoleon, upon this trying occasion, when the Revolutionary fever was totally subdued, were too important to continue unrewarded. When the officers of the Army of the Interior were presented in a body to the Convention, the members, by acclamation, appointed him General-in-chief of that army*. His first duty, in this capacity, was to re-organize the National Guard, which then consisted of no less than 104 battalions; at the same time, he formed the Guard of the Directory, and re-constituted that of the Legislative Body; circumstances which afterwards contributed materially to his success, on the famous 18th of Brumaire: he had left impressions on this corps which were never effaced. This new command, however, was replete with difficulties and embarrassments. The Jacobins, who had assembled anew, under the name of the Society of the Pantheon, had re-commenced their turbulent activity; the foreign agents of Royalism formed a powerful party, and were ever on the watch, to take advantage of the different chances afforded by the incessant fluctuations of faction; the finances were in disorder, public credit was annihilated, paper-money had become valueless, and, to crown

the whole, the capital was afflicted with a horrible famine. "Ten or twelve times the supply of provisions failed entirely, and the scanty daily distributions which Government had been compelled to establish, were interrupted." In a capital, thus suffering under the two greatest of human evils, civil war and famine, and whose streets had so lately flowed with blood, it required all Napoleon's activity and address to surmount such a combination of difficulties and calamities, and to maintain the public tranquillity. What mainly contributed to effect this primary object, however, was the bold step of dislodging those perpetual agitators, the Jacobins, from their new Pandæmonium, the Pantheon, which he sealed up, "and the members never stirred more while he was in the way." Napoleon has been branded as a Jacobin, as "the Jacobin Emperor." Nothing can be more false, or betray greater ignorance of facts. From first to last, he was the mortal foe of these restless and intriguing villains, upon whom no reliance could be placed, and who were good for nothing but stirring up the people "to a sudden flood of mutiny." Insurrection and anarchy, which he so energetically suppressed, were the element in which they lived, moved, and had their being. But, it may be said, he afterwards employed, both in civil and military offices, some of the leaders and principal men of this small but formidable faction. True, he did; but then it ought not to be forgotten, that his main object was to destroy faction; that no one party was strong enough to enable him to reach the sovereign power; that his main bold on the public mind consisted in the vigour which he had displayed in checking the licentiousness of parties of all kinds, and restoring the reign of

* Napoleon's conduct to General Menou, who had been delivered over to a Council of War for his want of success, in dispersing the meeting of the Section Le-pelletier, before the Insurrection had gathered head, shews the intrepidity of his character, as well as his sense of justice, and does him infinite honour. "The General-in-chief saved him, by telling the Judges, that if Menou deserved death, the three representatives who had directed the operations, and parleyed with the Sectionaries, merited the same punishment; that the Convention ought to bring its three members to trial, before it proceeded against Menou. The corporate spirit prevailed over the voices of Menou's enemies." This is the unfeeling monster, whom our Treasury Journals have long been in the habit of accusing of every possible and impossible crime!

tranquillity and the laws ; that under the Consulate and the Imperial Regime, these men necessarily ceased, in practice, if not in principle, to be Jacobins ; that, in his situation, it would have been equally imprudent to have proscribed, or favoured any one faction ; and that the employment of the leaders was a guarantee for the tranquillity of the inferior retainers. Upon all occasions, however, he expresses warm and unqualified reprobation of this club, which reappeared, during the Revolution, under so many different forms : and not without reason ; for to the treachery of Bernadotte, Fouché, and Talleyrand, (that unparalleled political girouette,) many of his greatest reverses are mainly to be ascribed. Had Napoleon, on attaining the supreme power, caused sentence of deportation for life to be pronounced on every one of the execrable, blood-thirsty, faithless ruffians, who successively frequented the Hall of the Jacobins, the Pantheon, and the *Manège*, he would have saved France from the dreadful humiliations with which she has since been visited, Europe from the unspeakable blessing of the Holy Alliance, and himself from the corroding miseries of a hopeless exile, and a "slow sudden death," on the poisonous rock to which the humanity of "the most constant and generous of his enemies" condemned him.

The public opinion of Napoleon's talents was too high to suffer him to continue long at the head of the Army of the Interior : a scene of more active enterprize was about to open for him. Schérer, who, as we have seen, had succeeded Kellerman in the command in chief of the Army of Italy, was reproached with not having known how to profit by his victory of Loano, and his subsequent conduct had not given great satisfaction. His army was in want of every thing ; and when he should have been occupied in following up the important victory he had gained, and leading his troops into a country where all their wants would have been supplied, he remained inactive, and harassed the Directory with incessant demands for supplies which they had not the power to furnish. Recent events, his great success, his

unquestioned military talents, and, above all, the confidence which the Army of Italy reposed in him, pointed out Napoleon as the only man capable of extricating that army from the embarrassing situation in which it then stood. The appointment accordingly took place, and he set out for Nice, General Hatri having come from the Army of the Sambre and Meuse to succeed him in the command of the Army of the Interior, "which had become of less importance, now that the crisis of scarcity was over, and the Government firmly established."

A series of the most brilliant and successful military achievements now commenced. In his former campaign, Napoleon had carefully studied the topography of the countries embosomed in that magnificent mountain barrier which Nature seems to have reared as the defence of Italy against the incursions of the Gauls ; and the knowledge he thus acquired enabled him to execute the bold manœuvre which decided the battle of Montenotte. He had explored every mountain and defile, calculated the resources of the country, made himself acquainted with the enemy's means and strength, penetrated their plans for the defence of Italy, anticipated every possible movement, and provided for every contingency. In 1796, the King of Sardinia, "who, from his military and geographical position, had acquired the title of *Porter of the Alps*," possessed strong fortresses at the opening of all the passes leading into Piedmont ; and had it been intended to penetrate into Italy by forcing the Alps, it would have been necessary, first of all, to carry these fortresses. This, however, was altogether impossible. The time which would unavoidably have been spent in these preliminary operations would have enabled the enemy, already greatly superior in numerical strength, to concentrate his forces and overwhelm the invaders ; besides, the roads were impracticable to a battering train, and, during three-fourths of the year, the mountains are covered with snow, which left too little time for besieging these places. The bold and original plan was, therefore, formed for turning all the Alps, and entering Italy at the point

where these mountains terminate, and the Appenines commence. The most elevated pass of the Alps is the St. Gothard, from which the others decrease gradually in height, the altitude of the Brenner being less than that of the St. Gothard, that of the mountains of Cadore less than the Brenner, that of the Col de Tarvis, and the mountains of Carniola, less than the mountains of Cadore. On the other side, the St. Gothard is more elevated than the Simplon, the Simplon than the St. Bernard, and the St. Bernard than Mount Cenis, which is higher than the Col di Tende; from which last point the Alps continually decrease in height, till they terminate at St. Jaques, near Savona, where the Appenines begin. The chain of the Appenines rises again, and proceeds, constantly increasing in height, in an inverse direction; so that the valley of Madonna, of Savona, and the hills of St. Jaques and Montenotte, are the lowest points both of the Alps and Appenines. This was the only point by which Italy could be entered without passing mountains; and in penetrating by the sources of the Bormida, (near the heights of Savona,) hopes might be entertained of intersecting the Sardinian and Austrian armies; because, from that position, Lombardy and Piedmont were both menaced, it being equally practicable to march on Milan or Turin, the former of which the Austrians, the latter the Piedmontese, were interested in covering.

The army of the Allies, composed of Austrians, Sardinians, and Neapolitans, was commanded by General Beaulieu, an officer of reputation and experience, was well provided with every thing calculated to render it formidable, was at least three times as numerous as the French army, and was to be successively increased by the forces of the Pope, reinforcements from Naples, and the troops of Modena and Parma. This army was divided into two grand corps: the effective army of Austria, composed of four divisions, a strong artillery, and a numerous cavalry, forming a

total of 60,000 men; and the effective army of Sardinia, composed of three Piedmontese divisions, and an Austrian division of 4000 cavalry, amounting, in all, to 30,000 men, under the command of the Austrian General Colli, but subject to the orders of General Beaulieu.

The French army, which was in the want of every thing, was composed of four effective divisions, mustering, one with another, from 6 to 7000 men under arms, under Generals Massena, Augereau, Laharpe, and Serrurier. The cavalry, only 3000 strong, was in the most miserable condition; and the penury of the French finances was such, that the Government could only furnish 2000 louis to the military chest, for opening the campaign. Thus the French army consisted, at most, of but 30,000 men, badly equipped, while they had to oppose upwards of 90,000 * abundantly furnished with all the munitions of war. Never was a campaign opened, or a contest begun, under heavier odds. "Henceforth," says Napoleon, "no resources were to be hoped for except from victory. It was only in the plains of Italy that means of conveyance could be organized, the artillery furnished with teams, (the draught horses had perished from want,) the soldiers clothed, and the cavalry mounted. All this would be gained by forcing the passage of Italy." "If these two armies," he adds, "had to contend with each other in a general engagement, no doubt the inferiority of the French army, in point of numbers, artillery, and cavalry, would have ensured its easy overthrow; but as it was situated, it was enabled to supply the want of numbers by the rapidity of its marches, the deficiency of artillery by the nature of its manœuvres, its inferiority in cavalry by the nature of its positions. The character of the troops was excellent."

Napoleon arrived at Nice between the 26th and 29th of March, and almost immediately gave orders to put the army in motion. "He wished," he says, "to surprise the enemy in the very opening of the campaign,

* Napoleon is not always consistent in his estimate of numbers. In Note I. on Baron Jomini's *Treatise on Grand Military Operations*, he states the combined Austrian and Piedmontese Army at 80,000 men, and the total of the French in the field at 31,000.

After this series of fine manœuvres and brilliant successes, the French General directed his operations against the Sardinian troops, contenting himself with keeping the Austrians in check, Beaulieu, who was now greatly weakened, being chiefly occupied in rallying, and re-organizing the wreck of his army. On the 17th, Colli evacuated the entrenched camp of Ceva, abandoning all his artillery, which he had not time to carry off. A few days after, the army arrived on the heights of Montesemoto, where they enjoyed a spectacle nearly as sublime as that presented to the Carthaginian army before they commenced their arduous descent to the territory of the Insubres, and the plains around the Po. "The immense and fertile plains of Piedmont lay before them. The Po, the Tanaro, and a multitude of other rivers, meandered in the distance; in the horizon, a white girdle of snow and ice, of a stupendous height, surrounded these rich valleys, this promised land. Those gigantic barriers, which seemed the limits of another world, which nature had delighted in rendering thus formidable, and to which art had contributed all its resources, had fallen, as if by enchantment. 'Hannibal forced the Alps,' said the French General, surveying those mountains, 'but we have turned them;' a happy expression, which conveyed, in two words, the idea and the results of the campaign."

The army now passed the Tanaro, and on the 22d the French General debouched by the bridge of Torre, directing his march on Mondovì, where Colli had raised some redoubts, and established a position. He was instantly attacked, beaten, and the town, with all its magazines, fell into the hands of the victors. After the battle of Mondovì, the French General marched on Cherasco, a strong place, situate at the junction of the Tanaro and Stura; Serrurier advancing on Fossano, and Augereau on Alba: these three columns reached their respective destinations on the 25th. Cherasco, ill defended and unprovided, fell into the hands of the French. Napoleon considered the possession

of this place of great importance, and lost no time in putting it into the best possible state of defence: it covered and protected his advance upon Turin. The army which, during the first eight or ten days of the campaign, had suffered the greatest privations, now possessed abundance. The artillery was equipped anew, and the cavalry remounted. "The rapidity of the movements, the impetuosity of the troops, and, above all, the art of opposing them to the enemy, at least upon an equality, and often with advantage, in point of numbers, with the constant tide of success, had preserved the men greatly; besides, soldiers arrived by all the debouches, from all the dépôts, and all the hospitals, at the report of the victorious career and abundant supply of the army."

The Allied army presented a very different picture. The Austrian forces, beaten in every encounter, and reduced to less than half their original numbers, seemed to think only of covering Milan; the Piedmontese, also discouraged, and partly destroyed, could no longer hope to prevent the victorious French, now within ten leagues of Turin, from planting the tri-colour standard on the ramparts of their capital. Overwhelmed by such a tide of misfortune, the Court of Sardinia "placed itself at the discretion of the French General, and solicited an armistice," which was granted: so effectually had Napoleon, to use his own expression at the commencement of the campaign, "dazzled and confounded it by brilliant and decisive advantages." There were, however, strong reasons for not pushing matters to extremities with this Court. Turin was a fortified town; the French were without a battering train; the King had still a great number of fortresses; the two hostile armies, notwithstanding their reverses, were still equal in number to the French army, with a considerable artillery, and a cavalry which had not suffered; and the least check, the slightest caprice of fortune, might destroy every thing. In the event of any disaster happening, the French were in a situation where retreat

least one other brave soldier felt a generous pride in recording his affectionate gratitude to the man who had distinguished his merit, promoted him in his profession, and loaded him with favours.

débouches of Piedmont and the Milanese were covered; and the enemy flattered themselves that they should have time to establish and entrench themselves there." But they had to contend with a man who knew the importance, in war, of seizing the favourable moment, and who, besides, was too well aware of the fundamental error in Beaulieu's dispositions, to suffer him to repair his blunder, and bring the whole of his disposable force against the greatly inferior numbers of the French. Napoleon had now performed, successfully, the most delicate operation in war, "the transition from the defensive to the offensive order:" he had intersected Beaulieu's line of operations; he had acquired the power of beating his enemy in detail: not an instant was therefore to be lost.

Angereau, forming the left of the French army, marched on Millesimo; Massena, with the centre, directed his march on Dego; and Laharpe, commanding the right, took his way by the heights of Cairo. The enemy had formed an appui for their right, by causing the hill of Cosseria, which commands the two branches of the Bormida, to be occupied; but from the 13th, General Angereau, who had not engaged at the battle of Montenotte, pushed the enemy's right with such impetuosity, that he carried the passes of Millesimo, and surrounded the hill of Casseria: Provera, with his rear-guard, 2000 strong, was cut off. In this desperate situation, General

Provera resolved to brave all extremities; he took refuge in an old ruined castle, and there barricaded himself. From its top he saw the right of the Sardinian army making dispositions for the battle of the following day, by which he hoped to be extricated. All Colli's troops, from the camp of Ceva, were expected to arrive in the course of the night. The French, therefore, felt it of the greatest importance to gain possession of the castle of Cosseria in the course of the day; but this post was very strong, and their attack failed. The next day, the two armies engaged. Massena and Laharpe carried Dego after an obstinate conflict. Menars and Joubert carried the heights of Biestro. All Colli's attacks to extricate Provera were unsuccessful: he was defeated, and hotly pursued. Provera was then compelled to lay down his arms. The enemy, briskly followed up into the passes of Spigno, left there part of his artillery, with many colours and prisoners. The separation of the two armies of Austria and Sardinia was thenceforward complete.

In the mean time, a division of Austrian grenadiers, who had been directed from Voltri by Sassello, arrived at three in the morning at Dego. The position was no longer occupied but by advanced posts. These grenadiers, therefore, easily carried the village, and created great alarm at the French head-quarters, where they could not comprehend how the enemy could be at Dego, while we had advanced posts on the Acqui road. After two hours hard fighting, Dego was retaken, and almost the whole of the enemy's division were made prisoners*.

* It was at the village of Dego that Napoleon first distinguished a chief of battalion, whom he made a colonel: this was Lannes, who afterwards was a Marshal of the Empire, and Duke of Montebello, and displayed talents of the first order." (*Campaigns of Italy*.) Lannes was, in fact, Napoleon's favourite pupil in the art of war; in him, courage at first predominated over judgment; but the latter was every day gaining ground, and approaching equilibrium. At the time of his death, he had become a very able commander, and, according to his illustrious master, was never surpassed in the skill he had acquired in manœuvring a body of 25,000 men. He had made little proficiency in what is called "high tactics;" but at the period when he was mortally wounded at Esalingen, he was still young, and had done so much, that the most distinguished rank in the profession of arms was confessedly within his reach. Lannes' admirable coolness and conduct gained the battle of Montebello, (from which he received his title,) and mainly contributed to the memorable and decisive victory of Marengo, which followed immediately after. Upon almost every occasion, he was distinguished for a rare combination of cool judgment, inferior only to Napoleon himself, with a chivalrous bravery, which placed him on a level with Murat and Ney, two of the bravest men that ever lived. "I found him a dwarf," said the Emperor, "but I lost him a giant." This man's gratitude to the founder of his fame and fortune was equal to his other great qualities. He twined himself round the Emperor, in his last moments, with all he had left of life, and would hear of no one but him. For the honour of human nature, amidst so many examples of the foulest and the blackest treachery, the Memoirs of General Rapp, of which we gave an account in our last Number, prove that at

Speeding like meteor of the night,
 With hurried step and troubl'd mien,
 Amidst the fearful gleams of light
 The cause of all was seen :
 Is it the blush of rage or shame,
 Blent with the dusky glow of flame,
 That lends his face th' unearthly glare,—
 Or demon passions quiv'ring there ?
 Smote by the fierce and fiery blast,
 Breath'd on by curses as he past,
 He seem'd the everlasting foe
 Amid lost souls, in place of woe !
 There, like a headlong wintry stream,
 When snows dissolve in solar beam,
 The varied tide of life rolls by—
 Frail tott'ring age and infancy—
 The matron and the new-made bride,
 By agony to madness smote,
 Her hapless lover by her side,
 And yet she knows him not !
 The hurrying tramp of flying foot,
 And the shriek of death were there,
 And forms with breathless terror mute,
 And moveless with despair !
 And they that 'scape escape in vain,
 For wilder'd on the savage plain,

O'er them Night's blackest breezes roll
 Down from the dead and darksome Pole,—
 Arresting, with their icy spell,
 The ocean waters while they swell,—
 Bending the river's rushing force,
 Chaining the life-blood in its course.
 But with his fair, his promis'd bride,
 The lover rests where Slander's tongue,
 Although they slumber side by side,
 Yet spares the beautiful and young :
 The hollow blast and freezing sleet
 Their funeral-song and winding-sheet !
 Pure as that pale shroud Heaven hath
 spread
 O'er each cold form and tombless head,
 Unsullied by an earthly stain,
 Their memory and their names remain !
 Yet, Moscow ! thou wert well avenged,
 When Winter's petrifying hand
 In ranks of dead thy foemen ranged,
 Like statues on the lifeless land :
 When they in ghastly groupes were piled,
 To feed the vultures of the wild
 Where each dread night to thee did doom
 Full many a human hecatomb ! J. M.

PLAYS WRITTEN BY THE THrice NOBLE, ILLUSTRIOUS, AND EXCELLENT
 PRINCESS, THE LADY MARCHIONESS OF NEWCASTLE.

In the following passage, we may safely presume, the speaker delivers the true opinion of the fair writer herself, upon the topics touched on :

[SCENE 12th.]

Fame hath spoke loud, both of ancient and modern poets ; as for the ancient poets, they are a length out of the reach of my judgment, so as my opinion will hardly reach so far ; but as for our modern poets, that have made plays in our modern times, although they deserve praise, yet not so much nor so high applause as is given them ; for most of their plots, or foundation of their plays, were taken out of old authors, as from the Greeks and Romans, historians and poets, also all the modern romances are taken out of these stories, and many plays out of these romances.

• • • • As for plays, the true comedy is pure love and humours ; also the customs, manners, and the habits and inbred qualities of mankind ; and right tragi-comedies are the descriptions of the passions which are created in the soul ; and a right tragedy is intermixt with the passions, appetites, and humours of men, with the influence of outward actions, accidents, and misfortunes.

Matron.—Let me interrupt you, to ask your opinion how you like the Italian and French plays ?

Lady Speaker.—As well as I can like any thing that is a strain beyond nature, or, as I may say, nature's constraint : for the truth is, in their discourse or rehearsals, they do not only raise their voice a note or two too high, but many notes too high ; and in their actions they are so forced, as the spectators might very easily believe the actions would break their sinew-strings ; and in their speech, they fetch their breath so short and thick, and in such painful fetches and throws, as those spectators that are strangers might verily believe they were gasping for life.

Matron.—But, Lady, all know love, which is the theme or subject of plays, is a violent passion, which forces the players to an elevation of action and speech.

Lady Speaker.—Most Reverend Matron, my opinion is, that though it be commendable and admirable for the poet to be elevated with a poetical divine inspiration to outdo nature ; yet, for the actors, their best grace is to play or act in the tracks or paths of nature, and to keep within nature's bounds ; and whensoever they go awry, or transgress therefrom, they are to be condemned, and to be accounted ill actors ; and for the passions of love, certainly the strongest love is like the deepest water, which is most silent, and least unnecessarily active ; they may sometimes murmur with winds of sighs, but never roar ; they neither foam nor froth with violence, but

are composed into a heavy body, with a settled sadness. But, in short, the Italian and French players act more romantical than natural, which is feigned and constrained. But to conclude with the poet, he delights the ear and the understanding with the variety of every thing that Nature hath made, or art invented; for a poet is like a bee, that gathers the sweet of every flower, and brings the honey to his hive, which are the ears and memory of the hearers, or readers, in whose head his wit swarms;—but as painters draw to the life, so poets should write to the life, and players act to the life.

It seems to be with regret that the noble writer passes lightly and rapidly over a topic. She wishes curiously to examine it in its opposing aspects. She forgets that the situations and peculiar qualities of the characters often demand that they should say little; that they should repress the copious ebullitions of their ingenuity, and conceal their learning and more elaborated wit. In the drama of "*Bell in Campo*," a General is attended by his wife to the wars; and then follows, in one scene, some very pointed and natural dialogue, giving several very satirical and witty reasons why a soldier should leave his wife behind. But, as the dialogue proceeds, the learned and ingenious intellect of the noble author becomes exuberant, in pouring forth reasons why the wife should become an inmate of the camp. In her copiousness, she destroys the pleasing impression she had already produced, and gives to her characters the weapons of sophists, rather than those more usual and less ingenious topics, which suit the object of their just introduction. The envied character, who is pitched upon to bear down all opposition, and to smooth and tranquillize the eddies and opposing currents of this obstinate and doubtful discussion, tells his astonished and less erudite adversaries, that Pompey and Germanicus carried their wives to the field along with them;—that Alexander, amidst the toils and occupations of war, solaced himself with the society of several;—that it had been well for Agamemnon, and some of the other Grecian chiefs, their wives had been with them at the siege of Troy;—that confidence and heroism are inspired by their presence;—and that there have been women, who have led armies, and been intrepid and successful Generals.

Several of the dramas of the noble writer, besides detached characters, in nearly all of them, would seem to have been suggested by the peculiar

form of our old Moralities, and allegorical pieces. If, however, they seldom exhibit, without much alloy, the occasional noble and rich poetical embellishment of some of these,—if the scenes of outward nature are not dwelt upon with such fond contemplative rapture, and described with such a vivid and simple truth; yet they may perhaps be pronounced to be more varied and pleasing in their structure,—more animated and sportive in their progress,—more rapid and direct in their import,—and more rich and effective in the contrasts and incidents of the fanciful and motley assemblage of allegorical personages. The retirement and seclusion in which the fair writer seems to have spent the early part of her life, added to her protracted and distressing exile in a foreign land, while they removed her from an intimate knowledge of society and its shifting usages and manners, so indispensable to the dramatist, may be said to have led her, in this walk of composition, by a natural consequence, to the delineation of characters of a more abstract and allegorical cast. In this more confined and conspicuously didactic range of the drama, we may presume she found a field peculiarly congenial to the calmly contemplative and philosophical bent of her mind. The noble writer had not here to exhibit those varying shades of individual living character, or those passions and affections which, amidst the stream and current of their fluctuation, are so difficult to be fathomed. In her fictitious allegorical creations, she had rather to seek the delineation of characters generally, than particularly, true,—of those philosophically just, but which bear upon them the impress of nothing individual in their features, or which can be identified with existing fashion or custom. She had the task of representing virtues and vices, passions and affections, in their general and received attributes,—of portraying those human qualities which may

be said at all times to present but one unchanging aspect, and which have a fixed, undeviating place in the mind. The elements which compose this peculiar range of characters cannot be said to illustrate any particular age. They are those passions and desires,—those virtues and vices,—those abstract qualities and attributes, which exist, but slightly modified, while, so to speak, the ocean of change rolls ceaselessly past, encroaching upon, and sweeping away, so much that seemed stable and permanent. Such abstract allegorical personages seem, it is true, to move, and be endued with abundant vitality; but they reflect no living image in society; they hold not up to us those crowds of singular and fantastic characters—those predominant follies and usages—those singular and amusing prejudices; neither do they exhibit to us that grotesque and antique costume, or that picturesque and impressive air, which is poured with such a striking and vivid glow of colour over the mass of society, and which a great and finely observant poet, like the painter who perpetuates some singular and fair aspect of outward nature, or some noble grace and energy of living attitude, seizes and commemorates, in all its moving and characteristic bustle and animation, before it sinks and disappears for ever.

The noble writer, in these compositions, had only to represent her numerous allegorical personages in situations fitted to shew their beauty or deformity,—to contrive a few incidents of easy conception, which should show, in a more striking and impressive light, the permanent features, so to speak, of these simple, uncompounded human qualities. In these more grave didactic dramas, the noble author finds ample scope for that fancifully moralizing and philosophizing spirit which she possessed. It is here that her wit may sport with general, rather than local and passing follies; and that in the wide excursive field over which her fancy and ingenuity range, she is enabled to look at all times to the clear, permanent, and simple qualities of her allegorical personages. She may here, in this more confined walk, willingly turn aside from those infinitely

compounded and diversified qualities so wonderfully blended and associated in living character, and which so often, in their finely attenuated or gradually deepening shades, fill the dramatic poet with wonder and despair, while he attempts, adequately and powerfully, to reveal them.

We do not, however, assuredly mean to hold up these more modern Moralities as compositions of very high or undoubted excellence: we think the impressions sought to be produced by such compositions, might have been accomplished by a more beautiful and striking poetical progression and elucidation of incidents; that much that is vicious in taste, redundant in expression, prolix in dialogue, and elaborately figurative in discourse, might here have been avoided. Notwithstanding, however, the general fastidiousness of our critical character, we must allow, that we have felt these compositions often delightful and gratifying in the perusal. They breathe, throughout, such a noble and exhilarating morality,—they are so clear and unambiguous in their virtuous purpose,—they expatiate with so soothing and animated a philosophy upon the varied ills and conditions of life,—they exhibit such just and manly conceptions of the capacities of our nature, and often such a strong blaze of light is thrown upon the graces or deformities of the personages, that it is impossible at times not to feel a thrill of delight, and to be satisfied of the masculine and richly diversified powers of the writer. In the portraiture of these allegorical personages, if the noble writer seldom exhibits those rapid, energetic, and poetical strokes by which Bunyan, in his sacred allegory, gives at once, as it were, life to his characters; we are yet gratified often by traits of his soft, alluring simplicity of delineation, of his mellow colouring; and where the nature of the incidents permits, and the curiously elaborate and subtle ingenuity of the writer happily sleeps, the characters often rise into a soothing and impressive strain of moralizing. We may, it is true, often desiderate more chastely poetical and impressive appeals, so apposite in the mouths of those who stand, as it were, before us, the living images of

the virtues and the passions. We may desire that the incidents which are meant to picture vividly forth to us these qualities and attributes, had been more elevated and invitingly picturesque in their selection, and that, amidst the crowd of detached incident, some striking train should assume a more predominant ascendancy, and beget a more intense and exclusive interest. We may often fruitlessly wish that the Lady Sanspareil, in her learned enthusiasm, were less copiously fertile in her discourses, or more correct in her fanciful and elaborate scientific allusions; that the Lady Examination were less obtrusive with the glittering treasures of her philosophy; that "Grave Temperance" were less of a casuist; that the Lady Conversation were not so odiously erratic and discursive; and that poor Virtue were more careful and select in the choice of her company. Yet, notwithstanding the numerous striking violations of nature, of taste, and of truth of character, which these dramas display, the impression which they leave behind, although resulting from many seemingly opposite and jarring elements, still often singularly blends and harmonizes in the satisfaction of its final result. The rich and profuse exuberance with which we are presented, even amidst its superfluity, is one ingredient of strong satisfaction. The fruits which hang in abundance around us may not, perhaps, be all equally richly mellowed and delicious to the taste, yet they gratify the sight, and add to the variety and gorgeous luxuriance of the scene. If the noble writer seldom touches upon those loved recollections, those tender associations, which make up the true elements of the pathetic,—if we find her often seduced, and drawn aside

from the direct road to the heart, by the importunate calls of a wildly excursive ingenuity, or the fantastic and obtrusive flowers of a false taste, still it must be allowed she has accomplished much, although we may lament she has not purely and legitimately accomplished more.

We shall now present our readers with some extracts from these long-forgotten and neglected dramas. It might be easy to select passages to justify our most severe strictures. We shall rather, however, follow the more acceptable task of giving several scenes, which we deem characteristic of the diversified genius of the writer. We have been averse from giving an outline of any of the allegorical dramas, being satisfied it could be productive of very partial and slender interest to our readers. Each figurative personage stands, as it were, so much detached and apart—he affects those around him so slightly by his movements—and his qualities are so strongly and significantly indicated, by the few simple, inartificial incidents, personal to himself, through which he passes, that the enumeration of the circumstances upon which any of these dramas are founded, while they would disclose no finely-moving intricacy, or developement of plot, would only prove to our readers irksome and oppressive.

The following scene appears to us highly beautiful. It is characteristic of that pure and exalted morality, which the noble writer often depicts with such a gravely chastened and mellow colouring. The Lady Procurer is artfully attempting to seduce the Lady Chastity from her fidelity to her husband, Sir Henry Sage, intended as the allegorical representative of Wisdom.

MATRIMONIAL TROUBLE.—PART 1st, SCENE 27th.

Procurer.—O, madam, he is most desperately in love with your ladyship.

Chastity.—Pray Heaven, madam, he doth not hang himself before my door!

Procurer.—'Faith, madam, it is to be feared he will do some violent act upon himself, unless you pity him.

Chastity.—Is he in distress?

Procurer.—As much as love can make him.

Chastity.—How should I help him, madam?

Procurer.—Nothing can help him, but love's returns in kind embracements.

Chastity.—Would you have me, a married wife, embrace an amorous lover?

Procurer.—O, madam, stolen pleasures are sweet, and marriage is a cloak to hide love's meetings.

Chastity.—And can it hide the sin from the gods, and the falsehood from my hus-

band, as well as from the world? But, let me tell you, the world is quicksighted as to particulars, though blind as to the general.

Procurer.—'Faith, madam, the gods easily pardon natural faults, and husbands dare not spy them, at least not to divulge them: and the world censures all the virtuous as much as the wicked, and the chaste as much as the wanton; besides, you are excusable, being married to an ancient man.

Chastity.—Doth age deserve no love?

Procurer.—'Faith little, for love wears out with time, and age wears out of love; and if you said you did love your husband, nobody would believe you; for who can think, you, that are young and fair, can love a man that's old?

Chastity.—By Heaven, I never thought my husband old! for he doth appear to me to be just at maturity, adorned with all the graces.

Procurer.—Surely you do not think his silver hair Apollo's locks?

Chastity.—No; but I think them Pallas's head-piece.

Procurer.—Nor can you think his hollow eyes, that's sunk into his head, are Cupid's golden arrows?

Chastity.—No; but I think them Minerva's loom, which hath interweaved several objects, making various and most curious works of Knowledge and of Wit, where Judgment in the midst is placed, and Understanding borders it.

Procurer.—And can you think his shoulders, bent by weak old age, are Cupid's bow?

Chastity.—No; but I can think it's like a bank swelled out by Generosity, to bear Necessity's burdens on; or else a heap of noble deeds, raised by heroic actions, whereon Fame sits in triumph, and blows his praise abroad, that all the world may hear it.

Procurer.—I will never believe you can think the furrows in his face, ploughed up by Time, as smooth as waters be when in a calm.

Chastity.—No; but I can think them tracks or paths made by Experience, in which walk Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, and Temperance: and though you strive to make my husband much older than he is, yet I believe, that neither time nor age have power over him; for, to my sight, his skin is as smooth as light, his eyes as darting as Apollo's beams, his body is as straight as Serzes' wand, able to charm the youngest she, and turn her all to love; his strength is active, and his spirits quick to carry arms, or fight his enemies; and for his brain, 'tis equally tempered, not burnt with heat, nor frozen up with cold: nor are his sinews out of tune by slackened nerves, but just set to life's harmony; strength strings the chords, and health doth keep just time.

Procurer.—Ha! ha! ha! Sweet lady, your love hath made him a most heavenly creature.

Chastity.—Foul devil, that seeks to corrupt the marriage-bed with false dispraise and flattering insinuations, carrying fond love's recommendations from ear to ear! Youth being credulous, they are soon received, which you perceiving, strait strive to sow in tender hearts love's amorous passions, from whence adultery doth grow, and vices do increase. You, a lady,—a bawd! O that honour, the mark of merit, should be placed on such base subjects as you are! Begone! such bawds as you, are not only able to disorder a private family, but to ruin a whole kingdom; you are worse than witches, and do more mischief, &c.

The following short scene is beautiful, although somewhat too formal and elaborate. It is from the Drama of "Nature's Three Daughters:"

Nobilissimo.—My sweet mistress, what is the cause you look so pale and melancholy?

Amor.—I hear you have forsaken me, and make love to another; which I no sooner heard, but shook with fear; like to a tender plant blown by a northern wind, wherewith my blood congealed with cold, my thoughts grew sad, and gathered like black clouds, which make my head hang down, my face all withered, pale, and dry: but did I love, as many do, for person, not for mind, your inconstancy would be a less crime; but were your body as curious made as Nature's skill could form you, and not a soul answerable, I might admire you, but not love you with adoration as I do.

Nobilissimo.—Fear not; for as thy tongue unlocks my ears, so it locks up my heart from all thy sex but thee, and, as a cabinet, doth keep thy picture there.

Amor.—Heaven grant my tongue may never rust, but move with words as smoothed with oil, turned by the strength of wit, easy and free!

Nobilissimo.—Dear mistress, banish this jealousy, it may in time corrupt pure love; and be you confident of my affection, as of your own virtue.

Amor.—Your kind words I will take for a sufficient seal, and never doubt the bond that love hath made.

We give the following as an instance of that grave and subdued pathos, touched with conceit, in which the noble writer sometimes indulges. It is from the same drama with the preceding extract. Monsicur Phantasie has been dangerously wounded in the cause of his mistress.

Amg.—I will go fetch more help and surgeons.

[*Exit.*]

Phantasie.—I am wounded more with thoughts of sorrow than with my opposite's sword, and wish that death would strike me in thy arms, that I might breathe my last there; offer up my soul upon the altar of thy breast, and yield my life a sacrifice unto thy constancy.

Mademoiselle Bon.—May death exchange, and take my life, that is useless to the world, and spare your's, for noble actions to build a fame thereon!

Phantasie.—I speak not so.

Mademoiselle Bon.—If my words offend you, my tongue for ever shall be dumb.

Phantasie.—No; it is your wish offends, and not your words; for they are music to my ears, or like to drops of balsam poured therein, to heal my wounded soul.

Mad. Bon.—If that my words could cure your wounds that bleed, rather than wait, I'll speak till my breath were spent, no lip to form words with.

[*She weeps.*]

Phantasie.—Why do you weep?

Mad. Bon.—To see you bleed: but if you bleed to death, I will weep to death; and as life issues through your wounds, so shall life issue through my eyes, and drown itself in floods of tears.

Phantasie.—Forbear; let not the earth drink up those tears, those precious tears the gods thirst after.

The noble writer is not deterred from introducing into her scenes that most unmanageable and ticklish character the Clown, or Jester;—and assuredly we think her Clown not the least inventive and facetious member of his motley fraternity. In the "Matrimonial Trouble" we have the following scene:

Mrs Single.—What a troublesome life is a married life! Bless me, Heaven! who would marry?

[*Enter Raillery Jester at her last words.*]

Fool.—What would you if you could get a husband? for maids long to be wives, and wives long to be widows, that they may marry again.

Single.—That is, because maids do not know the vexations of marriage, which wives do.

Fool.—Faith, women take a pleasure in being vext, crost, and injured; for then they have a ground for their anger, and revenge is the sweetest and dearest employment they have, or would wish to have; otherwise they would be dull and idle without it; and, to prove it, widows are as earnest and as industrious to marry as maids, and all is, because they would be vext and crost.

Single.—And are not men as desirous and hasty to marry as women?

Fool.—Yes, those that are fools.

Single.—Why, then, you should marry, if any woman would have you.

Fool.—Such fools as I never, or very seldom marry; for though we are christened fools, we were born wise (where other men were born fools, but christened wise), as bearing the name of wise and understanding men, so as they have only the name, but not the wisdom; the truth is, we fool, and other men are fooled.

Single.—Then women are born wise, for they fool men.

Fool.—Nay, faith, poor souls, they are for the most part double-fooled; first, thinking they fool, and then in being fooled.

In another scene the same characters are thus introduced:

Single.—Whose death is coming?

Fool.—Yours, for any thing I know: wherefore take heed, for, let me tell you, Death is a rough fellow; for he pulls the soul out of the body, as a barber-chirurgion doth a tooth, sometimes with less pain, sometimes with more; but many times Death is forced to tear the body, as a tooth-drawer tears the jaw-bone, before he can get it out.

Single.—What instruments doth Death draw out the soul with?

Fool.—Sickness, wounds, passions, accidents, and the like.

Single.—But how came Death and you so well acquainted?

Fool.—We are near akin; for Death and Ignorance are cousin-germans.

Single.—'Faith thou art rather a knave than a fool, and a knave is nearer akin to life than death.

The passage we now give is much in the calm, graceful, and soothing manner of the noble author, when she fortunately forgets to be formally and elaborately fanciful. The Seigneur Valoroso being about to depart for the wars, his wife entreats that she may accompany him.

Madam Jantik.—I cannot chuse but take it unkindly that you will go without me; do you mistrust my affection, or that I have not as much love for you as the General's Lady hath for her husband? or do you desire to leave me, because you would take a mistress along with you—one that, perchance, hath more beauty than you think me to have, with whom you may securely and freely sit in your tent, and gaze upon; or one that hath more wit than I, whose sweet, smooth, and flattering words may charm your thoughts, and draw your soul out of your ears to sit upon her lips, or dancing with delight upon her tongue?

Seigneur Valoroso.—Prithce, wife, be not jealous; I vow to Heaven no other beauty can attract my eyes but thine, nor any sound can please my brain, but what thy charming tongue sends in;—besides, I prize not what thy body is, but how thy soul's adorned: thy virtue would make me think thee fair, although thou wert deformed; and wittier far than Mercury, hadst thou Midas's ears:—but thou hast all that man can wish of womankind, and that is the reason I will leave thee safe at home; for I am loth to venture all my wealth and happiness in Fortune's inconstant bark, suffering thy tender youth and sex to float on the rough waves of chance, where dangers like to northern winds blow high, and who can know but that fatal guests may come and overwhelm thee, and drown all my joys? wherefore, for my sake, keep thyself at home.

Madam Jantik.—I shall obey you; but yet I think it were not well I should be a long time from you, and at a great distance.

Seigneur Valoroso.—I will promise you, if I perceive the war is like to be prolonged, and that there be garrison-towns so safe as you may securely live in, I will send for you, placing you so where sometimes I may visit you.

Madam Jantik.—Pray do not forget me so much as to cancel your promise.

Seigneur Valoroso.—Forget thee, sweet? I should sooner forget life; and if I do whilst I have memory, Heaven forget me! &c.

The concluding passage in the following extract is fanciful and poetical. It is from the same Drama with the preceding extract, the "Bell in Campo."

Lady Victoria.—I must partake of your actions, and go along with you.

Lord General.—What! to the wars?

Lady Victoria.—To any place where you are.

Lord General.—But, wife, you consider not, as that long marches, ill lodgings, much watching, cold nights, scorching days, hunger, and danger, are ill companions for ladies; their acquaintance displeases; their conversation is rough and rude, being too boisterous for ladies. Your tender and strengthless constitutions cannot encounter nor grapple therewith.

Lady Victoria.—'Tis said that love overcomes all things: in your company, long marches will be but as a breathing walk, the hard ground feel as a feather bed, and the stormy sky a spangled canopy, hot days a stove to cure cold agues, hunger as fasting days, or an eve to devotion, and danger is honour's triumphant chariot.—If I stay behind you, the very imagination of your danger will torture me; sad dreams will affright me; every little noise will sound as your passing knell, and my fearful mind will transform every object like as your pale ghost, &c.

In the same grave and mellowed strain of poetic fancy is the following: It is from the piece, "The Comical Hash."

Examination.—Come, let us go abroad, for I love to refresh myself in the serene air, taking the pleasure of every season, as when the returning sun spins golden beams, which interweave into the thinner air, as golden threads with softer silk, making it like a mantle, rich and warm, which wraps the body of each creature in; so, in summer, when liferous winds do fan the sultry heat; then, in the Autumn, that's like a temperate bath, which is neither too hot nor too cold; then, in the Winter, when freezing cold doth purge the air, as physic doth the body from most corrupt humours, and binds each loose dissevered part.

Censurer.—The Winter will bind up your active limbs, and numb your flesh, and make your spirits chill; besides, Winter doth bed-rid Nature; 'tis a spiteful, mali-

cious, and wicked season, for it doth strive to destroy each several thing, and it yields nothing good itself; besides, it doth imprison many things, binding them fast with icy chains, taking away their natural liberty; also, it doth not only frown and lower on the bright sun, making his light dim and dusky, but Winter doth untwist, and doth upweave the sun's bright golden beams, and wind them on dark bottoms: &c.

The following passage from the piece of "Wits' Cabal," being a portion of one of those "Dialogue Discourses" in which the noble author frequently employs her characters sportively, notwithstanding the uncouth roughness of the verse, is not devoid of beauty and fancy:

Faction.—The Spring is drest in buds and blossoms sweet.

Censure.—The Summer laughs until her cheeks look red.

Pleasure.—The plenteous Autumn under our feet.

Tranquil Peace.—The Winter shaking cold, is almost dead.

All Speak.—Go on with the twelve months.

Ambition.—Fierce, furious March comes in with bended brows,

Heroic.—Commanding storms and tempests to arise,

Superbe.—Beating the trees and clouds, as if it meant

Vain-Glory.—To make them subject to his tyrannies.

Portrait.—Then follows April, weeping for her buds,

Friak.—For fear rude March had all her young destroyed;

Faction.—But when she thought her tears might rise to floods,

Censure.—With sunbeams dried her eyes, his heat her joy'd.

Pleasure.—Then wanton May came full of amorous sports,

Tranq. Peace.—Decking herself with gaudy colours gay,

Ambition.—And entertaining lovers of all sorts,

Heroic.—In pleasure she doth pass her time away.

Superbe.—Then enters June, with fair and full fat face,

Vain-Glory.—Her eyes are bright, and clear as the noon sun;

Portrait.—And in her carriage hath a majestic grace,

Inquisitive.—In Equinoctial pace she walks, not run.

Faction.—But July's sultry, hot, ambitious, proud,

Censure.—And in a fiery chariot she doth ride;

Pleasure.—When angry is, she thundering speaks aloud,

Tranq. Peace.—Shoots lightning through the clouds on every side.

We shall now conclude our extracts from these singular compositions, with a scene from the "Matrimonial Trouble," in which we recognise, in a diminished degree, somewhat of that rude decisive vigour, devoid of poetical embellishment, which we discover in the productions of old Heywood, and the other early framers of our drama. The deserted mistress of Sir Francis Inconstant, incited by the violence of jealousy and disappointment, seeks the destruction of her fortunate rival, the Lady Inconstant, the young wife of Sir Francis. Disguised in male attire, she estranges and seduces her affections from her husband, and

prevails upon her to administer to him poison. She seeks, with an implacable and refined spirit of revenge, the death of the Lady Inconstant, who breathes towards her the impassioned tenderness of a mistaken passion. She is represented (it must be owned with some improbability) as so deeply veiled beneath her male disguise, as to be unknown by Sir Francis; and she gradually becomes to him his intimate and confidential friend. She hastens, with an eager and triumphant joy, to inform Sir Francis of the fatal purpose of his wife, that in this way her hated rival may fall the dread victim of his vengeance.

Sir Francis Inconstant as sick upon a couch, he being alone.

Sir Francis Inconstant.—This feigned sickness shall serve as a snare to catch my wife's design.

Enter the Lady Inconstant.

Lady Inconstant.—My dear heart, how are you?

Francis Inconstant.—Very sick; so sick, as I fear Heaven doth envy my happiness, and will part us by death.

Lady Inconstant.—The gods forbid! I hope you will live so long, as to crown your virtuous life with aged years.

Francis Inconstant.—O no ; I find my life draws towards an end, and death will separate us from each other ; but you being young, wife, will soon forget me, placing your love upon some other man, in whom all the remembrance of me will be buried.

Lady Inconstant.—Dear husband, speak not so melancholy ; your words strike such terror into my heart, as I cannot endure to hear them : I had rather death should strike me than you ; dear husband, cheer up yourself ; your disease is only melancholy ; wherefore take such nourishing things as may give your spirits strength and life : shall I bring you a little burnt wine, to comfort your spirits, or some jelly broth, to strengthen your stomach ?

Francis Inconstant.—If you please, wife.

[*Lady Inconstant goes out.*

He alone.

Francis Inconstant.—Now for the poisoned draught.

Enter the Lady with a porringer of broth.

Lady Inconstant.—Here, my dear heart, drink this.

[*He takes the porringer, and when it is in his hand, he rises and goeth to the chamber door, and locks it.*

Lady Inconstant.—What mean you, husband, to lock the door ?

Francis Inconstant.—Because none shall enter until the broth be drank, wife.

[*She seems to be afraid, and desires to go forth of the chamber—he stays her.*

Francis Inconstant.—No, wife ! you must not go out, for I mean to nourish you with that broth that you would have nourished me with.

Lady Inconstant.—Why, husband, I am not sick, I do not require broth.

Francis Inconstant.—O yes, wife ; your soul is sick, although your body is well, and this broth may perchance cure the one, although it kills the other ; wherefore drink it.

Lady Inconstant.—I will not.

Francis Inconstant.—You shall ! and if you drink it not willingly, I will force it down your throat.

Lady Inconstant.—Dear husband, spare me !

Francis Inconstant.—Why, I give you nothing but that which you prepared for me ; and if it were good for me, it is good for you.

Lady Inconstant.—Dear husband, have mercy on me, and I will confess my crimes.

Francis Inconstant.—No, wife ; no more mercy than you would have had on me, and therefore drink it.

Lady Inconstant.—'Tis poison, husband.

Francis Inconstant.—That is the reason you shall drink it, wife.

Lady Inconstant.—Dear husband, let me live but to repent my sins, which, like a black thick cloud, do cover all my soul.

Francis Inconstant.—This will be a sufficient punishment ; for if you be punished in this world, you may escape the punishment of the next.

Lady Inconstant.—Good husband, consider youth, that is apt to run into errors, not being guided with good counsel, as it ought.

Francis Inconstant.—I will consider nothing, and therefore drink it, or by Heaven I will force you to it, and therefore linger not.

[*The Lady Inconstant takes the cup, and then kneels, and lifts up her eyes towards Heaven, and then prays.*

Lady Inconstant.—You gods, forgive me my crimes, and let this deadly draught purge clean my soul from sin !

[*She drinks the poisoned broth.*

Francis Inconstant.—Now, wife, have you any amorous desires to Monsieur Disguise ?

Lady Inconstant.—No ; the fire of my unlawful love is quenched. Heaven receive my soul ! O husband, forgive me !

[*She sinks to the ground.—Dies.*

Francis Inconstant.—Ha ! she is dead ; what hath my furious passion done ? I was too sudden to crop her tender life so hastily, without more strict examination ; for it was likely this spruce gallant corrupted her with his alluring looks, and smooth enticing words, which he knew well how to apply : youth is credulous, and women soon persuaded, and being joined in one, they easily are overcome. I do repent.

[*He walks a turn or two in a melancholy musc.*

I will revenge myself of those that were the cause.

But we now close our extracts from those singular compositions. We think it impossible, without some feelings of wonder and admiration, to survey the varied motley crowd of characters which the noble writer has often so powerfully and vividly delineated, in their few prominent qualities,—to behold, so to speak, those noble forms, and graceful and commanding attitudes, and not to lament that these should often in part be withdrawn from our sight, by an injudicious weight and amplitude of drapery, and the minute devices of a misplaced and excessive ornament. We feel it difficult to try these works by the allowed requisites of a particular standard. They are so various and dissimilar, in the elements of their composition,—the characters are introduced in such a motley abundance,—they are so singularly and picturesquely confronted, and give out their likenesses by such radiant lights, and such deep contrasted shades,—there is in them such a redundancy and fertility of topics—such crowds of images, rhetorical, rather than poetical—such beautiful traits of allegory in her discourses, in the manner of the old romance,—the dialogue displays such fertility of resource,—it is so sparkling with wit, and so pointed and barbed by innumerable touches of strong and vigorous irony and satire, that, amidst the rich panoramic succession of scenes, we feel often reluctant to analyze minutely our strong satisfaction, or to inquire if it be of that kind which ought properly to flow from dramatic productions. We seem, as it were, to survey a noble and majestic pile, where the rules of architecture are seen in a thousand instances violated,—where columns, and domes, and arches, seem to rise in opposition and hostility to each other, yet where our wonder and admiration are carried along by the venerable and impressive beauty of the collective mass, and where the felicitous aids and power of situation either throw a shade across the crowd of minor deformities, or lend to them, in their associated effect, a picturesque and irregular beauty. The reader, as we have already hinted, will not, in these singular dramas, meet with those

penetrating, and, as it were, intuitive delineations of character, which lay open, with a vivid reality, the intricate involutions of its mental folds;—he will not here be fascinated and entranced by that felicitous dramatic art, which exhibits the first faint shades of passion or affection, gradually deepening amidst obstacles and excitements, and swelling to their last dark and disastrous height;—he will not here be presented with the animated and picturesque exhibition of former fashions, and humorous and fantastic follies, acted amidst their interesting and fitting localities, and passing before him in all the gay colours of their antique and motley succession;—he shall not be here initiated into the gay and merry actings, in Dame Quickly's tavern, in the Eastcheap;—he shall not behold the witty knight, amidst the tenderness of his amorous dalliance, or hear him defending the pleasures of “us that are in the rearward of our youth;” neither, so to speak, shall the reader, in these scenes, behold Captain Bobadil shunning popularity in the “neat privacy” of a water-carrier's house, or listen to his eulogy of tobacco, “especially your Trinidado,” the most “sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.” These Dramas do not exhibit the portraiture of the moving and fantastic fashion, and varied and gay aspect of the time. But there is in them so much of the striking philosophy of life,—so much satire and wit, upon topics that never become old,—so discriminating an appreciation of human pursuits,—such true and fanciful illustrations of passions and affections in their broad and received attributes,—such varied form of dialogue, and piquant and ingenious discussion,—and often so venerable a grace in the presentment of the allegorical personages, that they may be perused, we think, not merely for the purpose of an evanescent and futile amusement, but with high benefit and instruction.

We feel, we confess, some tenderness for the numerous imperfections of a writer who appears, with so resolved a spirit, to have relied on the fertility and resources of her own mind, and who, in the incidents of

her Dramas, and the conception of her numerous characters, must stand free from every charge of plagiarism, or the most distant and disguised shade of imitation. To general readers we may safely promise, that, if the timid and obtrusive rhetoric, the elaborate and perverse ingenuity, and the quaint illustration of the noble writer, may at times provoke a smile, they shall yet rise from the perusal of these singular dialogues delighted by excellencies, which, like the waters of an aged fountain, still sparkle as pure and delicious as ever; that they shall, it is probable, derive from them new conceptions of the rich copiousness and energetic significancy and precision of their own language; and that they shall feel impressed with a kindly reverence for the patient fortitude, and finely-attuned dispositions of the noble writer, who could, in such pleasing and dignified labours, beguile her sorrows and regrets, and thus preserve in vigour the elevated, serene, and cheerful tone of her mind.

There are, however, it is probable, many, who, from an affected delicacy and squeamish refinement of taste, may perhaps close the volume with expressions of ridicule or contempt; for it is, unhappily, one of the striking characteristics of the age, to have a more lively perception of blemishes than a deep and impressive feeling of excellence. To readers of this fastidious description,—who would, so to speak, desire to wander amidst no scenes but those of a magical and

surpassing beauty,—who would force their way through no rude thickets or difficult entanglements, or mount no rugged and arduous steep, to be blessed with the rich splendour of sudden bursts of lovely and delicious prospect,—who, in short, would demand that all plays should, like those of Shakespeare, speak, amidst every diversity of situation, the all-searching and subduing voice of Nature, or be knit together with the laborious ingenuity and felicitous concinnity of Jonson, we would, as emollients to their fanciful and peevish delicacy, address to them these unpretending and characteristic words of the noble writer: “Let my readers taste and feed of one play, and if they find it unpleasant, or hard of digestion, let them feed of no more; but let them feed of other poetical dishes, drest by other poetical cooks, that may better please them; for, as French cooks are accounted the best for corporal meats, so the Greeks and Latins for poetical meats: but I am neither a Greek nor a Latin cook; I cannot dress or cook after the fashions or fancies; I never was bound apprentice to learning; I am as ignorant of their arts and meats as of their persons and nations; I am like a plain, clean, English cook-maid, that dresses meat rather wholesomely than luxuriously; a roast capon without lard, a shoulder of mutton with a sauce of capers and olives, a piece of boiled beef and turnips, and, for a desert, a plain apple-tart, or a pear pye.”

MARCUS.

FRENCH POLITICS.

NEVER were accounts of a war more contradictory than those which have been circulated in Paris ever since the commencement of the Spanish affair. In the Government Journals, you are told of the triumphant progress and rapturous reception of the French army—of the encreasing strength of the soldiers of the Faith,—of desertion amongst the Constitutional troops—of the flight and approaching capture or destruction of Mina—and of the war being almost terminated. On the other hand, read the Opposition Journals, and you will hear of the French army being cool-

ly received—of the Army of the Faith having no existence—of the ineffectual attacks upon St. Sebastian and Pampluna—of Mina's wise and successful warfare—and of the struggle having been more than begun. Some of these statements are matters of fact, among which it was impossible, for some time, to distinguish where lay the truth; but latterly, the Government Journals have so completely overshot the mark in speaking of Mina, that general discredit has been attached to all their statements. Almost every day victories over Mina have been announ-

ced by telegraphic despatches; every victory is obtained without loss to the French, each bulletin concluding with "*Nous n'avons ni tués ni blessés*;" repeatedly Mina has been declared to be surrounded, and certain to fall into the hands of his enemies; but, in the next despatch, "*Mina a échappé merveilleusement*;" and if the numbers of Mina's army said to have been killed and taken, since the commencement of the war, be summed up, they will be found to exceed considerably the whole force he was ever said to be possessed of: and yet his army is admitted to be little diminished. No wonder, then, that these bulletins are laughed at, and that a general discredit has been thrown upon all the statements of the Government Journals, particularly since a new levy has been called for, which is a sufficient proof, at least, that the French soldiers are not invulnerable, however they may have been invincible. But indeed, in regard to Mina, his defeat would be infinitely more surprising than his success. Such is the opinion we have heard repeatedly expressed by veteran officers, who smile, with equal meaning, at the promised destruction of Mina, as at the march of 12,000 men from Madrid, to conquer the south of Spain, and reduce the impregnable city of Cadiz. It is easy to perceive at what a fearful odds an army must fight, however superior in numbers, in a country of defiles and precipices known only to the enemy. It is indeed very possible that Mina may retreat, and General Monecy advance; but every such movement, in such a country, may be a retreat to victory, and an advance to destruction. In short, the Spaniard has all the advantage which a complete knowledge of the country gives him, without being a loser from the superiority of his numbers. What effect the greater success of the French arms might have upon public opinion it would be difficult to determine; but certainly, since the commencement of the war, that opinion has in no respect changed. It was then, and it is now, decidedly hostile to it; with the single exception of the ancient nobles, who hope, that if the rising spirit of liberty be crushed in Spain and elsewhere, the monarchy

of France may revert to the state in which it was before the Revolution, when the army could be officered only by the nobles, and when that class claimed and received the privileges and exemptions which conspired, with other causes, to overthrow the Government. When we say that there is but one opinion as to the inexpediency and absurdity of the war, we do not, of course, mean to speak literally. We have already made one exception of the old noblesse. We might perhaps also except the greater part of the clergy; and it is hardly necessary to say, that nearly all those who, either by office or direct interest, look to the crown, may necessarily be presumed to support, at least in appearance, that policy which the Government has adopted. Yet even among this class there are very many exceptions. We have ourselves heard men high in the employment of Government, and looking higher, as well as officers of the *Garde Royale*, express themselves decidedly hostile to the war as a matter of expediency. The army naturally wish for war; but although they may probably prefer a war against Spain to no war, yet they would prefer any other war to this. In the cause, they have no enthusiastic feeling of its expediency and necessity; those who are capable of thinking, think with the mass of their compatriots. If successful, they perceive that they will reap but small honour in the eyes of their countrymen: they know that little military glory can be acquired where the enemy seldom, if ever, come to battle, but carry on that Guerilla war, which they understand so much better than their invaders, and in which there is much danger, without any of that renown which makes danger courted and death contemptible; and, last of all, entering Spain with professed intentions of friendship, they well know that they can expect no plunder, where every one who has any thing is to be treated as a friend. These reasons make it sufficiently apparent that the war is less popular than perhaps a war ever was before in the eyes of an army. Two-thirds of the French army are composed of raw conscripts; and what is there to overbalance, in the eyes of a conscript,

the loss of home, the tearing asunder of affections, and the prospect of tranquillity and comfort, unless it be the hope of honour and glory, and the love of gain? They have all a something like conviction that they shall return to the homes of their fathers covered with laurels, and full of honour and riches. They had all such hopes during the wars of the Emperor; for though his were the unjust wars of ambition and despotism, they had all that could recommend them in the eyes of a conscript. Their officers had but a few years since been conscripts like themselves; even their Generals and Marshals had made themselves what they were. Their Emperor had been a soldier of fortune, and they knew that their own plunder would be in proportion to the riches of the enemy. It is needless again to put the case in contrast. We do not state all this as matter of theory, though it is so obviously true, that no better foundation might be required; but we state it from actual observation, and from the conversation of conscripts themselves. The war is altogether unpopular; it is a subject which seems to excite but little interest any way, especially since it has come to be distinctly understood that England will take no share in it. However much a national dislike to England may yet prevail in France, (and we have reason to know that it is but little abated,) a war with Britain would be a measure far from popular, because it would directly affect the mercantile interest. The opinion of that body was decidedly expressed, in regard to the Spanish war, before it was entered into. The cities of Rouen, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bourdeaux, the only four great and commercial cities in France, petitioned the Chambers, in strong terms, against the proposed attack upon Spain. These petitions were signed by at least nine-tenths of the respectable merchants; and if such were their sentiments with regard to the Spanish war, as detrimental to commerce, it is not difficult to perceive how much more strongly they would feel in case of a rupture with England. We have been constantly in the habit of attending on the Parisian 'Change, and have had daily

opportunities of conversing with many of the principal merchants, both there and in private society, and have found them, without exception, hostile to war of every description. It is most devoutly to be wished, that England may not be forced from her neutrality; and indeed, as we have already said, France has now no fears upon that score. Whatever the opinions of parties may be with regard to the merits of the present Administration, or however much it is to be desired that the failure of the French may remain a memorable example of unjust interference; nevertheless, every lover of his country must rejoice that neutrality is preserved, which, to break, would be again to devote treasures which can ill be spared, and blood, more precious still, to the maintenance of a theoretical principle, and to light the torch of war from the Danube to the Wolga.

It is an important truth in the science of man, that opinion is frequently indicated by the most trifling things; and of this truth there are daily illustrations regarding the subject we are upon. The Parisian Boulevards present, as every one knows who has been there, a numerous and varied assemblage of prints of all descriptions, and especially of those which address themselves to the French passion for glory. Accordingly, although the name and representation of Napoleon are proscribed, prints of the French victories, in these their days of triumph, are currently exhibited, and admiring crowds never fail to testify, that love of glory is still the predominating passion. But these representations of French victory are not confined to the past; there are representations of various sorties from the different besieged garrisons repulsed by the bravery of the French—of Moncey's successes in the North—of the entry of the French into Madrid, &c. These are recent victories, at least said to be so; and if the cause were popular, or the victories believed, they would surely be more interesting than victories twelve or fifteen years old, or the entry of the French into capitals now in the possession of their legitimate sovereigns. But these prints stand unregarded; hardly any one looks at them, or if they do, it is

only to read the specious title, and walk on. On the contrary, we had the curiosity, the other day, to inquire of a printseller, with whom we have some acquaintance, which of the new prints he found the best sale for? After a few shrugs, his reply was, Mina, Sir Robert Wilson, and Ballasteros; and it is before these prints indeed, not before that of the Duke D'Angoulême, though habited in the garb of a soldier, and wreathed with laurel, and his sword pointing to the word Victory, that the passengers are arrested in groups.

But what is the actual state of things at present, and what are the ultimate probabilities? You at home can judge as well as we can abroad, both of the existing state of things, and of the ultimate probabilities, as far as information is collected from the Journals. It is therefore chiefly of the opinion of the French that we can speak, both as derived from their own means of information at home, and existing appearances, and from the information of their friends in Spain. We can assure our readers, that it created no little astonishment among the French politicians, to find, in their Journals, extracts from the New Times and the Courier, declaring that the thing was at an end. The most determined of the French Government Journals, such as the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Drapeau Blanc*, never made such an assertion till after they had triumphantly copied it from the English papers; and lately the statement has not been repeated. The day after this assertion appeared, the *Constitutionnel* demanded some proof of it, and calmly enumerated a few of the reasons which induced them to differ in opinion from these English champions of the French Government. Since the French army first entered Spain, St. Sebastian and Pampluna have been invested. Frequently it has been said, that, in the succeeding bulletin, their capture would assuredly be announced; yet things are just as they were. Since the same period, General Moncey, with an army of from 12 to 15,000 men, has been occupied, on the Pyrenees, with Mina, and an army of not more than 5000 men. Yet, notwithstanding many asserted victories, and often

repeated assurances that Mina, reduced to a state of weakness almost contemptible, was about to fall an easy prey into the hands of his enemies, he has not only defeated these expectations, but has now appeared before Barcelona with a combined force of 7000 men. This city the French have invested, have had one sharp and doubtful action, and have made no progress. We say, a doubtful action, because never as yet, in any *rencontre*, has it been admitted that the French have suffered any loss, or at least more than three or four; but in this affair the French General confesses to a loss of 125 killed and wounded, and does not state the enemy's loss at more than 150. In the interior, what has happened? The Duke D'Angoulême has indeed entered Madrid—no one opposed him—and has dispatched 12,000 men to traverse the whole south of Spain, and take Cadiz; and the French Government, seeing this to be absurd, have ordered more troops to be raised and dispatched into Spain. What is there in all this to prove that the war is terminated? The only one fact positively favourable to the French, since their arrival in Spain, is the declaration of Morillo; but that declaration is an equivocal one. Morillo will be guided in his future conduct by circumstances. He is not, indeed, a man to trust to; but he is a man who will be guided by his own interest, and evidently wishes only to stand aloof, till he sees how the current sets in. It is currently reported, too, in Paris, that the Royal Duke will speedily return; and this report is believed. If it be true, it will afford a sufficient proof that he at least does not consider the war as terminated.

With regard to the internal state of France, every thing is at present tranquil. The reigning family enjoy much about the same consideration they have enjoyed for some years. They are seldom talked of; and when the King passes through the streets in his carriage, which he does every fine day, the greater majority of persons take off their hats respectfully. We do not at all mean to assert that the French Government is popular; but we must candidly say, that the Op-

position Journals of England have represented it as much more unpopular, and much feebler than it is. They have spoken much of disunion among the people. They have predicted, that, on the first favourable occasion, the hostile opinions of the French towards it will manifest themselves openly; that the present state of things cannot long continue; and, last of all, that the Spanish invasion will bring affairs to a crisis, destructive of the Bourbon dynasty. Now, all this, we take leave to say, is mere talk. Many opportunities have occurred when these hostile opinions might have been expressed,—occasions when the Government have showed no want of determination and strength,—and when the opinions of the people have merely effervesced a little, and subsided into perfect tranquillity. It may be a long time before another opportunity occur so favourable for the expression of republican, or at least of anti-government opinions, as the late affair of Manuel. Yet nothing whatever has followed from this, nor was there even at the time the slightest appearance of any thing like open disaffection. The National Guard are the respectable citizens of Paris. A great deal has been augured of them, from the refusal of Sergeant Menur and his platoon to arrest the representative of *La Vendée*; but that fact proved nothing, except that a few men, guided by a momentary feeling, refused to be instrumental to an unconstitutional act, or to perform a service which was not a part of the duty of the National Guard. But this is a very different thing from being instrumental in any attempt to overthrow the Government. Probably three-fourths of them may be in the Opposition,—probably three-fourths of the city-horse of London are so too: but they have no interest whatever to revolutionize; and if this National Guard would support the Government in case of any com-

motion, which we firmly believe they would do, because it would be their interest to do so—by whom is the revolutionary movement to be accomplished? We again repeat, that the French Government is just as secure as that of England,—the King nearly as popular,—the ministry more so,—the people decidedly less discontented, because not feeling so severely the burden of taxation,—and the army more devoted to the Government, because more accustomed to look with approbation upon measures of force and oppression. Of late, some doubtful-enough acts have been committed in the way of prosecution for libel, particularly in a prosecution against the *Pilot de Soir*, where the judgment delivered was very inconsistent with any pretensions to freedom. The Journal was *put to silence for fourteen days*, a sentence altogether destructive of the liberty of the press, and punishing the public as well as the proprietor. The object of the Government is to diminish the number of subscribers to Liberal Journals; but this sentence has been productive of no such effect, the whole subscribers to the *Pilot de Soir* having agreed to take the Constitutionnel in lieu of it, during these fourteen days.

We shall make but one concluding remark:—The strength of France is immense, and it will be shown,—the population is great,—poverty is little known,—the spirit of the people is martial at this moment,—the army pants to replace their somewhat tarnished laurels with fresher garlands of victory,—and the Government will find, at no great distance of time, that it will be their interest to give them an opportunity of doing so. We feel convinced that France cares little for all the Cabinets of Europe; and we believe that she has no need of their countenance, but is fully adequate to carry on her own plans independently of them all.

Paris, 16th July 1823.

Ocean.

Hail, dread abyss ! far circling into space,
All hail, thou homeless, howling wilderness !

Vain would we trace thee with the march
of mind,

Thou leav'st the lagging fancy far behind.
Ere yet from out thy mighty womb arose
The hills, like giants starting from repose,

Thy tide began to flow with that of time,
And doom'd to roll upon its course sublime
From land to land, from Pole to Pole,
away,

Far as the empire of the night and day,
Until th' Arch-angel stand on sea and shore,

And swear, that Time itself shall be no
more !

A world is thine ! beneath thy billows lie
Mysterious realms, unseen by mortal eye :
Man treads the globe's great heights—thy
waters flow

O'er its green vales and central glens
below ;

Amidst whose coral groves and sunless
cells,

The sea-nymphs wander, and the mer-
maid dwells ;

Save when she soars, to hail the ev'ning
star,

And on some rock to lure the mariner,
To pour the siren song along the wave
That wiles him onward to a wat'ry grave !

Returning from the scenes where moun-
tains bound,

Like prison walls, the landscape all a-
round,

How have I hail'd afar the pathless sea,
And felt my rising bosom breathe more
free !

Oh ! then and there, as on the wings of
morn,

To earth's remotest shores in fancy borne,
The soul, like captive eagle 'scap'd his
chain,

Exults in freedom o'er the mighty main !

Thine are the distant isles, whose lonely
strands

Ne'er heard a passing sound of other
lands,

Which list but to the murmur of thy
floods,

And the wind's night-song voicing all the
woods,

And hum of insects, and the hymn of
birds,

Whose calls and far replies the only words,
Heard in their green and summer groves,
that lie

Embosom'd in the wastes of sea and sky.

And, oh ! to him who, having tried, hath
found

How vain and worthless is the world's
dull round,

How sweet, methinks, were such a lonely
isle,

With one fair friend, and only one, to wile
The hours away ; and, in the solitude
And grateful gloom of some low whisper-
ing wood,

Where crystal rills made music to the ear,
And fed each stern a little bow'r to rear ;
There, in sequester'd vales and woodlands
wild,

Regain once more the feelings of a child,
Whose heart, untutor'd, hath a sympathy
E'en with the life that's in a flower or tree :
There, when the sun shed down his part-
ing beam

On silent sea, green hill, and glassy stream,
And sounds and odours peopled all the air—
A sacrifice of perfume and of pray'r,
Ascending from the altar of the earth,
To Him who breath'd all nature into
birth ;

'Twere sweet to list each lonely summer
sligh

Wafting a sweet and solemn harmony—
Low varied sounds, but all of pensive tone,
With which the heart is tun'd in unison ;
To mark, as day was lapsing o'er the sea,
The long dim shadows stretching from
the tree ;

In silence pointing to the flight of Time,
Nor startling ear and heart like ev'ning
chime :

Two lovers, thus enshrin'd from every eye,
Left to their early heart's society,
In some such ocean Eden well might
deem

A Paradise restor'd—its joys no dream.

And such are thine, where varied races
dwell,

Though whence, or how they came, oh !
who shall tell !

For many a thousand miles from every
shore,

Their secret places how could man explore,
Without such deep, unerring instinct
giv'n,

As guides o'er distant seas the fowls of
heaven ?

Oh man !—from earliest moments of thy
birth,

Until thy form returns again to earth,
Body and soul, beginning, end of thee,
Are marvels all and midnight mystery :
And vain we seek to pierce that mighty
cloud

That swathe thee from the cradle to the
shroud !

THE FEELINGS AND FORTUNES OF A SCOTCH TUTOR.

No. III.

IN my last communication, I gave you some account of my entrance upon life, in the character of a country beau,—with all the advantages, however, resulting from that respect and impression of awe which the peasantry generally entertain for classical learning. I returned from the Thornhill Fair with empty pockets, an aching heart, and a pretty distinct conviction, as my landlady, Mrs Robson, expressed it, that “I had been muckle better at hame.” I felt that the road to true happiness certainly did not lie under a village cross, and that the riot, misrule, and turbulence, of a public market, were scarcely in keeping with the higher pursuits of literature, with the illuminated pages of ancient wisdom, or even with the more grave doctrines of maternal morality. I sighed deeply, next morning, as I set out on my way to act the Master in my village school, and had not advanced far, when I was overtaken by the Dissenting Clergyman, with whose classical attainments I had formerly become acquainted. We fell into conversation of a sober, and ultimately of a serious cast; and ere we parted, we agreed to meet again on the ensuing evening, by a certain den-head, well known to us both. I was fairly bit, but knew it not; I was struck in a malleable state, by the hammer of conversion, and, after a few interviews, I became quite outrageously zealous in the new cause. I seemed to myself to have spent my time, not only in an improper and unprofitable, but even in a heathenish manner, from my infancy until now. In vain did my friend C. dissent, and argue, and ridicule; in vain did my worthy mother recommend a trust in God, with a cheerful and a grateful heart. All this appeared to me downright impiety and lukewarmness in religion. I attended tea parties at this Clergyman’s house, where I encountered a whole coterie of converts. They all regarded me as an acquisition, and seemed extremely interested in my soul’s welfare: with one of them I used to walk upon the banks of the Scar, and along the win-

ding course of the Shinnel, till we came into bodily contact, and she at last linked it most lovingly in my arm; but all our talk was of another state than this—of dreams we had endured or enjoyed, either whilst asleep or when broad awake—of bringing the heart and the affections into subjection—and of all that machinery, whereby the whole man may be subdued into subserviency to the Divine Will. Yet we were very unhappy under the finest evenings, and in the midst of the most inviting scenery: we contrived to extract sorrow and lamentation from every thing,—we were unworthy,—we were a blot and a blemish on the whole,—our hearts were like mushrooms, and our souls all over leprosy,—we seemed almost to smell of sulphur. In this state of mind, or soul, my landlady took me up; she was zealous, and exceedingly bigotted, with as much of the vinegar of temper as converted all the sweets of the blessed Gospel into sour,—all the fair blossoms of Christ’s Paradise into the court of Gosford Knight—a dank and dark recess of weeds and nuisances. In the company of Miss Jessie, for so was the Minister’s daughter named, I had at least one tie to life and duty; I had the presence and occasional smile of a very lovely girl constantly before me. But with Mrs Robson, religion appeared in the attitude and character of a Gorgon, holding in one hand the cat-o’-ten-tails of the commandments, and in the other a pair of gospel pincers, to clip, and pinch, and squeeze into spiritual shape and measure, poor reptile sinners withal. This woman lent me good books, as she termed them; made me acquainted with the Fourfold State, and the Glimpse of Glory; had me provided with a Crook in my Lot, and did not rest till I was in possession of the Afflicted Man’s Companion. At home, therefore, I had to contend with principalities and powers in the shape of blue devils, which Mrs Robson never failed to conjure up; and abroad I was met with question upon question respecting my spiritual advance-

ment, till I became absolutely insane. I have fallen down at the school-door, as I finished my daily task, and thanked my Maker that I had escaped from the house without having the roof tumbled over my head; and when the fit came upon me suddenly, even the fit of devotion, neither dub nor mire could prevent me from prostrating my person, in prosecution of my oblations. I began to consider every event which took place, even the most trifling, as having a manifest relation to me and my spiritual condition. I went to bed one evening, without saying so long a prayer as usual, and could not sleep from the movements of a mouse, which, during the night, had eaten half-way through my night-cap strings. Instead of getting my greasy head-dress washed, I imputed the conduct of the mouse to a mission in my service, and prolonged my prayers accordingly. When I looked out of a morning, and repaired, as my custom was, to wash my face and hands in the brook which ran past the garden-wall, I was sure to see anger or admonition in clouds and aspects of sky; and, should I happen to sneeze at my breakfast, or stumble on my way towards school, it was all meant to be noticed—there was a special and a particular Providence in all this.

When I looked about me, too, in the world, I felt as if I were the only person *absolutely* in a way of salvation. My grandmother, whom I scarcely recollected, and whom I used to hear, whilst I was a child, repeating some passages from Tate's *Translations of Ovid's Epistles*, had assuredly, in my apprehension, gone to Tophet. My aunts were unquestionably lost, for they attended the Established Church, and were much taken up about their daily bread. My mother was in danger of the Judgment, for she sung me nursery songs, and told me idle tales, whilst quite a boy. I consulted Mrs Robson upon this latter subject, which vexed me much, but she shook her head. I referred the subject to Jessie, and she proposed a *conversion*, as the only possible method of saving my mother.

So to it we went, she and I, for we did not admit Mrs Robson into our plans. I remember it was upon

the afternoon of a Saturday that Jessie called upon me at the dismissal of my school, and away we went. We walked four miles in less than an hour, and were upon my mother as she was preparing her supper potatoes. I shall never forget the mixed impression of affection and regret, sorrow and delight, which I experienced whilst advancing upon the serene and kindly countenance of my only surviving parent. All, in fact, seemed so right; yet all I could not but know, was wrong: all appeared to indicate peace and holy reliance; though she had not as yet, to my certain knowledge, experienced the new birth; nor had she ever known one throw, such as Jessie and I spoke and often meditated about. Jessie took her seat on the one side of the fire, and I mine upon the other, whilst my mother sat betwixt us. In these circumstances, it was difficult for her to effect an escape from us; and as time was precious, and the embassy important, I broke ground first, by asking distinctly, if my mother had any assurance of her soul's eternal welfare? Her answer, after looking at me for a little with the most kindly and affectionate expression of countenance, was at once impressive and silencing: "My soul, as well as my body, and a' that concerns me, is in the hands of a kind and a merciful Saviour, and there I'm weel content to leave them." I thought this answer was pretty satisfactory; but, upon looking towards my female companion in the mission, I found that all was not yet right, and that something more must be attempted; so I gave out, and Jessie struck in, with a query upon the new birth. My mother had borne with me. I was her boy, her only child, and her heart was in my welfare; but she regarded Jessie as an impertinent busy-body, who had no manuer of business with her concerns. So she replied, in a firm tone of voice, and with an air of independence which was quite natural to her, "'Deed, lass, be thou wha thou wilt, I neither ken nor care; but my best advice to thee is, to gae thy ways hame, and mind thy ain affairs, and no trouble thyself o'er muckle about 'new births.' Mony a witless thing has had cause to re-

pent rinning about the country wi' young chieils, and nae protection but their ain self-sufficiency, and nae errand that will justify the risk."

In a word, we departed; Jessie and I leaving my mother where we found her, only much troubled on my account. "Tak' care o' thyself, bairn," she said to me, in shaking hands at parting; "thae religious lassie sare kittle cattle, and thou mayst aiblins be led a dance yet, which a' thy future days may never be able to repair." And, surely, if ever a woman had the gift of prophecy, that very night it was my own mother,—there, where I still see her, standing at her own door-step, and with a tear rising into her eye, hidding me "good-night for the present;" for, soon after I had passed the milestone crag, and somewhere about the bottom of the town cleuch, we sat down together, to lament my mother's lost condition, upon a green bank, and beneath the cover of a tuft of long rushes. The evening was beautiful,—the air was warm,—the birds sung,—the water murmured in stream, and rippled past. I never saw Jessie look half so charming. And then she elung so near to me, and seemed so earnest about my mother. It was so kind in Jessie, so disinterested, so very, very much like a true Christian, that I could not help throwing my arms around her waist, just by way of acknowledgment of her great and incalculable benevolence. "My mother! oh, my poor mother!" sighed I. She looked in my face; her whole frame heaved, and suddenly became quite nerveless and limber; she sunk absolutely dead into my arms, and—"Thou art no safe in sic company, Tam," interposed the well-known voice of my mother, who had followed us, either from accident or design, to this spot. "The lassie is no to be trusted, and thou thyself art on the very brink of perdition. Fly! oh, fly! whilst thou hast the power and the inclination,—hy-and-hy, thou shalt have neither the t'ane nor the t'ither." I started as if from a dream, and leaving my mother and Jessie to settle matters betwixt them, I ran home all the way, as if I had been pursued by a thousand devils.

Now, courteous reader, now that

I have let thee fully and fairly into the circumstances and facts of the case, as it actually stands registered in the tablet of my memory, do not, in God's name, be after looking wise, or serious, or particularly knowing upon the occasion. I know as well as thou dost the value of true godliness and sincerity in religion; I know as well as thou dost that there are many pious individuals, who do not run up and down the country on missions of conversion, but who employ their spare time, and such talents as God has entrusted them withal, in visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and in keeping their own souls under proper discipline—in other words, in keeping themselves unspotted from the world; and when I meet with characters of this cast, in the dress of women, and in the hey-day of youth and beauty, I am inclined to take off my hat,—so near does my respect amount to reverence. But it is not of the reality, but of the semblance,—not of the substance, but of the shadow,—not of the rightly done but of the overdone, in this matter that I'm discoursing. And if young ladies, for example, will step, as many do at present, out of their sphere of duty and propriety,—if they will not only unsex, but unchristianize themselves, by rendering themselves public characters, by coming out into view, and by displaying a masculine courage in convincing and converting sinners, why, I say, they are proper objects of ridicule. A Bishop's hat, or a Parson's wig, are not naturally ridiculous,—but when you see them placed on the brows, or fixed on the temples of children, it is then that the combination excites mirth and laughter. You may as well forbid me to laugh at a Kilmarnock night-cap adjusted to the temple of a monkey, as to stand unmoved, by scorn, or pity, or both, whilst a young lady, it may be of quality, walks home from a praying-meeting arm-in-arm with a labouring mechanic. The world ought to know that such things are going forward pretty generally at this hour, and that the shafts of ridicule are laid to a thousand strings, and are ready to be discharged, in full volley, upon the heads of the guilty. And the party concerned, (for a most powerful

party they have become,) ought to be informed, that they are not unnoticed, and shall not escape, God wot, without their reward.

During the continuance of this religious mania, for such undeniably it was, I began to neglect my school duties. The classics no longer remained their influence over me, and I laid aside, in teaching, Horace and Virgil, for Buchanan's Psalms and the Sacred Dialogues. I even contemplated an *expurgata editio* of the classics, and have my copy of Horace still by me, which I mangled most manfully for that purpose. A circumstance, however, which occurred soon after this, (taken in connection with that which has been already stated,) served at last to open my eyes, and to restore me to my sound senses again.

There was an annual sacrament held at the Bridge, near the confluence of the Scar and the Shinnel. To this, as to a public market, people flocked from the Hills of Castleton to the Braes of the Doon—from the Falls of Clyde to the Rinns of Galloway. Mr Farley, the head and leader of the Cameronian, or MacMillan Party, was, on this occasion, to lead the devotion on the forenoon, and the clergyman to whom I owed my conversion was to officiate on the after-part of the day. In order to secure a convenient seat in the vicinity of the tent, I went over and spent the night preceding the sacramental Sabbath with Jessie's father. It was a night of sore discipline and much spiritual travel. We were engaged in exercise from nightfall till twelve, when we were at last permitted to retire to our private devotion, previous to our bedding. On this occasion, Jessie and I did not come into contact; she seemed shy and quite distant, and caused me to feel as if I had actually done her some serious injury, or attempted it, at least. Now, I did not take this kindly of Jessie, considering all things, for she had met my blandishments at least half way, and had occasioned my becoming exceedingly displeased with, and alarmed about myself. On the following morning we all met in the little parlour, which overlooks the Scar, to breakfast. Yet, in saying we *all* met, I am so far

incorrect, as to have omitted stating, that Mr Farley was long absent, which occasioned at last great speculation. Some hinted, that probably his over-night, or morning devotions, had been unusually prolonged;—others suggested the possibility of his being engaged in a due preparation, by means of study, for the labours of the day;—whilst a third opinion seemed to point, in a certain fearful and indeterminate manner, towards some sudden ailment, or fit, under which he might still be lying, altogether incapacitated from making his appearance. This last surmise was upon the point of introducing a deputation of investigation and inquiry into his apartment, when the door of his bed-room opened, and he advanced, with a squalid countenance, and a person at variance with decency and decoration, into the public room. In fact, he could scarcely articulate. Some thought of palsy, some of apoplexy, and others of a divine afflatus, or spiritual communication. This last surmise was strengthened by his own declaration, that he had endured great trials, and much labour during the night, in "wrestling with the enemy," which in fact turned out, as was afterwards discovered, to be the case, only the enemy with which he had been doomed to contend, like him of Two Sticks, ascended from a bottle, and had been found amidst the recesses of Glenwhargan. This discovery did not, however, excite so much surprise as I had anticipated; and Farley mounted the tent-ladder, or stair, at ten o'clock precisely, fully charged with doctrine, and amidst a stare, and a rustle, and a cough, of congratulation and welcoming, from upwards of five thousand people. His "action-sermon" continued from ten A. M. to three P. M., and the stars were up, and visible, in the dark and deep blue of the east, ere we parted for the intermission. During this long address, two-thirds of which consisted of coughing, spitting, and throat-clearing, many slept, some snored; and the dogs, a somewhat numerous class, either met in dalliance, or in Highland feud and noisy battlement. Ever and anon squads of lads and lasses retired to some adjoining ale-houses for

refreshment, whilst the linns of the Scar, hard by, were peopled, through all their bushy and precipitous banks, with old people, (women principally,) whose voice ascended in groans, and exclamations, and audible prayer. It was not a little striking, to observe the effect of some pithy and searching passages in the sermon, upon such of the congregation as were really alive to the occasion and subject. They sprung suddenly to their feet,—looked earnestly at the speaker,—sighed from time to time,—whilst their lips moved, and they audibly followed out the words and sentences of the Minister. At the same time, instances of a miserable defection were not a-wanting even amongst the elders of the congregation. One, whose nose was of no ordinary bore and protuberance, slept, and sounded his horn so vociferously, that he drew towards him the attention of a whole bevy of dogs, each one of which smelt at the carnation of his proboscis, and, after the customary salutation, passed in succession by. When the table-service began, this official was a-wanting, and a deputation was seen striding over, and zig-zaging amongst the multitude, with the view of rousing him to a discharge of his more sacred duties. I shall never forget the fencing, as it is called, of the tables. Farley valued himself, and was valued very highly upon this head; and truly he went to work like a man, or rather like a madman, debarring from that table, spread, and stretching out before him on the green sod all emperors, kings, and potentates on earth; and, in particular, “that man” who sits upon the throne of these lands, and is commonly styled King George, the “third of that name.” Then we had an enumeration of place-holders and pensioners under Government, which terminated in gaugers, stamp-sellers, and tax-gatherers, of all sorts and sizes. The Kirk of Scotland, and the lady who sitteth upon many waters, did not escape being classed, in respect of anathema, with profane swearers, sabbath-breakers, and despisers of God’s holy ordinances. The tirade ended at last, after an hour’s continuance in a direct reference to minced oaths and covered profanities—such as “blood and wounds,”

—(meaning those of Christ!) conscience—faith—haith—losh—gosh—and loving entol! Having thus bundled up king and peasant, emperor and cottager, into one wisp of destruction, it was tossed or pitched directly into Tartarus, without appeal or protestation. Mr Farley’s first table was likewise unique—it was truly *sui generis*; for whilst the intending communicants, terrified by his threatening, refused to come forward and to fill up the space, the elders were seen dragging them from their grass-seats, and pushing them on towards the empty benches. And again, when a rush was made, as if by some sudden impulse and influence, towards the table, there not unfrequently occurred, in the midst of it, some discouraging annunciation from the mouth of the speaker, which undid all, and made many retire to their former stations. These two streams or currents were constantly found encountering each other, and causing confusion in no ordinary degree. At last the table was completely filled, and Farley proceeded to the usual address: “My brethren,” said he, (for the words are too deeply impressed upon my memory ever to be forgotten,) “My brethren, unto what shall I liken you even now, there where you sit? are ye not like unto a byng of frosted potatoes—*some*, yea many of you, are entirely spoiled, and are not only useless in yourselves, but hurtful and offensive to all around you? Separate ye—separate ye—else ye will become one mass of putrefaction—a mere lump of moral corruption, in which neither God nor man can find any delight.” It is necessary to observe, upon this extraordinary exordium, that the potatoes, which had been pitted in the fields during the previous harvest, had, upon examination in the spring, been found completely spoiled, and that most of his hearers had already been up to the elbows in the comparison made use of.

As the table-service went forward, there was a constant agitation and commotion, occasioned by the egress of those who were either hastening to the adjoining linns, to pour out their hearts in loud and vociferous prayer, or by others who were in pursuit of bodily refreshment in

the adjoining hamlets, which were all converted into ale-houses for "the occasion." The sun had set behind the conical summit of Tyron-doon. The hazy, gauzy mist, had gradually settled down upon the Shinnel and the Scar; the clouds had backed towards the horizon, and settled into a border of solid black, or, having stretched out and attenuated over head, had gradually formed into a Noah's Ark. The swellings of the Scar, like those of Jordan, were heard, at intervals, breaking boldly and audibly through the commixture and confusion of preaching, prayer, psalm-singing, and groanings unutterable,—when, on a sudden, a scream issued from the depth of the adjoining linn, and a splash was heard, as if a part of the overhanging rock had been precipitated into the abyss beneath. There was a rush of anxious alarm and inquiry towards the spot, when a plaid and silk bonnet were seen tilting over the stream-head, and making their way into the gully below. It was evident to all that a female must have tumbled from the precipitous bank into the water, and was, in all probability, at that moment actually perishing. Being young and resolute, I rushed forward, threw myself from one pendulous twig or branch to another, till I actually hung over the pool from which the bonnet and plaid had just escaped. I looked upon the dark and inky water, but the foam-bells floated past, or melted down in smoothness and quietude, and there was not even a ruffle on the flood, to indicate the presence of any living thing beneath the surface. I began to think that I had mistaken the spot, and was in the act of swinging myself backwards to the point from which I had so rapidly descended, when a water-dog dashed into the very centre of the gullet, and, diving twice, at last arose with the skirt of a woman's petticoat in its mouth. To assist this sagacious and useful animal in his efforts, and to drag ashore a body apparently destitute of life, was the work of an instant; but to restore animation, by means of hot blankets, salt-rubbing, and the emptying of water from the stomach, was a more tedious, and even difficult task; and it was not till some hours after, that

I discovered my own landlady, Mrs Robson, in the person of this unfortunate individual. Mr Farley had impressed Mrs Robson's feelings in a manner altogether unprecedented, during the above first table-service, and whilst she was endeavouring to "pour out her soul," as she expressed it, on the brae-head of the linn, somehow or other the foundation gave way, or she slipt over—and the catastrophe followed, of which she remembered nothing.

The afternoon, or rather the midnight service, at last commenced, for it was nine o'clock when we were summoned into the preaching-field. The moon, by this time, had ascended, broad and darkly-visaged, from Loch-Etterick,—the hills and green valleys lay ample and far-stretching beneath her milky influence. It was, in short, a lovely evening, and only increased in loveliness by the effect of psalm-singing and tent-worship, on the extremity of a gentle declivity, and under the sublime canopy of heaven. I entered through the gateway into the field, in company with Jessie, whose father was about to officiate. We took our seat immediately beneath the tent, and I almost felt myself reconciled to Jessie, and to the religious tenets for which she possessed so much zeal, when I observed her somewhat intimate in the way of hand-communication with a young man, one of the neighbouring farmers, who chanced to be of the party. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but it appeared to me, that, whilst he sat next her, on the side opposite to me, he contrived to thrust his hand into her lap, and there establish an interview with a whole bunch of female fingers. There was a cloak on the one hand, and a plaid, or maud, on the other; and under such a profusion of drapery, it was difficult to see or understand, distinctly, how matters went on; but I could hear Jessie sigh deeply,—(though this might be at her father's sermon,) and I could see an expression of *catchedness* upon the young man's countenance whenever I turned a fixed gaze that way. "*Quid opus est pluribus,—ne longam faciam,*" as Ruddiman has it; or, "in short, and no to hinder you langer," as the Dissenting Minister expressed it, this

same Jessie went off, the very next day, with her lover, to the King's Arms, at Dumfries, where she lost her character of sanctity, and gained a reputation she had been as respectable without. Mr Farley was found, a few days after this, drowned in a horse-pond, in consequence, as was strongly suspected, of inebriation; and Mrs Robson died in the course of a month, of a cold which her ducking had occasioned. All these circumstances, combined with what I have formerly narrated, tended to

open my eyes to the delusion under which I had for some time lived, and to restore me to the more sober realities of duty and common-sense. Human life, however, is often a series of error—"dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt," and thus, in fact, it fared with me. But to this I can only at present allude, and must reserve all particulars against another communication.

I am, in the mean time,

Yours truly,

A SCOTS TUTOR.

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE WELSH.

Yet, in the vulgar, this weak humour's bred;
They'll sooner be with idle customs led,
Or fond opinions, such as they have store,
Than learn of reason or of virtue's lore.

Withers.

THE Welsh peasantry are a highly superstitious people: living, as they do, in so rude and secluded a country, their very being is incorporated with divers strange phantasies, handed down from father to son, and influencing their imagination, according to the intensity of the impression produced upon their minds. The inhabitants, indeed, of all pastoral and mountainous countries, are more generally affected with superstition than those who dwell in plains and well-cultivated regions. That the scenery of a country has a considerable influence upon the habits of the natives, is indisputable; hence the dispositions and general character of mountaineers are more hardy, robust, hospitable, and impetuous, than those of Lowlanders; and their imaginations,

—Darken'd by their native scenes,
Create wild images and phantoms dire,
Strange as their hills, and gloomy as their storms.

This is particularly exemplified in the mountain inhabitants of our own Island,—the Scottish Highlander and the Welsh mountaineer,—to both of whom certain superstitions, customs, and opinions, are peculiar, although resembling each other very considerably in their general outline.

In the retired and pastoral counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, there is scarcely a glen, a wood, or a mountain, that has not its due quota

of fairies and spirits; and every district in North Wales, which has been but little accessible to the innovating approaches of civilization, can boast of no scanty number of supernatural inhabitants.

It would be an amusing and instructive employment to trace all the various superstitious notions to their origin—that is, if such an employment were practicable—in that department of history which regards, more especially, the origin of nations. Such an inquiry, when devoted to popular customs and traditions, is infinitely of more importance than would, upon a mere cursory glance, appear probable; for it is very observable, that whatsoever be the variation in the manners and customs of any nation, which possesses a tolerably-distinct existence, certain traditions, superstitions, forms, and pastimes, will be maintained hereditarily, from one generation to another, without even a knowledge of, or a respect to, their origin, but merely as a matter of custom or convenience. For such a pertinacious and general adherence to many of these it will not be very easy to account, unless we imagine that they were first impressed upon the minds of the people when they became a regular society, with an established form of religion and government. Others must be referred to later periods, and some, undoubtedly, to the imperfect relics of a confused and mysterious mythology. In

those which are of the greatest antiquity, there is much that, when lucidly developed, may help to ascertain what were the very principles of religion and policy which constituted the character of the nation, and what was the actual state of the nation itself at different periods: both important points, although, at first sight, they may appear trivial, and unworthy of notice in the annals of the historian.

This is, more especially, the case with regard to the superstitions, forms, and customs of the Welsh; and many an interesting historical hypothesis might be satisfactorily elucidated by a diligent and careful investigation of the ancient traditions of the Cymry. Something, it is true, has been done to this effect; but the result has shewn how very necessary it is to be cautious, candid, and vigilant in the pursuit; and when we see that such a man as Peter Roberts, to whom Cymric literature stands so greatly indebted, has permitted his judgement to be led astray by the most extravagant opinions, we naturally feel discouraged from the attempt. But the object of this article is not so much to trace to their origin the superstitious fantasies of the Cambro-British, as to take a summary view of their general character, and to this latter point it is our intention mainly to confine ourselves.

Of all the popular superstitions prevalent among the Welsh, their idea of fairies is, perhaps, the most poetical; at all events, it is the most ancient. In Wales, there appear to have been two distinct species of fairies; the one sort, of gentle manners, and well disposed towards the whole human race; the other, maliciously inclined, and full of mischievous sportiveness. The former was denominated *Tylwyth Têg*, or the Fair Family; the latter *Ellyllon*, Elves, or Goblins. The *Tylwyth Têg* were a mild and diminutive race, leading a life completely pastoral, and befriending youthful lovers, pretty dairy-maids, and hospitable and industrious housewives. They were the inspirers of pleasing dreams, and the assiduous encouragers of virtue and benevolence; and never failed to reward the faithful servant, or the affectionate child. But the most

prominent attributes and pastimes of this gentle race are sweetly set forth in the following stanzas,—the production of a gentleman, whose muse has been frequently made subservient to the best interests of Wales:

—
CAN Y TYLWYTH TEG, OR THE FAIRY'S SONG.

From grassy blades, and ferny shades,
My happy comrades hie;
Now day declines, bright Hesper shines,
And night invades the sky.
From noon-day pranks, and thymy banks,
To Dolydd's dome repair,
For our's the joy that cannot cloy,
And mortals cannot share.

The light-latch'd door, the well-swept floor,
The hearth so trim and neat,
The blaze so clear, the water near,
The pleasant circling seat.
With proper care your reeds prepare,
Your tuneful labours bring,
And day shall haste to tinge the east
Ere we shall cease to sing.

But first I'll creep where mortals sleep,
And form the blissful dream;
I'll hover near the maiden dear
That keeps this hearth so clean:
I'll shew her when that best of men,
So rich in manly charms,
Her Elinor true, 'in best of blue,
Shall bless her longing arms.

Your little sheaves, on primrose leaves,
Your acorns, berries spread;
Let kernels sweet increase the treat,
And flowers their fragrance shed;
And when 'tis o'er, we'll crowd the floor,
In jocund pairs advance:
No voice be mute, and each shrill fute
Shall cheer the mazy dance.

When morning breaks, and man awakes
From sleep's restoring hours,
The flock, the field, his house we yield,
To his more active powers.
While clad in green, unheard, unseen,
On sunny banks we'll play,
And give to man his little span—
His empire of the day.

Who does not admire the beautiful instruction which is so pleasingly conveyed in this credulity! In a country so completely pastoral as Wales, something more than the sage precepts of mere experience was necessary to inculcate, in the minds of

the people, the more homely virtues adapted to their condition; and hence even Superstition was rendered subservient to the purpose, in a manner at once mild, delightful, and impressive. Thus, it is a common opinion, in many parts of the Principality, that if, on retiring to rest, the cottage hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the fairies will come at midnight to a spot thus prepared for their reception, continue their revels till day-break, sing the well-known strain of *Torriad y Dydd*, or the Dawn of Day, leave a piece of money upon the hearth, and disappear. The suggestions of intellect, and the precautions of prudence, are easily discernible under this fiction: a safety from fire, in the neatness of the hearth—a provision for its extinction, in replenished pails—and a motive to perseverance, in the promised boon. There is always, indeed, more or less of *moral* about the Fairy Tales of the Welsh; and the following curious narrative, related by Giraldus Cambrensis, was probably held forth as a warning against stealing. It affords, also, a good idea of the popular opinion of the manners and customs of the *Tylwyth Têg* in the twelfth century.

A short time before our days, a circumstance worthy of note occurred in those parts, (*Neath, in Glamorgan-shire,*) which Elidorus, a priest, most strenuously affirmed (*constantissime referebat*) had befallen himself.—When a youth of twelve years of age, in order to avoid the severity of his preceptor, he ran away, and concealed himself under the hollow bank of a river; and after fasting, in that situation, for two days, two little men, of pigmy stature (*"homunculi duo staturæ quasi pigmæ,"* as the Monk calls them,) appeared to him, and said "If you will go with us, we will lead you into a country full of delights and sports." Assenting, and rising up, he followed his guides through a path at first subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, (*obscuram tamen,*) and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark. The boy was brought before the King, and

introduced to him in the presence of his court, when, having examined him for a long time, to the great admiration of the courtiers, he delivered him to his son, who was then a boy. These men were of the smallest stature, but very well proportioned; fair complexioned, with long hair, particularly the females, who wore it flowing over their shoulders. They had horses and hounds adapted to their size. They neither ate flesh nor fish, but lived, for the most part, on milk and saffron. As often as they returned from our hemisphere, they reprobated our ambition, infidelities, and inconstancies; and although they had no form of public worship, they were, it seems, strict lovers and reverers of truth, for no one was so utterly detested by them as a liar.

"The boy frequently returned to our world, sometimes by the way he had gone, sometimes by others; at first in company, and afterwards alone, making himself known only to his mother, to whom he described what he had seen. Being desired by her to bring her a present of gold, with which that country abounds, he stole, whilst at play with the King's son, a golden ball, with which he used to divert himself, and brought it in haste to his mother; but not unpursued, for, as he entered the house, he stumbled at the threshold, let the ball fall, and two pigmies seizing it, departed, shewing the boy every mark of contempt and derision. Notwithstanding every attempt, for the space of a year, he never again could find the track to the subterraneous passage; but after suffering many misfortunes, he did at length succeed in renewing his intimacy with this mysterious race: he had, however, previously made himself acquainted with their language, which, says Giraldus, was very conformable to the Greek idiom—(*"Græco idiomati valdè conformia."*) When they asked for water, they said *Udor udorum*, (*ὕδωρ ὑδωρῶν*), and when they wanted salt, *Halcein udorum* (*ἅλ' vero Græce Sal dicitur, et Halen Britannice."*)

We must now proceed to a brief description of the *Ellyllon*, (*sing. Ellyll*), *Ellios*, or mischievous sprites.

As the *Tylwyth Tég* usually fixed their abodes in "grassy glades" and on sunny knolls, so the *Ellyllon* frequented mountains and rocky valleys: and woe betide the luckless knight who encountered these merry and mischievous sprites in a mist; for they had a very inconvenient practice of seizing an unwary pilgrim, and of hurrying him through the air; first giving him the choice, however, of travelling above wind, mid-wind, or below wind. If he chose the former, he was borne to an altitude somewhat equal with that of a balloon; if the latter, he had the full benefit of all the brakes, briars, and bogs in his way, his contact with which seldom failed to terminate in his discomfiture. Experienced travellers, therefore, always kept in mind the prudent advice of Apollo to Phaëton, (*medio tutissimuz, &c.*) and selected the middle course, which ensured them a pleasant voyage, at a moderate elevation, and equally free from the brambles and the clouds. Dafydd ab Gwilym, (the British Ovid,) who was contemporary with Chaucer, in a humorous description which he gives of his envelopement in one of these unlucky mists, says,

"Yr ydoedd ym mhob gobant
Ellyllon mingeimion gant;"

There were in every hollow
A hundred wry-mouthed elves;

and then proceeds to detail the mishaps which befell him, and which were all, no doubt, the mischievous freaks of the *Ellyllon**. In addition to these propensities, they were gifted with all the attributes of other elves, and never failed to exercise their malicious powers wherever an opportunity occurred.

We have already intimated, that it is not our intention, on the present occasion, to enter very fully into the origin and rise of any of the superstitions which we may notice; but the universal influence of a belief in fairies, in all European countries, and the exceeding universality of the credulity, have tempted us to offer a few observations on the supposed foundation of the superstition in our own country.

Our simple ancestors had reduced

all their whimsical notions respecting these fabulous beings to a system as regular and as consistent as many parts of the Heathen Mythology; a sufficient proof of the extensive influence and great antiquity of this superstition. Mankind, indeed, more especially the common people, could not have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, had they not prevailed among them for many ages. So ancient, indeed, is the superstition, that so far as regards its origin among the Saxons, we can only discover, that long before this people left their German forests, they believed in the existence of a kind of diminutive demons or sprites, which they denominated *Duergar*, or Dwarfs, and to which they attributed many wonderful performances, far above all human art and capability. These attributes did not degenerate, as they floated down the stream of time, and for a long time they were implicitly believed by the simple and untutored peasantry. In a fine old song, attributed by Peck to Ben Jonson, although not to be found among that author's collected works, we have a tolerably succinct account of the mischievous capacities of the Fairy tribe. We quote a few of the verses; it is Robin Goodfellow who speaks:

More swift than lightning can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And in a minute's space descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the
moone.

There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or crye, 'Ware, goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their seates will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sportes they trudge
home;

With counterfeiting voice I greeke,
And call them on with me to roame
Through woodes, through lakes,
Through bogges, through brakes;

Or else, unscene, with them I go,
All in the nicke,
To play some trickes,
And frolicke it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes an oxe, sometimes a bound;

And to a horse I turn me can,
 To trip and trot about them round :
 But if to ride,
 By backe to stride,
 More swift than winde awaye I go,
 O'er hedge and lands,
 Through pools and ponds,
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be
 With possets and with juncates fine,
 Unseene of all the companie
 I eat their cakes and sip their wine ;
 And to make sport,
 I ——— and snort ;
 And out the candles I do blow :
 The maids I kiss ;
 They skrieke—Who's this ?
 I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then the maids to please,
 At midnight I card up their wooll ;
 And while they sleep, and take their ease,
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
 I grind at mill
 Their malt up still,
 I dress their hemp, and spin their tow ;
 If any 'wake,
 And would me take,
 I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set
 In loop-holes, where the vermine
 creepe,
 Who from their fields and houses get
 Their ducks, and geese, and lambs,
 and sheepe,
 I spy the gin
 And enter in,
 And seem a vermine taken so ;
 But when they theare
 Approach me neare,
 I leap out, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

In the earlier ages, Fairies were undoubtedly subservient to no earthly power ; but as men became more enlightened, the influence of the sorcerer extended, in some measure, to them, as well as to the more vulgar and debased sort of spirits. In the Ashmolean MSS. there is a recipe for the conjuration of Fairies, which will probably remind our readers of the incantations applied to Witches. It is used by an Alchemist, (we cannot tell with what success,) who wanted the Fairy to assist him in his grand scheme of transmuting metals.

An excellent waie to gett a Fayrie :

“ First, gett a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth

three inches. Then lay that glasse or christall in the bloud of a white henne, three Wednesdayes, or three Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq., and fumigate it. Then take three hazel stickes, or wandes, of an yeaere groth : pill them fayre and white ; and make *(them)* soe longe, as you write the Spiritt's or Fairie's name, which you call three times, on every stick, being made flatt on one side. Then burye them under some hill, whereas you suppose Fayries haunt, the Wednesdaye before you call her. And the Fridaye followinge take them uppe, and call her at eight, or three, or ten of the clocke, which be goode planetts and houres for that turne : but when you call, *be in cleane life, and turne thy face towards the East ;* and when you have her, *(sc. the Fairy,)* bind her to that stone or glasse.”

We have already intimated, that the origin of Fairies, among the Saxons, is involved in obscurity. Bourne, however, supposes the superstition to have been handed down to us by tradition, from the Lamie of antiquity, who were esteemed so mischievous and cruel as to steal young children, and devour them : these, he says, together with the Fauns, seemed to have formed the notion of Fairies. Others deduce them from the Lares and Larvæ of the Romans ; and others again conjecture that these diminutive aerial people were imported into Europe by the Crusaders from the East, as in some respects they resemble the Oriental Genii. The Arabs and Persians, indeed, whose religion and history abound with relations concerning them, have assigned to them a peculiar country, and called it Fairyland*. But these hypotheses are unsupported by any conclusive evidence, and are merely, as all such speculations necessarily must be, the vague conjectures of a bewildered imagination.

But although we cannot, with any degree of accuracy, trace the origin of Fairies, among the Saxons, to any precise period, we may be more fortunate with regard to the Britons, among whom they were certainly indigenous, and of very ancient stand-

ing. Their existence is alluded to by the oldest of the British Bards; and Taliessin and Merddin make frequent mention of the Gwyllon or Ellyllon, the former fixing their abodes in glades, the latter on mountains. That their origin can be deduced from the Druids, is, we conceive, more than probable. The fairy customs are so systematic and general, that they evidently indicate the operations of a body of people existing in the kingdom distinct from its own inhabitants, acting in concert, and compelled to live mysteriously*. All their actions are those of a consistent and regular policy, instituted to prevent discovery, as well as to inspire fear of their power, and a high opinion of their beneficence. Accordingly, tradition notes, that, to attempt to discover them, was to incur certain destruction. "They are Fairies," says the gallant Falstaff; "he that looks on them shall die." They were not to be impeded in ingress or egress; a bowl of milk was to be placed for them at night on the hearth, and, in return, they left a small present in money, if the house was kept clean; if not, they inflicted some punishment on the negligent, which, as it was death to look upon them, they were obliged to suffer; and, no doubt, many mischievous tricks were played upon these occasions. Their general dress was green, that they might be the better concealed; and, as their children might have betrayed their haunts, they were permitted to go out only in the night time, and to have been entertained by dances on moonlight-nights. These dances, like those round the May-pole, were performed round a tree, and on an elevated spot, beneath which was probably their habitation, or its entrance. The older persons mixed as much as they dared with the world; and if they happened to be at any time recognized, the certainty of their vengeance was their safety.

Their rites, particularly that of dancing round a tree, as well as their character for truth, probity, and a love of all virtue, refer them to a Druidic origin; and as the Druidical was one of the most ancient religions, so it must have been one of the first that was persecuted; and we can readily conceive how necessary it must have been for its disciples to ensure their safety, by adopting a secure, as well as an extraordinary mode of concealment. These suggestions, which we have borrowed, in great measure, from the Popular Antiquities of Wales, we submit to the consideration of our readers, perfectly satisfied ourselves with their probability. All speculative deductions must be necessarily imperfect; but as far as analogical reasoning will go, the origin of Fairies, in Britain, can be fairly traced to the subversion of that religion which presented such a mingled character of barbarous bigotry and elevated morality.

Considerably allied to the Fairies is another species of aerial beings, called *Knockers*. These, the Welsh miners affirm, are heard under ground, in or near mines, and, by their *knocking*, generally point out to the workmen a rich vein of ore. In the third volume of *Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine*, there are two letters respecting the *Knockers*, written by Mr Lewis Morris, a gentleman esteemed no less for his learning than for his good sense and integrity. "People," he says, "who know very little of arts or sciences, or the powers of Nature, will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of *Knockers* in mines; a kind of good-natured, impalpable people, not to be seen, but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines: that is to say, they are the types, or forerunners, of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. Before the discovery of *Esgair y Mwyn* mine, these little people worked hard

* Dr Owen Pughe, whose extensive knowledge of the ancient literature of Wales entitles his opinion to particular notice, observes, that this imaginary race were anciently supposed to be the *manes* of those Druids, who were neither of sufficient purity for a celestial abode, nor of sufficient depravity for the society of infernals, on which account they remained on earth until the day of final retribution, when they were to be transferred to a superior state of existence. *Cambro-Briton*, Vol. I. page 348.—*Note*.

there, day and night; and there are abundance of honest, sober people, who have heard them; but after the discovery of the great one, they were heard no more. When I began to work at Llwyn Llwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they frightened away some young workmen. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but when we came to the ore, they then gave over, and I heard no more of them. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, although we cannot and do not pretend to account for them. We have now (October 1754) very good ore at Llwyn Llwyd, where the *Knockers* were heard to work; but they have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard. Let who will laugh: we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the *Knockers*, or rather God, who sends us these notices."

The most remarkable, but not the most peculiar superstition, which we have next to notice, is that concerning what were called Holy Wells. Of these, Wales could boast of several; four of which, namely, St. Winefred's, St. Tegla's, St. Elian's, and St. Dwywnen's, had attained a decided pre-eminence over the others; and of these four, that of St. Winefred's, at Holywell, in Flintshire, was by far the most esteemed. We are inclined to believe that the miraculous legendary origin of this well has contributed, in no small degree, to its supposed superiority. Winefreda, a devout and beautiful virgin, of noble descent, was beloved by a prince named Caradoc, who,

finding her inexorable to the more gentle pleadings of a lover, added force to his entreaties; but the fair Winefreda fled from him towards a neighbouring church, whither the other members of her family had retired to pray. Before she reached the sanctuary, Caradoc overtook her, and struck off her head. This, like an elastic ball, bounced into the church*, and proceeded up one of the aisles to the altar, where her wondering friends were assembled at their devotions. St. Beuno, who was fortunately in the church, and who was, as the legend expresses it, a favourite of the Almighty, snatched up the head, and joining it to the body, it was, to the utmost delight and surprise of all present, instantly reunited, the place of separation being only marked by a milk-white line encircling the neck. Caradoc dropped down lifeless on the spot where he had perpetrated the atrocious deed; "and," says the legend, "it was not rightly known whether the earth opened to receive his impious carcase, or whether his master, the devil, carried it off." Away, however, it went, and was seen no more. Winefreda survived her decapitation about fifteen years; and having, towards the latter end of that time, received the veil from St. Elerius, at Gwytherin, in Denbighshire, she died abbess of that monastery, bequeathing to posterity a well, which sprung up on the very spot where her head fell, and which still exhibits, through the beautiful transparency of its pellucid waters, the pure blood of the sinless virgin, in dark spots on the stony floor of the fountain†.

* A bell belonging to this church was christened, with the usual formality, in honour of Winefreda. "I cannot learn the names of the good gossips," says Mr Pennant, "who, as usual, were doubtlessly rich persons. On the ceremony, they all laid hold of the rope, bestowed a name on the bell, and the priest, sprinkling it with holy water, baptized it in the name of the Father, &c. &c. He then clothed it with a fine garment; after which, the gossips gave a grand feast, and made great presents, which the priest received, in behalf of the bell. Thus blessed, it was endowed with great powers: allayed (on being rung) all storms, diverted the thunder-bolt, and drove away the devil!"

† The following Monkish memorial of this event has been preserved by Gale:

Ad Basingwerk sons oritur
Qui satis vulgo dicitur,
Et tantis bullis scaturit
Quod trox, injecta, rejicit.
Tum magnum flumen procreat

Ut Carnbræ sufficiat.
Ægri qui dant rogamina
Reportant medicamina.
Rubro guttatos lapides
In scatebris reperies,

After the death of Winefreda, the waters of the well became celebrated for their miraculous virtues: they were almost as sanative as those of the pool of Bethesda, and extended their salutary influence to both man and beast: "omnes languores," observes an old writer, "tunc in hominibus quam in pecoribus (ut legendæ verba habent) sanare." Drayton affirms that no dog could be drowned in it; and the votive crutches, barrows, and other uncouth offerings, which are still to be seen pendant on the well, remain as incontrovertible proofs of the cures which the waters have performed. We can readily account for the credulous reliance which was so implicitly placed upon the efficacy of a pilgrimage to the Holy Well of St. Winefred. Pope Martin the Fifth, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, furnished the neighbouring Abbey of Basingwerke with pardons and indulgencies, to sell to the devotees. These were renewed again in the reign of Queen Mary, by the interest of Thomas Goldwell, bishop of St. Asaph, who fled into Italy on the accession of Elizabeth. Multitudes of offerings flowed in; and the monks received tangible marks of gratitude from such as had received benefit by their intercession with the virgin.

"The resort of pilgrims, of late years, to these *Fontaines*, has considerably decreased," observes Mr Pennant; "the greatest number is from Lancashire. In the summer, a few are still to be seen up to their chins in water, deep in devotion, or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well. This excess of piety has cost several persons their lives; and few people of rank now condescend to honour the fountain with their presence. A crowned head, in the last age, dignified the place with a visit. The poor infatuated prince, who lost three kingdoms for a mass, paid his respects to St. Winefred on the 29th of August 1686, and received, as the reward of

his piety, a present of the very *chaume* in which his great-grandmother, Mary Stuart, lost her head. He gave, in his progress through the country, as marks of favour and esteem, golden rings, with his hair plaited, beneath a crystal. The majority of devotees, at the present day, consist of the fair sex, attracted hither to commemorate the threatened martyrdom of Winefreda, as those of the East did the death of the Cyprian favourite,

Whose annual wound, in Lebanon, allur'd
The Syrian damsels to deplore his fate
In woeful ditties, all the summer's day:
While smooth Adonis, from his native
rock,
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with
blood
Of Thammuz, yearly wounded.

We know of no medicinal virtues which can be attributed to the waters of St. Winefred's Well, beyond those appertaining to any other cold bath; and now that sense and reason are becoming daily more extensively diffused throughout the kingdom, all the silly credulity engendered by a bigotted priesthood will skulk under their benign influence, and the minds and actions of the vulgar will be no longer swayed by the fantastical and illusive fables of former ages.

The other wells, in addition to the customary virtues of such places, possess others more exclusively peculiar to them. Thus, that of St. Tegla is famed for the cure of epilepsy, by the performance of the following ceremony:

Patients in epilepsy washed in the well, and having made an offering of a few pence, are to walk thrice round the well, and thrice repeat the Lord's Prayer. The ceremony never begins till after sunset. If the patient be a male, he offers a cock; if a female, a hen. This fowl is to be carried in a basket, first round the well, and then into the churchyard, where the ceremony of saying

In signum sacri sanguinis
Quem VINEFREDÆ virginis
Guttur truncatum fuderat.
Qui scelus hoc patraverat,
Ac nati ac nepotuli

Latrant ut canum catuli,
Donec sanctæ suffragium
Pescant ad hunc poticulum.
Vel ad urbem *Salopie*
Ubi quiescit hodie.

the Lord's Prayer is to be repeated. The patient must then enter the church, and get under the communion table, where putting a Bible under his head, and being covered with a carpet, or cloth, he is to rest till break of day; and thus, having made a further offering of sixpence, and leaving the fowl in the church, he may depart. If the fowl dies, the disorder is supposed to be transferred to the bird, and the cure effected.

But as this well is celebrated for producing a salutary effect, that of St. Elian, near Bettws Abergelly, in Denbighshire, is equally notorious for possessing an opposite influence. It is not merely an opinion, but a firmly-rooted belief among the peasantry, that if any one be put *into the well*, as they call it, he will be afflicted with any malady or misfortune which his enemy may desire*. "I will put you into St. Elian's Well, and have revenge of you," said a choleric mountaineer to Mr Pen-nant, in return for some trifling offence; and it was only so lately as April 1820, that a person of the name of John Edwards, of the parish of Northop in Flintshire, was tried at the Great Sessions, for defrauding one Edward Pierce, of Llandyrnog, in Denbighshire, of fifteen shillings, under the pretence (to borrow the classical language of the indictment,) "that the said Edward Pierce was put into *Fynnon Elian*, (Elian's Well,) and that some great evil and misfortune would in consequence befall the said Edward Pierce; and that he, the said John Edwards, could avert the said evil and misfortune, by taking him, the said Edward Pierce, out of the said well, if he, the said Edward Pierce, would pay unto the said John Edwards the sum of fifteen shillings." This

"the said Edward Pierce" was silly enough to do, as well as to accompany the arch enchanter to the well, where several superstitious ceremonies were performed, to the no small satisfaction of both parties; and the ignorant dupe returned home with a full persuasion that his affairs, which had been long "going cross," would thenceforward be in a more prosperous state than ever. Deceived in this, however, he brought the offender to justice, and the "said John Edwards" was rewarded for his ingenuity, by an imprisonment of twelve months†.

St. Dwynwen's Well was in the very zenith of its attraction about the middle of the fourteenth century. "Here," says an eminent Welsh antiquary, "were constant wax lights kept at the tomb of this Virgin saint, *where all persons in love applied for a remedy*, and which brought vast profit to the monks." Dwynwen, indeed, was as famous among the Britons, in affairs of this nature, as Venus ever was among the Greeks and Romans; and we can easily imagine what a multitude of votaries flocked to her shrine. At the same time, we must be permitted to doubt the efficacy of her power, as far as regarded the satisfying of *all* her supplicants. Love (*experti loquimur*) is a destructive and an incurable malady. It sets the heart aching so delicately, as Kilmalwek says in the play, that there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain; and we shall be always sceptical, as to the efficacy of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Dwynwen. The palsy it might cure, and the leprosy, and the gout, and the rheumatism, and even the epilepsy, or any other bodily infirmity—but as for *love*—Oh! never! never!

* The following was the mode usually adopted to effect this:—Near the well resided some worthless and infamous woman, who officiated as priestess. To her, the person who wished to inflict the curse applied, and for a trifling sum she registered in a book, kept for the purpose, the name of the person upon whose head the malediction was to fall. A pin was then dropped into the well, in the name of the victim, and the report that such a one had been thus put into the well soon reached the ears of the devoted person. If the individual were a person of a credulous disposition, the idea, like that of the Indian Obi, soon preyed upon his spirits, and at length terminated in his destruction; for the poor unhappy object pined himself to death, unless a timely reconciliation should take place between the parties, in which case the priestess, for a fee, erased the name from her book, and took the poor wretch out of the well.

† Cambro Britain, Vol. III. p. 203, Note.

Hitherto we have treated of superstitions not absolutely peculiar to Wales: indeed it is a difficult matter to limit the extension of credulity, particularly when the nation among which it was originally engendered mixes freely with a neighbouring people. Hence Fairies and Holy Wells are, perhaps, as abundant in England as they are in Wales, however various may be their attributes and general character. But we question whether the delusion which we are about to mention has yet found its way beyond the Marches: we allude to the melancholy apparition of the *Canwyllan Cyrph*, or corpse candle. In many parts of Wales, more especially at St. David's in Pembrokeshire, the death of an individual is supposed to be announced by the appearance of a light, somewhat like that of a candle, which moves about from place to place in the vicinity of the house in which the doomed person is residing. Sometimes it proceeds in the direction of the church-yard, and frequently it appears in the hand of the spectre of the person whose fate it foretells. We have in vain endeavoured to ascertain the origin of this superstition*; and our inquiries have been somewhat urgent on this point, for we remember being very powerfully affected, many years ago, by the appearance of a corpse candle near a house which soon afterwards lost

one of its best beloved and dearest inhabitants. We are not either of a weak or credulous disposition, but it has often occurred to us, that there is something more than mere fancy in the appearance of ghosts, and other supernatural warnings. Several facts have been recorded—and we ourselves could relate more than one—which are well calculated to stagger the scepticism of the strongest-minded person; and we cannot bring ourselves to believe that all the coincidences with which we are acquainted can have sprung from a weak or a distempered imagination. One reason assigned for the appearance of supernatural beings, and a powerful reason we must acknowledge it to be, is the anxious love of Providence for our individual welfare. Nobody can dispute the universal solicitude for our well-being and happiness, which is so palpably perceptible in all the works and wonders of the Deity, and which has been so beautifully advocated, by one of our earliest and most virtuous poets:

And is there care in Heaven? and is there love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case

Of men than beasts. But oh, th' exceeding grace

Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,

* The following has been suggested by the Rev. Peter Roberts. The Jack-a-lantern, or Will-o'-the-wisp, he says, is known to arise from a peculiar gas, or a mixture of gasses, which proceed from the earth, mostly where coal abounds, and are phosphoretic, and kindled by atmospheric air, or the breath. In the latter case, the Will-o'-the-wisp appears to precede the person, being sustained by his breath. The corpse candle appears to be precisely in the same way kindled, and directed in its course, and probably arises from the effluvia of a body already in an incipient state of putrescence. It would, therefore, be worthy of philosophical observation, whether, when it does appear, it cannot always be traced to a body in such a state. In cases of cancer, a halo has, in more than one instance, been seen around the head of the patient, when at the point of death, which is justly to be attributed to such a cause: and, in like manner, other phenomena peculiar to such a time, may be rationally accounted for; such as the birds of prey flapping their wings against the windows, they being attracted by the effluvia—and the ringing of bells in the house, probably occasioned by the extrication of some electric principle after death, when putrescence commences.

There is another forerunner of death, which has sometimes appeared in South Wales, before the decease of some person of note, namely, a coffin and burial train, proceeding from the house in the dead of the night, towards the church-yard. Sometimes a hearse and mourning-coaches form the cavalcade, moving in gloomy silence, and with the most methodical regularity. Not a footstep is heard, as they move along, and the terrors of the persons who happen to see them are soon communicated to all the neighbouring peasantry. Was Lear's idea of *shocking a troop of horse with felt* suggested by a knowledge of this superstition?

And all his works with mercies doth embrace,

That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man—to serve his
wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us, that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly
ward,

And their bright squadrons round about
us plant,

And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have
such regard?

Færic Queen, Cant. viii.

But we must bring this rambling
article to a conclusion. Before we do
so, however, we should mention, that
the superstitious creed of the Welsh

comprises a sturdy belief in the existence of all the more common kinds of supernatural beings, such as ghosts, goblins, witches, "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey, with all their trumpery." We should observe, also, that the constant communication which now exists between the English and the Welsh, is gradually weaning the mountaineers from many of their ancient customs and superstitions: and a period, perhaps, may arrive, when all their strange and extravagant ideas of the delusions which we have described will cease to exist, and when the mere traditional remembrance of such fantasies will only remain to amuse the inmates of the peasant's cottage during the long and dreary winter nights. R.

THE HARUM-SCARUM CLUB.

No. II.

Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.

Beattie.

MR EDITOR,

YOUR Magazine, containing the first number of the Harum-Scarum Club, arrived here only a few days ago, and has excited an interest which has thrown every other topic of conversation in the back-ground. Our Librarian assures me there has not been such a demand for any book since the publication of *Kenilworth* and the *Queen's Trial*. In defiance of the Library Regulations, it has been handed about, and carried by some gentlemen, in their pockets, when they went to dine or sup with friends who were not subscribers, where it never failed to give relish to the desert, and add flavour to the Glenlivet, for we drink no Parliament whisky in this quarter. I had occasion to call last night on Bailie Langhead's widow, who, after our business was discussed, said, "Now, Sir, ye maun sit still, an' pree my bottle, and tell me about this Magazine, that's putting the hale town in a steer. I saw it into the gauger's hand, an' havena seen a book sae saddled and curfuffled sin' my gudeman that's awa' carried the Rights o' Man in his oxter pouch, after the King's proclamation forbade folk to read it; for he had never heard a cheep about it before. It was a dear buik that to him, for he gae the

scamp wha brought it a new coat of Yorkshire pepper-an'-sa't mixture, on credit, an' the chap ran aff the country soon after, for fear o' being sent to Buttony Bay. Syne there began sic a hubub an' halliballoo, about sedition an' dissection to Government, that the gudeman, wha was ettling to be Bailie at the first election, grew unco eerie about it; an' ae night, after supper, shot Tam Paine between the ribs o' the chimney, saying, wi' a laugh, 'I'm no the first wha have clappit their thumb upo' their principles for a snug post, an' I'll no be the hindmost.' It was an unco time that, Sir.

But, like a minister of my acquaintance, on the first Sunday after partridge-shooting begins, I'm wandering from my text; or, as some of his parishioners say, like to tyne the thread o' my discourse. Well, my text was *The Harum-Scarum Club*, and the head under consideration was your Magazine, which, were I to illustrate by what it has produced here, I could fill a sheet before entering on the practical improvement. However, at present I shall only add, that Peter Bell, our bookseller, of whom you will hear more by-and-by, informs me, that he has received orders for half-a-dozen copies, to be

continued till countermanded. I come now to other concerns, which "come home to our business and our bosoms." The literary taste nursed, I might say begotten, by our Dominie, *alias* Democritus, has produced not a few pretenders to criticism among our beaux; we have also a Blue-Stocking Coterie, the members of which club a penny a-week each, for *La Belle Assemblée* and *The Lady's Magazine*. From this you will readily believe, that the Harum-Scarum Club pieces have been read with no ordinary interest, and criticised, if not with impartiality, at least with keen scrutiny; for I have observed, Mr Editor, that our knowledge of an author influences our opinion of his productions, even in spite of ourselves. The young ladies are in raptures with the "Evening Walk;" while the *Bas Bleus*, who are generally of that class which we denominate Spinsters, (for I think *old maid* is an ungenerous and ill-natured appellation,) are not less delighted with "The Muses;" and I am told the Lady President, who was a blooming belle when Britain acknowledged the independence of America, can repeat the whole by heart; she has already had the author at tea, and I believe he will have a hearty welcome, from one or other of the coterie, any night for months to come, if inclined to favour them with his company.

To parody a common, but coarse, proverb, "It's a silly town that there's neither Whig nor Tory in," we have both; and if their arguments are sometimes weak, their language is violent. I am told that your Whigs and Tories in Edinburgh, whatever they may feel, behave with gentleman-like politeness to each other; while ours are perpetually at snip-snap, whenever politics is the theme. The pebble on the shore, which mingles with a thousand others, is polished by the flux and reflux of the waves; while our politicians may be compared to the flint and steel in my landlady's tinderbox, which, although seldom used, never fail of producing fire when brought into collision, and, instead of polishing each other, exhibit new asperities on their respective surfaces. I beg your pardon, Mr Editor, for again digressing, which, although quite in cha-

racter, as a member of the Harum-Scarum Club, may not suit so well with your columns. For the reasons already given, "The Congress of Verona" has rekindled the fire which for sometime past lay dormant. The verses are praised and censured in the same company; but Dr Tell is a man of independent mind, and hears both unmoved. The present aspect of affairs in Spain gives the Ultras an opportunity of throwing some of his own couplets in his teeth. Last night, one of them addressed him, in a sneering tone, saying, "Well, Doctor, the French are still in Spain!" To which he replied, in the words of the soothsayer to Cæsar, "Ay, Sir, the ides of March are come; but they are not yet past."

I now proceed to relate the occurrences of the evening when our Club was constituted, and send you copies of the other Addresses, in the order in which they were delivered.

The first I have now to record, being the fourth in the order of the night, was from a gentleman who had passed the early and most delightful part of his life in the country, in the respectable, and generally happy situation of a farmer, and was lucky enough to sell his lease, for a large sum, at the period when every landlord was dreaming of rents continuing to rise *ad infinitum*, and every tenant of being a country laird, with Esquire appended to his name. He of whom I write, had come to reside in town, with his daughter as housekeeper, having lost his wife, which, it is believed, was one weighty reason for his leaving the farm. His mind was far more cultivated than those of the class to which he belonged are generally found to be. He had been an accurate observer of the various operations of Nature, without neglecting the more important study of the human heart. Reading and gardening were now almost his daily exercises and enjoyments, including the evening hours spent in the society of a few intimate friends, of whom the Dominie is at the head. When he rose up to recite the following stanzas, he stated, that although he had written them, *con amore*, on a subject dear to his heart, yet they had been hastily composed for the occasion, without revisal;

and if they were found worthy of the company's approbation, he might subsequently render them more deserving of their notice. He then, in a solemn but pleasing tone, with something of a melancholy cadence, repeated—

The Ploughman's Death and Burial.

In numbers soft and warm, in youthful fire,
The Farmer's Ingle flow'd in Doric strain ;

But softer, sweeter far the magic lyre,
When Nature taught her bairn, on Colla's plain,

To sing the Cottar and his youngling train ;
The thrifty mither, garrulous and kind,
The blushing maiden and the bashful swain,

The father's love with counsel sage
combin'd,

His pray'r and song of praise, and humble,
heav'nward mind.

Alas ! the mighty minstrel's tale is tauld,
His warbling lyre hangs silent and unstrung ;

Dissolv'd in death, his glowing heart is cauld,

Clos'd his bright e'e, and mute his tuneful tongue,

Whose song of rural bliss symphonious rung.

I fain would touch a sad but kindred string,

And sketch a rural theme as yet unsung,
Though rude the hand that o'er the chords I fling ;

But laigh the muse maun flee, with moulted, flutt'ring wing.

The chatt'ring sparrow, hovering in the air,
May imp the woodlark soaring in the sky ;

Presumptuous, he the eagle's track may dare,

Although his fate forbids to rise so high ;

The tiny wren across the brake may fly,
And, chirping, twitter on the birken spray,

Above the stream that murmurs softly by,
Where Philomela pour'd her melting lay :

We hail the twinkling star, when set the orb of day.

And he whose heart, like mine, delights to rove,

With fond remembrance, o'er the rural scene,

By trotting burnle, down the beechen grove,

On broom-clad brae, brown heath, or daisied green,

Perhaps in converse with his lovely Jean,
With bright black e'e, an' cheek like morning fair,

When husy Memory whispers what has been,

May in my song past joys and sorrows share ;

Nor harshly blame the Muse, though lang she linger there.

The gloamin' sheens with streaks of gowden light,

Grim Winter's frosty breath forgets to hlaw,

And lessens daily, to the ploughman's sight,

Schilhallow's sheeted wreaths of drifted snaw ;

The birks are budding bonny in the shaw,
Blithe gowans glinting on the green-sward lea,

Glen, bank, an' brae, the primrose busks fu' braw,

And to its bosom woos the eident bee,

As lightsome Spring returns, to glad the heart and e'e.

The lamh louns lightly on the flow'ry green,

Before the sun has drunk the morning dew ;

The laverock carols saftly, though unseen,

Aloft, and lost amidst the ether blue ;

The farmer stalks in sheet of snaw-white hue ;

Behind him whistles blithe the harrow-boy :

Is there who can the gladsome scene review,

See Nature's smile, and Labour's blithe employ,

And still his heart refuse to join the general joy ?

Yes ; there is one cannot the pleasure share,

Whose plough lies rusting in the stubble field ;

Who pines and shivers in the vernal air ;

Who once could guide the plough, the sickle wield ;

But now he sighs to see his glebe untill'd ;

For sickness warns him of approaching doom ;

He feels that he must to the conqueror yield ;

No more for him Spring sheds her genial bloom,

And Summer suns maun sheen above his grassy toom :

And while he seeks to fix his heart on high,

With humble hope is to his fate resign'd ;

Yet Nature in his bosom prompts the
sigh

O'er those he loves, and now maun
leave behind ;

A thousand anxious thoughts rush o'er
his mind ;

The husband and the father round his
heart

Still closely cling, with tenderest ties en-
twin'd ;

He turns his head to hide the tears that
start ;

Though not afraid to die, 'tis pain with
these to part.

He still could lean upon his daughter's
arm,

And she would lead him, at the noon-
tide hour,

When April suns were shining saft and
warm,

And gently seat him in the woodbine
bow'r ;

While he would gaze upon this budding
flow'r,

Then fondly sighing, press her mither's
hand,

In silence musing on the tyrant's pow'r,
Whose stroke will snap the dear do-
mestic band,

Whom cunning cannot charm, nor skill,
nor power withstand.

'Twas thus, one morn, he thought, and
sigh'd, and smil'd,

When clouds were flitting lightly o'er
the sun,

He rais'd his e'e, with look serenely mild,
And said, " I feel my race is nearly
run,

Though Nature shrinking, still the stroke
would shun,

Would fondly still the parting hour
prolong ;

But Heaven is just—and let His will be
done—

He will not—cannot do His creature
wrong,

Although I grieve to leave whom I have
lov'd so long !

" But now, methinks, 'twere wise to bid
farewell,

Ere I am summon'd to my dying bed ;
Ere Death, relentless, storm the citadel,

His icy fingers on my bosom spread,
When parch'd my lips—perhaps my rea-
son fled,

When neighbours throng, and friends
stand weeping by,

Or smooth the pillow for my weary head,
Or watch to hear the last expiring
sigh

That snaps the filmy thread, and rends
the tender tie.

That snaps the filmy thread, and rends
the tender tie.

That snaps the filmy thread, and rends
the tender tie.

That snaps the filmy thread, and rends
the tender tie.

" Yes, I would fain behold each beauteous
face,

While yet the tide of life my bosom
warms ;

My Mary's lip press with a last embrace ;
Again behold my children's growing
charms,

And fondly fold them in a father's arms ;
And ere I writhe beneath the killing
dart,

Ere fainting Nature feels its dread alarms,
Would counsel, comfort to you all im-
part,

Wipe every watery e'e, and soothe each
sorrowing heart."

The ev'ning sun hung o'er the mountains
hie,

They placed the ploughman in his easy
chair ;

New lustre lighted up his languid e'e,
His brow, besprent with thin and lyart
hair,

Rose full and broad—betray'd no cark-
ing care ;

A hectic glow'd upon his wrinkled
cheek,

Sothin, his smile nae longer dimpled there ;
The shaded sunbeam, through the misty
reck,

Fell saftly on a face serenely mild and meek.

It was a sad and solemn sight, to see
The parting scene of friends so fondly
dear ;

The father leaning on the mither's knee,
The bairns around in semicircle near ;

In every e'e a bright and trembling tear ;
And there was one, whom love had
hither led,

Nor son, nor brither—yet no stranger here ;
Whose heart with theirs in kindred
sorrow bled,

And long'd to drink the tears the bloom-
ing daughter shed.

His glist'ning e'e the auld man slowly
rais'd,

While Mary's hand in his was fondly
press'd,

On those around in solemn silence gaz'd,
With strong emotion struggling in his
breast ;

He brush'd a tear, that would not be
suppress'd,

Look'd round the circle, on each dear
lov'd child,

And calmly thus the mournful throng
address'd,

In accents solemn, but benignly mild,
As erst, in youthful love, he on his Mary
smil'd :

" Dear Mary, we have lang and fondly
lov'd ;

Our wedded life has been a summer
day ;

Our wedded life has been a summer
day ;

Our wedded life has been a summer
day ;

Our wedded life has been a summer
day ;

Our wedded life has been a summer
day ;

Our wedded life has been a summer
day ;

Our wedded life has been a summer
day ;

Our pleasures many, and, if cares we prov'd,

Yet they, like morning clouds, soon pass'd away ;

Then softer seem'd to shene the sunny ray,
As we have often seen the passing show'r

Refresh the fields, make Nature look more gay,

With richer beauties clothe the blossom'd flow'r,

And sweeter fragrance breathe around our woodbine bow'r.

" We've sail'd along a smooth and summer sea,
And seldom thought how rapid was the stream ;

Enjoy'd the scene, and talk'd of bliss to be ;

And while we bask'd in Love's meridian beam,

Forgot that we maun meet his parting gleam ;

Maun hear the fatal breakers round us roar,

And wauken from our short, but pleasing dream :

That hour is come—and I maun go before,

To bid my Mary hail ! upon a happier shore.

" Yes, we have seen our sunny moments glide,

While love forbade to tent their rapid flight ;

But sublunary bliss will never bide ;

The longest, happiest day, maun close in night ;

Yet is our gloamin' calm, and cloudless light ;

Although the night be lang, the darkness deep,

They are the barbingers of morning bright,

When we shall wauken from our silent sleep,

Where light for ever shines, and love forgets to weep.

" Ye olive plants, which have our union crown'd,

I need not say that all are fondly dear ;

Although our parting must your bosoms wound,

Suppress the sigh, and wipe the bootless tear ;

But calmly listen, with attentive ear :

I would not speak to give your young hearts pain ;

Yet, oh ! a father's parting counsels hear,
And Heaven forfend that I should speak in vain !

Still bear them in your mind, still in your heart retain.

" The dawn of Wisdom is, to fear the Lord,

Who marks your goings out and comings in ;

And be His grace and guidance still implor'd,

To keep your footsteps from the paths of sin ;

For perfect happiness is peace within,
Unknown to those by headlong passions driven ;

But, oh ! my bairns, your course betimes begin,

With humble hearts, and pray that grace be given,

Your passions still to rein, and fix your trust in Heaven.

" For, oh ! my children, ever bear in mind

That man is weak, and mortal flesh is frail,

His heart to vice and vanity inclin'd,
And in the world temptations oft assail ;

And sometimes o'er the wise resolve prevail,

With him who leans upon his strength alone ;

And such, too late, their confidence bewail,
Their heedless folly bitterly bemoan ;

Seed scatter'd to the winds, or on the waters sown !

" Though Pleasure sheds her most seductive charms

To win the wealthy to her soft embrace,

She can decoy the rustic to her arms,
And lure the peasant onward in the chace ;

Who lags at last, still distanced in the race ;

Her paths are many, all with snares beset ;

New beauties blushing on her changing face,

To ride, shoot, game, drink, swear, and run in debt,

And last, though far from least, is woman's witching net.

" Oh ! then beware of Pleasure's syren smiles,

For they are safer than the summer morn ;

Her glamour many a simple heart beguiles ;

Soon fade her flow'rs, but sharply stings her thorn ;

Lost friends, reproach, disgrace, and public scorn,

And, keener still, the pang of guilt and shame ;

Deserted, shunn'd, her victim pines forlorn,

With few to pity, many still to blame,

Health broken, fortune lost, and stain'd a hapless name.

"Let not your hours in idleness be spent;
 But never delve in Mammon's miry
 fen ;

With honest industry be aye content,
 And always measure to your fellow
 men,

Is word and deed, as you expect again :
 Indulge not envy, malice, wrath, and
 strife ;

For all are hateful in Omniscient ken ;
 And if you wish to lead a peaceful life,
 Aye shun the gossip thrang, where clash
 and clalks are rife."

He paus'd for breath—his full heart
 fondly heav'd,

And thus resumed : " When Rumour
 tells her tale,

True Charity will aye in heart be griev'd
 That Vice and Folly in the world pre-
 vail ;

But Calumny may Innocence assail,
 And foul Reproach may stain a spotless
 name ;

Or should your neighbour slip, for man is
 frail,

Oh ! rather hush, than propagate the
 shame ;

No tender heart delights to wound ano-
 ther's fame.

" Let never want, and homeless, helpless
 age,

Unbeeded pour their plaint—in vain
 implore ;

Some wanderer, in his weary pilgrimage,
 Perhaps may leave a blessing at your
 door ;

Alms to the needy will not waste your
 store,

Nor, want reliev'd, e'er make your little
 less ;

A feeling heart will make your treasure
 more ;

Whene'er the widow and the orphan
 bless,

Their pray'rs will mount on hie, pour'd
 in their deep distress.

" Dear bairns, I leave your mither to
 your love,

On Heaven and you maun be her stay
 and trust ;

And if you hope a blessing from above,
 Be kind to her, when I am laid in
 dust ;

The time may come, when age her mind
 may rust,

Sickness and poverty may her betide,
 I see your tears—they say you will—you
 must

Be still her friends, in whom she may
 confide,

That you will soothe her woes, and for her
 wants provide.

" Nor tongue nor pen can to your minds
 impart

A father's love, a mither's tender care ;
 'Tis not in youth to ken a parent's
 heart,

Or read what Nature's hand has writ-
 ten there ;

The hopes and fears that they are doom'd
 to share,

To nurse the frame, to form the infant
 mind,

What toils will they endure, what dangers
 dare !

The sleepless night, with love and care
 combin'd,

The pang that wrings the heart when
 children prove unkind !

" And be this truth aye on your minds
 imprest,

While health and youth within your
 bosoms glow,

That age will come ; this world is not your
 rest,

You are but strangers, pilgrims, passing
 through ;

Grasp not too fast your dearest bliss be-
 low ;

For, like the snaw, 'twill melt within
 your grip ;

Your laughing cup may seem to overflow,
 And while you stoop the balmy draught
 to sip,

The dark decrees of Fate may dash it from
 your lip.

" Yet life, my bairns, is still a pleasant
 land,

Has many a joy that man may freely
 use ;

For bounteous Heaven has dealt with li-
 beral hand,

And none but fools the bounty would
 refuse ;

Yet though the banquet haply seem pro-
 fuse,

Of some partake, of others scarcely
 taste ;

Aye keep in mind, that they who bliss
 abuse,

Will soonest still their stock of plea-
 sure waste ;

The cup that's slowly drain'd leaves aye
 the richest zest."

Again the peasant paus'd, and fix'd his
 e'e

On him who stood by beauteous
 Ellen's side,

Then kindly said, " Young man, with
 joy I see

The mutual love which Nature cannot
 hide ;

Although that bliss must be to me denied,
 To see you both before the altar bow,

To see my Ellen blush a blooming bride,
And hear your lips confirm the nuptial
vow,

Come, lead her to my arms, and take my
blessing now !”

He fondly clasp'd her to his heaving
breast,

The gentle pressure made his heart ex-
pand ;

The maiden's glowing cheek his pale lip
press'd,

He rais'd his e'e with look benignly
bland

And saw the modest youth before him
stand

With look of love and melting tender-
ness ;

He gently took his daughter's trembling
hand,

Placed it in his, “ May Heaven unite
and bless

Your guileless hearts,” he said, “ in love
and happiness !”

Again he drew his gentle Mary near,
His pale lip quiver'd, dim his watery e'e,

He from her wan cheek kiss'd the trick-
ling tear,

And said, “ Dear Mary, cease to weep
for me ;

Rejoice that soon my spirit shall be free
From all this weary load of cumbering
clay ;

With resignation bend to Heaven's decree ;
I hourly feel my feeble strength decay,

And long to sink asleep, to wake in end-
less day !”

And now before his feet the children fell,
His hand was laid on every bending
head ;

He kiss'd and bless'd them all, and bade
farewell,

While tears of filial tenderness were
shed ;

A passing hectic o'er his pale cheek fled,
A clammy sweat stood on his wrinkled
face,

Down droop'd his head, “ Oh ! raise me
up,” he said,

“ And leave me not—a change must
soon take place,

Before me shadows swim, and Nature
sinks apace !”

The setting sun behind a purple cloud
Just left a golden streak along the sky,
Then wrapt him in his brightly border'd
shroud,

Which soon was changed to crimson
canopy ;

But hark ! whence comes that groan,
that rending sigh ?

From one who ne'er shall see the morn-
ing dawn ;

Whose wildering look is fix'd on vacancy ;
Pale falls the moonlight on the dewy
lawn ;

But paler was that lip, when life's last
breath was drawn.

And all is still around the deathful bed,
The struggle's o'er, the conqueror's tri-
umph won ;

Lone silence hovers o'er the victim's head,
His clay lies stiff and cold, the spirit
flown ;

The strong man lies, by greater might
undone,

His strength subdued, his dauntless
prowess cow'd ;

In linen white, by maiden fingers span,
For in his bridal-sheet his bones are
row'd,

The sheet of nuptial love is his funereal
shroud.

To sooth their griefs, this family of love
Seek comfort from the book of sacred
lore ;

And raise their hearts to Him who sits
above,

Who, for mankind, wrath, shame, and
suffering bore,

And now, their Mediator, gone before,
That where He is, there may His ser-
vants be,

When this short scene of earthly trials
o'er,

When He who sets from sin and sor-
row free,

Shall wipe out every stain, the tear from
every e'e.

And now they sing how man is like the
grass,

(In Martyr's sweet but melancholy
lays ;)

As shadows fly, so generations pass ;
As falls the fading flow'r, so man de-
cays ;

They sing the shortness of our number'd
days,

Threescore and ten years our allotted
span ;

Sing how inscrutable the Almighty's ways,
Too dark and deep for mortal skill to
scan,

And deprecate His wrath on weak and
erring man.

And now they kneel, in humble, heartfelt
pray'r,

Before the footstool of the Heav'nly
throne ;

Their weakness and unworthiness declare,
With thanks for Him who did for
guilt atone ;

And only in that sacred name alone,
They pray to bear in mind their latter
end ;

And now they kneel, in humble, heartfelt
pray'r,

Before the footstool of the Heav'nly
throne ;

Their weakness and unworthiness declare,
With thanks for Him who did for
guilt atone ;

And only in that sacred name alone,
They pray to bear in mind their latter
end ;

They pray to bear in mind their latter
end ;

That He would hear and sooth the
mourner's moan,
Aye be the widow's and the orphan's
friend,
And grant His promis'd grace to guide
them to the end.

The gentle Ellen wipes her tearful e'e,
And leads her mother to a widow'd
bed,
And whispers comfort—but it cannot be,
For sleep has from her downy pillow
fled,
And sighs are heav'd, and secret tears are
shed ;
Yet though her heart has never ceas'd
to mourn,
Light dreaming slumbers hover round her
head,
Of him for ever from her bosom torn,
She wakes to weep again, forsaken and
forlorn.

Another dreary day has ling'ring pass'd,
The sun is sinking in the welkin clear ;
The coffin comes—and she must look her
last
On his remains, so long, so fondly dear ;
Like wither'd leaf, in lap of Autumn sere,
She sees him laid within his narrow
cell ;
His pale, cauld cheek bedew'd with many
a tear,
The parting tribute, on his bosom fell—
She bows her drooping head, and sighs a
last farewell !

No sable border'd sheet proclaims the
tale,
Twa friends, in black, invite the neigh-
bours round,
Both rich and poor, residing in the vale,
To bear their brother to the hallow'd
ground ;
And such their love, that none are absent
found :
At noon-tide hour, in Sunday's garb
they meet,
Or blue, or black, with time and age em-
brown'd ;
A dram does every guest at entrance
greet ;
Now seated in the barn, they talk, and
drink, and eat.

The parish minister, of gentle heart,
Perhaps the widow's lone retreat will
seek,
That he may comfort to her mind impart,
And words of heav'nly consolation
speak ;
Well does he know the human heart is
weak,
And well aware that her's is wounded
sore,

Ha kindly frames his words in accents
meek,
And guides her view to that celestial
shore
" Where death-divided friends shall meet
to part no more."

Across the threshold, by his footsteps
worn,
Who never more that rustic floor shall
tread,
The corpse is softly, and in silence borne ;
And now the pall is o'er the coffin
spread ;
The widow wailing as she bears his head ;
Her heart is full, and still to Nature
true,
Again she clasps the dear departed dead ;
Fresh streaming tears the sable pall be-
dew,
Till kindly led away, she sobs her last
adieu.

Far down the vale they slowly wind along,
Most part a mournful, melancholy train ;
Though, haply, some, amidst the motley
throng,
Will introduce discourse ill-timed and
vain :
And now the crowd is blackening on the
plain ;
And pealing slow is heard the funeral
bell ;
Dim through the trees appears the hal-
low'd fane,
That marks the spot where death and
darkness dwell ;
And louder on the ear now strikes the
solemn knell.

And now, with careful feet they forward
pass,
O'er nameless grave, and time-worn,
moss-clad stone ;
'Midst nettles, hemlock, and the long rank
grass,
Which waves o'er many a scatter'd,
mouldering bone :
Such are the trophies of the tyrant's throne,
Whose subjects sleep in solemn silence
round,
Where Love forgets to smile, and Grief
to moan ;
The rich man's tomb with lying mar-
ble crown'd,
The peasant's nameless grave beneath the
grassy mound.

Now o'er their heads the broad plane's
branches wave,
Obscure the sun, and shed a solemn
gloom ;
Before them yawns the deep insatiate
grave,
The father's dust dug from its dark-
some womb ;

The sire displaced, to give his children room ;

And hence with man the change is never o'er,
In life and death, the cradle and the tomb ;
Thus waves behind impel the waves before,
Till all expire in foam, or sleep upon the shore.

With gentle care the coffin'd clay descends,
And softly rests upon its mouldy bed ;
While dust with dust in solemn silence blends,
Each tongue is mute, uncover'd every head ;
Still fix'd they stand, and gaze upon the dead :
With all the sexton's skill the grave is dress'd,
A grassy turf with studied care is spread ;
The gowan smiles above his clay-cold breast,
And soft the dews of even fall on his bed of rest.

That spot the widow'd mother aft will seek,
On Sundays passing to the house of prayer ;
Again the tear steal o'er her wither'd cheek,
As sad she stands, a silent mourner there ;
His children, too, will to his grave repair,
And o'er the turf in filial sorrow sigh ;
Haply, some neighbour comes their griefs to share,
Or scan the head-stane with inquiring eye,
And spell the simple lines, that say, " Prepare to die !"

The blazon'd scutcheon and the marble bust
May grace the mighty in the gloomy pile ;
A trophied tomb above his titled dust,
With fulsome epitaph in labour'd style :
In high-plum'd hearse borne to the lonely aisle ;
But none shall o'er his mouldering ashes weep,
Nor flower nor sunbeam on his grave shall smile ;
Nor heir nor widow e'er disturb his sleep ;
Forsaken and forgot, in damp and darkness deep.—

The tone in which this was delivered indicated that the speaker was impressed with his subject. Heraclitus had bent his head, and it was alleged by some that a tear stole from his eye ; the muscles of Democritus's face evinced the interest he

felt in the subject, and that he was not ill pleased with the execution ; Dr Tell's features preserved an impenetrable gravity, and no conjecture could be formed concerning his opinion. The other candidates who had still to come forward were most probably absorbed in reflections about their own success.

The next called on was a half-pay Lieutenant in the army, by the courtesy of his companions always styled Captain, as a more respectable *nom du guerre*. He had served under Sir John Moore,—was in the famous retreat to Corunna, and assisted at the obsequies of that gallant hero, whose memory has been ungenerously neglected by some celebrated pens, and illiberally, if not unjustly, treated by others, skilled and ready enough in the encomiastic style. The Captain had been left heir to some property, part of which had gone to eke out the scanty pay of a Lieutenant, and, on his return to Britain, in the pursuit of pleasure, as an equivalent for former privations ; hence the whole was sometime ago exhausted. But he is of a gay, careless disposition, with a proud sense of honour, savouring a little of misanthropy, nursed, or most probably begotten, by disappointment of promotion, and seeing striplings pass over his head. However, he continues to laugh at care, and with no pecuniary resource, except his half-pay, keeps up a respectable appearance, passing his time with books and a few friends. His voice is sonorous, clear, and distinct, with an energy approaching to vehemence, which gives a fine expression to his veteran and war-worn features. All, therefore, listened with interest and attention, when, standing up, he delivered the following

Address.

I've bother'd my brains, and expended much time,
In the futile attempt to give reason with rhyme ;
But roses and oysters ne'er come in one season ;
And such is the case with my rhyme and my reason ;
And I frankly acknowledge, to me it seems odd,
How some, as they ride, can make " Rhymes on the Road."

I lately stopt into our bookseller's shop,
And, to shew my fine taste, got a-praising
of Pope ;

" Ah ! Pope, Sir," cried Bib, " poor me-
chanical elf !

For seven long years he has stood on my
shelf ;

To speak in his style, Sir, each line has
its brother,

One line of the couplet seems made for
the other ;

His verse is a see-saw, and wearies the
ear,

It is drowsy to read, and most painful to
hear ;

The monotonous jingle to taste gives of-
fence,

The close of a couplet concluding the
sense ;

No fine abrupt endings—no delicate blend-
ing,

The rhyme and the sense with each other
contending ;

But fetter'd by rules, Sir, his muse still
was dastard,

And some have been trying to prove her
a bastard."

" But Goldsmith—you'll own that he
writes from the heart ?"

" Indeed I will not, Sir—no nature, all
art,

Yet the fellow has similes pretty enough."

" And Beattie's sweet Minstrel ?" " In-
animate stuff !

One page, for a dose, is a sure soporific ;
But to read o'er the whole would be truly
terrific !"

" And Gray and——" " Have done,
Sir ; your meaning I know ;

They are all of one school, and the best
are so-so ;

They might buzz in their day, but are
dead long ago.

Have patience a moment ; I'll read you
a page,

A stanza or two, by a light of the age !"

He took up a volume, with emphasis
read,

Then looking enraptur'd, triumphantly
said,

" There, Sir, you have Nature, free, mu-
sical, sweet,

The sense never fetter'd with crambo and
feet ;

The verse reads so easy, the pauses so
fine,

And the sense seldom stops at the end of
a line.

For rhyme, preposition, particle, conjunc-
tion,

No word comes amiss, all are fit for the
function ;

The words so well marshall'd, so natural
they stand,

That the line often ends with an ' if ' or
an ' and ;'

New compounds and adjectives too may
be found

Most expressive in sense, and harmonious
in sound !"

Astonish'd, I cried, " My dear Sir,
you're jocose ;

You have read me blank verse, or poeti-
cal prose ;

For in all you have read, I have ne'er
heard a chime,

At the end of the line, like an echo of
rhyme ;

I find too, like Hudibras' bear and the fiddle,
The sense always comes to the close in the
middle."

He answer'd, while triumph shone bright
in his eyes,

" The quintessence of art is that art to
disguise ;

Though no rhyme strikes the ear, when
the verse is well read,

Is the violet less fragrant for hiding its
head ?"

Then sneeringly said, " I was of the old
school ;"

While I turn'd in a pet from the new-
fangled fool.

At home—for my sey-piece, invoc'd all
the Muses,

Some scoff'd at my suit, others sent their
excuses ;

One was with a friend and old favourite
engaged,

And one in her chamber most sadly en-
raged ;

For he who had once been her boast and
her pride,

Had become her disgrace, with impostors
allied.

Thus slighted and scorn'd, I sat sadly vex'd,
My brain was confus'd, and my mind

much perplex'd ;

Took a pinch of rappee—beat the devil's
tattoo—

Kick'd my heels on the carpet ; but all
would not do :

When rap went the knocker—I open'd
the door—

A blithe-looking sempstress brush'd light
o'er the floor ;

She laid down her work, and presented
her bill,

The scene made the blood in my bosom
run chill.

Alas ! what a change from the days I have
seen,

When Beauty's soft blush banish'd care
and chagrin ;

When the black eyes of Spain, and the
gay smiles of France,

Made my tingling nerves thrill, and my
beating heart dance !

I took out my purse—it was limber and
lank,

And fate had exhausted my funds in the
Bank ;

'Twas not on the sempstress a fond look I
 cast,
 It was on the guinea—alas! 'twas my
 last!
 No wonder, you'll own, that the parting
 gave pain,
 For it was the last link of a magical
 chain,
 Where, like bees when they swarm, a
 thousand thoughts bung,
 That play'd light round the heart, and en-
 liven'd the tongue:
 With a smile and a curtsy away tript
 the fair,
 And I took up my pen, with a heart full
 of care,
 Then sigh'd my farewell in this sorrow-
 ful strain;
 If it suit for a *sey-piece*, I've not sung in
 vain.

Epilog

ON PARTING WITH MY LAST GUINEA.

Oh, me! what anguish wrings my heav-
 ing heart,
 What rising sorrows in my bosom swell,
 With thee, thou kind, obsequious friend
 to part,
 And bid a long, perhaps a last, farewell!

Omnipotent and wonder-working gold!
 To thee I pour the warm impression'd
 lay:

But, ah! thy might, thy virtues mani-
 fold,

Nor pen nor pencil can aright portray.

Thy presence still diffus'd that potent
 charm

Which Love could not resist, nor Pride
 withstand;

For blushing Beauty took my offer'd arm,
 And proud men smil'd, and stretch'd
 the ready hand.

Of thee possess'd, I ne'er could suffer
 wrong,

With Britain's just and equitable laws;
 The pleader's learned head and fluent
 tongue

Were ready still to advocate my cause.

By thee I've been to splendid tables led,
 And introduced with titled rank to dine;
 On turtle soup and rarest venison fed,
 And pass'd the night o'er rich and racy
 wine.

Then I could those by far my seniors
 teach,

And mute attention listen'd to my tale;
 For wit, or wisdom graced my every
 speech,

The laugh proclaim'd my joke was ne-
 ver stale.

I at the theatre could lead the ton,
 If in the pit, I join'd the critic-corps;
 And if I murmur'd "Psha!" at Stephens'
 song,
 Not one who heard would dare to call
 "encore."

When in the box, by gay Belinda's side,
 Whose guileless look proclaim'd her
 half divine,

Her glowing blush she vainly strove to
 hide,

Her eye still brightest when it glanced
 on mine!

At home, with guests around my social
 board,

The smoking sirloin and the flowing
 bowl,

'Twas then we tighter knit blest Friend-
 ship's cord,

And glowing Fancy warm'd the gene-
 rous soul.

Thy magic skill could countless wonders
 do,

The smart silk stocking on my well-
 turn'd limb,

The brilliant ring, gold watch, and gay
 surtout,

With frogs and fur so gaudy and so
 trim!

All these, and many nameless comforts
 more,

I to thy unremitting favour owe;
 My well-stock'd cellar, and my larder's
 store,

I frankly own all from thy bounty flow.

Departed friend! with thee, alas! are fled
 The young delights of life's gay sunny
 morn;

Soon will the dark clouds gather o'er my
 head,

With baleful terrors on their pinions
 borne:

The vain and proud will shun me on the
 street,

When I am sculking in a shabby coat;
 And she who smil'd where'er we chanced
 to meet,

Will stare, with look that says, "I
 know you not!"

Of beaux the envy, and of belles the pride,
 No more shall I lead Laura down the
 dance,

Or, joyous, prattle, seated by her side,
 Squeeze her soft hand, or meet her
 melting glance!

Alas! no more at concert, ball, or play,
 Will Emma tap her cousin with her fan,
 Direct her view, and in a whisper say,

"That's Captain Wildfire—what a
 handsome man!"

No more my table, when I sit to dine,
Shall with its rich and various dishes
groan ;
On bread and cheese, wash'd down with
Adam's wine,
In cheerless solitude I'll mump alone !

No more my roof shall echo to the song,
Or boisterous loud laugh of a giddy
crew ;
Our madd'ning mirth no more shall we
prolong,
In midnight orgies, o'er pure moun-
tain dew.

To cheat my hours, and banish mental
pain,
If to the Coffee-house I bend my way,
Where they discuss the state of France
and Spain,
No one will cry, " What does the Cap-
tain say ? "

Should wasting sickness blanch my faded
cheek,
Or peccant humours all my limbs per-
vade,
No Esculapius my couch will seek,
No healing hand afford the needful aid.

By mercenary menials soon forgot,
My feet forbid to tread the splendid
dome,
The liveried lacquy eyes my thread-bare
coat,
And, pertly sneering, answers, " Not
at home !

My parlour window shall no more display
Its letter'd antidotes for care and spleen—
New novels, poems, pamphlets of the day,
The pert Review and motley Maga-
zine.

When Winter brings the long and cheer-
less night,
I, cowering, shiver o'er my scanty fire,
And see my niggard taper's trembling
light,
Amidst the dim and dreary gloom ex-
pire.

None lifts my latch except the teasing
dun,
For Friendship has forgot to tread my
floor ;
The starving mice my empty pantry
shun ;
The limping beggar hurries past my
door.

Sick of myself—with all the world at war,
I curse my fate, and o'er my follies
wail ;
For quarter-day, alas ! is distant far—
Too far, to save me from the loath-
some jail !

Detested gold ! seductive friend, accursed !
My sorrows and my sufferings all are
thine ;
'Twas thou my follies and my passions
nurs'd,
And now I'm left in poverty to pine.

Curse of mankind, and baneful from thy
birth !
The wretch who digs and drags thee to
the light,
A slave—alive is buried in the earth,
And thou art hateful to his aching
sight.

For thee the miser gropes in Mammon's
mine ;
Most like that poor emasculated race,
In Eastern harams doom'd through life
to pine
'Midst glowing beauties they can ne'er
embrace !

Thy spell transforms a Fool into a Sage,
Gives Ugliness unfading, nameless
charms ;
Links blooming Beauty close to wither'd
Age ;
Lures innocence to foul Debauchery's
arms.

Thou art the despot's potent, ready tool ;
And thine is Superstition's galling
chain ;
Thou lead'st Ambition's blind and giddy
fool
To fall, where he shall never rise again.

No tongue can tell thy complicated guilt,
The countless witcheries on thy fea-
tures worn ;
For thee the blood of millions has been
spilt,
And Nature's tenderest ties asunder
torn.

For thee, kings, priests, and slaves, be-
tray their trust ;
Thine is the syren's smile, the ser-
pent's sting ;
Thou art the pander to each earthly lust ;
Of human misery the source and spring !

When the Captain sat down, Dr
Tell said, " Send for me, Captain,
when you are seized with a fit of
rheumatism, or any other of the
ailments ' that human flesh is heir
to'—I will attend you without a fee,
while you continue an H. P." " And
you shall dine with me every Satur-
day, when you are not better enga-
ged," said Democritus ; while He-
racitus warmly pressed his hand,
without speaking.

Now stood up, not a candidate for admission, but one who had been solicited to become a member. He was in many respects a singular and eccentric character. A giddy, coquettish girl jilted him in early life; he went abroad, made some money, and returned, when the sun of his days was past the meridian; apparently in bad health and poverty. His parents were dead; he waited on some distant relations, who coolly advised him to apply to the Managers of the poor's fund of the parish for relief. Fired with indignation, he laid out his whole capital in the purchase of an annuity, two-thirds of which are expended in hospitality and benevolence. Without a drop of gall in his disposition, he is romantic and capricious, with a great flow of spirits, and an inexhaustible fund of humour, which renders him agreeable in every company. He is not only felicitous in puns, *bons-mots*, and repartees, but might also rank among the *Improvisatori* of Italy; for he will, without study, speak for a quarter of an hour together, either in prose or verse, confining himself to the subject with which he started.

When solicited to join our "random corps," he stipulated that he should produce no *sey-piece*, for he detested writing; and it being replied, that the matter should be left to himself, he now stood up, and delivered the following

Advice to Poets.

Now that I've heard you ane an' a',
Let me put in a word or twa;
I've heard a pauky, pleasant screed,
In humely tongue—a lightsome leed;
While ithers saftly strike the lyre,
If they had spunk to shaw their fire;
But Modesty has hafins marr'd them,
Or critics frae Parnassus scarr'd them;
Though Nature has bestow'd a spark
Of fire, their sangs are prentice-wark!

Though age and care have cool'd the glow
Which kindled fancies in my pow,
When youth was warm, and life was young,
And verse came rattling frae my tongue;
Yet, if experience come with age,
You ken I'm auld, and should be sage;
Sae lend your lugs, while I instruct you,
And to the true sublime conduct you.

First burn your books, syne ban the College,
Which cramm'd your heads with critic knowledge;

Na mair reg ard grammatic rules,
Vile kickmaleeries of the schools!
Ne'er fash your heads with mood and tense,

Nor lag the slaves of Common Sense;
On Reason never place reliance,
Far better set her at defiance,
For she will aye your fancy fetter;
The less you think, you'll rhyme the better.

Though critics quote frae Aristotle,
Wha fram'd his rules when auld and dottle,

'Tis only for a scribbler's mind
To drag a chain, and creep confin'd;
Nae falcon ever reach'd the skies
With hood across his piercing eyes;
And leading-strings aside are thrown
Whene'er the bairn can walk alone;
He hurls his go-cart round the room;
And neist bestrides the house-maid's broom;

Syne mounts the hobby in the ha',
While nurse looks on, lest he should fa';
On Shetland pony neist he wallops,
And soon the fine blood-hunter gallops;
Fire flashes from his courser's heels,
And five-barr'd gates with ease he speels;
O'er moss and muir outstrips the wind,
And leaves the wondering world behind!

So sheens the bard, whose daring soul
His fetters snaps, and spurns controul;
But unities of time and space
Make spunk and spirit tyne the race;
Skelp on, and kick them a' behind you,
Till Common Sense is foil'd to find you.

When Homer sung of Helen's charms,
And Grecian knabs red-wode in arms,
Wha made the rules to guide the chiel,
Wha moderns say has sung sae weel?
In days of yore, they leugh at art,
And poured the strain hale frae the heart;
But he wha sings by square and plumb,
Might save his wind, and e'en sit dumb;
Though he should roust, and screech, and skirl,

He'll never gar our heart-strings dirl.

Ye've heard about th' Aonian rill,
That wimpled near Parnassus' Hill,
Mair potent than Glenlivet whisky,
And made the Minstrels blithe and frisky;
The mair they drank of Pindus' spring,
It made them aye mair sweetly sing.

But truth compels to cry "*mutantur*,"
Nae bard w'd now take up his chanter
With cauler water to inspire him;
Mair potent liquor first maun fire him.
They're nae sic gowks, when gloumin' comes,
As dander forth like dull hum-drums;

Or waste their time with cauldrie lasses,
The mim-mow'd maidens of Parnassus ;
They wadna lowt to weet their mow
With feckless cauld Castalian dew :
Before this philosophic age,
Sic nostrums lang had left the stage ;
For making verse in a' gradations,
There's nought like chemic preparations ;
Believe me, Sirs—I dinna jest,
When tried, you'll say, "*Probatum est.*"

Would you excel in Epic glory,
First fortify your upper story
With waly draughts of bright Cham-
paign,

And tropes shall fill your teeming brain.

It has been said, that Love inspires
Ilk ane to sing wha feels his fires ;
Yet some we see jist humph and ha,
See blate, can neither sing nor say ;
But rightily to display your passion,
Frae Port or Claret seek expression.

For moral, dry, didactic verse,
With style sententious, quaint, and terse,
Frae Whitbread's brew-house waught a
bicker—

There's sterling sense in good malt liquor.

If, urged by spleen, you shoot your
stang,

In bitter, keen, satiric sang,
Let brandy's potent drama inspire,
And light the sparks of latent ire ;
And, lest your verse should prove too
placid,

Mix vinegar, by way of acid.

To write what none can understand,
With boundless Fancy at command,
In metaphysic's mystic strains,
That tire our lugs, confuse our brains,
Yet shaw, amidst their muddy store,
Rich splendid streaks of gowden ore ;
To beet the fire, and fan the flame,
Wih strong excitement warm the frame ;
Whate'er the means, aye keep it up ;
Or opium chew—or drain the cup.

Hexameters, and Birth-day Odes,
Exalting men to demi-gods,
When Genius stoops frae soaring flight,
To sheen in cauld phosphoric light ;
For these, the best receipt, 'tis clear,
Is sack—a butt just once a-year.

He who in loose description wanders,
In circling, endless, wild meanders,
Where sweets are scatter'd in profusion,
And Nature smiles in gay confusion,
With whisky-punch should cheer his soul,
His landscapes sketch'd around the bowl.

If Bacchus have your kind regard,
Or claim your tribute as a bard,
To raise the flame, apply to grog,
You'll soon become a jolly dog ;
When Fancy fails, repeat the dose,
Till rubies rise around your nose ;
Crack o'er the stowp till "witching
time,"

And soon you'll reach the true sublime.

When you would wanton tales rehearse,
In style obscene and luscious verse,
Till modest Beauty blush to hear,
And Virtue blot them with a tear,
Mix Glasgow rum with drumly water,
You'll find it working in a clatter ;
Syne grip the pen—let Nature guide,
Your fame shall echo far and wide ;
Hold up to scorn this canting age,
And warmly pour the Liberal page ;
Then though Parnassian nymphs reject
you,

At Pisa they will aye respect you.

In Elegy, whae'er would sheen,
With bluther'd cheeks and watery e'en,
A bowl of butter-milk should drain,
Fit beverage for the whimpering strain ;
Or verjuice tippie, frank and free,
To fetch the tear into his e'e.

In Lyrics, coffee sheds a glow,
Will make the verse with softness flow ;
While syllabub, and curds and cream,
Seem suited to the Pastoral theme.

To soar in wild Pindarie flight,
Where common sense bides out of sight,
And rhymes respectful distance keep,
'Midst labour'd lines and learning deep ;
As couples in a country-dance,
Retreat till half-a-score advance,
Syne when you least expect to see them,
Rush bauldly in, and mingle wi' them ;
Would you this true sublime discover,
Look a' your chemic potions over ;
Syne ane an' a' thegither coup,
And brew a mixtie-maxtie stoup ;
Waught up the bree, an' never think,
But write as lang's you've pith to drink.
For limping, Hudibrastic rhyme,
Like mine, to pass the orra time,
The best receipt, if you would speed,
Is ripe and sharp brisk table-beer ;
The last I drank was dull and flat ;
My prosing lines give proof of that ;
But take for aince what I present you,
Enough to tire, if not content you ;
Should I essay a nobler flight,
You'll aiblins hear some ither night.

This humorous sally was received
with thunders of applause, particu-
larly by the Captain, as it contained
some pointed allusions to authors
little to his liking. The respective
members were all pronounced duly
qualified, and formally admitted.
Much discussion took place about
the names by which they should be
designated ; it was proposed to give
the author of "*The Ploughman's
Death and Burial*" the appellation
of the Minstrel ; but this he modestly
declined, requesting that he might
be named the Ploughman ; while the
Captain insisted upon being called

Timon of Athens. The author of "the Advice to Poets" said, that he would have adopted the title of Harum-Scarum, had it not been appropriated by the Club; that being the case, he still claimed the privilege of chusing for himself; and as there was a considerable portion of the Will-o'-Wisp in his disposition, he requested to be distinguished as Spunkie.

The time of next meeting was then fixed, the Ploughman to be Preses, who, on being called on, to give a subject for discussion, proposed the following question: "Which of the sudden reverses of Fortune—Prosperity or Adversity,—is it most difficult to bear with equanimity?"

And as the object of the Club would still be to elicit truth, rather than to hear fine sophistical speeches, it was expected that every speaker

would deliver his real opinion; stating his reasons as the result of his own reflections and observations in society: it would also be desirable that the speaker should illustrate his argument by a short story, if any such occurred to his recollection.

Should the discussion of this question produce any speechifying which we conceive not unworthy of the Harum-Scarum Club, or likely to amuse the readers of that Miscellany wherein the Institution is already recorded, you, Mr Editor, may expect again to hear from,

Sir,

Your very respectful,

And most obedient Servant,

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, Sec.

*Harum-Scarum Hall, }
Burgh of Kittleprankie. }*

DON JUAN.—CANTOS VI., VII., AND VIII. LONDON: HUNT.

LORD BYRON is certainly a quick-sighted personage enough, when the foibles, obliquities, or crimes of others are in question; but as blind as a millstone to the peccadilloes which have been laid to his own charge. Self-love is a strong ingredient in the composition of his genius. It seems a fundamental maxim in his poetical creed, that a certain noble bard can do no wrong. He sallies forth, lash in hand, in one of his wild moods, and unmercifully belabours every one he meets, with whose look or dress he takes it into his head to be displeased; yet just listen to his own account of himself, and he is "the mildest-mannered man" that ever lived or flogged,—full of meekness, and gentleness, and forbearance,—one who would "give his back to the smiter, and his cheek to him that plucked off the hair," rather than utter a solitary word of remonstrance, or betake himself to an act of just retaliation. He scatters about ordure like a drunken scavenger; yet he assures us that his organs are endowed with such exquisite sensibility, that he could almost "die of a rose in aromatic pain." To use his own simile, "he is like an Irishman in a row—any body's customer;" he knocks you down with admirable

promptitude and alacrity, and shows such perfect impartiality in flooring you, that you are quite positive it can proceed from no malice in his heart; yet if, just by way of not being too deeply indebted for so striking a proof of his regard, you get upon your legs again, and return the compliment in the like disinterested fashion, why, his lordship conceives himself assailed in downright sober earnest, and straightway halloos for the Watch. Only look how it has fared with the poor persecuted Laureate. He gives the unhappy Southey a desperate punch in the ribs, treads upon his corny toes, kicks him in the breach, grins intolerably at "Bath Milliners," "Pantisocracy," and "Wat Tyler," and talks about "turncoat existences," "rancorous renegades," and so forth; but no sooner does the punched, trodden upon, kicked, scoffed at, bedevilled Mr Southey, gird up his loins, put the stone in his sling, march forth like David against the gigantic Philistine, and send his lordship a most damnable hit on the jole, than up springs he, furibund and foaming at the mouth, to hurl at the head of the poor defendant a "New Vision of Judgment."

Now, with submission, all this is

not exactly according to the rules of fair play. They who give with the sword, must sometimes expect to get with the scabbard; and when they do so, they should digest it with what appetite they may. Besides, it does not occur to us, that what would certainly be a vice in any other man, ought to be held as a virtue in Lord Byron. For example, the "manufacture of furniture for the brothel," or the scoffing at and blaspheming the Christian religion, have never, so far as we have discovered, been regarded by any body as very conclusive proof of modesty deep-seated in the heart, or of a great superabundance of inherent religion and virtue. His lordship, however, entertains a different opinion; and attempts to justify his own practice by two pithy sophisms of that most witty and obscene of all blasphemers, Voltaire. He is aware that the charge of lasciviousness and indecency has been loudly and generally preferred against a large portion of the preceding cantos of the very poem whose title stands at the head of this article, and he "contents himself with two quotations" in answer to that charge, which two quotations are as follow: "*La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les lèvres.*"—"Plus les mœurs sont dépravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu." And we are, moreover, informed, that "this is really the fact, as applicable to the hypocritical and degraded mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve." Now, as to "hypocritical," nobody will accuse his lordship of being hypocritical; he is "really" one of the most plain-spoken, straight-word gentlemen we ever remember to have heard of; and as to "degraded," we cannot venture to say exactly what we happen to think upon that head; but we do say, and we will maintain it against his lordship, Voltaire, and the whole gang of *philosophes*, and encyclopedists at their backs, that the use of decent and modest forms of speech is no proof, either that shame has fled from the heart, and taken refuge on the lips, or that people wish to regain in language what they have lost in vir-

tue. Modest is, certainly, *per se*, to be preferred to immodest language; and it is rather odd, we think, to insinuate, as his lordship does, that vicious words are a sure sign of virtuous actions; or that a man who uses "expressions mesurées," is necessarily "degraded" and "hypocritical." Every species of vice is "degrading;" but one species of vice may be *more* degrading than another; and even if it were true, as it sometimes must be, that the language of virtue is occasionally hypocritically assumed, still hypocrisy is preferable to open profanity,—first, because it pays homage to Virtue by borrowing her image; secondly, because it does not, like open profanity, injure by example; thirdly, because it seeks to conceal vice, not to propagate it; lastly, because the hypocrite may do good, though, doubtless, from a corrupt motive; whereas the profligate, the rake, the scoffer, the infidel, or the blasphemer, can do nothing but open, notorious, and undoubted evil, his motive and his conduct, his thoughts and his language, being perfectly upon the square.

The refinement of modern manners has happily banished from literature that grossness and licentiousness which disgrace and pollute the pages of almost all our older writers, and to which the Restoration, and the introduction of foreign modes, gave fresh countenance and currency. Lord Byron bewails this, and pretends that men are still as bad as, or worse than ever, and that the affectation of delicacy which he lays to the charge of the present unhappy generation, is the rankest and most detestable hypocrisy, and a sure sign of the corruption which this outward coating of decorum is meant to varnish over and conceal. This charitable kind of construction is natural to his lordship, and he very appropriately draws on Voltaire to help him out in making good his point. But we would just ask the noble bard, Is a woman to be held a "degraded hypocrite," and a portion of that "mass which leavens the present English generation," because she will not talk lewdly, sport indecent allusions, or familiarize herself with the language of the brothel and the bagnio? Is a man a hypocrite to-

wards his Maker, because he will not take his name in vain, blaspheme his ordinances, insult his ministers, scoff at the truths of Christianity, fraternize with the Hunts, the Hones, and the Carliles—gloat over the lascivious pages of Don Juan, or the Memoirs of the Duke de Lauzun—grin horribly an infidel laugh at the coarse jokes of Tom Paine—or lend his understanding to be perverted and deluded by the paltry sarcasms and shallow sophisms of the French *philosophes*? Is a writer to be branded with hypocrisy, because he does not season his compositions with lewdness and sensuality, in order to encrease their sale by pandering to the worst passions of the human heart, or to show his contempt for whatever wise and virtuous men of all ages have held to be praiseworthy and becoming?

We are perfectly aware how useless it is to try to reason with persons who think, if any can really and soberly think, with the author of Don Juan; and we have hardly attempted it. But does Lord Byron imagine that he can lay a flattering unction to his soul, or delude the public by such despicable and flimsy see-saw as this? Does he seriously think that men will not see through so transparent a disguise as that in which he would fain skulk from merited castigation, while in the very act of deserving it? The monstrous indecencies of Don Juan were fully and freely exposed, and the deliberate wickedness that could coolly concoct and indite so many atrocious insults to religion and morality, was portrayed with no foreshortening or extenuation: hence he feels and smarts under the discipline which has been applied to him, and clings more closely to the offence, on account of the punishment. He looks upon himself as a persecuted man—persecuted by “the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation,” and begins to consider himself as a martyr in the cause of Belial, and as justified in hurling back contempt and defiance in the faces of those who have sought, perhaps somewhat roughly, to persuade him to forsake the error of his ways, wash his hands of that damned spot of pollution, which all

the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten, and rather devote his great, and almost unrivalled genius to subjects more suitable to the proud gifts which God has graciously bestowed on him, than enact the Poet-Laureate of lust; thus labouring to debase and degrade the minds of his fellow-men. We do not mean to deny that hypocrisy is fair game, wherever it appears, and that “cant religious, cant political, cant moral, and cant critical,” deserve all the contempt which his Lordship has poured upon them: but religion, politics, ethics, and criticism, are not to be proscribed on this account: the “cant religious” is not religion; the “cant political” is not public principle; the “cant moral” is not virtue; the “cant critical” is not honest and impartial criticism. Why will not his lordship distinguish a little? Why does he not assail the abuse, instead of the thing abused? Sincerity is not a virtue which infidels monopolize: doubt is not naturally more honest than belief: Grotius, Newton, Clarke, Locke, Butler, Johnson, were surely as little chargeable with hypocrisy as Bayle, Mirabeau, D’Alembert, Rousseau, or Voltaire. Whence, then, all this “cant sceptical,” this bitterness, this venom, against all who profess their conviction of the great truths of religion, and their abomination of that licentiousness and wantonness which at once corrupt the heart, degrade the understanding, and poison the purest and most refined of human pleasures? If human nature be “a rogue and a scoundrel,” infidels have surely their share of the “rogueery” and “scoundrelism;” and hence a devout believer in the truths revealed in the Bible, is not necessarily a less amiable, honest, virtuous, and respectable person, than an admirer of Boccaccio, Aretino, Bembo, or the Duke de Biron. “Persecution,” Lord Byron tells us, “is not refutation, nor even triumph:” we know it; no more is abuse:—nay, more, liberalism is not liberality, infidelity is not sincerity, hard words are not reasoning. The real truth, however, is, that all this despicable cant and scurrility about religious, political, and moral hypocrisy, is only a disguise, a cover, a mask, assumed

the more effectually to assail, not the abuses of religion or morality, but to sap the very foundations of both; and since it has become rather perilous to have recourse to argument in such a cause, to try, by means of persevering mockery and ridicule, to eradicate from the public mind every feeling and principle most hallowed and most sacred. This may appear a hard saying; but there are examples enow in Don Juan to bear it out, as we shall show by a few instances, taken at random:

Ecclesiastes said, that all is Vanity—

Most modern preachers say the same,
or show it

By their examples of true Christianity;

In short, all know, or very soon may
know it.

Again:

The columns were in movement, one and
all,

But of the portion which attack'd by wa-
ter,

Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall,
Though led by Arseniew, that great son of
slaughter,

As brave as ever faced both bomb and
ball.

"Carnage" (so Wordsworth tells you) is
God's daughter:

If *she* speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and
Just now behav'd as in the Holy Land.

Once more; for to give a correct
idea of the extent to which the vices
we have named predominate, we
would require to quote two-thirds
of these Cantos:

Oh, enviable Briareus! with thy hands
And heads, if thou hadst all things mul-
tiplied

In such proportion! &c. &c.

But we must now address ourselves
more directly to these additional Can-
tos. The Sixth takes up the history
of Don Juan, where the Fifth left it,
in the Seraglio, in female attire,
where, after being bought in the slave
market, for the especial purpose, by a
black eunuch, he was introduced to
gratify "the sensual phantasy of a
Sultana." The scheme, however, is
crossed in a great variety of ways,
and some very unpleasant occur-
rences take place, which render it ne-
cessary for the youth and his para-
mour to take a French leave of the
Sultan's harem. In the Seventh Can-

to he appears, along with his fellow-
slave, an Englishman, who had been
purchased at the same time, and in-
troduced into the Seraglio apparently
for the same purpose, before Ismail,
then besieged by Suwarrow, offers his
services as a volunteer, and performs
prodigies of valour. This and the
following Canto (viii.) are occupied
with the details of the assault of
the place, which the Turks, as usual,
defended with desperate courage,
and the Russians carried at a dread-
ful sacrifice of lives. His Lord-
ship, however, suppresses the fact,
that, after the assault, the Russian
barbarian, (the hero of Novi, as
he has been called in this country,)
put 20,000 Turks to the sword,
with truly Muscovite *sang-froid*.
The first of these three additional
Cantos is a piece of unredeemed and
unrelieved sensuality and indecency;
the second and third, which are filled
with the details of the siege, contain
some very powerful description, and
occasional passages of great beauty
and strength, followed close at the
heels, however, by that incessant
mockery of human feelings and hu-
man sufferings for which this poem,
as well as most others of the noble
bard, are remarkable: nay, when he
succeeds in touching a higher string,
and calling up nobler emotions than
usual, he is sure to turn his own ef-
fort, however successful, into ridi-
cule,—so that mockery is the *omne*
in uno, the beginning, the middle,
and the end of the poem. From the
first of these Cantos we shall extract
nothing; the two last will supply us
with some specimens of very power-
ful writing. We shall begin with
the portrait of Suwaroff, which is, we
have reason to believe, a finished
likeness of the original—

——the greatest Chief

That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,
Or plunged a province or a realm in grief,
and altogether the most extraordi-
nary madman the world has ever beheld,
—"from Macedonia's madman to the
Swede"—and from "the Swede" to—
but our present business is to quote:

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew

In sight two horsemen, who were
deem'd Cossagues

For some time, till they came in nearer
view.

They had but little baggage at their backs,
For there were but *three* shirts between the two ;

But on they rode upon two Ukraine backs,
Till, in approaching, were at length decried,
In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide.

"Great joy to London now !" says some great fool,

When London had a grand illumination,
Which to that bottle-conjurer, John Bull,
Is of all dreams the first hallucination ;
So that the streets of coloured lamps are full,

That Sage (*said* John) surrenders at discretion
His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his nonsense,
To gratify, like a huge moth, this one sense.

'Tis strange that he should further "damn his eyes,"

For they are damn'd : that once all famous oath
Is to the Devil now no further prize,
Since John has lately lost the use of both.
Debt he calls Wealth, and taxes, Paradise ;
And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,
Which stare him in the face, he wont examine,
Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Fa- mine.

But to the tale : Great joy unto the camp !
To Russian, Tartar, English, French Cossacque,
O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,

Presaging a most luminous attack ;
Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,
Which leads beholders on a boggy walk,
He flitted to and fro, a dancing light,
Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right.

But, certes, matters took a different face :
There was enthusiasm and much ap- plause,
The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,
And all presaged good fortune to their cause.

Within a cannon-shot length of the place
They drew, constructed ladders, repaired flaws
In former works, made new, prepar'd fascines,
And all kinds of benevolent machines.

'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one di- rection.

As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection ;
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
Or a bell-wether form the flock's con- nection
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual ;
Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

The whole camp rang with joy : you would have thought
That they were going to a marriage feast :
(This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,
Since there is discord after both at least.)
There was not now a luggage-boy but sought
Danger and spoil with ardour much en- creas'd ;
And why ? because a little, odd, old man,
Strip to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

But so it was ; and every preparation
Was made with all alacrity : the first
Detachment of three columns took its sta- tion,
And waited but the signal's voice to burst
Upon the foe : the second's ordination
Was also in three columns, with a thirst
For glory gaping o'er a sea of slaughter :
The third, in columns two, attack'd by water.

New batteries were erected ; and was held
A general council, in which Unanimity,
That stranger to most councils, here pre- vail'd,
As sometimes happens in a great ex- tremity ;
And every difficulty being dispell'd,
Glory began to dawn with due Sublimity,
While Souvaroff, determin'd to obtain it,
Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.

It is an actual fact, that he, Commander
In chief, in proper person deign'd to drill
The awkward squad, and could afford to squander
His time a corporal's duty to fulfil ;
Just as you'd break a sucking salamander
To swallow flame, and never take it ill ;
He show'd them how to mount a ladder
(which
Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.

Also, he dress'd up, for the nonce, fascines
Like men with turbans, scimitars, and dirks,

And made them charge with bayonet these
machines,

By way of lesson against actual Turks;
And when well practised in these mimic
scenes,

He judged them proper to assail the
works;

At which your wise men sneer'd in phrases
witty:

He made no answer; but he took the
city.

Most things were in this posture on the
eve

Of the assault, and all the camp was in
A stern repose; which you would scarce
conceive;

Yet men resolv'd to dash through thick
and thin

Are very silent when they once believe
That all is settled:—there was little din,

For some were thinking of their home
and friends,

And others of themselves and latter ends.

Sawarow chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting,
pondering.

For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most
wondering;

Hero, buffoon, half-demon and half-dirt,
Praying, instructing, desolating, plun-
dering;

Now Mars, now Momus; and when bent
to storm

A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

The opening of Canto viii., which
describes the commencement of the
assault, is truly redeeming,—if in-
deed any thing could redeem the ma-
nifold vices of the poem.

All was prepar'd—the fire, the sword, the
men

To wield them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,

March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent
to slay,—

A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
To breathe destruction on its winding
way,

Whose heads were heroes, which cut off
in vain,

Immediately in others grew again.

History can only take things in the gross:
But could we know them in detail,

perchance
In balancing the profit and the loss,

War's merit it by no means might en-
hance,

To waste so much gold for a little dross,
As hath been done, mere conquest to ad-
vance.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of
gore.

And why? because it brings self-appro-
bation;

Whereas the other, after all its glare,
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a
nation,

Which (it may be) has not much left
to spare,

A higher title, or a loftier station,
Though they may make Corruption
gape or stare,

Yet, in the end, except in freedom's bat-
tles,

Are nothing but a child of murder's rat-
tles.

And such they are—and such they will
be found.

Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,

Which breathes of nations saved, not
worlds undone.

How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victor's may appal or stun

The servile and the vain, such names will
be

A watchword till the Future shall be free,
The night was dark, and the thick mist
allow'd

Nought to be seen save the artillery's
flame,

Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery
cloud,

And in the Danube's waters shone the
same,

A mirror'd Hell! The volleying roar, and
loud

Long booming of each peal on peal,
o'ercame

The ear far more than thunder; for Hea-
ven's flashes

Spare, or smite rarely—Man's make mil-
lions ashes!

The column order'd on the assault, scarce
pass'd

Beyond the Russian batteries a few
toises,

When up the bristling Moslem rose at
last,

Answering the Christian thunders with
like voices;

Then one vast fire, air, earth and stream
embraced,

Which rock'd as 'twere beneath the
mighty noises;

While the whole rampart blazed like Etna,
when

The restless Titan hiccups in his den.
And one enormous shout of "Allah!"

rose
In the same moment, loud as even the
roar

rose

In the same moment, loud as even the
roar

rose

Of War's most mortal engines, to their
foes

Hurling defiance: city, stream, and
shore

Resounded "Allah!" and the clouds
which close

With thick'ning canopy the conflict o'er,
Vibrate to the Eternal name. Hark!
through

All sounds it pierceeth, "Allah! Allah!
Hu!"

The description of the assault is spread over too great a space, and interspersed with too much of the stuff with which Don Juan abounds, to render it possible to extract it entire, as we could have wished. The reader may take the following exquisite stanza as a specimen of the poet's better and nobler mood.

The city's taken—only part by part—
And Death is drunk with gore: there's
not a street

Where fights not to the last some desperate heart,

For those for whom it soon shall cease to
beat.

Here War forgot his own destructive art
In more destroying Nature; and the heat
Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden
slime,

Engender'd monstrous shapes of every
crime.

The episode of the little child, found by Juan, clinging for shelter to the bodies of the slain, and rescued by him from the murderous fury of the Cossagues, would have been extremely touching, had it not been bedevilled by that accursed mockery which the poet will indulge upon every event, and every subject. We shall therefore pass it over, and give that of "the brave Tartar Khan," or Sultan, who, "flanked by five brave sons," fought to the last, scorning to yield to the victorious Muscovites, though all other resistance had nearly ceased. It is almost superfluous to call the reader's attention to the first stanza of this extract: on reading it he will perhaps be inclined to regret with us, that the man who is capable of producing poetry in sentiment and expression like this, should degrade himself by disporting in the wantonness and abominations of Canto vi.

To take him was the point. The truly
brave,

When they beheld the brave oppress
with odds,

Are touch'd with a desire to shield and
save:—

A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping
wave,

Now moved with pity: even as sometimes nods

The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage
mind.

But he would not be taken, and replied
To all the propositions of surrender
By mowing Christians down on every side,
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at
Bender.

His five brave boys no less the foe defied;

Whereon the Russian pathos grew less
tender,

As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,
Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who
Expended all their Eastern phraseology

In begging him, for God's sake, just to
show

So much less fight as might form an
apology

For them in saving such a desperate foe—
He hew'd away, like doctors of theology

When they dispute with sceptics; and
with curses

Struck at his friends, as babies beat their
nurses.

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly, both

Juan and Johnson; whereupon they
fell,

The first with sighs, the second with an
oath,

Upon his angry Saltanship, pell-mell,
And all around were grown exceeding
wroth

At such a pertinacious Infidel,
And pour'd upon him and his sons like
rain,

Which they resisted like a sandy plain

That drinks and still is dry. At last they
perish'd—

His second son was levell'd by a shot;
His third was sabred; and the fourth,
most cherish'd

Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot:
The fifth, who, by a Christian mother
nourish'd,

Had been neglected, ill-used, and what
not,

Because deform'd, yet died all game and
bottom,

To save a sire who blush'd that he begot
him.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tar-
tar,

As great a scorner of the Nazarene
As ever Mahomet pick'd out for a martyr,
Who only saw the black-eyed girls in
green,

Who make the beds of those who won't
take quarter

On Earth, in Paradise ; and when once
seen,

Those Houris, like all other pretty crea-
tures,

Do just whate'er they please, by dint of
features.

And what they pleas'd to do with the
young Khan

In Heaven, I know not, nor pretend to
guess ;

But doubtless they prefer a fine young
man

To tough old heroes, and can do no
less ;

And that's the cause, no doubt, why, if
we scan

A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran
body,

You'll find ten thousand handsome cox-
combs bloody.

Your Houris also have a natural pleasure
In loping off your lately-married men

Before the bridal hours have danced their
measure,

And the sad, second moon grows dim
again,

Or dull Repentance hath had dreary lei-
sure

To wish him back a bachelor now and
then.

And thus your Houris (it may be) disputes
Of these brief blossoms the immediate
fruits.

Thus the young Khan, with Houris in
his sight,

Thought not upon the charms of four
young hrides,

But bravely rush'd on his first heavenly
night.

In short, howe'er our better Faith de-
rides,

These black-eyed virgins make the Mos-
lems fight,

As though there were one Heaven and
none besides,—

Whereas, if all be true we hear of Heaven
And Hell, there must at least be six or
seven.

So fully flash'd the phantom on his eyes,
That when the very lance was in his
heart,

He shouted, "Allah !" and saw Paradise
With all its veil of mystery drawn a-
part,

And bright Eternity, without disguise,

On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise,
dart ;—

With Prophets, Houris, Angels, Saints,
descried

In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he
died :

But, with a heavenly rapture on his face,
The good old Khan, who long had
ceas'd to see

Houris, or aught except his florid race,
Who grew like Cedars round him glo-
riously—

When he beheld his latest hero grace
The earth, which he became like a fell'd
tree,

Paus'd for a moment from the fight, and
cast

A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his
point,

Stopp'd as if once more willing to con-
cede

Quarter, in case he bade them not "a-
rpoint !"

As he before had done. He did not
heed

Their pause nor signs : his heart was out
of joint,

And shook (till now unshaken) like a
reed,

As he look'd down upon his children gone,
And felt—though done with life—he was
alone.

But 'twas a transient tremor :—with a
spring

Upon the Russian steel his breast he
flung,

As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing
Against the light wherein she dies : he
clung

Closer, that all the deadlier they might
wring,

Unto the bayonets which had pierced
his young ;

And throwing back a dim look on his sons,
In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul
at once.

'Tis strange enough—the rough, tough
soldiers, who

Spared neither sex nor age in their ca-
reer

Of carnage, when this old man was pierced
through,

And lay before them with his children
near,

Touch'd by the heroism of him they slew,
Were melted for a moment ; though
no tear

Flow'd from their blood-shot eyes, all red
with strife,

They honour'd such determined scorn of
life.

Judging by the signs of the times,
the following political prognostication is not, we fear, very wide of the mark.

But never mind ;—"God save the king!"
and kings !

For if he don't, I doubt if men will
longer—

I think I hear a little bird, who sings
The people by and by will be the
stronger.

The veriest jade will wince whose harshness wrings

So much into the raw as quite to wrong
her

Beyond the rules of posting,—and the
mob

At last fall sick of imitating Job.

At first it grumbles, then it swears, and
then,

Like David, flings smooth pebble
'gainst a giant ;

At last it takes to weapons such as men
Snatch when despair makes human
hearts less pliant.

Then "comes the tug of war,"—'twill
come again,

I rather doubt, and I would fain say
"Fie on't,"

If I had not perceiv'd that Revolution
Alone can save the Earth from Hell's
pollution.

In spite of all his faults, Byron
has a noble sympathy with liberty,
and a just abhorrence of the leagued
and crowned oppressors of the earth,
now occupied in filling up the measure
of their crimes against humanity,
and in attempting to crush that
spirit which they want the skill to
guide, as much as the power ultimately
to subdue, and which will one
day break forth like an overwhelming
flood, uprooting their unhallowed
thrones, and sweeping away every
fragment of despotism from the face
of the earth.

Sawarow now was conqueror—a match
For Timour or for Zinghis in his
trade.

While mosques and streets, beneath his
eyes, like thatch

Blaz'd, and the cannon's roar was
scarce allay'd,

With bloody hands he wrote his first
dispatch ;

And here exactly follows what he said :
"Glory to God and to the Empress!"
(*Powers*

Eternal!! such names mingled!) "Is-
mail's our's!"

Methinks these are the most tremendous
words,

Since "Mené, Mené, Tekel," and
"Upharsin,"

Which hands or pens have ever traced of
swords.

Heaven help me! I'm but little of a
parson:

What Daniel read was short-hand of the
Lord's,

Severe, sublime; the Prophet wrote no
farce on

The fate of nations;—but this Russ so
witty

Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning
city.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,
Duly accompanied by shrieks and
groans,

Which few will sing, I trust, but none
forget it—

For I will teach if possible the stones
To rise against Earth's tyrants. Never
let it

Be said, that we still truckle unto
thrones;—

But ye—our children's children! think
how we

Show'd *what things were* before the
world was free!

That hour is not for us, but 'tis for you;
And as, in the great joy of your millen-
nium,

You hardly will believe such things were
true

As now occur, I thought that I would
pen you 'em,

But may their very memory perish too!—
Yet if perchance remember'd, still disdain
you 'em

More than you scorn the savages of yore,
Who painted their bare limbs, but not
with gore.

And when you hear historians talk of
thrones,

And those that sat upon them, let it be
As we now gaze upon the Mammoth's
bones,

And wonder what old world such things
could see,

Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,
The pleasant riddles of Futurity—

Guessing at what shall happily be hid
As the real purpose of a Pyramid.

The faults and vices of these additional
Cantos have already been,

in some measure, indicated, and we
shall not repeat them. In such a
production, which, in many parts,

exhibits his Lordship's poetical powers
in their full strength, we cannot

help thinking, however, that vile puns and bad jokes are not only out of place, and in villanous taste, but totally unworthy of a poet of such high reputation. What can be more miserable, for example, than the following pun ?

I wonder (although Mars, no doubt, 's a god I

Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*,
May make up for a *bullet* in his body ?

or more quaint and drivelling than the following joke ?

One of the valorous "Smiths" whom we shall miss,

Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to "pith ;"

But 'tis a name so spread o'er "Sir" and "Madam,"

That one would think the FIRST who bore it "ADAM."

But still there is no great falling off of power upon the whole, as a certain oracle of the South has sagely opined. From the Seventh and Eighth Canto, as fine passages may be extracted as from any of his Lordship's works ; and but for that excess of mockery, of which we have already spoken, the whole description of the assault of Ismail, with its accompaniments, might safely be placed in competition with whatever is most powerful, vigorous, and striking, in English poetry.

We observe that this poem is now, to the utter ruin of all literary pirates, more especially Benbow and Hees, presented in one form for the rich, and another for the poor, to the latter of whom it is made accessible for the reasonable price of one shilling. We should certainly consider this a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of a publisher

of Lord Byron's Works, did we not recollect to what it ought, in fairness, to be ascribed, namely, that most extraordinary decision of the Lord Chancellor in the case of "Cain," and Professor Lawrence's "Lectures," according to which, a book calculated to sap the foundations of religion and morality, and poison the public mind by its grossness and indecency, may be pirated with impunity, disseminated without limit or restraint, and rendered productive of the worst consequences, which the author, however zealous in the cause of proselytism, could have desired. It is impossible to discover every cranny and crevice by which light may find its way to the mind of a great Luminary of the Law ; but to persons who live and breathe in a humbler sphere than the Courts of Westminster Hall, this decision, both as it affects a certain kind of property, and influences the public welfare, certainly appears, to say the least, one of the most remarkable judgments ever pronounced from the Chancery Bench. Be this as it may, however, whatever there is of mischievous in the poem before us, must now find its way to almost every class of readers, in this reading age, and by consequence fall into the hands of many, whose passions it will inflame, whose inexperience it will betray, whose principles it will corrupt, whose religion it will dissipate ; which effects are necessarily to be ascribed, in part, to the "Preiding Wisdom" which prosecutes the Hunts, the Hones, and the Carliles, and refuses a simple injunction to stop the issue of the poison concocted by the Byrons and the Lawrences. Out upon such "Wisdom," wherever it "pre-sides !"

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF GENERAL SAN MARTIN, WITH SOME REMARKS
ON THE NEW PERUVIAN CONSTITUTION.

DON JOSE DE SAN MARTIN was born in 1778, at Yapegu, a village or town belonging to the missions of Paraguay, of which province his father was governor. At eight years of age he was brought to Europe by his family, and placed in the college of nobles at Madrid. Having complet-

ed his studies, he entered the service, and was present in all the campaigns of the Spaniards against France, during the Revolution. In 1808 he was aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Lasolano, when that General was assassinated by the populace of Cadiz. He next served under General Castanos,

and distinguished himself at the memorable affair of Baylen, where, by the gross incapacity of their commander, Dupont's army was surrounded, and, after a gallant resistance, forced to capitulate to the tumultuary levies of the patriots. With the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he was afterwards successively attached to the armies of Andalusia, of the Centre, of Estremadura, and of Portugal. At length, however, the provinces of Rio de la Plata having followed the example of the other Spanish Colonies in America, and proclaimed their independence, San Martin immediately set out for England, whence he embarked for Buenos Ayres.

As soon as he had landed on the shores of his native country, whither his reputation had gone before him, the Government resolved to organize a squadron of horse; and in a short time, the Army of the Argentine Republic, as it was then called, could boast a corps of grenadiers *à cheval*, whose discipline, manœuvres, and gallantry, were the subject of general admiration. At the head of 150 men of this corps, San Martin attacked and totally defeated a force of 500 men, which the Governor of Monte Video had sent to Upper Perana to attack the infant republic in that distant province. For this service he was promoted to the rank of Colonel.

But the arms of the Republic were less fortunate on the fields of Vilcapujio and Agouma. San Martin was ordered to repair these disasters, and to arrest the progress of the Viceroy of Lima, whose army, superior in number, and elated with victory, threatened the very existence of the new Government. By his zeal and enterprise he revived the courage of the vanquished republicans, and kept the Viceroy in check; but the state of his health, which had been impaired by continual exertion in an insalubrious climate, forced him to resign the command of the army, and to retire for a little to Cordoba, in Tucuman. As soon as he was able to resume active service, he was entrusted with the command of the province of Cago, the defence of which was then of the utmost importance; and during his short administration, he appears to have act-

ed with great wisdom and energy. Affairs speedily assumed a new aspect; the instruction and discipline of the army were improved; more direct and easy communications were established; a canal was formed for conveying the waters which now fertilize these immense plains; a new city was founded upon the banks of this canal; and Mendoza, the capital of the province, was enlarged and embellished: benefits which will secure to San Martin the eternal gratitude of the inhabitants of that country. It is thus that the memory of Turgot will live in the Limousin, even when the rest of France shall probably have forgotten his services and his virtues.

But while these different events left the fate of the Spanish Colonies in South America still in uncertainty, that of the mother country had just been decided. The French occupation had ceased, and Ferdinand VII. had ascended the throne; New Spain had been almost entirely subdued by the Viceroy Apodaca; Morillo kept in check the provinces of Venezuela and Cundina Marca; Osorio, and his successor Marco, rivetted the chains of the Chilians; a Portuguese garrison occupied Monte Video; the Royalists were masters of Upper Peru; in a word, Buenos Ayres was, at this period, the only asylum of liberty and independence in Spanish America.

Two armies threatened at the same instant the province of Cujá: that of Peru was more remote; but that of Chili, amounting to about 8000 men, all excellent troops, was more formidable in the existing state of affairs at the beginning of 1817. General San Martin, therefore, formed the project of attacking it first; but it was necessary, if possible, to divide the enemy's force. Reports were accordingly circulated, which succeeded in misleading the Governor of Chili, and San Martin moved off towards the north with 3000 men, while the enemy were expecting him in the south. For the first time, a train of artillery traversed the snows of the Cordilleras of the Andes. Men engaged in the glorious struggle for liberty and independence could alone have encountered and triumphed over the difficulties and privations of so bold

and hazardous passage. This formidable barrier being at length crossed, the Republican army, on the 12th of February, encountered the enemy at Chacabuco. It was inferior in number, but determined to conquer: the victory was complete, and delivered Chili from the yoke of the mother country. The Royalist General, Marqueli, was killed on the field of battle; the wreck of the vanquished army took refuge in the fortress of Talcahuano; and the rest of the province submitted to the Independents. Thus an encounter, which in Europe would, at most, have been only an affair of the advanced guard, sufficed, in America, to lay the foundation of a New State.

In the excess of their joy and gratitude, the Chilians decreed the chief command to the General who had just restored them to liberty; but in spite of the most urgent solicitations, San Martin refused to accept, declaring that no one appeared to him more worthy of this high rank than his companion in arms, the gallant O'Higgins, to whom he ascribed, in a great measure, the victory of Chacabuco. Public opinion confirmed this choice, and the Liberator of Chili returned to Buenos Ayres, in order to organize a new expedition against Peru. Before his departure, the magistrates of San Jago offered him a considerable present; which he did not refuse, but ordered it to be immediately applied to the formation of a public library, with which that capital was still unprovided. Some time previous, he had given up the half of his allowance for the service of his country, for which generous purpose, his wife had also parted with her diamonds and jewels.

While General San Martin was occupied at Buenos Ayres in preparing to undertake, in behalf of Peru, what he had already so happily executed in favour of Chili, O'Higgins entered into arrangements with England and the United States, for the purpose of obtaining ships, and organizing a Chilian navy capable of opposing all attempts by sea, on the part of the Viceroy of Peru, against the infant republic. Circumstances soon justified the prudent anticipations of O'Higgins; but, unfortunately, the vessels he had pro-

cured could not arrive in time to prevent the Viceroy Pezuela from disembarking, at Talcahuano, a new army of 5000 men. These troops, commanded by Osorio, were reinforced by the garrison of the place, and immediately commenced their march for the capital of Chili. The Republican army, amounting to 9000 men, under the orders of San Martin and O'Higgins, soon appeared in sight. The Royalists were inferior in number, and their General, doubtful of success, should he risk a general battle, determined on a night-attack, which succeeded beyond his utmost hopes. The Republicans were surprised and routed, almost without firing a gun; but fortunately the right wing, under General Las Heras, after surmounting the greatest difficulties, effected its retreat, and took up a position under the walls of the capital, about eighty Castilian leagues from Cancha Rayada, the name of the place, where, by the negligent temerity of the commanders, or some other cause yet unexplained, Chilian liberty had been nearly extinguished.

To repair these disasters, the Chilians had still their courage, and San Martin. In the space of fifteen days, that able General returned to San Jago, re-established confidence, collected an army, and gave battle to the enemy at Maipo, three leagues from the capital. This time Osorio had the advantage in point of number, and his army was wholly composed of chosen troops; nevertheless, the triumph of his adversary was complete, and the Royalist army almost totally destroyed. General Osorio arrived at Talcahuano with only seventy-three men; all the rest were either killed or made prisoners.

The victory of Maipo did not remove the fears of General San Martin, as to the ultimate fate of the American Republics. Convinced that, while the state of that country continued unchanged, Peru would menace them incessantly, and render any permanent organization impossible, he perceived the necessity of striking a decisive blow at the centre of the Royalist power. He resolved, therefore, to proceed once more to Buenos Ayres, there to make preparations for the expedition which he

was meditating. The state of the roads, and his bad health, prevented him from returning to Chili till the end of October. In the meantime, the navy of the new Republic had been formed, and the Chilian Admiral, Don Manuel Blanco, had captured, near Talcahuano, the Maria Isabella, with the greater part of the convoy which had sailed from Cadiz for Callao. Soon after, Lord Cochrane arrived, and took the command of the Chilian squadron. His orders were to proceed to attack, in the bay of Callao, the naval force of Spain, the destruction of which would contribute materially to the success of the projected expedition. But every thing was not yet ready for this great enterprize, and the finances of Chili were exhausted. The indefatigable San Martin once more set out for Bucnos Ayres, in the month of February 1819. He had been recalled to that city by the pressing instances of the Government of the Argentine Republic, justly alarmed by the great preparations making at Cadiz, the object of which, it was well known, was the re-conquest of Buenos Ayres: besides, he hoped, by his mediation, to terminate the differences which had arisen between the Government of his country and the perfidious Artigas; and he calculated upon the resources which he would find there for enabling him to bring to a successful issue the important expedition against Peru.

This journey was not completed. He had received timely information, that a chief of brigands, José Miguel Carrera, was laying in ambush, with his gang, at a certain pass or defile, for the purpose of assassinating him. Had he proceeded three leagues farther, he would have fallen into the hands of these ruffians. He returned, therefore, to Mendoza, with the intention of proceeding as far as Chili, if the route through the provinces of La Plata should not become safe. But the state of his health had been grievously altered, and the most frightful disorder reigned from the foot of the Andes, to the embouchure of the river Plata. On one side, the Government of Chili urged him to put himself at the head of the *Liberating Army of Peru*, promising to remove every ob-

stacle, and to provide for all the wants of the expedition; on the other, the Chiefs of the Argentine Republic insisted that he should immediately march back the division of the Army of the Andes, which he had under his orders. The question was no longer to repel foreign invasion; the events of the 1st of January 1820—when the Expeditionary Army at Cadiz hoisted the standard of insurrection, and gave a new turn to the state of affairs in the mother country—rendered that project abortive; but to crush enemies infinitely more formidable, namely, faction and anarchy. General Belgrano, who commanded an army on the frontiers of Peru, received the same orders as San Martin, and obeyed them: after the most mature reflection on the course which he ought to adopt, in order to promote, in the most effectual manner, the interests of his country, and those of the great American cause, San Martin decided on the opposite course. To enable foreigners to appreciate his conduct in the extraordinary circumstances in which he was placed, an exact knowledge of all the facts would be necessary, but it would not be sufficient. Those who sit in judgment upon this act of disobedience, and are inclined to bring in a verdict of condemnation, should, at the same time, be prepared to define, with precision, the meaning to be attached to the words "Country," "Law," "Authority," "Duty," in infant states afflicted with civil war, and struggling for existence, as well as in those which time has consolidated—in great political crises, as well as in periods of profound peace; in a word, they must be ready to show, that there are positively no circumstances which can justify disobedience of orders, that *fiant imperia ruat res publica* comprises the whole of an officer's duty: in which last case it is manifest that Lord Nelson should have been hanged, for rendering the victory of Cape St. Vincent decisive, and for gaining the battle of Copenhagen. But be it as it may, if this uncompromising military morality condemn General San Martin, subsequent events will absolve him in the eyes of his country and of posterity.

The General having thus formed

the resolution to disobey, set out in a litter for Chili, the state of his health not permitting him to travel in any other way. While he crossed the Andes, anarchy desolated the provinces to the eastward of these mountains. The army of General Belgrano broke out into open insubordination, and a squadron of chasseurs of the Andes, one of the very best in the army, disbanded, and thus deprived the country of a thousand veteran troops. General Rudesindo Alvarado was able to keep together 2000 of his men, only by removing them from the centre of this moral contagion, and marching them into Chili. The factious had likewise succeeded in dissolving the general Government of the Argentine Republic. General San Martin was made acquainted with this on his route, and immediately resolved to resign the command of his division, since the authority by which he was appointed was no longer in existence. For this purpose he made a halt, assembled the officers, and announced his demission. Unanimous acclamations, however, invested him with the rank of General-in-chief, a title which he accepted upon the express condition that the army should follow him to Peru.

The obstacles which had retarded this expedition were at length removed, and *The Liberating Army of Peru* quitted Valparaiso on the 20th of August 1820. San Martin had been named Generalissimo. In order to contribute to the expence of that enterprize, he had sold, at half-price, a domain which the Chilian Government had forced him to accept. Lord Cochrane was placed under his orders, in quality of commandant of the naval forces.

This army, which consisted of little more than 3000 men, was marching to conquer a country, defended by more than 20,000 veteran and well-disciplined soldiers. It was in this campaign that the military and political talents of General San Martin were pre-eminently distinguished, and in a great measure neutralized the fearful odds with which he had to contend. Trusting nothing to chance, advancing with precaution, and admirably seconded by the troops, he was successful in every

encounter with the enemy. General Arenales, whom he had detached into the Sierra, completely defeated the Spanish General O'Reilly, and made him prisoner. Almost all the provinces rose in arms, and soldiers arrived by hundreds, to range themselves under the banners of the Liberators. The Viceroy Pezuela had been dismissed, and replaced by General Laserna; at the same time, Captain D. Manuel Abron arrived from Europe, in the capacity of Commissioner from the Constitutional King of Spain, in the provinces of Chili and Peru. A conference tending to a general pacification was held at Panchauca, on the 2d of June 1820. No blame attaches to Generals San Martin and Laserna, if hostilities were not suspended, and negotiations opened on an unqualified preliminary admission of the independence of South America; but the chiefs of the Spanish army rejected the counsels of humanity, and the war continued. At the end of six weeks the forts of Callao were the only posts occupied by the Royalists, and the capital opened its gates to the Liberating Army. As soon as San Martin saw himself master of the country, his first care was to organize a vigorous Government; and for this purpose he conceived himself justified in assuming despotic, or rather autocratic power, under the title of *Протектор*. It is principally at this period of his life that his conduct should be minutely scrutinized. It has undoubtedly exerted on the Peruvian Constitution an influence of which the Legislator did not foresee the consequences, and it is possible, that a single error, of a single man, may press hard upon a great people for centuries to come. A nation, long kept in the leading-strings and swaddling-cloths of childhood, cannot possibly exert as much vigour as those which have made an earlier trial of their energy, and whose efforts have not been directed or cramped, by a single domineering will. Otherwise, this usurpation has not, perhaps, been without its immediate advantages. What would have become of Peru, destitute of men able to direct it at such a crisis, if this energetic spirit, encased in so feeble a body, had ceased to watch

over its destinies? The enemy still held the forts of Callao; he had taken refuge in the Sierra, from which Arenales had not been able to dislodge him; he was still in force in the province of Arequipa and Upper Peru. Taking these things into consideration, what course ought the friend of humanity to adopt, when the circumstances are imperious, and he is not able to foresee the consequences of the resolution he may form? The satisfactory solution of this question is, we apprehend, impossible. With regard to policy, taking that word in its vulgar acceptation, the good of humanity is not its object; it considers man only as a mean, forms him according to its views, and prescribes to him certain limits, all which it denominates the art of governing: but in a free state, we can admit no such definition of policy, the only legitimate object of which is the moral amelioration of men, the well-being of individuals, and the prosperity of the commonwealth.

But to return to facts: the Royalists soon quitted their fortresses in the Sierra, and advanced to Lima, in the firm persuasion that they would enter it without opposition. But San Martin waited their approach at the outside of the town, defeated them, and the forts of Callao were surrendered to the conqueror. The Order

of the Sun was then instituted, and the Marquis of Torre Tagle, a Peruvian Patriot, appointed to superintend every thing that concerned the National army, and to arrange an interview with Bolivar. This remarkable conference took place on the 25th of July 1822, on the banks of the Guayaquil, and led to important results. As soon as San Martin had returned to Lima, General Alvarado, at the head of 4500 picked men, drove the enemy from the province of Arequipa and Upper Peru, while General Arenales, with 6500 men, dislodged him from the Sierra. The first Peruvian Congress was assembled*, and the Protector surrendered into its hands the powers which he had assumed and employed for the good of the country. He refused the command of the army, which the Congress pressed him to accept, and he is presently living in the bosom of his family at Valparaiso, devoting himself to the education of his only and beloved daughter †.

The origin and the development of the Constitution of Peru present a phenomenon in politics altogether so extraordinary, that every thing connected with it, and tending in any degree to illustrate it, should be collected and preserved by history. That Constitution has not yet been made known to Europe in an authentic form; but if we may judge from

* According to the latest accounts from Lima, the Congress of Peru had appointed a Committee to draw up a project of a Constitution, upon the basis of the representative system. The basis of this project are the unity and sovereignty of the nation, under the title of *The Free State of Peru*, which is declared independent of Spain, and of every foreign power: the Catholic religion is the religion of the state: the right of election belongs to the people, that of making laws to their representatives: the liberty of the press, the security of persons and property, the abolition of confiscation, of infamous punishments, of hereditary dignities, of privileges, and of the traffic in slaves, are proclaimed and guaranteed. The legislative power is exerted by the deputies assembled, who compose a representative chamber; the executive power can neither be hereditary nor for life. In criminal causes, recourse is had to a jury. It is the duty of the Senate to watch over the Constitution; it proposes to the executive the civil and ecclesiastical functionaries, and convokes the Congress in extraordinary cases. In fine, the Ministers are responsible, collectively and individually. Other provisions have for their object the establishment of the principle of primary and general instruction, which is rendered accessible to the children of all classes of society.

† Not having been able to procure M. Ricardo Gual J. Jaen's *Biographical Essay on General San Martin*, we have had recourse to the *Revue Encyclopédique* for June, from which the preceding notice is translated, the facts being taken from the Biographical Essay just named. The notice appears to be, on the whole, impartial, and as the character of the Liberator of Peru has either been little known, or grossly misrepresented in this country, it occurred to us, that, at the present moment, it could hardly fail to prove interesting.

the accounts which have been received, some of its fundamental provisions, without being adapted to a monarchy, seem incompatible with the principles of a republican government. To proclaim equality of rights, abolish hereditary dignities and feudal privileges, and yet preserve a noblesse, with hereditary titles, is doubtless a strange contradiction—and, making all allowances for the difficulty of such an attempt, and the effect of local prejudices, one against which the example of the United States might have guarded the Peruvian institutions. The establishment of a state religion, the exclusive rights of that religion, the restraints imposed on the exercise of any other form of Christianity, the severe punishments denounced against every attack, public or private, on that which constitutes the religion and worship of the state, exhibit a degree of intolerance hostile to every idea of liberty, and calculated to awaken fears, that Peru may still endure the Inquisition, with all its dark atrocities, its tortures, and its *quemaderos*. Religious tyranny and civil liberty cannot co-exist in the same state; there is an irreconcilable, an eternal antipathy between them; light cannot be blended with darkness; intellectual, moral, or political greatness, are incompatible with a fettered and enthralled conscience. In the eye of the law, and as far as mere liberty is concerned, every form of religion, not inconsistent with the security and welfare of the state, ought to be co-ordinate. Toleration even implies an idea which we cannot altogether brook; for what right has one set of men to *tolerate* the opinions of another? and who made them judges over their fellows? This, then, is a grave error, derogatory to the cause of liberty, in which the South Americans have so nobly struggled and so freely bled, and which, unless speedily corrected, must entail consequences fatal to the regeneration and improvement of a long-enthralled people.

The next point upon which we shall remark, though one of inferior importance, and rather ridiculous than calculated to do any serious mischief, is deserving of notice, as a

proof of the predominance of an aristocratical spirit in the founder of the *Free State of Peru*. We allude to the creation of an Order of the Sun, analogous to that ill-starred Order of Cincinnatus, which Washington attempted to introduce into the United States, and which is perhaps the only fault with which that great and virtuous patriot can be reproached. We need not quote Montesquieu to convince any one, that orders of knighthood, or indeed any species of titular rank, hereditary or otherwise, are totally incompatible with a republican form of Government. These trifles constitute the appropriate garniture and embellishment of monarchy, and as long as they are distinctive and valued, form one of its most powerful supports, because they are derived from the sovereign, the fountain of honour, placed at the very apex of the mighty cone of society, and who, by a fiction of monarchical law, is held to be immortal. But, in a republic where all are equal, no man has a right to confer titles of honour; it is a usurpation of the rights of the community; an absurdity of which neither Pisistratus, Marius, Sylla, Cæsar, Cromwell, nor Buonaparte, during his consulate, were ever guilty. Now that the founder of this ridiculous order has retired to a private station, he cannot be accused of any sinister or selfish motive; but we suspect that he is much deeper read in the history of Buonaparte than in the institutions of free states, and that he has left a taint upon that of Peru which many years may not be sufficient to efface. The citizen of a republic who has faithfully and ably served his country, must not gaze for ribbons, stars, garters, and such trumpery baubles; but content himself with the love, the esteem, and the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. Miltiades received no other reward for gaining the victory of Marathon than a prominent position in the foreground of the picture which represented that glorious and immortal combat.

At the same time, it is truly gratifying to observe with what rapid strides liberty is advancing in the new world, where there exists no Holy Junto of Despots to conspire

against and repress its energies. A few years more, and from Cape Horn to Labrador, wherever man can fix his dwelling, he will be free; we do not mean that savage and anti-social liberty which consists in keeping in a state of barbarism the ancient inhabitants of America, but that which leads to the development and exercise of all the faculties of the mind. The descendants of the companions of Cortez, Pizarro, and Almagro, are about to become citizens of free states, sensible of their rights, and no longer either oppressors or oppressed. Independence has been conquered; the noble example set by Bolivar has been followed, and the work of emancipation has begun. If the constitutions adopted by some of these states, as, for example, Peru, be still exceedingly imperfect, they may undergo important modifications, or even be entirely changed. Already the ephemeral empire of Mexico has disappeared, and will doubtless give place to a free representative government. The empire of Brazil appears to rest upon a more solid basis; but it may fairly be questioned whether, surrounded by a belt of republics, governed according to principles which it rejects and detests, it will long be able to maintain itself. Indeed symptoms have lately begun to manifest themselves of the wide diffusion and predominance of a spirit which seems to announce that Brazil will not long continue an exception to the present political state of South America, and that the dominion of Portugal over that fine country will be but short-lived. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, as it would in all probability put a period to the traffic in human flesh, which in Brazil, and the Captaincy of Bahia, has,

for many years past, been carried on to an extent utterly incredible by those who have not made themselves acquainted with the revolting details of that horrible and inhuman commerce.

In conclusion of this article, we have only farther to state, and we do so with real satisfaction, that during his *reign* of thirteen months, General San Martin exerted himself zealously in the cause of education, introducing into Peru the method of mutual tuition, and taking measures that it should be rapidly disseminated. He likewise presented his library to the city of Lima, which previously had none; and proved his disinterested regard for the welfare of the country, by taking, as Protector, only a third of the ordinary allowance of the Viceroys; so that, in the space of half a century, America has had the honour of producing three individuals who signalized their patriotism, after a fashion but little in repute, we believe, among the Governor-Generals of India, or the Lord-Lieutenants of Europe. As, from the malevolence of party-spirit, or hatred of liberty—a feeling which seems to be gaining ground in the Old, as it is expiring in the New World—this distinguished patriot has been grossly and systematically calumniated, these facts may not be without their use, in effacing the impression which the libels so industriously circulated against him could scarcely fail to produce. *Buonaparte remarked, that le mensonge passe, la vérité reste*; but we like better the beautiful sentiment of Corneille:

La gloire est plus solide après la calomnie,
Et brille d'autant plus, qu'elle s'en vit ternie.

THE KING'S ADVOCATE.

FORBES, in his *Journal of the Session*, folio, Edinburgh, 1714, Preface, page xxv, says, "Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse, admitted a Lord of Session, 19th July 1642, and made Justice-General 27th of that month, was second son to Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, Advocate to King Charles I., before whose time the King's Advocates used to plead un-

covered. But he having two of his own sons then upon the bench, viz. Sir John, his oldest son, and this Sir Thomas, the Lords indulged him with the privilege of pleading with his hat on, which his successors in office have ever since enjoyed." This statement of the origin of the privilege, which has been copied into several succeeding publications, turns

out to be erroneous. Sir Thomas Hope was appointed Advocate to King Charles I. in 1626, jointly with the former King's Advocate, Sir William Oliphant, who died 13th April 1628, ætat. 77, when Sir Thomas became sole Advocate. By Act of Sederunt of 12th July 1626, liberty was granted to Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate, to plead with his hat on. This Act of Sederunt is not extant, the book for that period being lost; but it is referred to in an Act of Sederunt of 2d June 1649, granting to Sir Thomas Nicolson, King's Advocate, the same privileges as were granted to umquhile Sir Thomas Hope, particularly "that he might have the liberty of pleading with his hat on, as was granted to the said umquhile Sir Thomas, conform to Act of Sederunt of 12th July 1626." Sir John Hope of

Craighall, oldest son of Sir Thomas, was appointed a Lord of Session 21st July 1632, six years after the grant, and Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse, second son of Sir Thomas, was nominated a Lord of Session, by act of Parliament, 13th November 1641, nine years later, proving the statement of the origin of the privilege, in Forbes's Journal, to be incorrect. Sir Thomas Hope continued King's Advocate till his death, 1st November 1646; his second son, Sir Thomas, Lord of Session, and Justice-General, predeceased him, having "deceissit in Edinburgh, within his awin dwelling hous, 23d August 1643," (Book Sed.); and his youngest son, Sir James Hope of Hoptoun, was appointed a Lord of Session, 12th March 1649, twenty-eight months after the death of his father. J. P. W.

THE GALLANT ADVENTURES OF FRANCIS CORKINCAAP, ESQ.

Canto II.

Kings may be blest—but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills of life victorious.

Burns.

My Pegasus gets on with ease and speed,
And yet my whip has ne'er been heard to crack;
Now, having paus'd, and breath'd my generous steed,
Again I take my seat—I'm on his back!
But let me ponder, ere I try his speed,
For we have now a steep and slipp'ry track;
Of Walter's friendship we have much to sing,
And, haply, Love may smile and sport on purple wing.

Walter had seen the world, and knew, *bon ton*,
Admir'd champagne, ragouts, and French romances;
Could beat poor Braham hollow in a song,
And rival Vestris in light opera dances;
The ladies languish'd as he pass'd along,
So soft his smiles, so killing were his glances;
When at the theatre he call'd *encore*,
Each list'ning critic join'd, with long continuous roar.

At billiards, none like him could lift a cue;
At dice, he'd shake you quatre, trey, or accs;
In dealing cards, at ombre, whist, or loo,
By secret instinct he could read their faces,
And thus dame Fortune undisturb'd pursue,
And snatch her favours with peculiar graces;
At golf, or cricket, few were found to match him;
The race-course shew'd his skill, for Jockies ne'er could catch him.

He scorn'd the mob—despis'd the vulgar stare,
Yet o'er his honour kept a constant watch;
With easy mien disguis'd his jealous care
To hear a whisper, or a glance to catch;

Yet he to deeds of mortal strife would dare,
The same to him a bullet or a scratch ;
With sword or pistol still expert and ready,
His head was always cool, his hand was ever steady.

Lucretius, Mandeville, Voltaire, and Paine,
Had all been skimm'd—their cream compos'd his creed ;
And who could on his morals cast a stain,
A fruitful crop, from Stanhope's precious seed ?
With study now he never rack'd his brain,
Was life bestow'd to doze, and dream, and read ?
But he could talk, and tell of books the title ;
Could quote Secundus, Ovid, Hammond, Sterne, and Little !

The wand'ring crowd admir'd while Walter shone,
As gaping multitudes on meteors gaze ;
His daring rivals to a distance thrown,
Their splendour buried in his burning blaze ;
In Fashion's sphere 'twas his to move alone,
Of beaux the envy and of belles the praise ;
Thus o'er the village tow'rs the sacred steeple ;
So * * * * and * * * * * charm, when talking to the people.

With such a guide, our hero could not fail
Of tow'ring far above the vulgar crew,
Who, plunged in penury's dark, narrow vale,
Unwearied plod, and toilsome tasks pursue :
Life was no more a tedious, drowsy tale,
Such glorious prospects opening to his view ;
In Walter's track, he boldly hoped to rise
A keen-eyed mountain eagle, soaring to the skies.

Hail, sacred Friendship ! sought, but seldom found ;
Thy presence gives a zest to each delight ;
Thy balm can soothe the bosom's rankling wound ;
Thy constant flame dispel the gloom of night ;
Thou guid'st the stripling in the dizzying round ;
Thine is the torch that burns for ever bright :
So felt our hero in his new alliance ;
Life's future ills he scorn'd, or held in proud defiance.

"Come, Frank," said Walter, "Nature smiles to please ;
'Tis therefore right that we should live in pleasure ;
Let grovelling souls themselves with trifles tease,
And starve, like misers, 'midst their countless treasure ;
While coward Conscience looks, and longs to seize,
And Prudence doles it out by weight and measure ;
Since life is short, let us each hour employ
To drain the nectar'd cup, and snatch the fleeting joy !"

Through many a varied scene the lad was led,
To form his manners, and improve his mind ;
The sparkling bowl its richest treasures shed,
And lawless love for him gay garlands twin'd ;
The rosy chaplets blossom'd on his head,
While he in Beauty's wanton arms reclin'd ;
The gaming-table spread her golden store ;
Smooth seem'd young Pleasure's sea, and distant was the shore !
Still languish'd Frank for something unpossess'd ;
To rattle dice, or balls at billiards roll,
Fill'd not the craving void within his breast,
Nor sooth'd the yearnings of his ardent soul,

Which long'd to be with nobler pleasure blest,
Than wit and laughter o'er the reveller's bowl ;
For mutual love his feeling heart was panting,
Quite sick of venal smiles, and wanton, gay gallanting.

Months roll'd away—still unsupplied the void ;
He gamed, he drank, to kill the lagging hours ;
Thus, listless life was pass'd, but not enjoy'd—
He slumber'd sad, in Pleasure's rosy bow'rs ;
His restless mind th' unsated wish employ'd,
And loath'd, with sickening scorn, her flaunting flow'rs ;
He pour'd his plaint in Friendship's listening ear,
When Walter thus replied, in accents most sincere :

" I've led you round loose Pleasure's fairy ring,
That you might find how soon the banquet cloy's,
And learn to shun, before you feel the sting ;
I'm glad to hear you scorn the gilded toys ;
Your heart is right—from Love's pure hallow'd spring
Flows every bliss, and all our lasting joys ;
But Love, like Fortune, comes not at our call,
Though, when we least expect, into his arms we fall."

One evening, to the playhouse went the pair,
To lounge, and loll, and pass their hours away ;
To whisper, laugh, and prattle with the fair,
Far lovelier they than sweetest flowers in May ;
To catch their eyes, their angel smiles to share,
Would animate a lump of lifeless clay ;
The fire Prometheus pilfer'd from the sky,
Was just the melting glance that flash'd from Venus' eye.

It was a favourite actor's last farewell,
The Kean, perhaps the Kemble of his time ;
To pit and boxes rushed the crowd, pell-mell,
Bald-headed beaux, and matrons past their prime,
The blushing beauty and the flaunting belle,
Old maids, and those that mock the power of rhyme ;
Law-lords, gown-men, captains, and critics witty,
With all of taste and *ton* in fair Edina's city.

Now Frank and Walter press'd, and push'd, and squeez'd,
With eager haste to join the critic band ;
When, dire distress !—with disappointment teaz'd—
Instead of seats, they found not room to stand :
'Twere vain to say how much the friends were pleas'd,
When from a box a lady wav'd her hand,
And with a smile, like summer morning sweet,
Most kindly welcom'd both to share her snug retreat.

First enter'd Walter, most politely bowing,
With easy air, and grave majestic mien ;
Then follow'd Frank, with bashful blushes glowing,
For in such presence he had never been ;
When, like the Queen of Love, a glance bestowing,
The lady gently placed herself between ;
Her diamonds, bright as stars in wintry sky,
In faded lustre shone beside her sparkling eye.

She said, her cousin had been call'd away,
Although he had with much reluctance gone,
And kindly promis'd to abridge his stay—
She felt it awkward to be left alone ;

Frank look'd around, on belles and beauties gay,
 His heart confess'd that she unrivall'd shone—
 As 'midst the stars that shed their twinkling light,
 The moon resplendant rolls fair Empress of the night.

She talk'd and chatted till the curtain rose ;
 Frank thought her voice the music of the spheres ;
 Jaffier in vain declaim'd against his foes,
 For him our hero had nor eyes nor ears ;
 At last, when Belvidera pour'd her woes,
 He sigh'd aloud, and sought to hide his tears ;
 Yet even these tears were not for Jaffier's bride,
 But for the fair Aspasia weeping by his side.

When Belvidera, driven by fate unkind,
 In frenzied madness rais'd her glistening eye,
 Aspasia on our hero's breast reclin'd,
 Half lifeless sunk, and heav'd a rending sigh :
 While tumults shook his sympathetic mind
 To see such loveliness in sorrow lie ;
 Her swelling bosom heav'd within his arms—
 In wild delirium lost, he gaz'd upon her charms.

At length she slowly rais'd her drooping head,
 Like spotless lily bow'd beneath the blast ;
 A mantling blush her glowing cheek o'erspread,
 And o'er her neck like twilight lustre pass'd ;
 While, bright as dew-drops on the rose-bud shed,
 Her melting eyes a look of languor cast
 On him whose arm inclos'd her slender waist,
 Who, dizzy with delight, her form with fondness press'd.

Compos'd and calm, she stretch'd her ivory hand,
 With gentle violence removed his arm ;
 Deplor'd her weakness, in a tone so bland,
 And dropt a tear, and heav'd a sigh, so warm,
 Love's latent flame to blazing fire was fann'd,
 Frank's heart, enraptur'd, own'd the mystic charm,
 He drank delicious poison from her eye,
 His heart with transport thrill'd—responded every sigh.

The curtain dropt—Aspasia's tender heart
 Would still indulge the luxury of woe ;
 The pantomime no pleasure could impart,
 And therefore she would rather choose to go ;
 But shall the lovely fair alone depart ?
 Both Love and Gallantry give answer, " No !"
 And both intreated they might have the honour,
 The happiness, to call a coach, and wait upon her.

It could not be—such freedoms—folks would stare—
 (Her cousin's absence now she blam'd, lamented,)
 They sued submissive, urged with earnest prayer—
 She paus'd—a softer blush told she relented.
 Again they urged the tender, trembling fair,
 Who simper'd, sigh'd, and silently consented :
 The coach is come—she, blushing, leans on Francis,
 Whose breast in tumult heaves, each nerve with rapture dances.

When Walter saw Aspasia fairly seated,
 And Frank, in ecstasy, close by her side,
 He said, a friend that moment had entreated
 His instant aid—thus fate must them divide !

He sigh'd, to be of such a pleasure cheated,
 And, bowing thrice, wish'd them a pleasant ride ;
 Frank bless'd the chance that drove friend Walter hence,
 As he, for once, could with his presence well dispense.

The street was rough, the crazy coach ill hung,
 A squeamish sickness o'er Aspasia came,
 She droop'd her head, and to her partner clung ;
 For nervous trembling shook her gentle frame,
 While melting murmurs falter'd on her tongue,
 Her modest cheek suffus'd with crimson shame :
 The carriage stopp'd—she felt from sickness freed ;
 While Frank in silence sat, and curs'd the coachman's speed.

He could not leave this lovely, drooping flower,
 But through the lobby led the gentle fair,
 Who blushing, said, " Alas ! 'tis not an hour
 To ask your arm, while I ascend the stair ;
 Yet Susan's weak—my limbs have lost their power—
 Yon Belvidera's more than I can bear !"
 O happy Frank !—he hop'd the stairs were high ;
 For, with such burden bless'd, he could have scal'd the sky.

With Hebe's softness, and Minerva's grace,
 Our hero's trembling hand Aspasia took,
 And bade him welcome to her humble place,
 Yet calm, and quiet, sweet, sequester'd nook ;
 A smile so winning play'd upon her face,
 While she his fingers with soft witchery shook,
 Life's purple tide with quicken'd current flow'd,
 And o'er his bashful face a deep confusion glow'd.

Aspasia's chamber shew'd her attic taste,
 Where art and elegance united strove,
 Where nought seem'd wanting, nothing was misplaced,
 A mansion formed for happiness and love ;
 Yet all in sweet simplicity so chaste,
 As if the haunt where Dian's vestals rove,
 And she, the mistress of the magic scene,
 On Grecian couch reclin'd, presiding as their queen.

The cloth was laid, and supper on the table,
 A lady's supper—something nice and rare ;
 For ladies though angelic, are unable
 To live, like lizards, on the viewless air ;
 I loathe all scandal, and indite no fable,
 In whispering ladies like substantial fare ;
 I say not steaks and porter make them merry ;
 They pick a chicken's breast, and sip a glass of Sherry.

'All seem'd a paradise—Frank feign'd to go,
 While secret glances spoke his wish to stay ;
 Aspasia begg'd he'd sit an hour, or so,
 And chat with freedom in an easy way ;
 Although she felt her spirits were so low,
 She poorly could his complaisance repay :
 He took his seat ; Aspasia sooth'd her grief
 With social talk, cold fowl, ham, tarts, and Teneriffe!

A pedal harp appear'd behind her chair,
 As if to woo the witchery of her hand ;
 She turn'd, and stretch'd her taper fingers fair,
 The trembling chords obey'd her soft command,

Melodious, mingling with the yielding air,
 In swelling tones, so tender and so bland,
 Like heavenly music on the ear they rung,
 Their warbling rival'd only by her tuneful tongue.

The rounded smoothness of her ivory arm,
 While through the strings her flying fingers play'd,
 Her tresses waving with a magic charm,
 As o'er her snowy neck they careless stray'd,
 Her swelling breast, that show'd her heart was warm,
 Her slender form in flowing robes array'd,
 The starry lustre of her liquid eye,
 Surpass the power of song, the painter's art defy.

A canzonet the fair enchantress sung.
 It told of love, the pleasure and the pain ;
 Her harp was still, and hush'd her syren tongue ;
 Frank gazed and sigh'd, vertigo whirl'd his brain ;
 Still in his ears the notes symphonious rung,
 Orphean music breathing in the strain ;
 While young Aspasia saw, with secret joy,
 Entangled in love's toils, the lost, bewilder'd boy.

She changed the spell, and sought her guest to please,
 " From grave to gay" the conversation stealing ;
 Now playful wit and unaffected ease ;
 Then chasten'd taste and letter'd lore revealing ;
 From manners, morals, she, by slow degrees,
 Slid into pathos, sentiment, and feeling ;
 Frank echoed all, admir'd her wondrous store
 Of wit and wisdom, but her gentle feelings more.

Congenial minds with mutual fondness meet,
 Delighted mingle, and with sorrow part ;
 Time stole away, in social converse sweet,
 To Frank, it seem'd commingling heart with heart ;
 And yet the unison still was incomplete,
 For he could not his soul's fond wish impart :
 Another hour—he started—sigh'd " Adieu !"
 In tones that seem'd to say, " My heart remains with you !"

Her lips were silent—but she look'd " Farewell !"
 More tenderly than language e'er express'd ;
 While from her eye a big tear trembling fell
 Warm on the hand; that her's so fondly press'd ;
 Frank felt each vein with thrilling rapture swell,
 He drank the pearly nectar—and was bless'd !
 They look'd—they sigh'd—their lips in silence mov'd—
 He tore himself away, thus loving and belov'd.

He walk'd, he ran, he seem'd on air to tread,
 Then musing, paus'd, and wildly gazing, stood
 With folded arms and heav'n-erected head,
 Like one inspir'd, or in a moon-struck mood ;
 At home—he whistled, sung—and went to bed ;
 But there, the burning fever in his blood
 Had from his pillow banish'd gentle sleep ;
 He laugh'd like dreaming child—and sometimes turn'd to weep.

But loudest storms are hush'd into a calm,
 And wildest passions lull themselves to rest ;
 Sleep on his eyelids shed her opiate balm,
 In Fancy's fairy-land his soul was bless'd ;

For there, beneath the ever-verdant palm,
He lean'd his head on lov'd Aspasia's breast,
And twin'd the blushing rose-bud round her head—
A bug put forth his sting—and all the vision fled !

His ever faithful friend Frank sought and found,
In anxious haste his passion to impart ;
His hopes and fears, his painful, pleasing wound,
The titillation of his tender heart :
With placid smile the friendly Walter own'd
He'd seen the symptoms, and, with honest art,
Had left his friend the minutes to improve,
With one so rich—so fair—so worthy of his love !

" Hang mercenary love and dirty pelf !"
Cried joyous Frank, with fond, impassion'd fire ;
" I love the fair Aspasia for herself—
Her heart and hand are all my soul's desire.
Can you, my friend, think me that sordid elf,
Whom wealth could lure, or glittering gold inspire ?"
" But say," cried Walter, " will your Fair be found
Less blooming, or less lovely, with ten thousand pound ?"

To Arthur's Seat now stray'd the youthful pair,
And brush'd the pearly dewdrops as they walk'd,
Inhal'd the morning's sweet, salubrious air,
Of friendship, love, and matrimony talk'd ;
Frank turn'd to gaze, for all his soul was there,
Then turn'd again, and light on tiptoe stalk'd ;
The birds sung blithely on each verdant spray,
He left their rural haunts, O, happier far than they !

The dear illusion o'er each sense had stole,
His now was bliss, if bliss e'er dwelt below ;
Blest in a friend, whose sympathetic soul
Could share his joy, and soothe his every woe ;
But why the current of his thoughts controul,
'Midst Eden's sweets ?—why think of Zembla's snow ?
He read his Ode to faithful Friendship pour'd,
Then sang his Hymn to Love, and her his soul ador'd.

The muse could still my rhyming pen employ :
For it would take at least a score of pages,
Were I to follow the enamour'd boy,
And trace his passion through its several stages ;
His chilling doubts, and dreams of raptur'd joy,
That swell the soul, when Love like Etna rages ;
But though the feeling oft is found inspiring,
Yet love at second hand to me seems vastly tiring.

Suffice to say, he scribbled prose and rhyme,
Aspasia shone in his melodious lays ;
She read, admir'd, smil'd o'er his flights sublime,
And thus repaid him for his labour'd praise :
Defeated thus, he tried a softer chime,
The ruby's flame, and diamond's sparkling blaze ;
And hoped, with trinkets, bracelets, rings, and toys,
To bribe Almighty Love, and purchase Hymen's joys.

With these, he kneeling, flatter'd, fawn'd, and sigh'd ;
No, there I'm wrong ; for Frank could never flatter ;
Yet as the line so smoothly seems to glide,
E'en let it stand—'tis no important matter ;

No doubt, he all Love's known artillery tried,
 The tempting fortress of her heart to batter ;
 When after faith, and truth, and marriage tender'd,
 Aspasia smil'd, blush'd, sigh'd, and silently surrender'd !

And now Love wav'd his necromantic wand,
 With rose-buds crown'd, and gay, green myrtles twin'd ;
 Frank's cup was full, he felt his soul expand ;
 He spurn'd the earth, and soar'd above his kind ;
 Then, humbly kneeling, kiss'd her lily hand,
 And thus with joy the hallow'd contract sign'd ;
 But longing still ambrosial sweets to sip,
 The league of love was seal'd upon her dewy lip.

Not Cobbet, when he stretch'd his arms, to fold
 His darling Paine's dry bones in fond embrace ;
 Not * * * * * counting o'er his treasur'd gold,
 The fruitful produce of his pension'd place ;
 Not Gallia's Louis, when Fame's trumpet told
 That Saint Helena's chief had clos'd his race ;
 None of the *trio* felt, or ever can,
 Felicity like Frank's—on earth the happiest man !

Thus far have we proceeded in our tale.

Our hero launch'd on Fortune's flowing tide,
 With favouring breeze, and bent each swelling sail,
 On Love and Friendship's glassy stream to glide ;
 If calm, cross-wind, quick-sand, or stormy gale,
 Or shelving rock, may yet the bark betide ;
 What pains or pleasures Frank was doom'd to share,
 If all was gold that glanced, next Canto may declare.

IRVING'S FOUR ORATIONS, AND ARGUMENT IN NINE PARTS.

ALL London is at present afflicted with an epidemic frenzy, the nidus of which is the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden. A Scotch Presbyterian Preacher has succeeded in propagating a mania which threatens, for a time at least, to make dreadful inroads on the sanity of the British Metropolis. Nor has this morbid affection been undergoing a slow and imperceptible progress of maturation ; we knew nothing of its existence till its crisis, its organon had come on ; it started into being, in the fulness of its monstrous shape, like the Devil from the touch of the angelic spear. Never, in truth, was there any madness like this. It has radiated to the whole circumference of society, and infected all classes. Lord Liverpool has become crazy, Mr Canning has been addled, Sir James Mackintosh has been astonished, and the sternness of Brougham transformed into the meekness of a new-born babe ; Hone exhibits an edifying look of devotion, and even "Absolute Wisdom" has

somehow caught into his features "a ray of intelligence." Nay, the very Attorney General has not been able to guard himself against the contagion, and may be seen meekly seated by the stickler for annual parliaments and universal suffrage, and the retailer of blasphemy. The eloquence of Orator Irving, like the breath of the Simoom, or the stroke of death, has levelled all distinctions. There—in the Caledonian Chapel, Hatton Garden—may be seen, side by side, cheek for jowl, the Whig and the Tory, the High-Churchman and the Sectary, the infidel and the true believer, the pious Prime Minister and the Metropolitan sophist, the patrons of gagging bills and Bible societies, and the vendors of profane parodies and apocryphal scriptures ;—the painted dowager duchess elbow'd by the rosy-gilled daughter of the sober, well-fed cit ;—the newspaper-reporter occupying the same pew with Mr Secretary Peel—the pillar of the state and the pillar of the press be-

ing for once upon the same level ;—critics, quacks, senators, blue-stockings, black-legs, "Corinthian capitals" and Gothic pedestals, all strangely huddled together : in short, a species of Harlequin millennium appears to have arrived. No more cries of the church being in danger ; no more declamations against sectaries ; scarcely a single puff of foul breath even at the stern, iron-bound visage of Presbytery herself : the church is deserted, and Lord Liverpool a heretic. The High-flying Tories are in despair, and the John Bull is preaching against humbug. The capital has run stark mad, and the provinces are apace to see what will be the issue of the distemper. The Cocklane Ghost, and Joanna Southcote with her new Messiah, were all a joke to this.

Now, if we did not happen to know the power exerted upon the public mind by novelty, extravagance, impudence, and daring presumption,—if we had never observed the omnipotence of fashion in creating and pampering up some huge monstrous idol of its own, in order to fall down and worship before it,—if we had been ignorant of that love of excitement which predominates among jaded voluptuaries, those victims of ennui, who are said to live lives of pleasure, because they spend them in search of it,—if, in short, we had been unacquainted with that gullibility, inherent in the English character, which makes John Bull the prey of impostors and mountebanks of every kind and degree,—we should, doubtless, have been sorely puzzled to account for this moral phenomenon. To lessen the difficulty somewhat, however, the Orator, either from vanity, or from a remnant of the proverbial prudence of his country, which teaches that a man should make hay while the sun shines, has thought proper to publish his "Orations," and manfully to fling down his gauntlet to the critics. It is impossible not to admire the boldness of this proceeding, it looks so like the consciousness of power and strength, and may awe into silence those whom it will fail to convince. We are not of this number. We have read "For the Oracles of God four Orations—for a Judgment to come an Argu-

ment in nine parts," and we found the staple of the volume to consist in nonsense, extravagance, absurdity ; commonplace thoughts overlaid with a cumbrous and Gothic drapery of the most barbarous, uncouth, and often ungrammatical language ; blasphemy, invective, and incessant aberration from the pure and sweet simplicity of the Gospel, no less than from the doctrinal standards of that church to which the Orator belongs. But the grand forte of Mr Irving lies in the fierceness with which he assails men and manners, and above all, in the energy and alacrity with which he deals out damnation. In hell he has discovered the grand fulcrum which Archimedes wanted, and he proposes to jerk about the world as he pleases. He is the very King of Terrors ; he thunders, but—he seldom lightens. Sometimes, 'tis true, he gives his hearers a glimpse of glory, and then he sets a-describing heaven with as much topographical minuteness as if he had taken its dimensions by a trigonometrical survey ; but ever and anon, the reign of terror returns, and with his "weak, unknowing hand," he presumes to launch the bolts of the Eternal against whomsoever he pleases. Moore and Byron have both been shaken over the bottomless pit, for their "Loves of the Angels," and a sort of back-handed blow tried against the Edinburgh Reviewers, for laughing at the babyisms of that simple enthusiast, and very honest politician—the author of "Peter Bell." The proprietors of Vauxhall and the Opera would have good actions of damages against him, for what he has said of these fashionable places of amusement. In short, he has "hell forestalled," and it cannot be said that he makes a sparing use of that terrible argument. The Christianity of the Rev. Edward Irving is not the Christianity of any body else : instead of entreating sinners to come in, that the fold may be filled, he holds up the Gorgon's head, on which his wild and wayward imagination has delineated a thousand grotesque horrors. He has constituted himself the enlightener of the great, and for this purpose he has taken leave of that plain and simple, but dignified style, in which the Gospel has,

till now, been preached, and instead of furnishing them with "the bread of life as it came down from above," has "dazzled them with tropes and figures," feasted them with allusions to profane authors, gratified their malevolence and his own with invective, paraded all the resources of his vague and desultory learning, and, in one word, unchristianised Christianity, in order to make men Christians. With all this there is a great deal of trickery, and art, and studying of effect. He has disguised, or rather smothered, the Calvinism of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, because he knows it is an utter abomination to the English, who have never been able to fathom the profound philosophy which it involves, or to lower their pride to the just, but humiliating view of human nature which it exhibits; and, consequently, he is incessantly floundering on in the dark,—sometimes Arminian, sometimes Calvinist, oftentimes neither,—uttering things neither he nor any one else can comprehend, mistaking assertion for argument, rant for rhetoric, half-brought-out similes and wild imaginations for eloquence, and a muster-roll of names never before heard from the pulpit, as the "natural method" of preaching. We hope it is not true, that he said he was come to introduce God Almighty into London: these words are pregnant with fearful blasphemy; but if he proposed to himself to introduce Christianity among the circles of fashion, was it therefore necessary to take leave of the language of the inspired Prophets and Apostles, "who spoke and wrote as the Spirit gave them utterance?" Will "the enticing words of man's wisdom" prevail against the opposition of the devil, the world, and the flesh, if the truth as it is in Jesus do not lead men to repentance? Mr Irving should let Euclid, and the Principia, and the works of the Economists and the Inferno and the Loves of the Angels, and Don Juan, slumber on their shelves, and stick to his Bible, which we can positively assure him it would do no discredit, even to a very learned person like himself, to quote more frequently, and more correctly. Neither should he run a-muck of the As-

sembly's Shorter Catechism, till he has assiduously conned it over, and got it by heart; for, if he will take our word upon the matter, it is a most useful little compend; and though it may not suit the capricious and extravaganzas of the Boanerges of Hatton-Garden, who would banish reason from religion, and convert it into visions, hallucinations, inward assurances, and all that nonsense, by which silly men are deluded, and silly women sent to the mad-house, it has proved a wonderful help for instilling into youthful minds an early acquaintance with the principles of our holy religion. Even as a sample of logical argument, Mr Irving, though the author of "an Argument in nine parts," might study it with manifest advantage. This is its great and undisputed merit. The truths which it contains follow in such natural and beautiful sequence, that they readily take hold of the mind, and become indelibly impressed on the memory. We are aware that a person who has been floated, like a piece of drift-wood on the top of a wave, to the very pinnacle of predicatorial renown, must, to use his own phraseology, "be stealthily and skilfully invaded with admonition," at all times a bitter pill to swallow, but never so bitter in any body's mouth as in that of him who is most prodigal in administering it: yet we could not help just edging in a word in favour of those Sybilline leaves, of which we ourselves have certain ancient, and by no means disagreeable recollections.

To convince those generous souls who may be apt to consider these strictures as bordering on severity, that we have not misrepresented the Orator, we shall proceed to pick out, quite at random, a few samples of the commodity which is now brought into the market. And, in the first place, we will be particularly thankful to any person, who will favour us with the meaning of the following oracle: "The Word is a novelty to our nature; its truths, FRESH truths; its affections, FRESH affections; its obedience, a new obedience which have to master and put down the truths, affections, and obedience, gathered from THE APPREHENSION OF NATURE, and the Commerce of

worldly life." p. 21. Or of this: "Now, Christians, heedless of this grand resurrection of the mighty instruments of thought and action, at the same time coveting HARD after holy attainments, so often resign the mastery of themselves, and are taken into the counsel of the religious world—WHIRLING ROUND THE EDDY OF SOME POPULAR LEADER—and so drifted, I will not say from godliness, but drifted certainly from that noble, manly, and independent course, which, under the steerage of the word of God, they might have safely pursued for the precious interests of their immortal souls." p. 24. A little farther on we are informed, in terms equally intelligible, that God "erected the platform of our being upon the new condition of probation, DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF ALL KNOWN existences." But we cannot deal largely in the *nebulous*, as in that case we would require to quote three-fourths of this dense octavo, and publish nothing else for at least three months to come. Our readers may however relish a little dash of prophecy. "TIS WRITTEN, 'TIS WRITTEN, 'TIS SEALED OF HEAVEN, and A FEW YEARS SHALL REVEAL it. Be assured it is even so to happen to the despisers of holy writ. With this in *arrear*, what boots liberty, pleasure, enjoyment—all within the hour-glass of time, or the round earth's continent, all the sensibilities of life, all the powers of man, all the attractions of woman!" p. 64. Now a few years may reveal the necessity for providing very tight and curiously-fashioned waistcoats for certain persons presently at large; but we trust it is neither written, sealed, nor registered, and we should be truly sorry to live to see such a catastrophe, either to "the powers of man, or the attractions of woman." Yet we would gladly know what these "few years shall reveal," for, to tell the honest truth of ourselves, "we know not what a day may bring forth." Mr Irving must have got magnetised, and become a *clairvoyant*. "These topics of terror," he adds, "it is very much the fashion of the time to turn the ear from, as if it were *unmanly to fear pain*;" and he goes to discourse learnedly of the different ways in which a

poor wretch may be tortured, all to enable him to enlarge the idea of his physical hell. Fear is the motive employed by a despot, and the idea of the Supreme Being using menace and intimidation in addressing the clay he has fashioned, is at once nonsensical and blasphemous. The prominent characteristic of the Gospel is not fear, the motive of slaves, but love; it was proclaimed as "peace on earth, and good-will to men;" its great Founder taught, and preached, and exemplified this benign and heavenly principle; his object was not to destroy, but to save—not to terrify, but allure: and though the sanction was appended to the law of mercy, as it had been to the laws of rites, and ceremonies, and types, and mere moral obligation, the abundance of his grace and love is constantly held forth, and all the kindreds of the earth are invited to come and drink from the fountain of living water, which he hath opened in the Gospel. As to the mere terror of physical pain being a motive to religious conviction, or religious conduct, the men who talk so know not what they say. Humane nature is ennobled in proportion as it despises mere animal suffering; even the savage who mocks and derides the ingenuity of his cunning and practised tormentors, entitles himself to our admiration. The guilty and the finally impenitent will be punished; is not that enough? What does the preacher mean by ascribing "revenge" to the Almighty?

Mr Irving is clearly of opinion, that understanding is not necessary to be a Christian: he tells us, "it is a *raw* opinion that a certain maturity of judgment must be tarried for before entering into religious conference with our children," and that a child can comprehend the authority of God as soon as that of its father: and he goes on in his usual ranting, rambling fashion, to inform us that there is "a religion of childhood," and "a religion of manhood," and so forth, *ad infinitum*. Now, who but a man that employed words without weighing their import, would dare to assert that a child can comprehend the "authority" of the Supreme Being? It does not even comprehend that of its father; it feels an instinctive de-

pendence on him, and that is all. But instinct is not comprehension, any more than comprehension is mere instinct. These, however, and similar remarks, prepare the way for a tirade against Catechisms, which seems to be specially levelled against our own, and upon which the Orator pronounces a sweeping sentence of condemnation. There is more meant here than meets the eye. It is not Catechisms alone, but the whole standards of the Church which this fire-new enthusiast would apply his sponge to. These are restraints of which he would be fain to get rid, that he might turn himself adrift in the world of imagination, and revel in the uncontrolled wildness of his own delirious conceits. In no minced terms does he hint that his own authority is paramount to that of all others; and upon this sure and satisfactory basis, he makes certain grave and weighty assertions, not otherwise remarkable for their novelty or originality. Yet this mad-cap reformer is the man whom the friends of church and state flock in multitudes to hear, and to idolize, and to puff up with that inordinate conceit and vanity of which this book exhibits so many specimens.

If the poor fellow could write sense or English, it would be something. This, however, is not the case. He tells us that his "Argument in nine parts, though *most imperfect*, is intended to be *complete*:" he speaks repeatedly of "*the sapience of God*," "*the prudence of God*," and "*the traditions of God*;" he introduces the Bible, as saying to men, "*Ye make not of me*;" he informs us of "*an angelic conveyancer of Heaven's will*" retiring into "*the vacant air*:" he asks, "*Why is not interest, interest ever awake, on tiptoe, to hear*

the future destiny of itself," that is, of *interest*; he exclaims, "*how few absorb themselves with the study and obedience of the word of God*:" he commences Oration Second, by stating, that "*God is ever willing to second and succeed his word*;" he assures us, that "*all hypocrites God cannot away with*;" he makes Satan "*revel in despatch*," which must be a droll species of revelry to be sure; *et sic passim*.

In the feeling expressed in the concluding sentence of the following short extract, we most cordially sympathise: "*And ye advanced Christians, do not despise this day of small things in a younger brother, neither go to impose upon him all your burdens, nor to minister the strongest meat which you can digest; but give God-speed to any endeavour after good, however small; his very aspirations despise not, his imperfections do not sorely rebuke. Strengthen the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees confirm. Strengthen by encouragement and support, do not, by rebuke and censure, drive him to distraction!*"

We are aware it has been said, Mr Irving must be an extraordinary man, or Lord Liverpool, Mr Canning, and Mr Peel, would not go, Sunday after Sunday, to hear him. We cannot help what these great folks do, nor do we mean to call in question that they are wonderfully edified, and that the affairs of the public will henceforward go on the better for it; but we aver, that the volume before us, with a few bright spots scattered over it, is, as a whole, an unwieldy lump of rant, balderdash, and nonsense; intermixed with some more than questionable doctrines, and as vile and pestilent stuff as ever issued from the press.

SCOTCH COURTS OF LAW.

In all countries, we believe, has the law's delay been felt as a grievance, but in none more sensibly than in Scotland; one great cause of which we consider to be the defective and unsettled state of the law. Under the most improved systems of jurisprudence, cases will arise, for which the foresight of the Legislature has

made no provision. But it is a misfortune peculiar to Scotland, that it is impossible its laws can ever attain the maturity of a system, until some radical change is effected in the constitution of its courts.

In the first place, the Supreme Courts have assumed and exercised a *dispensing power*, which the Consti-

tion has denied to the Sovereign. In his hands, such a power would justly be deemed subversive of freedom; but it has been usurped, and exercised for upwards of a century, by the Judges of the land, who are appointed and paid by the Sovereign. We are perhaps grammatically wrong; for the power we refer to is not a power to *dispense* with laws, but to *rescind* them. As this may appear incredible to our Southern neighbours, we must explain ourselves. Sir George Muckenzie, one of our oldest writers, lays down, that Acts of Parliament are constructively repealed, by not having been enforced for a long period, or by a practice in opposition to them. Sir George, be it observed, was Lord Advocate, and a zealous supporter of the measures of Charles the Second, whose favourite policy, respecting Scotland, was to render the Judges independent of Parliament. In conformity to this dogma, which has the sanction of no statute, the Courts of Law have been in the constant practice of declaring Acts of Parliament to be *in desuetude*, which signifies *virtually repealed*. To give some colour to this singular assumption of power, it is presumed, that the King and his people have tacitly, and by mutual consent, agreed to abrogate such and such laws. In determining whether a law has or has not been repealed, it does not appear that the Courts have hitherto been guided by any fixed principle. They seem, in some instances, to have decided rather legislatively than judicially. There is an Act of Parliament, of some hundred years standing, respecting batteries *pendente lite*, committed by one litigant upon another. The penalty is the forfeiture *de plano* of the offending party's cause, which may chance to be equivalent to a fine of one, twenty, or a hundred thousand pounds, paid into the pockets of the party assaulted, as a compensation for a bloody nose. The capricious absurdity of such a law is obvious, though reasons might have existed to justify its enactment in a barbarous age. But, to the Supreme Court, this law, about half a century ago, appeared a wise and salutary one; and though there was no instance of its having ever been ac-

ted upon, they gave effect to it. In 1469 an Act was passed, abolishing the rights of burgesses to elect their own Town Councils, and rendering such Councils self-elective, but prescribing certain qualifications, such as residence, which went to establish something like a community of feeling between the corporation and the disfranchised burgesses. Here was a law, new-modelling one of the orders of the State—one of the great fountains of legislative power, which, it may be thought, it was the peculiar province of Parliament to have altered, if found to be inconvenient. But no! most Town Councils, in the insolence of office, had ventured upon occasional violations of the law; and the Court of Session decided, that the effect of their doing so was to alter the law in their own favour, to the prejudice of the burgesses. It is but justice, however, to remark, under this branch, that our Courts are rather chary, upon the whole, in rescinding Acts of the British Parliament.

Secondly, The Supreme Court exercise the power of making laws. It is not entirely left to the collective wisdom of the nation, seated within the walls of Parliament, to discover defects in the state of the law, and provide the proper remedies. This legislative duty is occasionally undertaken by the Judges themselves, who, having the power, have also unbounded confidence in their own discretion. An Act was passed by the Scottish Parliament, directing the course to be pursued for the ejectment of refractory tenants: the Court of Session, in 1756, passed an Act of their own, authorizing a new and more summary mode of process! This is one example, among many others.

Thirdly, The Supreme Court does not hold itself bound down by its own decisions. These decisions are quoted, no doubt, in argument; and a Judge never fails to pay profound reverence to such of them as happen to coincide with his own opinions. But certainly they are never regarded as *precedents*, in the absolute sense in which that word is employed in the English Courts. How many series of decisions are there, in which each overturns, as a *precedent*, the one

immediately anterior to it! The consequences of such a state of things are obvious. A party founds upon an Act of Parliament, and demands to have its provisions enforced in his favour: he is told that it is repealed, though he can find no trace of such repeal upon the Statute-book. Another party has the hardihood to rush into a court of law, upon the faith of a decision: he is told that the Court was in error; and he must abide by the consequences of putting them right. No man can say with certainty, what the law is, nor can any party acquiesce in a decision as an award of the law, though he must submit to it as a *dictum* of the Judge, having all the force of law. No wonder there is wanting in our pleading that precision and simplicity which distinguish the proceedings of the English Courts. A litigant finds every thing hollow beneath him; cannot refer with confidence to statutes or decisions; has recourse to first principles; and, lastly, tries what effect he can produce by a disquisition upon the welfare of society, as it will happen to be affected by a decision for or against him.

There is no evil which in time does not become intolerable, even to those who are associated with the system in which it has originated. We are not surprised, therefore, that a Parliamentary Commission has been appointed to explore the causes of that enormous accumulation of law-suits in the Supreme Court, which has been even found to clog the wheels of Government. It is to be trusted that this Commission will be more efficient, and less expensive to the country, than one which has sat these eight years, accomplishing that which a committee of zealous and intelligent practitioners could have achieved in eight weeks, and costing the public much more than all the savings that are likely to result from their labours. Another Commission, it seems, is to be appointed, to enquire into the forms of process before the Inferior Courts—a subject scarcely of secondary importance, and to which we propose to devote the remainder of this article.

In the Inferior Courts, litigants are doomed to experience the law's delay in all its bitterness, which

arises, not only from the fluctuating state of the law, but from the scandalously lax and cumbrous form of procedure. It is impossible, wanting experience, to form a conception of the pains, both acute and chronic, which a litigant in those Courts must suffer, before justice is dispensed to him. Admitting that he obtains justice ultimately, it is dearly purchased. The denial of justice, in many instances, is less cruel than a delay of it. We shall exemplify this remark, by a very trite and familiar instance:—A poor man has a debt against an individual; and upon the faith of its being punctually paid—looking upon it, in short, as so much cash—he regulates his own expenditure accordingly. His debtor proves refractory, and a prosecution is commenced against him. The suit is hung up for years; in the mean time, the prosecutor is harassed by debts, which he could easily discharge, were he in possession of the sum which he is suing for; and, finally, he is ruined before his cause is decided. He obtains a decision in his favour; but the sum awarded to him is attached by arrestments, and found inadequate to pay even the expenses of the proceedings instituted against himself. He is then convinced that it would have been wiser never to have prosecuted his claim, but to have submitted to injustice at once, rather than have sought redress from a Court which was so dilatory in awarding it.

It may be proper briefly to explain the constitution of the Inferior Courts. The Sheriff is appointed by the Crown, and his only qualification is, that he be an Advocate, with or without practice, of five years standing. He is required by law to reside four months of the year in his own county; but the law is seldom or ever complied with, and never enforced. He has a substitute, upon whom the great load of duties is devolved, and of whom no particular qualifications are required. The jurisdiction of the Sheriff, in criminal matters, is most extensive. In some cases, the issues of life and death are in his hands; and he may fine, imprison, whip, and banish from his county, without the formality of a Jury Trial. His powers exceed

those of the Justiciary, which cannot impose the slightest punishment, for the slightest offence, but upon the verdict of a Jury. His civil jurisdiction is co-extensive, almost, with that of the Court of Session; but to that Court there is an appeal from his judgments.

The jurisdiction of Burgh Courts is precisely similar to that of Sheriff Courts. In the former, the Judges are the Bailies, men generally who are selected for the office on account of the accommodating pliability of their natures. They are "greasy citizens," whose occupations, if not the most mechanical, are of the most sordid kind, and who are too frequently, both intellectually and morally, the least respectable of the middle class of society. They are assisted in the discharge of their judicial functions by a Town Clerk, who has just as much principle as can be supposed to reside in a man who has passed a life-time in the dirty political intrigues of a Burgh. A few of the more respectable Burghs have gentlemen of the long robe appointed as Assessors to their Magistrates; however, as their salaries, are but indifferent, there are examples of Town Clerks demanding from a party a fee for the Assessor's opinion.

The jurisdiction of the *Commisary Courts* has been so much abridged, and is so privative, that we do not propose to bestow any consideration upon them. And with respect to the Justice of Peace Courts, their mode of administering justice would require to be discussed in a separate article.

With respect to Burgh Courts, we would propose their entire abolition, as being a common nuisance. The idea of men, grossly illiterate, and naturally imbecile, being called from behind a counter to decide the most intricate questions of law, is revoltingly monstrous. Our objections to such Judges, however, are not summed up in their acknowledged incapacity. A Judge ought to be as free as is possible from all local partialities. But a *Bailie* is called upon to dispense law and justice in the very centre of the circle of his own numerous prejudices, dislikes, and antipathies,—to his own customers,

and those whom he would wish to be his customers,—to friends and foes, both private and political,—to his boon companions, and his partners in trade. In the community over which he presides, (we speak of small Burghs,) there is not a being regarding whom he is not partially affected in some way. And is it supposable that a *Bailie*, a person of no judicial experience, can or will raise himself so far above the manifold frailties of his nature, as not to suffer his judgment to be influenced by his feelings? It is of no consequence that he may place himself under the guidance of the Town Clerk, who, *ex officio*, is the minister to the paltry passions of those whom he serves. The gentle *Nova*, in the farce, does not respond more faithfully to the feelings of the amiable *Tilburina*, than he does to theirs; and he has his own little animosities and partialities to boot. Besides, he is bound by no oath of office to give impartial counsel in judicial matters; and it is very possible that he is a man who owes his promotion to office to an habitual violation of the most honourable principles. Were there kept in every small Burgh a record of all the judicial acts of its Magistrates, resulting from inanity and ignorance, and were that record to be published, the biographer of the *wise men of Gotham*, we are persuaded, would be for ever relieved of the imputation of extravagance; and were a similar record kept and published of such of their judgments as personal feelings may have dictated, a *Turkish Cadi* would not be so pre-eminent and proverbial as he is for certain nameless qualities. From the abolition of these Courts, no possible detriment could arise to the public, since their jurisdiction would necessarily merge in that of the Sheriff.

With respect to Sheriff Courts, we would observe, that they might be rendered of the greatest possible utility, by abridging their powers, and simplifying their forms of process. The Judges in them, generally speaking, are intelligent and honourable men; and we believe many of them are laudably anxious to promote, if possible, the dispatch of business. But such room does the form of process afford for every species

of pettyfogging which tends to protract a cause, that their best wishes must be nugatory. It must be observed, that, in a Sheriff Court, every thing is transacted by writing; the most elaborate pleading, and the simplest motion, must be reduced to writing; and the Judge, according to established practice, must take at least a week to consider of it. But perhaps we will accomplish our purpose better, by presenting a sketch of the usual progress of a law-suit.

A summons is called in Court, when the defender's agent is allowed eight days to state defences: and be it remarked, that it is the inveterate practice to state as few of the defender's pleas as possible at the outset. The facts are suffered to ooze out by degrees; and it is only towards the end of an all but endless litigation, that the Judge is put in possession of the whole of them. When defences are lodged, the pursuer has eight days allowed him to answer them. The cause is then taken by the Judge to be advised; and eight days after, an interlocutor is pronounced, ordaining the defender to reply. Then duplies, triplices, quadruplies, perhaps quintuplies, are successively ordered; then condescendence, answers, and replies, each paper being followed by a pause of eight days, within which the Judge deliberates what is to be done, and each order consuming fourteen days at least, upon an average, in the obtempering of it. A proof is allowed to the parties, to adduce which may cost some months, besides an enormous expence. Then memorials are ordered upon the proof; and then mutual answers. A judgment upon the merits is pronounced, and the losing party presents a reclaiming petition against it. This is appointed to be answered. The judgment is confirmed; and in fourteen days another reclaiming petition is presented. In some Courts, we believe, three such petitions are allowed; the effect of which petitioning system is, that the Judge is apt to form a loose and hasty opinion, since he may afterwards recall it,—though, at the same time, it is not likely he will afterwards be easily persuaded, by the most cogent arguments, to impeach his own infallibility. Then from the

judgment of the Substitute, (who first decides the cause,) an appeal lies to the Sheriff-Depute. Last of all, elaborate pleadings may arise upon the question of expences.

The above sketch, fearful as it is, is drawn upon the supposition that the cause is conducted with all the celerity that the forms admit of. But then there are infinite ways in which a decision may be retarded. Against every interlocutor, a party is entitled to reclaim once, twice, and, in some Courts, perhaps, thrice; and, after all, to have the Sheriff-Depute's opinion. Then circumductions are a source of much abuse. But we must explain to the uninitiated what a circumduction is. When a party fails to comply with an order made upon him, his adversary may move to have the term circumduced against him; the proper effect of which is, that he is precluded from compliance, and the cause comes to be advised as it stands, the Judge being entitled to draw the proper inference from the disobedience of the party. But then that party petitions against the circumduction; he is restored against its consequences, and the order upon him is renewed. Consequently, he may play the same game over again. Then a party may keep up the process; and, though a caption be obtained to force its return, no officer has the hardihood to put it in execution, as he is more or less dependent for employment upon the agent against whom it is issued. Again, there is some fact obscurely hinted at in the pleadings which the Judge wishes to have fully expiscated; and he calls upon one or other of the parties for an explanation, in the form of a minute. This minute is appointed to be answered; and by this friendly endeavour of the Judge to put the cause into shape, months may be consumed. Moreover, the cause may be transmitted to the Sheriff-Depute, (who may reside at a hundred miles distance,) for his opinion upon some point; and with him it may lie for half a year, before he finds it convenient to direct his attention to it. But, in short, the sources of delay are so infinite, that a clever, well-paid agent, may hang a cause up for any given period.

One effect of this dilatory system,

and the cause, too, of its being brought to most odious maturity, is, that in every provincial town there is generated a swarm of attorneys, who, with a few honourable exceptions, are equally rapacious and ignorant. They are properly designated writers,—to *write*, (we use the word in its mechanical sense) being nearly the amount of their qualifications. In England, attorneys, generally, are well-educated and honourable men; not so the country writers in Scotland. In their trade, there is such a demand for hands, that a poor man, who cannot afford to bestow education upon his son, is tempted by the large emoluments which are offered, to make a gentleman of him at once, by putting him into a writer's office. The poverty of a youth, provided he has talent to surmount the disadvantages of his station, by furnishing his mind with a due *quantum* of knowledge, can be no objection to his aspiring to a rank in the most liberal profession. But we certainly object to a system which dispenses with learning entirely, and holds out an artificial incentive to fools to rush in where wisdom should fear to tread. It will not do to say, that, in its intercourse with the world, talent will find its proper level. The opinions which are formed by the bulk of society, (according to *Bentham*), are derived from those who are really competent to judge. But who are to judge of the qualifications of a country writer? He makes no public display of his talents;—his field of action is a sheet of paper;—with his client he has only to *look wise*, and *speak mysteriously big*;—and, however ignorant and imbecile, provided that he has the industry of a dray-horse, there is no fear of him. His brethren, it is true, may form a somewhat just estimate of his capacity; but what professional men say of each other (for they are all a backbiting race) is justly paid no regard to by the multitude. We may affirm with great confidence, that the *ablest* country agent in popular estimation is he who is most inexorable in recovering debts, and most successful in protracting law-suits.

It may, however, be argued, that no unqualified person can enter into the profession, since, to be licensed,

he must first submit to a trial of his fitness to practise. This, on the face of it, is a *grave* argument, but really pregnant with laughter. We might dispute, perhaps, the power of a Sheriff to impose any restraints upon the natural right of a man to enter himself member of a profession which is not incorporated. But let that pass. In point of fact, every Sheriff requires a candidate for the office of Procurator to produce evidence of his having served an apprenticeship to the profession, and attended the law-class of the University, and to submit to an examination, by a Committee of practising Writers, of his qualifications for the office. It may be supposed by some captious persons, that if the serving of an apprenticeship, and an attendance at the College, *necessarily* qualify the candidate, an examination must be a very superfluous ceremony: and, on the other hand, if the *examination* be a sufficient test of the knowledge of the candidate, it ought to be a matter of perfect indifference whence his knowledge is derived. But let that also pass. We will describe, in a few words, what the ceremony of an examination is. The candidate invites his examiners to a tavern, where he has provided a dinner for them; and while the steams of the forthcoming dinner are agreeably titillating their olfactory nerves, they propose a few questions to the candidate;—a waiter makes his appearance, to intimate that *the things* are getting cold; and that they may not get too cold, it is agreed, *nem. con.*, that the candidate be declared duly qualified. What follows is a matter of no consequence to our argument. It is of more importance to avouch that there have been numerous instances of candidates, who could not make a satisfactory reply to one question propounded to them, being declared duly qualified. In short, the ceremony is, in the truest sense of the word, a *humbug*.

Now, considering the dilatory forms of process in the Inferior Courts, and the *morale* of those who practise before them, what must the lieges, who resort to them for justice, or who are dragged into them, not suffer? It is vexatious to think, that

persons in the higher departments of the law, who alone have the influence to originate any beneficial change, (but whose influence, we must say, has hitherto been most perniciously exerted,) are not sufficiently cognizant of the abuses which prevail in Inferior Courts. They *must* suspect that all is not right; but there is this *quietus* to their conscience, that a party aggrieved may appeal to the Supreme Court; as if a poor wretch, who has been almost worried to death by the clamorous demands made upon his pockets by his country agent, were in a fit condition to commence a new career of more expensive litigation. All men, high in office, seem to have the comfortable persuasion, that a weighty purse is a necessary condition of man's sublunary state of existence; and, in addition, they have this other persuasion, that nothing can prompt a man to engage in a lawsuit, and submit to all its *plaguery*, but some *pruriency* of the mind, which ought to be corrected by the most powerful *sudorifics*. To plain men it might appear, that the very institution of Courts of Law supposes that there is injustice in the world. But, were we to judge from the proceedings of certain functionaries, we might suppose that Courts of Law were designed for the express purpose of teaching the poor that Justice is a phantom, the pursuit of which is a species of madness.

It may not be deemed too presumptuous, if we, who have deeply meditated upon this subject, suggest a few improvements in the forms of Inferior Court procedure.

In the *first place*, Sheriff-Deputes ought to be required to reside at least six out of every twelve months within their own territories. Public officers, who are paid for certain duties, should be upon the spot where they may most efficiently discharge them. It may be objected, that most Sheriff-Deputes are practising Advocates, who must reside in the metropolis during the six months the Supreme Court is sitting. But why not make the vacation-months of that Court the Session-months of Inferior Courts? The present division of the year into vacation and Session, so long as it is common to

Supreme and Inferior Courts, is doubtless as good as any other that can be suggested; but the reasons assigned for it are fallacious. It is said, that the Sessions are so arranged, that husbandmen may not be withdrawn from their labours in seed-time and harvest, to give attendance upon Courts; but, in point of fact, no suitor gives attendance excepting by proxy.

Secondly, For reasons which will be apparent in the sequel, without being stated, the jurisdiction of the Sheriffs ought to be restricted to cases of debt not exceeding £.50. This restriction might admit of some qualifications. In nineteen out of every twenty actions brought, no appearance is made for the defenders; and decrees, in absence, pass of course. Now, as it would be a hardship to both parties, in a non-contested claim exceeding £.50, to force the Creditor to apply to the most expensive Court in the kingdom for a decree, when a Sheriff's decree might be equally efficacious, we would propose, in order to avoid such hardship, that the Sheriff be empowered, as at present, to entertain all actions of debt; but that, in such as are for debts exceeding £.50, he be required, upon the simple motion of the defender, to remit the cause to the Supreme Court;—and to prevent superfluous expence, it may be declared by law, that a Sheriff's Summons, so remitted, shall, *ipso facto*, be turned into a Court-of-Session Summons.

Thirdly, A rule should be introduced, by which the defences and answers of parties would have all the explicitness, without the verbosity, of the declarations of litigants in English Courts. Each ought to contain a plain statement of the party's pleas, both of fact and of law, which he proposes to maintain, and a specification of the mode of proof by which he proposes to establish them. Beyond this, no writing should be permitted. No pretence can be imagined for entering upon the record all the *reasoning* of the parties, *especially* as much of that reasoning must, of necessity, be fallacious and absurd. All debates, and all motions, ought to be *vivâ voce*. This might press hard upon some of the present generation

of writers; but it would be a benefit to the profession, by purifying it of gross incapacity, and a pure and signal benefit to the country. Upon the defences and answers, the Judge should proceed, after hearing parties, if they wish it, to determine the relevancy of their respective pleas, and the competency of the tendered proof; and from his judgment an appeal should lay to the Circuit Jury Court.

Fourthly, When the Judge sustains the pursuer's pleas, or such of them as entitle him to recover, and also the pleas of the defender, or such of them as afford a bar to the action, and when the parties are at issue upon questions of fact, the case ought to be remitted broadly to a Jury, whose decision should be final, unless it appear that they have disregarded the direction of the Judge in matters of law. In that case, a new trial should be allowed to the complaining party. Farther, it should be made competent to either party to apply to the Judge for a trial, on the ground of his having misdirected the Jury; and, in the event of refusal, to appeal to the Circuit Jury Court.

It will be allowed, on all hands, that the adoption of Jury Trial, in Inferior Courts, would be of great advantage, but for certain reasons which have been urged as objections to the measure. These we shall briefly consider.

It is said, that Sheriffs have not capacity sufficient for presiding upon a Jury Trial. But, we think, of the body of Sheriffs it may be safely predicated, that, in times past, at least, they have always possessed as great an average of talent as the Judges of the Supreme Courts. It cannot be expected that any great change will realize all at once the benefits which it promises; and we do believe, that the incapacity of some Sheriffs would be a stumbling-block in the way of perfecting the new system. Patronage hitherto, no doubt, has been sometimes exercised strangely and capriciously, in the appointment to judicial offices; one reason of which has been, that under the *established* mode of dispensing justice, (we are treating of Inferior Courts,) the incapacity of the no-

minee, however great, is not flagrant. The patron escapes disgrace, and that overrules all conscientious considerations. But, under the proposed system, there would be no *hedging* for a weak Judge; no juggling;—the oracle would be made to speak in the face of multitudes. Now, shame is a principle that operates much the same as virtue, and its salutary influence is visible in many appointments. We see it in the appointments to the English Bench,—to the Bench of our Court of Justiciary and of our Jury Court,—to all offices, in short, in discharging the duties of which the want of talent is both glaring and opprobrious. Few men have the hardihood to aspire to an office in which, of necessity, they must disgrace themselves; and patronage itself, insensible as it may be to every nobler feeling, recoils from an appointment which must provoke universal odium and disgust. We are astonished, that those who are the most convinced of the general incapacity of Sheriffs, should object to a change which, without enlarging their powers, would both impose a wholesome check upon their powers, and render their incapacity manifest. Exposure is the first step towards the correction of abuse; and by resisting the change, they only fortify abuse. For our parts, we feel confident, that one great effect of the proposed change would be to purify the Bench as well as the Bar.

It is also thought that the integrity of Sheriffs could not be relied upon, in questions where they would have an opportunity of indulging political feeling;—that their power of packing Juries, to try such questions, would be eminently dangerous. We reply, *first*, it is not likely that any question having a political bearing would ever be brought before a Sheriff: *secondly*, we have no reason to presume that a Sheriff is more subject to political bias than a Judge of a higher order; both are selected from the same profession, educated much alike; and, so far as education tends to contract or liberalize the mind, must be equally narrow-minded or liberal: besides, a Superior Judge knows too well, that the awe with which he is invested pro-

fects him against vulgar suspicion ; and, therefore, may occasionally deviate a little from the straight line with greater safety than the Inferior Judge, who is more exposed to the brunt of jealous animadversion, and who acts under a sense that his conduct may be brought under public and solemn revision: *thirdly*, with respect to the packing of Juries, it seems to be overlooked, that the same argument, with more propriety, may be adduced against Jury Trial as presently existing. The Jury Court, of late, has been principally occupied with political causes ; and the Juries returned to that Court are selected by the Sheriffs, who, it is to be presumed, will be as much influenced by party feeling, when acting in a *ministerial*, as they would when acting in a *judicial* capacity. The returns upon some late cases are calculated, doubtless, to provoke some unpleasant reflections, but which can militate only against the *absolute* power of *selecting* Juries to serve in any Court, being intrusted to Crown Officers at all. An argument which strikes against Jury Trial altogether, must fall to the ground. At the same time, we are far from maintaining, that every precaution ought not to be taken against abuses in the composition of Juries ; and no precaution more simple and efficacious, we think, can be adopted, than the plan of making up the returns by rotation, from an *honestly*-compiled list of all qualified persons.

There is one consideration presents itself, which we deem of great force. Since the machinery of Jury Trial has been erected and put in motion in Scotland, the application of it ought to be as universal as possible ; the use of it ought to be, not partially *permitted*, but freely *bestowed* ; and the noble idea of considering it a great public *right*, rather than a boon, ought to be industriously encouraged, as being in harmony with the great leading principles of the Constitution. But how many anomalies does the existing law present ? The Supreme Court, in a number of cases, is controuled by the intervention of Juries : the Inferior Courts, having almost co-extensive jurisdiction, are under no controul but their

own discretion. A pursuer may, as he inclines, have his cause tried by a Jury or not, by choosing the Court before which he brings his action : a defender, on the other hand, who has not his choice of a Court, must abide also by the mode of trial fixed upon by his adversary. Again, a cause, involving questions of fact, and in which a proof has been adduced, is removed by advocacy from an Inferior to the Supreme Court ; which cause, had it been originally brought before that Court, would have been sent to a Jury. But the Court is tied down by the proceedings held before the Sheriff, to determine the facts by the old clumsy and uncertain method ; and, if a case of damages, to award their amount. These, and other anomalies which we might instance, are only to be removed by introducing the Trial by Jury into Sheriff Courts.

But, whatever doubts may exist as to the propriety of the proposed measure, no one can doubt, that the delay and expence attendant upon the form of process in Inferior Courts,—the chicanery and blundering stupidity of too many of the agents, amount to an intolerable grievance, which calls loudly for some radical remedy. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum* is a maxim which cannot be acted up to with safety on all occasions : but we would say, “ Perish all Sheriff Courts, rather than they should exist upon their present footing ! ”

We find, at the close of our article, that we have overlooked the Criminal Jurisdiction of the Sheriffs. The notion which has been thrown out somewhere, of enlarging that jurisdiction, is really monstrous. Already their power is far too extensive. It ought to be restricted to ordinary breaches of the peace ; and no penal sentence should be held legal which proceeds not upon the verdict of a Jury. Above all, Sheriffs should be debarred from trying any cause, proceeding upon a precognition which themselves have conducted.

We had proposed to bestow some notice upon the extravagant fees and other enormities which some Sheriffs, by an unwarrantable assumption of power, have presumed to sanction ; but we must here close this article.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

(Continued.)

Mr Vision's Letter.

It was my wish, Mr Editor, to have been able to send you, in time for publication in the last Number of your "able, useful, and widely-circulating Miscellany," another portion of the wonderful history formerly communicated to you; because, in my opinion, when an interval of two months is allowed to elapse between reading the parts of any treatise or narration, one is apt to lose sight of the connection; more especially when such connection chances not to be very remarkably apparent, even "with all appliances and means to boot." And it is an occurrence that has sometimes come within my own experience, that when I have been reading of wars, and battles, and sieges, "and guns, and drums, and wounds—God save the mark," a question has suddenly started up in my mind, "What was the cause of all this contention?"—when I have been astounded with the consciousness, that this important circumstance had entirely escaped my observation. And sometimes, to say the truth, it has so happened, that I have not been able to procure very satisfactory information upon this point, even when I have turned back two or three volumes for that express purpose; but whether this is the fault of the persons who undertake these wars, or of the historians who narrate them, it would be a mere piece of useless refinement to inquire into. And if a war is well conducted, surely none but unreasonable, captious people, such as Whigs, Radicals, and the like, would ever make any words about the purposes of it. Why should not nations indulge their fancy as well as individuals? Why not France and England have a "set-to," as well as Cribb and Molyneux, or any other "Messieurs de l'imagination?" (as the French call them.) But I was going to say, that perhaps your readers may, by this time, have forgot where the story was at the conclu-

sion of the last part of the manuscript, (especially such of them as have not read it;) for however great may be the abilities of your *writers*, we are bound "in charity" to suppose, that there are among your *readers* "persons who be of meaner capacity," and whose memory may not embrace a range of two months! Nor do I mean, by this observation, to convey any insinuation against any particular person or persons, being prompted to offer the same merely by the love of truth, which I never sacrifice on any occasion,—unless when there's a necessity for it.

I regretted, therefore, very much, (as no doubt you have done also,) that I could not send you another portion of the manuscript for your last Number. But really, Sir, one's dreams do not always depend upon the day of the month; and, let me tell you too, that many a person has lived a long life, aye, and been at the East Indies and America too, (where, Mr Longbow tells me, such things are quite common,) without ever once having had so wonderful a dream as mine was. And, for my part, I should never have expected to have such another, had not the last portion of the MS. hinted that there was more coming from the same hand, or from the same quarter; for whether the manuscript I sent you was written by a hand at all, is more than I would venture to pronounce. But this I know, that it was written in a confoundedly cross, crabbed manner, and that I broke a good pair of spectacles endeavouring to rub them clearer, that I might be able to read it; and the consequence is, that I have not been able, ever since, to read more of the newspapers than the large print in the title, which I regularly do, however, because it lets me know the opinion of the writers upon the topics of the day. But not being entirely contented with this degree of information, I will thank

you, if you should chance to hear of a good pair of second-hand spectacles going at a *roup*, (of which, there must not doubt be many in so large a place as Edinburgh—which, as I have heard too, is celebrated for fine spectacles,)—I will thank you, as I say, to purchase them, if they can be got at a reasonable rate, and to send them to me by the carrier, and I shall transmit you the money by the same conveyance. Not that I grudge the price of a new pair; but I am told they grow clearer by being used; being, I suppose, like many other things that we hear of, the better for their age. As I have said, I know not whether the MS. I sent you has been written by hands at all, or whether it has not been manufactured, both as to composition and penmanship, by some mechanical process, in the island of Laputa, or some of its dependencies, whence I shrewdly conjecture it to have come. It is well known, that so long ago as the time when this island was visited by that enterprising, judicious, and voracious traveller, Captain L. Gulliver, a certain instrument had been invented by one of the erudite academicians of Lagado, whereby, in order to form a treatise of any kind, a set of words were selected, as we would say, *by ballot*, from the whole vocabulary of a language, in a manner so entirely excluding every thing in the shape of *packing*, that Mr Kennedy himself could have devised nothing superior to it. And it appears to me, Sir, that the manuscript which has been offered to you bears strong marks of having owed its origin to this impartial contrivance; there being no corrupt collusion or understanding to be observed among its component parts; but every thing, on the contrary, exhibiting the appearance of a “fortuitous concurrence,” utterly undeserving of the charge of intention, design, object, end, or aim!

But travellers who have visited that quarter of the globe more lately, bring accounts of still more astonishing discoveries lately made by the academicians at Lagado; and, in particular, my friend Mr Longbow, (who had recently the honour of being elected a corresponding member of this learned body,) informs me, that

one of the academicians had lately succeeded in rearing a particular breed of fowls, whose quills being made into pens, have this most extraordinary quality, that they need only to be guided to write the name of any subject, and they will then run on of themselves, as long as paper is held to them; which is done by means of a machine for that express purpose! Those fowls acquire this surprising property, chiefly by being fed on a particular sort of wafer, the materials of which, of course, are a secret, in the possession of the inventor alone, who has, no doubt, received a patent for his ingenuity. They use the feathers of different birds, according to the nature of the subject: an eagle's, for an epic poem; a hawk's, or vulture's, for a satire; a rook's, for a sermon; a dove's, for a love sonnet; a feather from a duck's wing is used exclusively for writing advertisements for the newspapers, from doctors and vendors of patent medicines; and I am told that this strange effect follows from the use of this sort of quill, that whoever reads such advertisements, invariably imagines that he hears the particular sound emitted by that fowl from which the quill is taken! A feather from a game-cock writes a smart challenge; one from a turkey, a good Eastern tale; a skylark, a lyric poem; a nightingale, an elegy; a parrot, a magpie, or a jack-daw, all sorts of puns, quips, cranks, and small talk. But the bird that abounds most, and is cheapest, in that country, and whose quills are most used, and indifferently for all kinds of subjects, (as here among ourselves,) is the goose: and every publisher of eminence there rears and feeds a great flock of geese, and plucks them monthly, or quarterly, or otherwise occasionally, as he has need of their feathers. Some of them sprout out new feathers once a month; some, once in two; others, only once in a year; and, in general, those that shoot out the most slowly after being plucked, are of the best quality,—though not always, (as there is no rule without an exception, that I ever heard of, but that a *q* must have a *u* after it). But as there are good and bad in all communi-

ties, whether of men or beasts, fowls or fishes, French, English, Dutch, Whigs, Tories, bears, goats, or wolves, rats or mice, herrings, ducks, or hens; so there are, among these geese, a better sort and a worse. By which I do not mean, that some of them make a better roast than others, (though the geese, whose quills are found of a bad quality, are often roasted,) but that some of them have good, and others bad quills; and those that have the latter, are often troubled with an itching, that makes them wish to get rid of their large feathers, which, it seems, are felt troublesome, when they are too long of being plucked. Now, as I said, whenever a publisher in that country wishes to prepare a work, he, or some of his people, set about plucking a goose or two; and then, those last mentioned, (geese of an indifferent sort,) in order to shake out their feathers, fall a-fluttering, and flapping, and flouncing, and floundering, and flying about, and raise up so much dust, and downs, and feathers, in the face of the person who comes in among them, as almost chokes and blinds him; so that sometimes he can scarcely see where to find a good goose, to lay hands upon him. When this happens, he will now and then give a kick to those unlucky birds that make the disturbance; where-upon some of them fly away in a fright, and some of them fall down dead; but others spread their wings, and stretch out their necks at him, as if they would fly at him, which it is said they sometimes do. But what follows, one may ask, if a quill should write a libel? Why, then, I suppose the goose from which it was plucked must be given up to the person or persons libelled, to be roasted and served up for their supper; though this is merely a conjecture of my own.

Now any body may see, that even a single quill of this kind, that would fall a-writing of its own accord, would be infinitely valuable, especially to one like myself, that finds writing a little difficult, both as regards the composition and the manual operation. My hand, as you may see, is a little unsteady, (though not from the cause which Mrs Vision always

ascribes it to;) and I was agreeably surprised to find that your printers had deciphered my last letter so well, (better than I would have engaged to do myself, to say the truth;) they having only made one error—which a little acquaintance with geography would have enabled them to avoid—by printing, in the date, Rookbridge, instead of Bookbridge. The last is the name of the town near which I reside, as you will see by its etymology, when I send you my account of that ancient burgh. But I was talking of how great value those quills must be, and I was going to tell you that I once tried to obtain at least a single one, by means of a friend that was travelling in the countries referred to. But it seems there are restrictions on trade there as well as here, and the exportation of those quills is prohibited. Whether or not they would be reckoned contraband here, I have not been able to inform myself: but I believe, in some states adjoining to us, there is no great liking for the use of quills in any way, unless they be in the hands of persons that can be depended upon for making a good use of them; and I suppose there would be still less regard shown for those that would fall a-writing of themselves.

It will be seen, then, that I could not procure one of the quills, for I do not wish to encourage smuggling, (like that reprobate, Joseph Hume, who, it seems, cannot so much as blow his nose, without making an inroad on established institutions,) only that I now and then receive a little whisky in that way, for Mr Goodfellow and myself to recreate ourselves withal, when my wife happens to be visiting her mother; for then, (as is natural,) I feel a want of company. When Mrs Vision is at home, indeed, I must not,—that is, I don't think of such a thing.

It has occurred to me, then, Sir, that the MS. which has been conveyed to me in so extraordinary a manner, must have come from Laputa, or Balnibarhi, or some of the neighbouring states, and that it has been a product of one or other of the two methods of literary composition already noticed—probably of the last.

What sort of quill may have been used in the writing of it, it would be impossible to conjecture, though perhaps it may strike you that it must have belonged to a goose!

But who is the person that brought it, or what has been his purpose in so doing, I cannot pretend exactly to guess; only it occurs to me as possible, that one of the servants of the Governor of Glubdubdrib* may have got out of his master's sight for a little, and having had nothing better to amuse himself with, has just taken a trip to my chamber with the MS. in his pocket, in order to have a little sport with a mortal, by way of variety. For it is well known, that when their master's back is about, those *valets* can take a saunter between Europe and America, or even a jaunt to Jupiter, Venus, or the Moon; just as Richard or Thomas, among ourselves, will step across the street to the public-house, to meet his cousin from the country!

I have heard, also, that literary communication is brought to such a pitch of perfection in these countries, that a letter or newspaper needs only to be directed, in order to fly away, of itself, to its destination; and I once had thoughts of making a trial whether or not the MS. would make its way to you in this manner, which I have no doubt it would have done. But I happened, at the time, to be reading some discourse upon the subject of *vested rights*, of which I am so great a respecter, that I could not think of depriving the carrier of those which, in this instance, belonged to him: and the right of carrying all such parcels does belong to him as certainly as the church-lands in Ireland belong, at this moment, to those who shall be Bishops and Deans there five hundred years after this. Considering, then, that, in the present state of society, and in regard to existing interests, such an innovation could not prudently be hazarded, I determined on sending the MS. by Peter Packman; and I am glad to find you received the

last, without any of those accidents of which I expressed myself apprehensive; and I trust the present also will reach you safe, and in good condition. But if your bookseller, Mr Constable, sells pitch or gunpowder, (as Benjamin Boards, who exercises the same calling in Bookbridge, does, besides tea and sugar, broad cloth, scythes, nails, &c.) it might be as well to advise him to keep the MS. at some distance from it, for mischief is sometimes more easily prevented than mended. But I come now to inform you how I procured the second part of the history now sent you.

You must know, then, that I had just been spending an evening in company with my friend Mr Goodfellow, (to whom I shall be glad to introduce you, if ever you chance to come this way,) and I can assure you, whatever Mrs Vision may say, that I was not a whit worse of liquor than I am at this moment; and you will be satisfied, from the clear and distinct style in which I am now writing, that never was man in a more sober mood. I was in my easy-chair, which is the seat in which I always feel most comfortable, being rather subject to a sort of vertigo, or swimming in the head, which occasionally assails me towards night-fall. This same vertigo, by the bye, seems to be epidemic in this neighbourhood, for Mr Goodfellow and some others, to whom I was complaining of it, assured me that they were sometimes afflicted in the same way. Perhaps some of your great medical men may be able to account for this. I was sitting, then, as described,—but whether asleep or awake, is a circumstance I cannot precisely condescend upon,—when, on a sudden, I felt as if something had been thrown in my face, and that with sufficient force to make it rebound from thence upon the floor. I looked up, and saw, standing before me, the very same person, or apparition, or spirit, or whatever it was, that had given me the former part of the MS. He

* See Travels by L. Gulliver, (Part III. Chap. VII.) and others. See, in particular, Mr Longbow's Narrative, from which, and from personal conversation with him, most of the above facts are derived.

pointed to the ground, where I saw a small bunch of paper lying, being the same that he had thrown into my face. It was with difficulty I could prevent myself from abusing him to his face, for his incivility, (for would it not have been as easy to put the paper into my hands?) and the words, "you impudent, beggarly scoundrel, how dare you—" were just on the tip of my tongue, when I bethought myself that I might as well pick a quarrel with a puff of smoke out of my chimney, (which, by the bye, I am often like to do, being sometimes sorely provoked therewithal, in a blustering north wind—which there is here, six days out of the seven;) so I kept my temper in the most exemplary manner, and stooped down to take up the MS., with as much meekness and humility as a beggar would pick up a shilling. But as I was stooping down, it happened, in some way or other, to me unaccountable, unless it were the vertigo, though indeed I strongly suspect the spirit to have had some hand in it—it happened, as I say, Sir, very strangely, that I gave a—that is, I lost my balance; and the upper part of my corporal frame bearing a considerably greater proportion to my nether extremities than a Grecian sculptor would perhaps have considered an "equitable adjustment," passing by any possible inequality in respect of density—the consequence was, Sir, that I tumbled head-foremost into the floor, in a position from which a change could be effected, in conformity, as it would appear, with the established laws of gravity and motion, only by rolling over upon my back—tossing my heels, meanwhile, into the air, in a direction somewhat different from that in which Nature seems to have intended them to be used! I could have been contented that this feat of agility had been allowed to pass, unhonoured by the presence of witnesses; but, as ill-luck would have it, just at the very moment when my heels had attained their extreme point of perpendicular altitude, who should enter but the person whom I was least of all desirous of entertaining with a performance of this description,—and this was Mrs Vi-

sion herself, with a countenance betokening no degree of satisfaction at the success with which my evolutions had been accomplished! "Woes me! Mr Vision," she cried, "woes me! that you will never leave off this beastly habit, which will soon bring yourself, and me, and Christopher, and all to beggary!" "A beastly habit!" quoth I, much provoked; "can any one help seeing spirits, when they appear before one, Mrs Vision?" "Nay, Mr Vision, but one may help swallowing them." "Swallowing!" rejoined I, in utter amazement; "swallow a man as big as myself, Mrs Vision! swallow a ghost!" "A ghost!" interrupted she; "a ghost, indeed, Mr Vision! I am afraid you will soon make a ghost of yourself, if you do not alter your way of life:" and then she went on, pointing out all the lamentable consequences of drunkenness, when she might as well have declaimed against highway-robbery; for I was no more guilty of the one than of the other. She ended the harangue, by insisting that I should not stir from my chair, in which I had by this time reinstated myself, until she had called up Betty and Jenny; and I was obliged, Sir, to submit to the grievous indignity of being carried to bed by three women, in spite of all my protestations that I was as sober as ever a man was; and though I offered to dance a minuet in the floor before them, to convince them of the entire efficiency of all my faculties! I do not remember the circumstance of having, during the altercation, locked the manuscript up in my desk, but I found it there next morning. It is almost unnecessary to mention, that the spirit had disappeared before Mrs Vision's entrance.

The MS. is entitled "*The History of John and his Household*, continued;" though, to my mind, it should have been called *The History of Francis and his Household*, for John's name is hardly mentioned in it. But perhaps it may be as well for me to make no remarks, as I am resolved to give my ghostly acquaintance no just pretext for his ill usage; which, I should suppose, would have the effect of making him feel shame for his behaviour; though, to say

the truth, I should not take him to be particularly alive to that sensation. And perhaps, also, it may not be deemed necessary, in *Lagado*, for the title of a work to correspond with its contents; and this is indeed the less to be expected, considering the way in which compositions are manufactured there. And indeed I am told, that instances of a discrepancy, in this respect, may be found even in some publications among ourselves. But, if I go on at this rate, I shall make my own letter longer than the MS., as if I were merely making use of it as a pretext for writing an article myself. And, indeed, who knows but I might thereby give offence to my *familiar*; for little will offend one that can insult a gentleman in his own house, without any offence at all. The story does not yet seem to be concluded; and if he appear to me again, I shall endeavour to get a more steady look at him than I have hitherto been allowed; and it will go hard but I shall observe how he makes his exit, whether through door, or window, or chimney, or roof; for his entrance is made before I am aware. And perhaps, if he be in good humour, (if ever he is so,) I may learn from him who this John, and Francis, and others were, and where they resided, and whether or not they, or any of them, are yet alive; but, in the mean time, I must subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

ANTHONY VISION.

P.S. If you write me, you need not take any notice of Mrs V.'s behaviour, as she sometimes opens my letters.

The Manuscript.

Now, as was said in the former part of this history, the people who had come out to seize upon Francis, for having slain his steward and others of his household, after they saw what a devil of a fellow this Ferrara was that Francis had taken up with, began, not only to give up all thoughts of getting hold of Francis, but fell a-cursing their own folly very heartily, for ever having med-

dled with matters that did not concern them. And, indeed, whose fault was it but theirs, that Francis had made such a piece of work? and I shall now tell how. As soon, then, as those people had heard that Francis was going to call his steward to account, and to put his affairs to rights—"O ho!" quoth they; "if this pass, we shall all soon be served with the same sauce;" and they resolved they would not let him; because many of themselves were stewards to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they did not wish their masters to learn from Francis any such practices. Now, when Francis heard what they were about, he got into such a rage, (and indeed who would not?) that he fairly lost his senses, and then fell out upon his household, as hath been described. But now the people would have been very glad they had let him alone; and they resolved, if they should, for this once, get out of Ferrara's hands, they would let Francis go murder the whole neighbourhood, if he pleased, so he let themselves alone. And so, when Ferrara had mauled them until they thought every bone in their body was broken, some one or other of them began to cry out, "Soho! you gentleman there—Mr What's-your-name,—I see no good that can come of this fighting and squabbling among neighbours. For my own part, I'm not afraid of any man; only one doesn't like to be quarrelsome, you know—and so—" "Why, look ye, good folks," quoth Ferrara, "this was no liquor of my brewing; and if you are for more fisty-cuffs, why, I'm the man here standing that shall give you your bellyful of them. I love peace and quietness as well as another; and if you choose to go home to your own houses, and mind your own affairs, and not molest this worthy gentleman here, Master Francis, and allow him to rule his own house as he pleases, as every gentleman has a right to do—why, hinder you who will, I sha'n't, my masters!" Now the people wished for nothing better, and did not expect any thing half so good, for they had begun to think that the end of their days was come. And so they went their way, as fast as their

sore bones would let them; cursing Ferrara all the way, and dreading that this might not be the end of it.

Now, all the time that they were conversing, John was standing by, gnawing his cudgel, out of sheer wrath and sorrow, at seeing the people thus afraid of Ferrara: and much did the good gentleman grieve that some one would not help him to beat Ferrara, and all of them, to a jelly; but what could one do against so many? But, for himself, he scorned to fly from Ferrara; and so they fought together, and rested, and fought again, and all to no purpose; and at last they both tired of it, and agreed to go home to bed. But John would not shake hands with Ferrara, as was his custom; but went home grumbling and muttering all the way; for he had taken up such an ill will at him, that he could never get the better of it.

And so Francis and Ferrara now began to take up house together; and a pretty sort of house they kept, as any one may believe; for they turned every thing upside down ten times in a day, and indeed they were never two days or two hours in one humour. But their neighbours all kept at a distance as long as they could, and were resolved to take no concern with them, although they should blow out one another's brains, or pull down the house about their ears,—which, indeed, every body expected they would do at last, from the way they were going on. Now, Francis complained, it seems, that his *constitution* was somewhat the worse, (of irregular living, as we may suppose,) “and every body knows,” quoth Francis, “that nothing is so good for purifying the blood as temperate living.” Then there would be nothing to be got in the house but an onion, or a turnip, or a crust of bread and a glass of water. Next day—“why, I believe it is allowed,” Francis would say, “that a glass of wine is a mighty good thing for mind and body, and some people speak well of a bit of roast beef:—a plague upon spare living, say I;—who’s to live upon turnips and water, like an ox?”—then he would stuff himself with beef and pudding, and wash it down with wine and brandy, until he must be

carried to bed. “I have heard,” quoth Francis, “that fresh air is a mighty good thing, and this old, rotten hen-coop of a house of mine—one might as well live under a caak!” Then he and Ferrara would bring chairs, and tables, and every thing in the house, out before the street-door; and they would dine, and breakfast, and sup, and sleep and all, on the outside of the house, to the great astonishment of all their neighbours. A little thereafter again—“This confounded easterly wind!” Francis would say; “one cannot be too careful: many a lusty fellow has lost his life by exposing himself in this way.” Then they would have every thing into the house again; they would shut up doors and windows, and have every thing as close as a meal-chest. But nobody would have cared for all this, but Ferrara and Francis would have every one that lived near them go into all their mad pranks and whims; and this Ferrara, it seems, was such a cursed troublesome, meddling fellow, that nobody could get a peaceable life within ten miles of him. He would go into honest gentlemen’s houses, and kick the steward and all the servants out of doors: then he would say to the gentleman, “I desire to know, Sir, what should hinder you to look after your matters yourself, as many of your betters have done before you? You must have a steward, forsooth, must you? You’ll ruin yourself, Sir, with sloth and laziness; learn to serve yourself, Sir, without so many idle knaves about your hand. I suppose, now, you don’t know where to find any thing in the house—a devilish hot day this!—Prithee let’s have a bottle of wine, Sir, and Francis and I will just stop to see what sort of cheer you make,—Odso! it’s well remembered!—Have you got any money by you, Sir? No doubt you have,—cheap living here, as I am told—I pray you let me have ten pounds;—I have occasion for it at present, and you shall have it again. But indeed you owe us more than all this, for taking so much trouble about your affairs: not one in fifty, Sir, let me tell you, would have taken the pains I have done with you. There now,

thank you, Sir—thank you, Sir:—now just a few shillings, if you please; one may meet a beggar by the way, you know, and I find I have left my purse at home—so, so; good-morning to you Sir; time's precious, and I always like to be serving my friends—so Francis and I shall just take a step into your next neighbour's, and see what is going on there:—no doubt, poor gentleman, he's sadly tormented by some puppy of a steward, as every one in this country is:—but we shall soon put all to rights."

Away they would then go to the next house. "Good-morrow to you, Sir," Ferrara would say to the gentleman; "I hope I see you well, Sir." "Pretty well, Sir, I thank you, for one at my time of life;—a little troubled with rheumatism or so, but on the whole——" "Why, Sir," Ferrara would rejoin, "Mr Francis and I heard you were rather poorly, and so we have just come to see what can be done for you. We're none of those lazy useless drones, d'ye see, that shut themselves up in their own houses, and don't mind what becomes of their neighbours if they're well themselves. No, Sir; we are always——" Here the gentleman's steward would begin to see what was in the wind, knowing what had been done among his neighbours; so he would make up to Ferrara. "So please your worship, Sir, this gentleman is mightily obliged to you, for your care for his welfare; and whatever you would advise, Sir, depend upon my looking to it, Sir. And if I can do any thing to serve you, Sir, or if there's any thing in the house, or

if that field next to Mr Francis's house——" "And who are you, Sir?" would Ferrara again say; "O! I see, the gentleman's steward; a civil fellow, upon my word. I believe, Sir, you may even take what belongs to you, and go your ways, as the gentleman won't want a steward longer; Mr Francis and I shall see that he be properly cared for; as I say, we are none of those that neglect their friends' interest. And as for you, Sir, I shall provide you a place. A friend of mine, a rich old fellow, told me, t'other day, he wanted a steward, and asked me to find him one,—and I sha'n't forget you, Sir." So Master Steward was obliged to make the best of his way out of the house; and why? because he well knew that Ferrara would throw him out at the window if he made any words about it.—"Please to stand up, Sir," Ferrara would then say to the gentleman of the house; "O! I see what's the matter—want of exercise, Sir! want of exercise! those rascally stewards, Sir, would never wish a gentleman to rise off his chair, lest he should be moving about the house, and see what's going on. Nothing like exercise, Sir! prithee get up, old gentleman, and dance a hornpipe, and Francis and I shall teach you the steps:—There now—very well!—just a little quicker,—jump higher,—take a good shake to yourself, Sir, 'twill do you good,—so! so!" and the poor gentleman must make shift to skip and caper about, just as the whim struck Francis and Ferrara; and indeed Ferrara would have pulled his skin over his nose, if he had not done as he was bid!

(To be concluded in our next.)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mr J. F. Daniel, F.R.S. has in the press a volume of Meteorological Essays: the Constitution of the Atmosphere; the Radiation of Heat in the Atmosphere; Meteorological Instruments; the Climate of London; and the Construction and Uses of a new Hygrometer.

The Third Edition of Sir Astley Cooper's Work, on Dislocations and Fractures, is printing. An Appendix will contain a Refutation of almost every statement made in a late critical publication, on a subject treated of in the former edition of the above Work.

Mr Plumb has in the press, a Treatise on the Diseases of the Skin, intended to comprise the substance of the Essay for which the College of Surgeons have awarded to him the Jacksonian prize, a reprint of his "Essay on Ringworm," &c. and copious notices of such improvements as have been made in the Pathology and treatment of Cutaneous Diseases generally, since the publication of Bateman's Synopsis.

Travels through part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819, by John Morison Duncan, illustrated by Geographical Cuts on Wood, will appear in September.

The work called *Nature Displayed* will appear in a few days.

A useful and important volume of 5000 Receipts will appear early in the month.

Mr W. West, of Leeds, is about to publish in a separate form, with additions, his Analysis of the New Sulphur Spring at Harrogate.

An Order in the Council of the Linnæan Society has been lately passed, by which Mr Donovan will be allowed to enrich his New Monthly Work, the "Naturalist's Repository," with the Icones of those choice and very beautiful species of the Psittacus and Columba tribes which are described in the 13th volume of the Linnæan Transactions; the greater part of which, if not the whole, are of such rarity, as to be found only in the Museum of the Linnæan Society.

Early in August will be published, *Adrastus*, a Tragedy, with *Amabel*, or the Cornish Lover, a metrical tale founded on fact, and other poems, by R. C. Dallas, Esq.

A fourth Series of Sermons, in manuscript characters, on characters from Scripture, for the use of the younger clergy and candidates for holy orders, will be speedily published, by the Rev. R. Warner.

In the ensuing month will appear, an Easy Introduction to Lamarck's arrange-

ment of the Genera of Shells: with illustrative remarks, additional observations, and a Synoptic Table, by Charles Dubois, F.L.S.

A translation of "*Les Hermites en Prison*," the last and perhaps the most interesting of all the Essays of M. Jouy, will be published in the course of few days. This work was written in the prison of St. Pélagie, where the author was recently confined for a political libel.

The Nineteenth Volume of the *Encyclopædia Londinensis* will appear in the course of a few weeks. It will commence with a treatise on Pathology according to the arrangement of Dr Mason Good, and will contain also the articles Persia and Peru.

The seventh edition of Mr Fairman's Account of the Public Funds, with considerable additions, is in the press. The work has been completely remodelled, the accounts of the different stocks revised, corrected, and brought down to the present time, and a variety of interesting and valuable information added; the whole calculated to furnish a complete Manual of the Finances of Great Britain.

A most extraordinary work has recently made its appearance at New York, relating to the Jews, and entitled, "*Israel Vindicated*." It is one of the most original defences of Judaism extant, and is full of interesting matter.

A new edition will shortly appear of the Life of Dr James Beattie, by Sir William Forbes, in two volumes octavo.

A new edition of Hurstion's Works is in the press, viz. Sermons on Christ Crucified and Glorified, and on the Holy Spirit, now first collected, with the Life of the Author.

Also a new edition of the Lime-street Lecture Sermons.

A Manual of Pyrotechny, or a familiar System of Recreative Fire-Works, by a Pseudonymous, is in the press.

Rivington's Annual Register for 1822 will be ready for delivery at the usual time in December next.

A portrait of the late Edward Jenner, M.D. F.R.S. &c. engraved by W. Sharp, &c. from a painting by W. Hobday, will soon be published.

Dr George Miller is about to publish Lectures on the Philosophy of History, Vols. V. and VI. bringing down the history of this country to the Revolution.

H. A. Mercwether, Esq. is printing a Treatise on the Law of Boroughs and Corporations, including also their general history.

W. T. Brande, Esq. is preparing a Manual of Pharmacy, in octavo.

W. S. Landor, Esq. will speedily publish Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.

The Rev. Henry Belfrage is printing a Monitor to Families, or Discourses on some of the Duties and Scenes of Domestic Life.

Mrs Oom is engaged on a Classical Assistant to the Study of Homer and Virgil, in the translations of Pope and Dryden.

Mrs Sarah Brealey will soon publish Three Essays, on Regeneration, and other spiritual subjects.

Dr Ure will soon publish a new edition of Berthollet on Dyeing, with notes and illustrations.

Dr Robert Jackson is preparing an Outline of Hints for the Political Organization and Moral Training of the Human Race.

T. Waterhouse Kay, Esq. is engaged upon an English Translation of the Anglo-Saxon Laws.

Mr E. W. Brayley, jun. is printing the Natural History of Meteorites, which at different periods have fallen from the atmosphere.

Sir John Malcolm is preparing a Memoir of Central India, with the history and copious illustrations of the past and present state of that country, and an original map.

Mr Landseer will speedily publish Sabeen Researches, in a series of Essays, addressed to distinguished antiquaries, and illustrated by engravings of Babylonian cylinders, &c.

Mr Robert Bloomfield announces Hazelwood Hall, a drama, in three acts, interspersed with songs.

Mr Robert Meikleham is printing a Practical Treatise on the various Methods of Heating Buildings, by steam, hot air, stoves, and open fires, with explanatory engravings: a very desirable work.

Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency, extracted from the German correspondence of Madame Eli-

zabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent, preceded by a biographical notice of this Princess, and with notes, will soon appear.

Mr Williams has in contemplation to publish, as soon as subscriptions for indemnity can be obtained, Designs from a complete series of Antique Friezes, commonly known as the Phigalian Marbles, comprehending the celebrated contest between the Lapithæ and Centaurs, and the battle of the Greeks and Amazons, which formerly ornamented the *cella* of the Temple of Apollo Epicurius, at Phigalia, in Arcadia, Greece. Taken from these marbles, now deposited in the British Museum, consisting of twenty-three tablets, the designs are made by various young artists of rising eminence in the British school, and are to be engraven in exact imitation of the drawings, in the lithographic manner, by Mr F. O. Finch.

EDINBURGH.

St. Johnston, or John Earl of Gowrie, a Historical Novel, in 3 vols. 12mo.

The Spae Wife, a Novel, in 3 vols.; by the Author of the "Ayrshire Legatees."

Wilhelm Meister, from the German of Goethe.

The Bachelor's Wife. Post 8vo.

Anacharsis in Scotland, being a View of the State of the Country, with Descriptions of the most celebrated Scenes and Subjects of Local and Historical Interest.

The Smack and Steam-Boat Guide, being a useful and pleasant Companion to the Voyager betwixt Leith and London, comprehending Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive Delineations of that Coast, with Sketches concisely descriptive of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and London, with a Chart of the Coast, &c.

An Act to repeal the Duties upon Horses let to Hire, for the purpose of Travelling, in Great Britain, and to grant other duties in lieu thereof, and to provide for letting the same to farm.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

The Farmer's Director, and Guide to the Farrier, Grazier, and Planter, with the Domestic Instructor. By Leonard Towne. One volume 4to. with fine Engravings, £.1.10s.

The Working Bee, or Caterer for the Hive. 8vo. 12s.

The Jamaica Planter's Guide, or a System for Planting and Managing a Sugar Estate, or other Plantations in that Island, and throughout the British West Indies in general. Illustrated with interesting Anecdotes. By Thomas Roughley, nearly twenty years a sugar-planter in Jamaica. 8vo. 12s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Part III. of Isaac Wilson's, of Hull, Catalogue of Books, new and second-hand, in every department of Ancient and Modern Literature. 1s. 6d.

A New Catalogue of the Books and Tracts (at reduced prices) offered for Sale to the Public by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Royal Naval Biography: containing Memoirs of all the Flag-Officers living at the Commencement of the present Year. By John Marshall, Lieut. R.N. Vol. I. Parts I. and II. 8vo. 15s. each Part.

BOTANY.

Flora Domestica; or the Portable Flower Garden, with directions for the treatment of plants in pots. 8vo. 12s.

CLASSICS.

Part I. of Damm's Greek Lexicon to Homer and Pindar, to be completed in eight parts. 4to. 10s. 6d. 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

COMMERCE.

The New Mercantile Assistant, General Cheque Book, and Interest Tables: being Calculations adapted to the General Purposes of Commerce. By William Wright.

DRAMA.

The Duke of Mantua. A Tragedy. 8vo.

EDUCATION.

The Youthful Travellers; or Letters chiefly Descriptive of Scenes visited by some Young People during a Summer Excursion, designed as examples of the epistolary style for Children. 18mo. half-bound, with plates. 2s. 6d.

Remarks on Female Education, adapted particularly to the Regulation of Schools. 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

A New Grammar of the English Language; including the Fundamental Principles of Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody. By T. O. Churchill. Royal 18mo. 6s.

Remarks on the Practice of Grammarians, with an Attempt to discover the Principles of a new System of English Grammar. By John Kigan. 12mo. 3s.

Drunopædia; or a New and Interesting View of the Druidical System of Education, elucidating the Obscurities in which the early Parts of British History are involved. By the Rev. Jonathan Williams, A.M. 8vo. 4s. sewed.

Tales of Fancy, conveying Moral Truth, designed for the Entertainment and Improvement of Young Persons. By the Author of Tales of the Academy, &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.

The Road to Happiness. 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

The Tutor's Assistant, or Complete School Arithmetic. By Joseph Guy. 2s. bound.

A Grammar of the Latin Language, by C. G. Zump, Professor in Fredrick's Gymnasium, Berlin. Translated from the German by the Rev. John Kenrick, A.M. 8vo. 9s. boards.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

SPAIN.—Since our last publication, the affairs of Spain have assumed a rather more favourable aspect, although the great body of the population appear as yet passive spectators of the struggle which has for some time been carrying on between liberty and despotism; and unless the people shall join heartily in support of the Constitution, we are afraid no good result can be anticipated. There has been some sharp fighting in different quarters, but it is in the fortified places only which have offered any adequate resistance to the views of France; while, in the mean time, some of the best of the Spanish commanders have turned their backs upon the Cortes, and joined the enemy.

The treachery of Morillo has been consummated by his going over to the French with a small portion of his troops, about 1000. Of the remaining, and greater part, General Quiroga, who had previously, in consequence of Morillo's suspicious conduct, resolved on quitting the country, assumed the command, and retired upon Corunna. To

this place he was followed by General Bourck, with a force of about 6000 French, and on the heights before it, the Spaniards offered them battle on the 15th of July. The action was sharply contested, and it is said the French lost upwards of 800 killed and wounded, but the result was the driving of the Spaniards within the fortifications. The Spanish troops, it appears, were commanded by Quiroga, Sir Robert Wilson, and Senor Vego, the Governor of Corunna. We regret to say, that Sir Robert Wilson, who was most active, was slightly wounded in the thigh; and Colonel Light, who accompanied him as his Aid-de-Camp, was severely wounded.—Since the 15th, the French have been making daily attempts to carry the place, but without success, as it still held out on the 31st. It is to be feared, however, that it is before this time in their hands, since it appears that the three Generals in command have left it. Sir Robert Wilson and General Vego had gone to Vigo, and it is said would proceed from thence to Cadiz, should it be assailed, as the former place is not defen-

able. General Quiroga has also retired from Corunna; and these facts augur but ill of their hopes of keeping the place. The friends of the Spanish cause, however, still insist upon its being in a good state, and capable of resistance for months to come. Quiroga, they say, left Corunna by orders of the Minister of War at Cadiz, in order to take a command in Andalusia. The command of Corunna was then given to General Navelle, a very distinguished officer, who had fortified the fortress of the old city with heavy artillery and mortars, with a view of retiring thither should the French succeed in taking the new town.

Cadiz, so far from being in the wretched state of defence asserted by the French papers, has been able to make a formidable sortie on the besiegers, and though the French claim the victory on this occasion, it is evident from their own shewing, that the attack was made in great force, and was well supported. A recent letter from Cadiz states, "that it is in a complete state of defence; that it already possesses a brave and strong garrison, and that an adequate naval force, composed chiefly of gun-boats, is rapidly completing; that new magazines of provisions are forming, and that every thing is prepared for successfully repelling any attack that may be made upon it." The Cortes, whose courage and fortitude seem to have risen in proportion to the perils with which they are environed, are prepared to make every sacrifice, and to suffer every privation, rather than the cause of liberty should perish in their hands. Their sittings are conducted in the usual manner, and they deliberate with the same calmness as they did before the French had crossed the Pyrenees. With the view of preventing the inconvenience which might arise from the absence of deputies, if, after the conclusion of the present Session an extraordinary convocation should be necessary, "it was resolved, that none of the deputies should on any pretext leave the island, until the meeting of the next ordinary Cortes for the year 1824."

The reports communicated by the Paris Journals from the Peninsula south of Madrid are of sundry complexions, and those which relate to Ballasteros and his troops are less clear and satisfactory than might be desired. It is represented in the Ministerial papers, that, about the 26th ult., General Foissac Latour proceeded from La Carolina southwards, and, separating his force into three columns, marched from the points of Andujar, Bylen, and Baeza, upon Jean, then occupied by Ballasteros and a corps of 3000 men. The

accounts had not come down late enough to give any farther result of this operation than that the Spanish General had prepared to retreat in the direction of Malaga, the only route left open to him, according to the French authorities. A junction, however, with Zayas, who commanded an equal force of 3000 men at Alcalá la Real, was still in the power of Ballasteros; and their combined strength might probably be considered a full match for that of Count Lauriston, who waited on the side of Malaga with his division. Ballasteros is said to have received an order to preserve Andalusia to the Constitutional cause until he shall be beaten out of it by a superior enemy, in which case he is to retreat upon Estremadura. To effect this latter object, it is said he retains his choice of two routes—one through the kingdom of Cordova, crossing the Sierra Morena at the Sierra de Cordova, and marching upon Alcadia by the road called that of La Plata; the other more southerly, near the city of Cordova, and the road of Guadalcanal.

We have an account from the Spanish General, San Miguel, of some severe fighting which took place near Barcelona, in which the French suffered great loss. The Spanish troops, it is mentioned, stood firm in their positions, which were advantageous, and repulsed the enemy. Mina has completely re-established his health, and has, it is said, about 9000 men under him; with this force he is marching into Upper Catalonia, in the rear of the French.

Such appears, by our last accounts, to have been the state of the war in Spain, of which it is now said the French seem to be heartily tired, having calculated on an almost instant submission to their dictates when they crossed the Pyrenees. They begin to find the expence of the war press on their finances; and they seem also sick of their new allies, the Madrid Regency, the violence of whose proceedings has gone beyond what their patrons had ever wished or intended, and is likely to do much more mischief than good to their cause. In this state of things, it appears that an overture has been made to the British Government, again to offer its mediation in making a satisfactory compromise between the Cortes and the Royalists; and with a view to be near the seat of negotiation, the Duke of Angoulême removed from Madrid for Seville on the 28th of July. Previous to leaving Madrid, the Duke issued a general order, distributing the command of the provinces of Spain among his officers, or in other words, taking military possession of the whole country. What may be the issue of this new attempt at negotiation, a

short time must show. The Regency at Madrid has made various attempts to open a correspondence with the British Government; but their overtures have been rejected by Mr Canning, who informed them, that, as long as we had an Ambassador with Ferdinand, we could have no communication with the Regency at Madrid.

PORTUGAL.—The destruction of the free Constitution of this country has been followed by the appointment, by the King, of a Junta, which is charged with the labour of preparing a new Constitution. The Marquis de Palmalle is President of the Junta, the first sitting of which was held on the 7th July. The speech of the President, on this occasion, after some censures on the innovations of the Constitutionists, has the following passage:—"But his Majesty, in resuming his supreme power, seeks only to consolidate a monarchy, in the organization of which, without losing sight of the ancient institution of the Portuguese Government, the dignity of the throne may be combined with the rights of the several classes in the State, and the security which the laws ought to afford to every individual. He desires to promulgate a code, not intended for the development of vain and abstract theories, but which may practically guarantee the most essential rights, and fix the public safety on a solid basis; giving room for progressive amelioration, and preserving a prudent analogy with the wisest institutions of the other Monarchies of Europe; not only because their advantages have been proved by experience, but because our intimate relation with other States shew how desirable it is that the institutions of all the Powers may approximate to each other as much as possible." This extract proves that something has been gained to the cause of freedom, since Kings are now constrained to admit that subjects have rights which ought to be protected from usurpation. It is said that the King of Portugal is really in earnest promising to his subjects a modified Constitution; and that the Dutch consul at Lisbon has been applied to for a copy of the Constitution of the Netherlands, formed in 1814, under the auspices of England. The consul not being possessed of this document, has written home for a correct copy.

GERMANY.—*New European Congress.*—*Frankfort, July 24.* It is generally said in our political circles, that the present situation of the Peninsula will give rise to a new European Congress, to be held at Vienna in the month of October next. In support of this opinion, a passage from a speech of M. de Chateau-

brand is cited, in which his Excellency says, that "the Spanish revolution should be considered in two ways—first, as contrary to the interests of France; and, secondly, as contrary to those of Europe." It is also added, that not only the powers of the first rank, but likewise those of the second and third, will assist at the approaching Congress. The object of this general assembly will be to form into statutes the great maxims of the Holy Alliance, giving them the form of a code, which will be recognised by all the States, as establishing the public rights of nations. Thus will be put in practice the great ideas of Henry IV.—*Gazette Universelle d'Angsbourg.*

The Press.—*Stutgard, July 6.*—The Committee of German Diet, charged with the execution of the decrees issued by the several Congresses, for the purpose of restricting the liberty of the press in Germany, has just denounced to that assembly another periodical paper, published here under the title of *Universal Political Annals*, for having published an article headed *The Diplomatsists*, in which the Committee conceive that the author endeavoured to throw ridicule on diplomacy, and which it has declared is one of those that deserve animadversion, as offending the honour of the Diet, and of the principal Sovereigns of Germany, as well as of their Ministers. The author, in our opinion, paints diplomacy and diplomats in a general manner, without pointing out any body. It is, in fact, difficult to print any thing more moderate. The writer employs about a dozen pages to prove that Ministers who desire to know what passes in the neighbouring states, ought to receive memorials from all persons, and not be contented with those of their own agents only; because the latter, with the view of pleasing their masters, frequently disguise the truth. Now, as there are in all classes of society individuals possessing talents and virtues, and others who are destitute of them, it does not clearly appear how what is said of bad diplomatic characters (none of whom, besides, is named) can offend the good. What steps the Diet may take in so delicate an affair cannot be foreseen; but it is believed that the King of Wurtemberg will not readily consent to the suppression of the *Annals*, published by Mr Cotta, the proprietor and principal editor, whose character is generally respected for the moderation of his principles.

GREECE.—A variety of accounts have been received from Greece, all favourable to the cause of independence. The writer is a correspondent of the *Morning Herald*.

who had the advantage of being on the spot during the sitting of the Greek Congress at Tripolizza in April last. The Congress was held in a garden, and under the shade of lemon trees. While the delegates and deputies, to the number of 300, were occupied in the debates within the precincts of the garden, the citizens and soldiers mixed promiscuously outside the walls, where, being shaded from the sun by a grove of olive trees, they also discussed every point connected with their interests as zealously as their representatives, and waited the close of each sitting with the utmost anxiety. The Prince of Meina has been appointed to succeed Mavrocordato as President of the Executive. The Congress have adopted an abridgment of the Code Napoleon *ad interim*, but the British Constitution seems to be the model from which they are forming their political code. The Turks are held by them in the greatest contempt. The same writer, in a letter dated at Tripolizza, May 9, says—"From the quantity of arms and ammunition taken during the last incursion of the enemy, it is supposed that there are a sufficient number of muskets, pistols, and artigans, to arm 80,000 men. Such, however, is the degree of contempt in which their opponents are held, that the Greeks consider 30,000 men as fully equal to repel all the forces of Turkey, as it is now reduced. There is not the smallest apprehension entertained as to any attempt being made on the Morea." Their whole attention is directed to the security of the Passes of Thessaly, to cut off any supply of either troops or provisions from reaching the Pasha Scutari at Larissa. Part of the army have marched to that service, and the Commander-in-Chief was expected to follow immediately. The writer adds—"Two large divisions of the fleet have left Hydra within the last few days, to watch the motions of a Turkish Squadron said to be on the point of sailing from the Dardanelles. A letter, dated at Hydra, states, that a mutiny has lately taken place in the squadron sent from the Barbary powers to coalesce with the Turks, and that it ended by the crews hanging their officers! The whole of Candia, with the exception of three castles, those of Carea, Retymo, and Candia, is in possession of the natives, who continue to maintain a strict blockade by land. Manuel Tombasi, of Hydra, has been called for by the general voice of the Candiotes to become their Governor, and Government is on the point of sending him with a naval and military force to their aid." From the other islands of the Archipelago

all the accounts agree in describing them as been fully prepared to repel any attempt of the enemy. Rhodes and Scio are still under the Turkish yoke, nor is it likely that any change will take place in their destiny until the Provisional Government possesses the means of acting more extensively on the offensive.

Disunion and counteraction appear to be paralyzing the efforts of the Turkish commanders. The Pasha of Scutari, instead of leading a force of forty or fifty thousand men into the field, has only been enabled to furnish about two thousand, under the command of one of his officers. Jousouf Pasha has completely failed in his exertions to organize a force to be employed in covering Epirus; and between Jousouf and Omer Pasha a spirit of hatred and of jealousy has only been successful in enabling these two Chiefs to thwart the designs of each other. The Greek fleet is in search of the fleet of the Ottomans; and as the latter has not yet been joined by the squadron of the Pasha of Egypt, the Greeks are equal to their enemies on the ocean in number, and are infinitely superior to them in naval skill and courage.

According to letters from Trieste of the 22d June, a vessel had arrived there with news of a decisive victory in the Morea, gained by the Greeks over the Turks. The latter had 12,000 men, under the command of the Pasha. No details are given. The Turkish fleet had arrived off Patras, and the Greek fleet was cruising off Mytilene.

AMERICA.

MEXICO.—The Tamar, 24, Captain Herbert, which arrived at Portsmouth on the 9th ult., brings the following intelligence:—The Ex-Empress of Mexico, Iturbide, who had abdicated, and was afterwards banished to Italy, embarked at Antigua, twelve miles to the westward of Vera Cruz, the 11th of May, in the ship Rawlins, Quetch, and sailed, under convoy of the Tamar, for Genoa. The Republican Government hired the ship purposely for the voyage, at twelve thousand dollars. Iturbide is to have a pension of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum during his life. Mexico was governed by a Regency, or Triumvirate, consisting of Marshall Bravo (a creole), General Negretto (a creole) and the famed General Victoria, of Old Spain. The country between Mexico and Vera Cruz was in a settled state, but the markets were particularly dull. The castle of St Juan d'Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, was still held by the Spanish Royalists.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—June 12.—The Marquis of Lansdowne moved the second reading of the Bill for legalising the Marriage of Dissenters, according to a certain form, which should meet their conscientious scruples. The Lord Chancellor opposed the measure, as likely to degrade the institution of marriage. Lord Liverpool approved of the principle of the measure, but objected to some of its details. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Worcester, Chester, and Llandaff, and Lords Redesdale and Hurrowby, opposed the Bill, which was supported (at least in principle) by Lords Calthorpe, Ellenborough, and Carnarvon. On a division, the second reading was rejected by a majority of 27 to 21.

19.—The Duke of Devonshire brought forward a motion on the state of Ireland, in a long speech. His Grace attributed the calamities which afflict that country to the disqualifications of the Roman Catholics, the Tithe System, and the partial preference of the high Protestant or Orange Party. In conclusion, he moved a resolution, embodying the leading topics of his speech, and pledging the House to apply itself to the examination of the best means for remedying the evils of which the people of Ireland complain.

Earl Bathurst contended that the Legislature had already done enough for Ireland to extinguish all commercial jealousy between the kingdoms. Enumerating various measures directed exclusively to the benefit of Ireland, he thought that the farther agitation of the subject could not be beneficial, while it must be mischievous. He therefore moved the previous question. Lord Clifden spoke with great warmth in favour of the original motion, and made an attack upon the Orangemen, who he said had triumphed in the late inquiry, which was deemed disorderly by the Lord Chancellor. The Earl of Darnley spoke in favour of the motion; and alluded to the late inquiry in terms as strong as those used by Lord Clifden. Lord Gosford supported the motion as necessary to tranquillize Ireland—at this moment on the verge of rebellion. Lord Maryborough opposed the motion as unnecessary and invidious, in imputing to a Government and Parliament, which had made extraordinary exertions for the welfare of Ireland, apathy and indifference to the interests of that kingdom. Lord Holland supported the motion in a long and vehement speech. The Earl of Limerick opposed the motion,

because it implied a censure on the Government; but confessed his concurrence in most of the views of the mover. Lord King and the Duke of Leinster supported the motion. The Marquis of Lansdowne also supported it, examining in detail the measures for which Ministers claimed credit, but for which, he maintained, that they were entitled to little praise. The Earl of Liverpool, at some length, defended the conduct of Government. The Earl of Carnarvon urged the necessity of enquiry. The House then divided, when the numbers were—For the original motion 59—For the previous question 105—Majority 46.

June 20.—The Silk Manufacturers' Bill was read a second time, and referred to a committee at the joint request, as was stated by Lord Bexley, of the parties supposed to have adverse interests in the measure which the bill is intended to repeal.

June 23.—The Marriage Laws Consolidation Bill gave rise to a short conversation, in which the Earl of Westmorland objected to the clause of the bill which denounces the forfeiture of the property of minors clandestinely marrying, as placing too much power in the hands of a single judge, without the intervention of a jury. The Earl of Liverpool defended the clause, which was ultimately agreed to.

26.—The Earl of Liverpool, in laying a bill on the table of the House of Lords for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the mode of the administration of the law of Scotland, took occasion to explain the plan which he thought would be, for the present, the best calculated to lighten the number of appeals before the House, and to enable the Lord Chancellor to bestow more of his attention upon his own Court. That plan is, to increase the number of judicial days in the House of Lords from three to five, to enforce the attendance of Peers in rotation, and to appoint a Prolocutor to preside in the absence of the Chancellor.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—June 2.—Sir Thomas Lethbridge withdrew his notice of a motion on the subject of Agricultural Distress, which stood for Thursday next. The Honourable Baronet frankly explained, that, in withdrawing his notice, he acted under the conviction that a great alleviation of the distresses of the agricultural interest has been already effected; and that the complete restoration of that interest may be expected, from the

general prosperity of all classes of the nation.

After a brief, but sharp debate, upon the order of proceedings, Lord Archibald Hamilton moved a series of Resolutions upon the subject of the Scotch system of Representation. His Lordship introduced his motion by a long speech, in which he detailed minutely the proceedings at a Scotch county election, illustrating his detail by a reference to his own canvass and election. His Lordship explained, that the county elective franchise, in Scotland, attaches to certain degrees in the series of subinfeudation of lands; and neither to the possession of a property in the lands, nor to a residence upon them; a penny annually, arising out of the Elector's interest, or *far*, as it is called, being a sufficient qualification, and residence being wholly disregarded. The principle of representation in Scotland was therefore, he said, diametrically opposed to the principles of the English Constitution, which regarded property and population as the only titles to representation. The whole number of the constituents of County Representatives in Scotland he rated, upon the authority of a return presented to Parliament, at 2,269, or one in six hundred and twenty-five of the population of counties. His Lordship then went into an examination of the system of borough representations in Scotland. The elections in boroughs were, he said, to the population in the proportion of one in seven thousand. He asked whether this was a system of representation which any one would propose to establish, and cited several particular proceedings of the Scottish Parliament before the Union, to show that a reform such as he proposed had always been in contemplation with the Scottish nation. Sir George Clerk submitted that the proposed change would render necessary a total alteration in the system of Scottish returns. He defended the present system of representation as the best suited to the condition of Scotland. Mr Kennedy supported the motion. Mr Twiss opposed it. Sir J. Macintosh, in a speech of some length, contrasted the Scotch with the English system of representation. Lord Binning appealed to the silence of the Scottish people as an indisputable proof of the satisfaction given by the present system of representation. Mr J. P. Grant supported the motion. The Lord Advocate treated the practical suggestions in the Resolutions as perfectly impossible. Lord Milton and Lord Glenorchy supported the motion, which, on a division, was rejected by a majority of 152 to 117.

Lord Cranborne moved the second

reading of the Bill for legalising the sale or Game under certain regulations. Sir John Shelly moved, as an amendment, that the bill be read a second time on the 1st of September. The original motion was supported by Mr Peel, Mr Poyntz, Mr W. Peel, Mr S. Wortley, and Sir T. Adland; and the amendment by Lord Deerpur, Mr Whitbread, and Mr Brougham. On a division, the second reading was carried by a majority of 82 to 62.

June 3.—Mr Abercromby recalled the attention of the House to the case of William Murray Borthwick, to which the decided conduct of Messrs. Hope and Menzies gave so much interest towards the close of the last Session. Our readers will remember, that Borthwick had been joined in partnership with a person named Alexander, in the proprietorship of the *Clydesdale Journal*; that after a dissolution of partnership, (under pretence of some unliquidated debt said to be due by Alexander,) he abruptly entered Alexander's office, broke open his desk, and carried off his papers, one of which was unfortunately a manuscript of Sir Alexander Boswell's; the exhibition of which by Borthwick to Mr Stuart led to a duel between Sir Alexander and that gentleman, in which the former fell; that for this robbery Borthwick was prosecuted by the Deputy Advocate, Mr Hope, and that prosecution being abandoned, that he was subsequently prosecuted, according to a permission of the Scotch law, at the suit of Alexander. The *gravamen* of the charge alleged by Mr Abercromby against the Lord Advocate was, that Borthwick was persecuted as a political opponent, and that the prosecution against him was managed so as to prejudice Mr Stuart upon his trial for the murder of Sir Alexander Boswell. In conclusion, he moved a resolution, declaring that the proceedings against Borthwick were unjust and oppressive. The Lord Advocate defended himself and his deputy, by shewing that there were ample grounds for the prosecution of Borthwick; and that all the proceedings against him had been strictly legal and regular. Mr J. P. Grant and Mr Kennedy supported the motion, which was opposed by Lord Binning and Mr Drummond; and, on a Division, it was rejected by 102 to 96.

June 4.—Mr Williams brought forward a motion upon the subject of the delays, expenses, and risk, to which suitors in equity are at present exposed. He rendered a tribute of applause to the transcendent talents and unequalled learning of the Lord Chancellor, but lamented his reluctance to decide without a degree of

demonstration rarely attainable in questions of mixed law, and fact, and morals. He denied that the establishment of the Vice-Chancellor's Court had afforded any relief to suitors in equity; affirming, on the other hand, that it had only served to overwhelm the Court of Chancery with a multitude of appeals. Of the Rolls Court, he said that its business had declined to a fourth or a tenth since the resignation of Sir Wm. Grant, to whom he paid a handsome compliment for having retired from the Bench while in the vigorous possession of his faculties, and before their decay could tend to injure the public. The Equity Bench in the Exchequer, during the protracted indisposition of the Chief Baron, had been occupied by Mr Baron Graham, a Magistrate eighty-one years old; or Mr Baron Garrow, who had never obtained any practice in a Court of Equity.—Mr Williams proceeded to illustrate the subject, by citing a number of instances of the delay and expence of equity proceedings. He concluded by moving, "that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the increase of business in the Court of Chancery, and in the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, and the cause thereof."

The Attorney-General opposed the motion, and entered into a long detailed statement of the quantity of business disposed of by the different Courts of Equity. Mr M. A. Taylor and Mr Denman supported the motion; and, after some conversation, and two or three divisions, the farther discussion of the subject was adjourned, upon an express declaration from Mr Ross, that the Lord Chancellor was desirous that it should undergo the most complete investigation.

June 5.—The discussion of Mr Williams's motion was resumed.—Mr Denman supported the motion in a speech of great length, in which he charged the Lord Chancellor with having pronounced a surreptitious decree in the case of "Horwood and Ware," impugned the justice of his Lordship's decision with respect to literary property, adverted to his refusal to grant a Commission of Lunacy, in Lord Portsmouth's case, eight years ago, and contrasted his scrupulous hesitation in court, with the promptitude with which, in the Cabinet, he decided against the late Queen. Mr Courtenay entered into a detailed examination of the cases alluded to by Mr Williams, and by the last speaker, in order to shew that the charges of unnecessary delay, founded upon these cases, was groundless. Mr Abercromby supported the motion; he admitted the great merits of the Lord Chancellor, but appealed to the unanimous

opinion of the public as to the injurious tardiness of his decisions. He complained of it as a grievance, that no original causes are now entertained before the Lord Chancellor, but that, before enjoying the benefit of his talents and learning, suitors must go through the ordeal of the Vice-Chancellor's Court. Mr Wetherell defended the Court of Chancery in a long and very able speech: he complained that the Honourable Members who had promoted the discussion had taken their facts from the office of a person notoriously influenced by malevolent feelings. He mentioned that, in the course of twenty-two years, but one of the Lord Chancellor's decrees had been reversed; and asked, whether it were not better to have a judge who decided with deliberation and uniform justice, than one who would, in the same time, decide twice as many cases, and but half of them properly. Mr Scarlet observed, that the question had hitherto been discussed only by lawyers. Some laymen, he thought, who had had personal experience of an Equity suit, would have treated the subject more fairly. In conclusion, he protested against any bill, upon the proceedings of the Court of Chancery, being brought in by the Solicitor General, at the close of the session, after the lawyers shall have left town, as had been that gentleman's practice for the last three or four years. Mr Brougham arraigned the Court of Chancery at great length. He proposed, as the most just and irresistible evidence of the injuries which it inflicted, an exhibition of the crowds of living spectres who were its victims. He cited the opinions of some of the greatest ornaments of the law, who had left their sentiments recorded in writing, that the Court of Chancery was a great public grievance. Such, he said, were the expences, that no lawyer would advise a client to venture into it for £100, however secure of a decree. The Solicitor-General opposed the motion, which, he said, after the speeches of the Hon. Mover, Mr Denman, and Mr Brougham, would be nothing less than a vote of censure upon the Lord Chancellor. Mr Caning also opposed the motion; he asserted that the arrears in the Court of Chancery are by no means so numerous as is generally supposed. Mr Williams replied, and on a division, the motion was rejected by a majority of 174 to 85.

June 6.—Mr Huskisson moved the committal of the Reciprocity Duties Bill. The Right Hon. Gentleman explained, that the principle of the proposed measure was, to reduce the import duties upon goods brought by vessels belonging to States which should treat Bri-

tish shipping with a reciprocal indulgence; to grant the same bounties to such vessels, and to treat them in all other respects as favourably as the ships of this country. He cited several examples to show that the prohibitory system, designed for the benefit of British commerce and the shipping interest, had really operated to the injury of both.—There were, he said, two ways of protecting commerce; one by restrictions, which had been tried, and found to become ineffectual, as the trade of the world expanded; the other, by extending an universal freedom of trade, which would necessarily give the advantages to that country which possessed the greatest commercial capabilities. And, in conclusion, strongly pressed the superiority which England must derive from the emancipation of trade in every part of the world. Mr Ellice professed his concurrence in Mr Huskisson's views, but argued, that as the measure was, in respect to favour, to place the English shipping on a level with the vessels of every other nation, it would be also necessary to reduce the taxes upon all articles of maritime consumption, to perfect the equality. Mr Sykes suggested the necessity of some delay, in order to obtain the opinion of the shipping interest. Mr Wallace, Mr Ricardo, Mr Marryat, Sir L. Coffin, and Mr C. Grant, supported the motion, which was opposed by Mr Robertson. Mr T. Wilson approved of the measure, on the understanding that Government would remove the duties on articles of maritime consumption. The report was ordered to be read on Monday.

Mr Goalburn then moved the committal of the Commutation of Tithes Bill. Messrs Dennis and D. Browne objected to the assessment of the agistment tithe, which the Bill proposed to revive. Mr Abercromby, though he thought the Bill in some respects objectionable, wished it to go to a Committee. Messrs Wetherell and Bankes objected to the measure, as an infringement of the vested rights of the church. The clause for estimating the value of church livings, by an average of the last seven years, was carried, after an attempt by Messrs Rice, Browne, Grey Bennet, and Sir J. Newport, to fix the estimate at an average of three years. Upon the proposition of the "compulsory clause," Colonel Barry moved that it should be omitted altogether; but upon a suggestion by Mr Peel, he withdrew his opposition. The clause was then put, with some verbal amendments, by Mr S. Rice, and, after a short conversation, rejected by a majority of 84 to 39.

June 9.—Mr Huskisson moved the order of the day for the receiving the report on the Spitalfields Silk-weavers' Bill. Mr Buxton moved, as an amendment, to refer the Bill to a Special Committee. Mr Ellice supported the amendment, as did also Mr P. Moore, who said that the measure proposed would effect the ruin of the City which he represented. Colonel Wood, Mr T. Wilson, Mr Bright, and Mr Mansfield, all urged the necessity of some inquiry before passing the Bill. Messrs Brougham and W. Smith, and Sir J. Macintosh, expressed themselves favourable to the measure, but thought that a little delay might be advantageous, in order to reconcile the weavers to it. Mr Ricardo, Mr Hume, and Mr Phillips, supported the original motion, and Mr C. Grant objected to the appointment of a Special Committee, as likely to prevent the passing of the Bill in this or the ensuing session. On a division, the amendment was rejected by a majority of 68 to 60.

On the motion for a Committee of Supply, Mr Creevy brought forward a motion on the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Leeward Islands duty. The Hon. Member expatiated at length upon the unequal and oppressive operation of this tax, which, he said, was felt with peculiar severity in the present embarrassed state of West India property, and was wrung from the planters to support a lavish pension-list. He proceeded to enumerate, among the pensioners upon this list, the Princess of Hesse Homberg, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Fitzclarence family, and Mr Canning's sisters; and complained, that in consequence of the inadequacy of this fund, produced by the distress in the West Indies, the droits of Admiralty had been largely drawn upon, to make good the pension-list. In conclusion, he moved a resolution embodying the leading topics of his speech. Mr Canning defended the right of the Crown to dispose of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. duties at its pleasure, by stating, that this right had been recognised in Mr Burke's plan of economical reform; and with respect to the allusion to his own family, he observed, that the pension of £.500 a-year granted to his sisters had been, in the first instance, bestowed upon himself, upon his retirement from the office of Secretary of State, the uniform practice having been previously to grant to persons retiring from the office he held £.1200 per annum. For the sacrifice he had made in accepting but the reduced pension, he had, he said, been highly complimented; and he felt that he had a right to assign it to those who had a right to look to him for support. Mr Hume and Mr Brougham

supported Mr Creery's motion, which, however, on a division, was rejected by a majority of 103 to 57.

Mr Hume then called the attention of the House to the account of the Coronation expenses;—those expenses had been estimated by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer at £100,000, and had, in fact, exceeded £238,000. Among other items to which the Hon. Member objected, there was £24,000 for Royal Robes, besides £9,000 per annum for the hire of a Crown. After animadverting upon various other items, Mr Hume complained, that the balance between the estimated and the actual expenses of the Coronation had been supplied by an unconstitutional misapplication of the French indemnity, and proposed a Resolution, condemning the excessive scale of expenditure of the Coronation, and the misapplication of the French indemnity. The

Chancellor of the Exchequer endeavoured to excuse the excess of the expenditure at the Coronation above the estimate, on the ground that such inaccuracies are unavoidable, and argued that the French indemnity was properly applied to meet the deficiency. A discussion of some length followed, in the course of which Mr Brougham, who supported the resolutions, professed to think the expenditure of £24,000 in robes perfectly shocking; and complained of the inconvenience which the exclusion of the Courts of Law from Westminster Hall had occasioned to the lawyers. Mr Hume's Resolution was rejected by 110 to 64.

A long conversation then ensued on the third branch of the Civil List, when Mr Hume proposed to reduce the allowance to Ambassadors from £160,000 to £107,000. The motion was rejected by 70 to 16.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

JULY.

Convention of Royal Burghs.—This convention held its annual sittings in Edinburgh on the 8th, 9th, and 10th instant. No business of much public importance occupied the attention of the meetings, and the discussions were, in consequence, short, and uninteresting. £400 were voted to the town of Dumfries, to assist it in forming a new quay on the river Nith.—This vote met with opposition from the cities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and some other burghs, but was supported by all the smaller burghs, and carried by a division of 26 to 12. £100, remaining of a former vote, to assist the city of St Andrew's, was also ordered to be paid.

Melancholy Catastrophe.—*Seventeen Persons Drowned.*—Sunday Evening, (13th instant,) as part of a congregation was returning from a religious meeting at Foxhole, near Swansea, between twenty and thirty persons crowded into a small boat, which was used for conveying over workmen, when, melancholy to relate, she upset, and the whole were precipitated into the water: owing to the heavy fresh, they were quickly carried down the stream, and it is reported about seventeen lives were lost. Among the sufferers was a young woman who was to have been married on the following Monday; her intended husband, of the name of Owens, supported her for some time, attempting to swim, but finding himself exhausted, he desired her to hold by his clothes, but in the moment of shifting her position,

she sunk to rise no more. Two of the bodies were picked up outside the pier.—The town was of course in a state of great consternation, from inquiries by relatives of the deceased.—*Bristol Gazette.*

20.—*Burns's Monument at Ayr.*—A monument has now been erected at Ayr, to perpetuate the memory of Robert Burns. In form, it may be described as a replication of the Athenian monument of Lysicrates, which we believe the architect selected as his model. It bears a considerable resemblance also to the beautiful little temple attached to the church San Pietro in Montorio at Rome. The edifice consists of a triangular basement, (representative of the three great divisions of Ayrshire, Kyle, Carrick, and Cunninghame,) upon which rises a circular peristyle supporting a cupola. The pillars, which are nine in number, and entablature, are of the Corinthian order. They are designed, we believe, from the three remaining columns of the Comitium, (sometimes erroneously called the Temple of Jupiter Stator) in the Forum at Rome, and executed in the chastest manner; certain ornaments, of truly Grecian elegance, surmount the cupola, and serve as a pedestal to the tripod. The interior of the basement of the monument gives a circular chamber sixteen feet in height, and of a corresponding diameter. From this chamber, which is of the Doric Order, a flight of stairs conducts to the gallery above. The whole edifice is conceived and executed in a style purely classical.

The following is the inscription placed on the tripod :—

The First Stone of this Monument,
Erected by Public Subscription
In Honour of the Genius of
ROBERT BURNS,

Was laid by
The late Sir Alex. Boswell of Auchinleck, Bart.
(Under whose exertions, principally the Subscrip-
tion was commenced and carried through)
On the 25th day of January 1820;

AND

On the 4th of July 1823,
This structure being wholly completed,

THIS TRIPOD

Was fixed upon its summit,
In presence of a numerous assemblage
Of Freemasons and Subscribers,
(Headed and addressed on the occasion by William
Fullarton, Esq. of Skeldon.)
Thomas Hamilton, Esq. Jun. Architect.
John Connel, Jun. Builder and Contractor.

The situation of the building is extremely well chosen. It is in the centre of those scenes which the poet has so often described; and if formerly the spot itself excited recollections of the most pleasing kind in the minds of the bard's admirers, how much more interesting—how much more intense, must be the local associations of feelings now called up, when, in addition to that classic ground, we now contemplate the proud pile which has been raised to perpetuate the memory of Robert Burns!

The Coronation.—Our readers will recollect the circumstance of the trial of right which took place before the Privy Council some time ago; the parties being, the claimant Archibald, Lord Douglas of Douglas; the opposer of that claim, which was "to carry the Crown of Scotland before the King in all processions in Scot-

land," being the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. The most Honourable Commissioners presented their report to the King in Council, on the 8th inst. That was read at the Court at Carlton House on the 16th inst., when his Majesty having been pleased to take the same into consideration, was pleased, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, to approve thereof. After detailing the position of Lord Douglas, and the memorial of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the report so confirmed declares, that their Lordships reported to his Majesty that the privilege expressed in the several charters produced extended only to carrying the crown of the ancient kingdom of Scotland in Parliament; and that therefore, supposing the privileges so granted can be considered as existing, the claim of the Lord Douglas to an heritable right to carry such crown in the late procession from the palace of Holyrood to the Castle of Edinburgh, does not appear to them to have been made out, the bearing of such crown in such procession not being a bearing in Parliament; and that, therefore, it rested with his Majesty to appoint such person as his Majesty might think fit to perform that ceremony; but the claim of the Lord Douglas of the office of carrying such crown being a claim of an heritable right, their Lordships are of opinion, that the same may be discussed and decided upon in a Court of Law, as other claims of heritable offices have been discussed and decided. This, therefore, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

July 2. Mr David Haining, ordained Assistant to the Rev. Mr Moncrieff of Arman.

3. The Rev. Mr Campbell was admitted Minister of Croy, in presence of a very respectable congregation. There was happily no occasion for the interference of the Sheriff, or his officers, who attended, no interruption having been offered to the solemn services of the day.

4. His Majesty has presented the Rev. Duncan McCraig to the Church and Parish of Uig, in the Presbytery of Long Island, and County of Ross, and by the death of the Rev. Hugh Munro.

12. The Trustees of the late Viscount Keith have presented the Rev. Andrew Bullock, A.M. Minister of Alva, to the Church and Parish of Tulliallan, vacant by the death of the Rev. George Sene Keith, D. D.

16. The King has been pleased to appoint the Rev. John M'Rae to the Church and Parish of Glimshiel, in the Presbytery of Garlock and County of Ross, vacant by the death of the Rev. John M'Rae.

17. The Trustees of the late Viscount Keith have presented Mr Andrew Bethune Duncan, to the charge in the Church and Parish of Culross, vacant by the death of the Rev. Walter Macalpine.

II. MILITARY.

Major Aubrey, h. p. Insdep. Lt. Col. in the Army

1 Jan. 1798.

Capt. Case, 65 F. Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1819.

Capt. Grant, Royal Art. Major in the Army

12 July 1821.

— Coffin, Royal Art. Major in the Army do.

— Wilford, Royal Art. Major in the Army do.

1 Life G. Capt. H. Earl of Uxbridge, Major by

purch. vice Oakes, prom. 17 June

Lieut. Newburgh, Capt. by purch. do.

Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Sydney, Lieut.

by purch. do.

H. Every, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by pur. do.

Lieut. and Adj. Smith, Capt. by purch.

vice Vincent Barnard, prom. 2 Cey-

lon Reg. 14 July

Ens. Dallas, from 71 F. Cornet and Sub-

Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Munster,

ret. 24 June

2 Dr. Gds. W. D. Davies, Cornet by purch. vice

Baird, 48 F. 3 July

7 Ens. Lawrence, from h. p. 55 F. Paym.

vice Perry, h. p. 25 Dr. 19 June

3 Dr. Capt. Sitwell, Maj. vice Hutchins, dead

10 July

Lieut. Manfull, Capt. do.

Mich. Jas. Rob. Dillon (claiming the

title of Earl of Roscommon) do.

Cornet Philipps, Lieut. by purch. vice

Lord Belfast, prom. Cape Corps 17 do.

Cornet Wathen, Lieut. by purch. vice

Robison, prom. 1 W. I. R. 24 June

W. Lyon, Cornet by purch. 17 July

Cornet Hon. G. Vaughan, Lieut. by

purch. vice Knight, prom. do.

- Ensign Knox, from 65 F. Cornet by purch. 17 July 1821.
- 17 Dr. Cornet Moore, from 16 Dr. Lieut. by purch. vice Lord F. Conyngham, prom. do.
- 1 F. Gds. Lieut. Stanhope, Lieut. & Capt. by purch. vice Bathurst, prom. Cape Corps do.
- G. E. Nugent, Ens. and Lieut. by purch. do.
- 3 Ens. Clayton, late of 36 F. Ensign & Lieut. by purch. vice Montagu, prom. 19 June
- 7 F. Bt. Lieut. Col. Wylley, Maj. by purch. vice Beatty, ret. 26 do.
- Lieut. Healey, Capt. by purch. do.
- 10 Hon. G. Liddell, Lieut. by purch. do.
- Ens. Birch, Lieut. by purch. vice Molyneux, prom. 2 Ceylon R. do.
- 11 H. A. Hanky, Ens. by purch. do.
- Ens. Doyle, Adj. vice Haggup res. Adj. only 17 July
- 12 Lieut. Cruise, Captain by purch. vice Bertridge, ret. 19 June
- Ens. Northwick, Lieut. by purch. do.
- 17 E. Bayly, Ens. by purch. do.
- Lieut. Yorke, Capt. by purch. vice Gladwin, ret. 10 July
- 22 Capt. Fleming, Maj. by purch. vice Hewitt, prom. 26 June
- Lieut. Stewart, Capt. by purch. do.
- Ens. Butler, Lieut. by purch. do.
- R. F. Martin, Ens. by purch. do.
- 28 Lieut. Dalgleish, Capt. by purch. vice Arbuthnot, prom. 3 July
- Ens. Messier, Lieut. by purch. do.
- 42 W. J. J. Irving, Ens. by purch. do.
- A. L. Macleod, Ens. vice N. L. Macleod, cano. 12 Dec. 1822.
- 43 Serj. Maj. Wallis, Quart. Mast. vice Walsh, dead 1 Feb. 1823.
- 47 Capt. Ramsay, Major by purch. vice Stanhope, prom. 3 July
- Lieut. Kenys, Capt. by purch. do.
- Ens. Mair, from 68 F. Lieut. by purch. do.
- 48 Lieut. Weston, Adj. vice Wild, res. Adj. only 25 Sept. 1822.
- Cornet Baird, from 2 Dr. Gds. Lieut. by purch. vice Bloomfield, ret. 2 July 1823.
- Ens. Bouverie, from 66 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Close, ret. 3 do.
- 61 Lieut. Gaynor, Capt. by purch. vice Annesley, prom. 12 June
- Ens. Parke, Lieut. by purch. do.
- 62 St. J. Dent, Ens. by purch. do.
- Quart. Mast. Serj. Edgar, Quart. Mast. vice Robertson, h. p. 26 do.
- 65 Hon. S. Hawke, Ens. vice Knox, 9 Dr. 17 July
- 67 Capt. Algeo, Maj. by purch. vice Wyndham, prom. 26 June
- Lieut. Harrison, Capt. by purch. do.
- Ens. Tingling, from 76 F. Lieut. by purch. do.
- 68 H. Smyth, Ens. by purch. vice Mair, 47 F. 10 do.
- 69 Ens. Stewart, Lieut. vice Windsor, dead do.
- J. J. Hamilton, Ens. do.
- 70 Capt. Johnstone, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Paym. vice Scott, dead. 17 do.
- 71 Lord Arthur Lennox, Ens. vice Dallas, 3 Life Gds. 24 June
- 76 R. Sheppard, Ens. by purch. vice Tynling, 67 F. 10 July
- 78 Bt. Maj. Falconer, Maj. by purch. vice Bethune, ret. 26 June
- Lieut. Lindsay, Capt. by purch. do.
- Ens. Price, Lieut. by purch. do.
- J. J. Hamilton, Ens. by purch. do.
- H. Holyoake, Ens. by purch. vice Hamilton, cancelled 10 July
- 83 A. Watson, Ens. vice Geddes, dead 17 do.
- 84 Lieut. Ingilby, Capt. by purch. vice Bernard, senior, ret. do.
- Ens. Clarke, Lieut. by purch. do.
- C. Franklyn, Ens. by purch. do.
- 86 E. Jekyll, Ens. by purch. vice Bouverie, 48 F. 10 do.
- Rif. Brig. 2d Lieut. Woodford, 1st Lieut. vice Cochrane, dead 17 July 1823.
- 1 W. I. R. Lieut. Robison, from 8 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Broke, prom. Cape Corps 19 June
- 2d Ens. Spence, Lieut. vice Maclean, dead 10 July
- J. Hanna, Ens. do.
- Ceyl. R. 1st Lieut. Crofton, Capt. vice Blankenberg, dead 15 Dec. 1822.
- 2d Lieut. Reyne, 1st Lieut. do.
- E. A. Turnour, 2d Lieut. 17 July 1823.
- 2 Lieut. Hon. H. Molyneux, from 10 F. Capt. by purch. vice Hunter, ret. 9 May
- Capt. H. Viscount Bernard, from 2 Life Gds. Maj. by purch. vice Spaworth, ret. 3 July
- Cape C. } Bt. Lieut. Col. O'Malley, from h. p. 60 F. Maj. vice Broke, Perm. Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen. do.
- Inf. } Capt. Hon. T. S. Bathurst, from 1 F. Gds. Maj. by purch. vice O'Malley, prom. 17 do.
- Gent. Cad. J. W. Dalgety, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. vice Watt, dead 26 June
- 3 R. V. Bn. Capt. Martin, from h. p. 82 F. Capt. vice Young, ret. list 3 July

Unattached.

- Bt. Lieut. Col. Stanhope, from 47 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Col. Waller, Royal Art. ret. 26 June 1823.
- Major Hewitt, from 22 F. Lieut. Col. of Infantry, by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Scott, Royal Art. ret. do.
- Wyndham, from 67 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Owen, Royal Art. ret. do.
- Bt. Lieut. Col. O'Malley, from Cape Corps, Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Leake, Royal Art. ret. 17 July
- Capt. Arbuthnot, from 28 F. Major of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. F. Power, Royal Art. ret. 3 do.
- Lieut. Lord Fra. Conyngham, from 17 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Hon. H. Gardner, Royal Art. ret. do.
- Lieut. Knight, from 9 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Light, Royal Art. ret. 17 July

Staff.

- Colonel Marlay, Perm. Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen. Dep. Quart. Mast. Gen. East Indies, vice Stanhope, res. 3 do.
- Bt. Lieut. Col. Riddell, Perm. Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen. and Lieut. Col. vice Marlay do.
- Warre, from h. p. 23 Dr. Perm. Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen. and Major, vice Riddell do.
- Major Broke, from Cape Corps, Perm. Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen. and Major, vice Lieut. Col. Vere, h. p. 60 F. 4 do.

Commissary Department.—Hospital Staff.

- Commissary Clerk, C. Borrett, Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. 25 Nov. 1822.
- Staff Surg. Clarke, Physician, vice O'Leary, dead 3 July
- Assist. Surg. Teeran, from 34 F. Assist. Surg. vice Twining, East Indies 25 June
- Wyer, from h. p. 81 F. Assist. Surg. do.
- Finlayson, from 8 Dr. Supern. Assist. Surg. in East Indies, vice J. Campbell, 30 F. 19 do.
- J. Young, Hosp. Assist. vice Donaldson, dead do.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

- Maj. and Bt. Lieut. Col. Cary, Lieut. Col. vice Waller, ret. 26 June 1823.
- Major Payne, Lieut. Col. vice Scott, ret. do.
- Forster, Lieut. Col. vice Owen, ret. do.
- Capt. and Bt. Major Younghusband, Major vice Cary do.
- Crawford, Major vice Payne do.
- Capt. and Bt. Lieut. Col. Sir A. Dickson, K.C.B. & K.C.H. Major vice Forster do.
- Bull, Maj. vice F. Power, 3 July

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

Capt. and Bt. Major Coffin, from h. p. Capt. vice
 Voughusband 26 June
 — Wilford, from h. p. Capt.
 — do.
 Capt. Grestley, from h. p. Capt. vice Dickson do.
 — Bastard, from h. p. Capt. vice Bull 3 July
 1st Lieut. Raynes, 2d Capt. 26 June
 — Torrianno, 2d Capt. do.
 — Mainwaring, 2d Capt. do.
 — Dalsell, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Shar-
 pin, h. p. 1 July
 Quart. Mast. Gates, from h. p. Quart. Mast. vice
 Elliot, ret. 25 June.

Royal Engineers.

1st Lieut. Boldero, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Elton,
 dead 25 May 1823.
 2d Lieut. Forbes, 1st Lieut. do.

Exchanges.

Colonel Marlay, from Staff Corps with Col. Lord
 Greenock, Perm. Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen.
 Lieut. Col. Breerton, from 49 F. with Lieut. Col.
 Daniell, Insp. Field Officer, Rec. Dist.
 Bt. Maj. Smith, from 45 F. with Capt. Hamilton,
 Ceylon Reg.
 — Macdonald, from 1 F. with Bt. Maj. Mit-
 chell, h. p. 49 F.
 Capt. Warrington, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. between a
 full pay Troop and Comp. with Capt. Cart-
 wright, h. p. 76 F.
 — Johnson, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt.
 Campbell, h. p. 65 F.
 — Chancellor, from 61 F. rec. diff. with Capt.
 Wolfe, h. p.
 — I'Estrange, from 66 F. with Capt. Hamill,
 2 W. I. R.
 — Cooper, from Ceylon Regt. with Capt.
 Taree, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
 Lieut. Wiley, from 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Macham, h. p. 19 Dr.
 — Robbins, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Robinson, h. p. 8 Dr.
 — Rowe, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Marshall, h. p. 7 F.
 — Burleigh, from 63 F. with Lieut. Summer-
 field, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
 — Nunn, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Cornet
 Allan, h. p. 18 Dr.
 Lieut. and Adj. M'Kenale, from 66 F. with Lieut.
 and Adj. Nowlan, h. p. Nova Scotia Fenc.
 Ensign & Lieut. Berkeley, from Coldst. Gds. with
 Ensign Dent, 61 F.
 Cornet Macmurdo, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with
 Cornet Malet, h. p. 21 Dr.
 — Sir T. W. White, Bt. from 3 Dr. rec. diff.
 with Philipps, h. p. 10 Dr.
 Ensign Ramsden, from 77 F. with 2d Lieut. Kel-
 lett, Rifle Brig.
 — England, from 5 F. with Ensign Derinzy,
 11 F.
 Paym. Darby, from 8 Dr. with Paym. Whitaker,
 h. p. 21 Dr.
 — Bourke, from 17 F. with Paym. Allsop,
 44 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Walker, Royal Art.
 Lieut. Col. Beatty, 7 F.
 — Scott, Royal Art.
 — Owen, do.
 — F. Power, do.
 — Boger, do.
 — Leake, do.
 Major Spawforth, 2 Ceylon Regt.
 — Bethune, 78 F.
 — Hoa. H. Gardner, Royal Art.
 — Light, do.
 Capt. Bertridge, 12 F.
 — Gladwin, 17 F.
 — A. Bernard, sen. 84 F.
 — Hunter, 2 Ceylon Regt.
 Lieut. Close, 48 F.
 — Bloomfield, do.
 Cornet & Sub-Lieut. Lord Munaster, 2 Life Gds.
 2d Lieut. Ranken, Royal Engineers.
 Ensign Hume, 93 F.
 Quart. Mast. Nourse, Wilts Militia.

Appointments Cancelled.

Ensign N. L. Macleod, 42 F.
 — Hamilton, 78 F.

Removed from the Service.

Major Bristow, h. p. 38 F.

Deaths.

General Sir C. Asgill, Bt. G.C.H. 11 F. London
 23 July 1823.
 Lieut. Gen. W. Doyle, late of 62 F.
 — Thos. Bridges, East-India Company's
 Service.
 Major Gen. Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B. 84 F. Lieut.
 Gov. Plymouth, London 24 do.
 — Hon. A. Bentleiger, East-India Com-
 pany's Service.
 — Morgan at Crofton Hall, Kent, 24 do.
 Colonel Loftus, Coldst. Gds. do.
 — O'Toole, h. p. 2 Irish Brigade, Newton
 Lodge, Wexford.
 — Docken, h. p. Foreign Vet. Bn. Onabruck
 9 Feb.
 Lieut. Col. Hutchins, 5 Dr. 2 July
 — Lambton, h. p. 33 Huigun Ghaut, near
 Nagpore 20 Jan.
 — Beatty, late of 7 F. Windsor 2 July
 Major Blanckenberg, Ceylon Regiment, Allpote,
 Kandy 14 Dec. 1822.
 — Stewart, h. p. 96 F. 21 June 1823.
 Capt. Jenkins, 12 F. Sheerness 23 July
 — Rawlins, 14 F. Meerut, Bengal 16 Jan.
 — Chapman, h. p. 68 F. Liverpool 10 June
 — Rathbone, h. p. Lieut. 20 Dr. Adjutant to
 Brecon Militia, Brecon 28 May
 — Tottenham, h. p. Invalids, Ireland 10 March
 — Janssen, h. p. 2 Hussars, Germ. Leg. Ber-
 gedorf, near Hamburg 21 May
 Lieut. Mainwaring, 1 F. Trichinopoly, Madras
 10 Feb.
 — Gourlay, h. p. 7 F. Edinburgh 29 April
 — Keown, 17 F. Fort William 8 Dec. 1822.
 — Lascelles, 31 F. on passage to Europe from
 India 1823.
 — Huston, 58 F. Berhampore, Bengal 8 Feb.
 — Marsh, 45 F. Penang, Colombo 14 Oct. 1822.
 — Windsor, 69 F.
 — Brooke, 75 F. Clifton 15 July 1823.
 — T. Cochrane, Rifle Brig.
 — Elton, Royal Engineers.
 — M'Millan, ret. list. 4 Vet. Bn. Prescott,
 Canada 30 Jan.
 — Hobson, ret. list. at William Henry, Que-
 bec 15 Dec. 1822.
 — O'Sullivan, ret. list. 1 Vet. Bn. Budd, Hol-
 land 22 April 1823.
 — Palmer, h. p. 71 F. Sierra Leone 7 May
 — Byrne, h. p. 53 F. on passage from Madras
 23 April
 — Witte, h. p. 2 Huss. Ger. Leg. Hanover,
 21 June
 — Sinclair, Ross, &c. Mil. 22 Aug.
 Ensign Geddes, 85 F. Ratanapore, Ceylon 5 Jan.
 — Martyn, h. p. 124 F. Newhaven, Sussex,
 5 April
 Paymast. Fox, 2 W. I. R. Sierra Leone 15 do.
 — Rose, h. p. 59 F. Dublin 19 March
 — O'Meara, h. p. African Corps, Sierra
 Leone 14 May
 — Harrison, Galway Militia 22 June
 Adjutant Brown, h. p. 96 F.
 Quart. Mast. Walsh, 45 F. Colombo 31 Jan.
 — Anderson, h. p. 22 Dr. Killarney
 9 June
 — Logan, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds. Dublin 24 do.
 Assist. Com. Gen. William Lane, Newfoundland
 2 May.

Medical.

Dr. Nicoll, Dep. Inspec. Sierra Leone April 1823.
 Dr. O'Leary, Physician, Isle of Wight 27 June
 Dr. Scott, h. p. Surgeon, 47 F. Armagh 26 do.
 Assist. Surg. Norman, h. p. York Rang. Langport
 10 March
 Hosp. Assist. Kinnis, Sierra Leone 27 May.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
July 1	M. 41 A. 56	29.699 571	M. 61 A. 65	E.	Morn. foggy; midday hot.	July 17	M. 42 A. 54	29.550 552	M. 58 A. 59	NW.	Fair, but dull, cold.
2	M. 46 A. 53	792 799	M. 60 A. 62	NE.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. shrs.	18	M. 45 A. 56	595 559	M. 60 A. 62	W.	Fair, but dull.
3	M. 42 A. 57	803 827	M. 64 A. 68	W.	Frost morn. foren. sunsh.	19	M. 44 A. 55	412 252	M. 58 A. 60	NW.	Dull, with showers; rain.
4	M. 44 A. 55	752 751	M. 60 A. 60	Cble.	Rain morn. day dull.	20	M. 44 A. 60	576 170	M. 57 A. 62	Cble.	Rain most of day.
5	M. 46 A. 61	546 701	M. 63 A. 65	SW.	Rain midday fair even.	21	M. 51 A. 58	255 255	M. 61 A. 62	W.	Foren. dull, showers aft.
6	M. 49 A. 57	220 28.985	M. 62 A. 60	W.	Sunshine, with shrs.	22	M. 52 A. 58	350 326	M. 62 A. 61	Cble.	Very changed, with shrs.
7	M. 40 A. 52	29.242 242	M. 57 A. 57	NW.	Dull, cold, shrs. rain.	23	M. 47 A. 55	204 28.999	M. 59 A. 54	E.	Rain for the day.
8	M. 43 A. 56	363 506	M. 60 A. 60	Cble.	Very warm, and dull.	24	M. 45 A. 53	28.380 454	M. 58 A. 57	NW.	Dull morn. sunsh. day.
9	M. 45 A. 58	555 710	M. 64 A. 65	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.	25	M. 42 A. 51	412 350	M. 57 A. 57	Cble.	Dull foren. rain aftern.
10	M. 43 A. 59	720 580	M. 65 A. 65	Cble.	Foren. warm aftern. shry.	26	M. 46 A. 53	455 494	M. 55 A. 56	Cble.	Rain morn. and aftern.
11	M. 50 A. 60	777 28.999	M. 65 A. 63	Cble.	Dull, with showers.	27	M. 42 A. 60	658 540	M. 59 A. 58	Cble.	Dull, fair, rain night.
12	M. 50 A. 57	588 29.101	M. 63 A. 63	SW.	Foren. sh. aftern. suns.	28	M. 41 A. 58	389 389	M. 61 A. 60	SW.	Fair, but dull and warm.
13	M. 50 A. 60	180 139	M. 62 A. 62	SW.	Rain morn. sunsh. aft.	29	M. 17 A. 57	304 385	M. 61 A. 60	SW.	Dull, with showers morn.
14	M. 46 A. 56	132 214	M. 60 A. 61	SW.	Dull, with showers.	30	M. 43 A. 57	399 485	M. 61 A. 59	W.	Foren. sun. rain aftern.
15	M. 45 A. 56	106 125	M. 58 A. 56	Cble.	Heavy rain most of day.	31	M. 45 A. 57	548 528	M. 62 A. 60	Cble.	Foren. warm aft. th. & lig.
16	M. 42 A. 49	186 408	M. 54 A. 53	SW.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.						

Average of Rain, 3.115 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE depth of rain, since our last, amounts to six inches and a-half. The mean temperature, for the same period, is something more than 56 degrees Fahrenheit; and there has been only seven days of sunshine, the rest being for the most part rainy or cloudy. Under such circumstances, the crop has made very little progress; and it is now but too certain that the harvest will be late; nor is the present hazy weather, and saturated state of the soil, at all favourable to the filling and forming of the grain. With the exception of wheat, the crop will be bulky. Oats are for the most part luxuriant, but very late; in some of the late districts only yet in flower. Barley is also bulky and late, though in early situations a few fields begin to change colour. Beans have increased in length, but few pods have been formed since the commencement of the rains, and those previously formed fill slowly. Pease will yield a very light return; they are for the most part in full flower, and few pods are as yet formed. The straw has become blanched at the root, where the plants stand close, which will prevent their filling freely. In the Carse of Gowrie, some wheat, with warm and clear weather, would come to the sickle before the end of the month; but in late situations, it will not be ready till nearly the end of September. On low lands, the rust is prevalent; and on high and light soils, smut is much more plentiful than usual. The ear is for the most part small; and, from existing circumstances, a full average crop will not be obtained.

With regard to the general quality of the grain, it is yet too early to pronounce. Warm and dry weather would still do much in promoting a fine sample; but should the rains continue much longer, the consequence may be serious. Little has been lodged, notwithstanding of the frequency of the rains, and apparent luxuriance of some parts of the crop; but this has been prevented partly by the firmness of stem, produced under the dry weather in the early part of summer, and partly by the frequent loud winds which have followed heavy showers. Turnips and potatoes do not make that progress which they would have made under the same temperature with less moisture. Clearing fallows is almost impracticable; and we observe much dung laid out for plowing down where the ground is by no means in proper condition.

The present unfavourable appearance has as yet made little alteration in the corn market. Speculators, however, begin to enquire after wheat, which is now getting into few hands. Hay has been made with difficulty, and much has been damaged.

Perthshire, 14th April 1823.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.			Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck.	1823.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal			
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.					s. d.	Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.	
July 16	265	26 0	33 0	31 4	—	—	17 6	24 0	17 0	18 0	8	1 6	July 15	368	1 5	62	1 2
28	266	26 0	33 0	32 5	24 6	27 0	18 0	24 6	18 0	19 0	8 1	1 6	22	434	1 5	71	1 2
30	267	27 0	33 6	31 9	—	—	19 6	24 0	18 6	20 0	9	1 4	23	404	1 5	79	1 2
Aug. 6	271	27 6	33 6	32 4	—	26 6	18 6	24 0	18 0	19 6	9	1 0	Aug. 5	415	1 5	82	1 2
13	276	28 6	38 0	33 10	20 0	25 6	19 6	21 6	18 0	19 6	9	0 10	12	447	1 5	79	1 2

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs.						Oats, 264 lbs.						Barley, 320 lbs.						Bns. & Pee.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.	
	Dumfries.		For. red.		British.		Irish.		British.		English.		Scots.		Scots.		Scots.				s.	d.
July	17	30	—	—	—	—	26 0	30 0	16 0	19 6	17 0	22 0	28 0	30 0	25 0	25 0	18 0	20 0	18 0	20 0	48	49 0
	28	—	—	—	—	—	28 0	31 0	16 0	18 6	18 0	23 0	28 0	30 0	25 0	28 0	19 0	20 0	18 0	21 0	48	49 0
	30	—	—	—	—	—	30 0	31 6	16 6	20 0	18 0	23 0	32 0	33 0	28 0	32 0	19 0	20 0	18 0	21 0	48	49 0
Aug.	6	—	—	—	—	—	30 0	33 0	17 0	21 0	18 0	25 0	32 0	33 0	28 0	32 0	20 0	23 0	18 0	21 0	48	49 0
	13	—	—	—	—	—	31 0	33 0	17 6	21 0	19 0	24 0	32 0	30 0	28 0	32 0	20 0	23 0	18 8	22 6	50	42 0

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.			Pease.	Beans.	1823.	Oatmeal.	
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		Per BOLL.	Pr. Peck
July 18	453	26 0	31 6	29 2	17 6	30 0	20 0	22 0	16 20 0	16 0	19 0	1 3
26	442	28 0	33 0	31 3	28 0	31 6	20 0	24 0	16 20 0	16 0	20 0	1 3 1
Aug. 1	437	27 0	33 0	31 5	26 6	30 0	20 0	23 6	17 20 6	16 0	19 6	1 4
8	471	29 0	34 6	32 5	25 0	23 0	20 0	24 0	18 21 0	16 0	21 0	1 4
13	431	31 6	37 6	35 3	26 6	30 0	22 0	25 6	19 22 0	20 0	23 0	1 4

Dalkeith.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.			Pease.	Beans.	1823.	Oatmeal.	
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		Per BOLL.	Pr. Peck
July 14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	21	17 0	19 6
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	28	18 6	20 6
Aug. 4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11	17 6	20 8

London.

1823.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.				Beans.				Pease.				Flour, 280 lb.				Quar. Loaf.				
				Fd & Pol.		Potal.		Pigeon.		Tick.		Boiling.		Grey.		Fine.		2d.						
July 14	42	64	32	34	27	33	19	27	22	27	32	36	28	33	40	48	37	40	50	55	42	50	—	9
21	44	66	32	34	27	33	19	27	22	27	33	37	29	34	40	42	37	39	50	55	42	50	—	9
28	44	66	32	34	29	37	19	27	22	27	35	39	30	36	40	42	37	39	50	55	42	50	—	9
Aug. 4	44	66	32	34	29	37	19	27	22	28	33	39	32	37	40	42	37	39	50	55	42	50	—	9
11	42	64	30	32	29	37	20	27	24	30	35	40	32	37	40	42	37	39	50	55	42	50	—	9

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat. 70 lb.			Oats. 45 lb.			Barley. 60 lb.			Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.		Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.											
	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.		s.	d.		q.	Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.									
July 15	4	6	9	3	3	0	3	3	4	0	4	8	—	32	36	27	48	40	43	38	44	30	32	27	30	22	26	
22	4	6	9	6	3	1	3	4	4	0	4	8	36	38	34	34	28	50	40	46	40	45	30	32	27	30	22	26
29	4	6	9	6	3	1	3	4	4	0	4	8	36	38	34	34	28	50	40	47	40	46	30	32	27	30	22	26
Aug. 5	4	6	9	8	3	1	3	4	4	6	5	0	36	38	34	39	28	50	40	47	40	46	30	33	27	30	22	26
12	4	6	10	0	3	0	3	6	4	9	5	3	38	40	36	40	30	54	42	48	40	47	30	33	28	31	27	30

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
July 5	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
12	60 1	36 7	31 6	25 1	32 9	36 5	—
19	59 10	37 0	32 8	25 4	33 2	36 11	—
26	58 9	37 9	32 11	24 8	32 8	37 10	—
Aug. 2	58 9	36 0	32 7	25 2	32 8	35 11	—
9	59 7	36 1	34 2	25 4	33 8	35 9	—

Course of Exchange, London, Aug. 12.—Amsterdam, 12: 10. Ditto at sight 12: 8. Rotterdam, 12: 11. Antwerp, 12: 9. Hamburgh, 38: 2. Altona, 38: 3. Paris, 3 days sight, 25: 80. Bourdeaux, 26: 5. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 158. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 52. Rio Janeiro, 52. Dublin, 9½ ½ cent. Cork 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £.0.0.0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3.17.6.—New Doubloons, £.3.15.0.—New Dollars, £.0.4.8½.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0.4.10½.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. a 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. a 30s.—Belfast, 25s. a 30s.—Hambro', 20s. a 50s.—Madeira, 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. a 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from July 16th to Aug 13th 1823.

	July 16.	July 23.	July 30.	Aug. 6.	Aug. 13.
Bank Stock.....	224½	226½	223	225½	226½
3 ½ cent. reduced	83½	83½	82½	83½	83½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	82½	83½	81½	82½	83
3½ ½ cent. do.....	95½	96½	94½	96½	96½
4 ½ cent. do.....	99½	100½	99½	100½	100½
Ditto New do.....	100½	103	100½	101½	102
India Stock.....	—	258	—	—	261½
— Bonds.....	51 pr.	—	56 pr.	63 pr.	61 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	27 pr.	31 pr.	28 pr.	31 pr.	30 pr.
Consols for account.....	84½	83½	81½	82½	82½
French 5 ½ cents.....	81 fr. 25 c.	91 fr. 78 c.	90 fr. 50 c.	91 fr.—	93 fr. 40 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of June and the 20th of July 1823: extracted from the London Gazette.

- Armand, C. P. and A. Solari, Battersea, vitriol-manufacturers.
 Baker, W. Walcot, near Bath, carpenter.
 Beaumont, J. Wheatstone, Yorkshire, merchant.
 Bristow, J. Bristol, ironmonger.
 Bunker, T. Church-street, Deptford, timber-merchant.
 Butler, J. Whitechurch, Shropshire, innkeeper.
 Carter, S. Stratford, cheesemonger.
 Clancy, J. York, tailor.
 Coles, S. Exeter, innkeeper.
 Crabb, W. Telford, Somersetshire, fuller.
 Crowther, W. L. Green-street, Grosvenor-square, milliner.
 Crutchley, H. Warwick & Coventry, linen-draper.
 Daniels, A. Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, diamond-merchant.
 Dions, J. Holywell, Flintshire, corn-dealer.
 Dobson, W. Gateshead, Durham, chemist.
 Dods, R. High-street, Southwark, linen-draper.
 Emsley, W. Pudsey, Yorkshire, clothier.
 Forbes, W. Gateshead, Durham, nurseryman.
 Gaisford, R. Bristol, baker and mealman.
 Glanfield, J. Strand, wine-merchant.
 Gooden, J. Chiwell-street, victualler.
 Harkness, J. Chapel-place, Long-lane, Southwark, timber-merchant.
 Hastings, E. Lower Smith-street, Northampton-square, milkman.
 Hague, G. Hull, haberdasher.
 Hyams, J. Coventry-street, Haymarket, jeweller.
 Illingworth, J. and J. Knowles, Leeds, merchants.
 James, W. West Bromwich, coal-master.
 Jones, J. Brecon, maltster.
 Kaines, H. Manstone, Dorsetshire, cattle-dealer.
 Kenton, J. Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, draper.
 King, J. Ipswich, ironmonger.
 Kirby, T. Bethnal green road, draper.
 Lancaster, J. Jun. Bethnal green road, butcher.
 Lucas, E. Shepherd's Market, Hanover-square, milk-man.
 M'Turk, B. Hull, grocer.
 Mawe, H. M. Loughborough, coach-proprietor.
 Mawley, J. New-street, Covent-garden, boot and shoe-maker.
 M'Alis, J. Liverpool, tailor.
 Martyn, E. Taunton, druggist.
 Moorhouse, J. Eastworth, Yorkshire, clothier.
 Mortimer, W. Manchester, joiner.
 Munton, J. Highgate, corn-chandler.
 Nettleton, J. Sloane-square, ironmonger.
 Nichols, E. John's Mews, Bedford-row, cow-keeper.
 Noad, J. Clifford Mill, Somersetshire, fuller.
 Owen, W. Islington, stage-master.
 Phillips, W. Bristol, linen-draper.
 Purdie, J. Sise-lane, merchant.
 Read, J. and J. Jacob, Love-lane, cloth-workers.
 Reynolds, T. Westbury, Wilts, clothier.
 Roberts, C. Aldermaston, Berkshire, maltster.
 Robinson, F. New Malton, Yorkshire, spirit-merchant.
 Smith, J. Camomile-street, tailor.
 Smith, W. T. E. Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, carpenter.
 Stevens, J. Harrington Texteth-park, near Liverpool, joiner.
 Stephens, R. Goswell-street, saddler.
 Stibb, J. sen. Bishop Wilton, Yorkshire, butcher.
 Sykes, T. Bath Easton, Somersetshire, clothier.
 Thorpe, M. Worksop, Nottinghamshire, maltster.
 Tribaudino, C. J. Cleveland-street, Mile End, silk-dyer.
 Welker, M. and J. F. Leicester-square, tailors.
 Welton, N. Bredfield, Suffolk, horse-dealer.
 Widger, A. Buckfastleigh, Devonshire, woollen-draper.
 Wilson, T. Carlisle, coach-maker.
 Wool, T. Lane-end, Staffordshire, currier.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced July 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Aiken, James, merchant and warehouseman in Glasgow.
 Bailie, Daniel & Hugh, Parkhead of Dalziel.
 Colville, Alexander, printer in Dundee.
 Forbes, William, vintner in Inverness.
 McArthur, Peter, merchant in Inverary.
 Mackintosh & Bell, merchants in Glasgow.
 McIntyre, Peter, shoemaker and leather-merchant in Glasgow.
 McNeil, James & Co. manufacturers, &c. in Glasgow.
 Matheson, John, late tanner in Inverness, now tackman of Drynie.
 Moffat, Alexander, merchant in Airdrie.
 Neilson, George, merchant and spirit-dealer in Airdrie.
 Rae, John, Candlemaker in Edinburgh.
 Russell, Thomas, plasterer in Glasgow.
 Singer, Adam, merchant and grocer in Aberdeen.
 Stevenson, John, & Co. dyers, printers, and merchants in Glasgow.
 Young, Alexander, ship-owner and merchant in Perth.

DIVIDENDS.

Carswell, Walter & George, and Robert Carswell & Co. manufacturers in Paisley; by J. McGavin, accountant in Glasgow.
 Clark, John, junior, merchant in Inverness; by Robert Murray, accountant there.
 Currie, Hugh, salt-merchant in Saltcoats; by John Kerr, writer in Glasgow.
 Cushney, William, merchant in Aberdeen; by A. Webster, advocate there.
 Douglas, John, draper in Dumfries; by John Hair, draper there.
 Gordon, James & M. cattle-dealers, stewartry of Kirkcudbright; by J. Niven, Kirkcudbright.
 McDonald, Wm. & Alex. merchants in Edinburgh; by Thomas Robinson, merchant there.
 Pringle, James, tanner in Haddington; by Thomas Legat, Millhill, Musselburgh.
 Tennant & Co. merchants in Edinburgh; by Donaldson & Ramsay, W. S. there.
 Thomson, Andrew, ship-owner, West Wemyss; by J. L. Cooper, writer, Kirkcaldy.
 Watt, John, junior, late merchant in Edinburgh; by J. Spence, accountant there.

Obituary.

THE LATE SIR HENRY RAE BURN.

Died at his House, at Stockbridge, Edinburgh, on the 8th of July, Sir Henry Raeburn, portrait-painter to his Majesty. The talents of this eminent and excellent person have done much honour to Scotland, and entitle him to be ranked as a portrait-painter in the same class with Reynolds and Lawrence. His full-length pictures of the Earl of Hopetoun, Lord Frederick Campbell, Sir David Baird, Adam Rolland, Esq. Glenagarry, and many more, might be mentioned as proofs that he was equally remarkable for correctness of drawing, freedom of pencilling, brilliancy of colouring, and a personification of character not less vigorous than graceful. He possessed the rare faculty of producing in every instance the most striking and agreeable likeness, and of indicating intellectual expression and dignity of demeanor, wherever they appeared in the original; often approaching in his portraits to the elevation of historical painting. His modesty was equal to his merit; and in his intercourse with the young candidates for public favour, he was uniformly kind, communicative, and liberal; and on all occasions had the candour to bestow just praise on rival excellence.—The Royal Academy in London, in testimony of their high estimation of his talents, elected him, first an associate, and afterwards an academican, without solicitation. And when his Majesty, on his visit to Edinburgh, conferred the honour of Knighthood upon the distinguished artist, we do not recollect any occasion on which a more universal feeling of satisfaction was expressed.

In society, few men were more acceptable than Sir Henry; for he possessed a cheerful disposition, much good sense, and an inexhaustible store of anecdotes. In his domestic relations, no man could dispense or receive a greater degree of happiness; and those who had opportunities of seeing him in the midst of his family, will ever cherish the recollection of his amiable and endearing qualities.

Sir Henry was a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a member of the late Imperial Academy of Florence, a member of the Academy of New York, and a few days before his death received a commission appointing him portrait-painter in Scotland to the King.

THE LATE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

Died at his seat of Fleurs, in Roxburghshire, on the 19th July, his Grace, James Innes Ker, fifth Duke and ninth Earl of Roxburghe. He was born on the 10th of January 1736. He was the second son of Sir Harry Innes of Innes, Bart.

and of Anne, second daughter of Sir James Grant of Grant, Bart. His great-grandfather, Sir James Innes of Innes, married, in 1666, Margaret Ker, third daughter of Harry Lord Ker, son of Robert, first Earl of Roxburghe, and, as the lineal male descendant of this marriage, his Grace was, after a long and expensive litigation, adjudged by the House of Peers to be the undoubted heir to the honours and estates of Roxburghe. His Grace succeeded, in these honours and estates, William, fourth Duke, who died in 1805, and who was the last of the male line of William, second Earl of Roxburghe.

The family of Innes of that ilk is of great antiquity, and it possessed large and valuable estates in the district of Moray for many generations. The first of the family we find on record is Berowaldus Flandrensis, who was a man of considerable rank and distinction, and made a great figure in the reign of Malcolm IV., about the years 1155 or 1156. The late Duke was the two-and-twentieth generation from Berowaldus, in a direct male line; and it was remarked by Duncan Forbes of Culloden, in his history of the house of Innes, that in all the long course of their succession, they were fortunate in three things: "First, that their inheritance never went to a woman; next, that none of them ever married an ill wife; thirdly, that no friend ever suffered for their debt." His Grace's father was a staunch friend to Government during the rebellion in 1745, and was of great service in aiding the exertions made at that time among the disaffected clans of the north, by his illustrious and ill-requited kinsman, Duncan Forbes, in favour of the House of Brunswick. Whilst the rebel forces were in the neighbourhood of Innes House, the Duke, then scarcely ten years of age, very narrowly escaped being shot by a passing Highlander, who discharged his piece at the door where his Grace was standing, and missed him only by a few inches.

His Grace entered the army at an early period of life, and served in Germany with reputation during the seven years' war. He had a company in the 88th regiment of foot in the year 1759, and in the 58th regiment of foot in 1779. In 1764, he was served heir to his father in the estate of Innes. In 1769, he married Mary, daughter of Sir John Wray of Glentworth, in the county of Lincoln, Bart. by Frances, daughter of Fairfax Norcliffe, of Langton, in the county of York, Esq. and after her decease, without issue, in 1807, he married, secondly, his present Duchess, Harriet, daughter of the late Benjamin Charleswood, Esq. of Windlesham. His only surviving child, now Duke of Roxburghe, was born at Fleurs on the 12th day of July 1816.

In his person and countenance his Grace was, in his early years, a model of masculine beauty, and Reynolds never exercised his talents on a finer subject, than when he traced the likeness at present in the collection at Fleurs. His Grace retained, in old age, a noble and commanding presence, and we have seldom seen, even at a much less advanced period of life, any one exhibit, till his last fatal illness, fewer symptoms of declining age. Since the period of making Fleurs his ordinary place of residence, he invariably patronised and gave his liberal and efficient aid to every undertaking which he conceived had for its

object the happiness, comfort, or improvement of the community. The revenues of his princely estate he expended with judicious munificence; and on every side we trace the effects of his bounty and public spirit. His charity, co-operating with that of his amiable Duchess, was as unparalling as it was well directed. His sense of honour would have done credit to the purest age of chivalry; and no man, of any rank or station, seemed more deeply impressed with the sublime truths of the Christian religion, or made its precepts more steadily his rule of conduct.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- 1825, June 15. At Farnham, Dorset, the Lady of Sir S. Stuart, Bart. a son and heir.
 24. At Lochnacaw Castle, Lady Agnew, a son.
 28. At Carnell Park, the Lady of Sir Joseph Radcliff, Bart. a daughter.
 29. At Lochgilphead, the Lady of Capt. Niel McLachlan, of Kilmochanoch, a son.
 — In Fort Street, North Leith, the wife of Lieut. Charles Smith, Royal Navy, a son.
 30. At Merchiston House, near Edinburgh, Mrs Hepburne, of Clarkington, a daughter.
 — At Glenalloch House, West Tarbert, the Lady of Lieut. James Wright, 24th foot, of twin sons.
 July 1. In Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Cook, a daughter.
 2. At Craighower, Mrs Blackburn, of Killearn, a son.
 4. At Ballygiblin, county of Cork, the Lady of William Wrixon Becher, Esq. a daughter.
 5. At Hopetoun House, the Countess of Hopetoun, a daughter.
 6. At Craighleith House, Mrs Fleming, a son.
 8. At Geneva, the Lady of Major-General Sir Wm. Inglis, K.C.B. a son.
 8. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Sir James Montgomery, Bart. M.P. a son.
 — At Portobello, the Lady of Donald Charles Cameron, Esq. a daughter.
 11. Mrs Clay, Dykethew, a daughter.
 13. At Beaver Hall, near Edinburgh, Mrs Major Bogle, a daughter.
 14. At Woodilee, the Lady of George Scott Elliot, Esq. of Larristoun, a daughter.
 — Mrs Baillie of Culterhall, a still-born son.
 15. At Edinburgh, Mrs Colquhoun Stirling, a daughter.
 19. At Ottenston, Fifeshire, the Lady of Rear-Admiral Moulbray, C. B. a daughter.
 — At Cockenzie, Mrs H. F. Cadell, a son.
 20. At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Archibald Campbell, Esq. a son.
 22. At Castle Craig, the Hon. Lady Gibson Carmichael, a son.
 24. At Dumfries, Mrs Dr Symonds, a son.
 25. At Kirkcaldy, Mrs Stark, a son.
 Latey. At Great Russel Street, London, the Lady of James Loch, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- 1825, Nov. 28. At Broomshur, East Indies, Hugh Smyth Mercer, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's medical service, Bengal establishment, youngest son of the deceased Hugh Smyth Mercer, Esq. W.S. to Frances, fourth daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Hugh Stafford, of the Bengal army.
 Dec. 22. At Putang, East Indies, William Purves, Esq. Commander of the Baron Vander Capellen, in the Dutch East India service, to Cornelia Louisa, daughter of — Intrild, Esq.
 1825, Jan. 15. At Quilon, in the East Indies, Captain Charles F. Grive, of the Hon. Company's marines, and Master Attendant at Quilon, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James Arnott, Esq. Artnike, Forfarshire.
 March 11. At Dundas, district of Gore, Upper Canada, Robert Berrie, Esq. barrister at law (formerly of Glasgow), to Helen Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Johnston Butler, of Niagara, Esq.

- June 18. At Torboll, Sutherlandshire, William Murray, junior, Esq. to Jane, third daughter of Kenneth Mackay, Esq. Conventer of that county.
 26. At Cheltenham, the Rev. John Netherton Harward, eldest son of the Rev. J. Harward, of Hartlebury, Worcestershire, to Harriet, daughter of Richard Butler, Esq. of West-hall, near Cheltenham.
 28. At Edinburgh, Edward Stock, Esq. of Poplar, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir John Innes, Bart.
 30. At Gladwood, near Melrose, George G. Hill, Esq. Gower Street, Bedford Square, London, to Isabella, eldest daughter of John Anderson, Esq. of Gladwood.
 — At Lochgar House, Lieut. Niel Campbell, of the 9th regiment of Bengal native infantry, to Isabella Ann, daughter of the deceased Charles Campbell, Esq. of Lukuary.
 — At Glasgow, John Wakefield, jun. Esq. of Broughton Lodge, Lancashire, to Frances, eldest daughter of Mr James M'Arthur, Glasgow.
 — At Ayr, Mr John Fletcher, surgeon in Irvine, to Miss Agnes, youngest daughter of Henry Cowan, Esq. banker, Ayr.
 July 1. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Thomas Henry Yorke, M.A. vicar of Bishop Middleton, county of Durham, and rector of St Cuthberts, York, to Maria, daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Mark Napier.
 — At Edinburgh, Adam Wylie, Esq. Solicitor, to Mary, daughter of the late Hew Burn, Esq. North Berwick.
 — At Fortrose, the Rev. Robert Milne, Chaplain of Fort George, to Jane Gordon, third daughter of Colin Matheson, Esq. of Bennetfield.
 — Mr John Harrison, merchant, Edinburgh, to Christina, youngest daughter of the late John Baillie, Esq.
 2. At Largs, D. K. Sandford, Esq. Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, to Miss Charnock, only daughter of the late Robert Charnock, Esq.
 5. At Kelso, the Rev. James Porteous, Jedburgh, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Robinson, merchant there.
 — At Tain, James Harper, Esq. distiller, Clynelish, to Jane Baillie, eldest daughter of the late James Innes, Esq. Agent for the Bank of Scotland there.
 5. At Elgin, Patrick Cameron, Esq. writer, to Ann, daughter of George Fenton, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Elginshire.
 — At London, the Hon. Mr Henry Lascelles, second son of the Earl and Countess of Harwood, to Lady Louisa Thynne, second eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath.
 7. At Liverpool, Ralph Smith, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Sarah Phillips, eldest daughter of the late Captain Bridge, of the Hon. East India Company's service.
 — At Glasgow, James Ellis, Esq. merchant, to Christina, second daughter of William Watson, Esq. writer.
 — At Edinburgh, Lieut. William Snell, R. N. to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Mr Andrew Dissat, writer, Edinburgh.
 — At Edinburgh, the Rev. Alex. Macpherson, minister of the parish of Golspie, Sutherlandshire, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Robert Young, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.
 8. At Edinburgh, Robt. Davidson, Esq. banker,

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER 1823.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REVEREND JOHN FLEMING OF CRAIGS, MINISTER
OF COLINTON.

THERE are few individuals, however limited the sphere of their actions, whose lives may not become an object of interest, when they are fairly and truly delineated. If a man has been gifted by Nature with talent or abilities which have been obscured by indolence, we may learn from it the duty of exertion; if he has been actively and usefully benevolent, the good may profit by his example.

The Rev. John Fleming, the subject of the present memoir, was born on the 31st of August 1750, at the farm-house of Craigs, in the parish of Bathgate, West Lothian. His father was an industrious farmer, who, to his paternal property of Craigs, added another farm in the same parish, called Torbane: he died while Mr Fleming was a boy, and left him the owner of these two farms, which, at that period, though now very much increased in value, produced a yearly rent of little more than fifty pounds sterling. The mother of Mr Fleming, who appears to have been a person of great merit, was left a widow, with another son and daughter; and on this limited income, she not only educated her family respectably, but added to the common-stock by her own industry.

Mr Fleming commenced his education at the parish school of Bathgate. In his fourteenth year, he entered the University of Edinburgh. Here he gave early promise of becoming an excellent Latin scholar;

he also made considerable progress in the Greek language, which he continued to cultivate during the rest of his life, by the reading of Homer and the Greek Testament; but the Latin classics, and the philosophy of ancient Rome, were the favourite objects of his study.

Having been originally destined for the clerical office, on the completion of the prescribed course of study at the University, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Linlithgow.

By the early decease of his father, the management of the small property to which he succeeded devolved upon him; and not having any immediate view to preferment in the church, he turned his attention, in a great degree, to the improvement of his paternal estate. His natural sagacity, and superior education, soon led him to perceive that the state of agriculture in his native parish was capable of great improvement; and he lost no time in making himself acquainted with the best modes of draining, and enclosing, and the other farming operations, which of late years have added so much to the wealth and resources of the country. At this period, he often guided the plough, worked with his own hand in the labours of agriculture, and devoted himself with great enthusiasm to the cultivation of this primitive science: and at a later period of life, it was his constant maxim, that to make two blades of grass, or corn,

spring up, where one only had formerly grown, was conferring a solid benefit on the community.

The success of his farming operations soon induced his neighbours, in defiance of their peculiar prejudices, to adopt his improvements, and attracted also the attention of the great landholders of the county. At this time, and in the midst of these occupations, he was the friend and patron of merit, so far as his limited opportunities permitted, and was looked up to as a sound adviser, in those cases of difficulty or distress which occurred among the poor around him, or within the sphere of his influence. He was also frequently referred to as an arbiter in the disputes which occurred among his neighbours, in their domestic as well as their agricultural concerns; and from the solid judgment and benevolence of his character, with his knowledge of rural affairs, he was well qualified for the discharge of this duty.

Ten or twelve years of Mr Fleming's life were passed in this obscure, though useful manner; and this interval afforded him, also, that leisure for reading and reflection, which were afterwards so conspicuous in the acquirements of his mind. Now, however, a new occupation opened to him, which promised more lucrative employment than that of the mere cultivator of his paternal acres. About the year 1786, he became factor for Neil, Earl of Roseberry, and his residence was transferred to that nobleman's estate of Barnbogle, near Queensferry. There he spent some years, and had the opportunity, under his Lordship's tuition, of acquiring much knowledge of the world and of actual business, being employed alternately as farmer, merchant, accountant, or lawyer, as the case required. This trust he executed with great judgment and fidelity, and in the course of it, he had many opportunities of bringing forward deserving men as farmers or overseers, greatly to the benefit both of the proprietors and the country.

His situation in life was now, however, to be more permanently fixed; for in the year 1789 he was presented by the Earl of Roseberry to the

church of Primrose, or Cairnton, in the Presbytery of Dalkeith, situated about ten miles south of Edinburgh, where he officiated as pastor for a period of fifteen years.

In the discharge of his ministerial duties, Mr Fleming was distinguished by exemplary diligence; and his interest for the welfare of his parishioners was not exclusively confined to their spiritual concerns, but extended also to their worldly comfort and prosperity. In this respect the Scottish Clergy are pre-eminent, and cannot be too much commended. They have the advantage of holding a rank highly respectable in the society of which they are members, with the rare addition of not being too far removed from the middle and lower ranks, to prevent their being useful to both, by their advice or assistance, in the common affairs of life. Mr Fleming, therefore, did not hesitate to apply his extensive knowledge to the discharge of every duty which he believed came within the compass of his pastoral office. In this view of his duty, as a minister, much of his time was occupied in providing for the comforts and necessities of his parishioners; in difficulty, he afforded them advice,—in distress, comfort,—in want, pecuniary assistance; nor did he think it unsuitable to his character, to point out to the unskilful and improvident the best modes of improving and enjoying the earnings of their industry.

His sermons, for several years after his settlement at Primrose, were written and composed with much care, and display great vigour of mind, and powers of illustration, which, under favourable circumstances, might have been polished to excellence. But being destined to instruct plain people in a country parish, he soon perceived that such sermons were not fitted to produce their full effect upon his audience. His ambition was to be useful, rather than admired, and therefore he studied to prepare such discourses as the most illiterate might understand, and, latterly, seldom wrote them on. He did not, at any time, make practice of reading his sermons in the pulpit, which, indeed, his extreme shortness of sight would have re-

dered very inconvenient ; he thought a short outline better for his purpose ; and having adjusted the heads, he preached from careful meditation, making the simplicity of the gospel his model. Conscious of the sanctity of the message which he delivered, he studiously avoided every thing mean or colloquial by which it might be degraded. His delivery was not remarkable for grace or elegance, but there was in every sermon so much sound sense and genuine piety, that they never failed to command attention ; and some were highly valued for their just observation and reasoning ; particularly one on this text, "*Seek, that ye may excel to the edifying of the Church*," which he preached at the induction of Mr Kellock of Crichton, and which, when delivered on other occasions, was greatly admired. Among the English divines, he particularly admired the writings of Barrow, Tillotson, and Hoadley ; among our own, those of Charters had much of his esteem ; and, as philosophical divines, Butler and Price were his favourites. As an author, he was extremely fastidious, being well aware that no published work can succeed unless of the first excellence. The only composition of his, to which publicity has been given, is the Account of the Parish of Cairnton, printed in the Statistical Account of Scotland, and often quoted with approbation, for its enlightened and solid remarks†.

No one entertained a higher value, or a more ardent love, for civil and religious liberty, than Mr Fleming. He mentioned to some of his intimate friends, that he felt this disposition strongly from his earliest recollection ; and he believed that it was cherished, in a great degree, from hearing, in his infancy, that his great-grandfather had suffered death as a Covenanter, under the arbitrary reign of the Stuarts‡. This feeling increased with his years, and inspired him with a hatred of arbi-

trary power, which he never failed to reprobate, on every occasion where he saw the slightest desire to stretch the law, at the expence of justice or humanity.

While Mr Fleming resided at Primrose, that remarkable event, the French Revolution, was too intimately connected with the principles which he had imbibed, not to excite in him the deepest interest ; and when, by the Constitution which the King accepted in 1789, the French nation seemed likely to enjoy a portion of rational liberty, he heartily rejoiced in it ; but was indeed mortified that they had not wisdom to retain that Constitution, and shocked at the excesses committed by the anarchists during the reign of terror. He did not, however, think that just notions of human liberty were to be despised, because bad men had embarked in the cause, any more than he was of opinion that our religion was to be considered as contaminated, because it had been for ages defiled by the impurities of superstition. He maintained, also, that Great Britain had no right to interfere in settling the French Government, and that the destructive war in which she afterwards engaged on that account, might have been avoided. The local politics of Scotland were at that period so virulent, and parties so much divided, that those who thought differently on these subjects, did not hesitate to brand him as an enemy to his country. Those, however, who knew Mr Fleming's genuine worth, and that he differed with them purely upon principle, continued their friendship, and never ceased to cultivate his acquaintance.

About 1793, when political feeling was at its height, and Muir, Margarot, and others, were transported for the crime of sedition, under sentences of the High Court of Justiciary, Mr Fleming's friends were not, for some time, without anxiety

* 1 Cor. xiv. 12.

† "On Preparation for Death : a Sermon preached at Colinton on the 2d February, being the first Sabbath after the interment of the Rev. John Fleming, late Minister of that parish ; with a short Memoir of the deceased. By D. Scot, M. D. Minister of Corstorphine. Edinburgh, 1823."

‡ While in health, Mr Fleming used to give an annual dinner to his most intimate friends, in honour of his ancestor.

on his account, though he had certainly never attended any of the societies or meetings which were held at that period; but as the free expression of liberal opinions could not be characterised as criminal, he was never on that account made the object of any hostile measure.

Mr Fleming was, in 1804, translated to the Parish of Colinton, within four miles of Edinburgh, on the unsolicited presentation of the Earl of Lauderdale, the patron. This arrangement appears to have been communicated by his Lordship to Mr Fleming, through the medium of a mutual friend, previous to the death of Dr Walker, the then incumbent. A copy of Mr Fleming's letter to the Noble Earl, on this occasion, has been preserved, and its insertion here may not be deemed unsuitable.

—
“*Primrose, Dec. 20, 1802.*

“MY LORD,

“Our very excellent friend, Mr Gibson, has sent me your Lordship's letter to him, dated 26th of last month. The quaintness of compliment is suited to the character and intercourse of only vain and frivolous men. For this reason, the parade of verbal gratitude shall, on the present occasion, be forborne. It is, however, a fact too obvious to escape notice, that the unsolicited and spontaneous offer which your Lordship has been pleased to make me, furnishes a proof that there remains, even among the Peers of Scotland, one whose liberal and disinterested mind considers an uniform adherence to those principles and measures which are favourable to the liberty and happiness of mankind, though unsupported by any other claim, as deserving patronage and encouragement. Permit me to assure your Lordship of another fact,—that the satisfaction of mind arising from reflection on my conduct, and which has greatly overbalanced every inconvenience which the temper of the times may have occasioned, has been heightened by this testimony of your Lordship's approbation, and that it is one of the few things by which this effect could have been produced.

“Whether your Lordship's generous intention shall ever be realized, like every future event, depends upon contingencies, many of which are beyond the reach of human foresight or controul. But whatever may be the event, I trust the kindness and generosity of your Lordship's intention shall always be sufficient to keep

in my mind a just sense of the obligation, and lead to an independence and propriety of conduct which will shew that your Lordship's favour has not been entirely misplaced.”

Mr Fleming had previously to this been offered two other livings in the church, which he did not accept. We have reason to believe, that at first he was not very cordially received by his parishioners at Colinton; but the real worth of his character was soon discovered, and during the remainder of his life, he enjoyed their full regard and esteem. He thought that he could never serve God better than when doing good to men, and continued to make himself useful to his parishioners as a friend and adviser in their secular affairs, as well as in religion and morality. Being a scholar by education and taste, and a man of business by habit, he was a fit companion for men in all ranks of life; and from the natural frankness of his disposition, his society continued to be much courted. He was often consulted by gentlemen for his opinion on the value of land, and was frequently taken to distant parts of the country for this purpose, without, however, neglecting the duties of his charge. He was particularly strict in keeping up public worship in his church, and was seldom absent on the Sabbath. The keenness and intemperate zeal about trifles which often appeared in ecclesiastical courts, induced him, in a great measure, to absent himself; for it was his settled opinion, that the Ministers of religion, by servility to the rich and great, and by making themselves the tools of political faction, degrade their office and their characters in the estimation of their flocks, and consequently diminish the extent of their own usefulness.

In his new charge at Colinton, Mr Fleming continued to indulge his taste for elegant literature; and while in vigorous health, he often devoted eight or nine hours in the day to study. His desire of knowledge was insatiable and his reading unwearied to the last. He understood Latin and French remarkably well; and some of the best authors in these languages, as well as the classical writers of our own, were the constant companions of his leisure hours. In French litera-

ture, Vertot, Fenelon, Le Sage, Rochefoucauld, (whose moral maxims he constantly perused,) Raynal, and Say, were his favourite writers; Cicero, Sallust, Horace, Lucan, and particularly Juvenal, the greatest part of whose satires he had completely by heart, among the Latins. In our own literature, he put a high value on the works of Adam Smith and Samuel Johnson; and Shakespeare, Addison, Pope, Crabbe, and Campbell, were his frequent companions.

In the beginning of the year 1818, he suffered by a stroke of the palsy, which very much debilitated him, and was, indeed, the cause of his death; for although he lived nearly five years afterwards, he never recovered complete health, either of body or mind. In this condition, he once attempted to address the congregation at the time of the Sacrament, but was unable to proceed; he continued, however, to perform the offices of marriage and baptism until about a year before his death, when he found it necessary to desist, even from the exertion required on these occasions. But his mind was still sufficiently collected to be much affected by finding that he was now altogether useless in the discharge of his ministerial duties; to the last, however, it remained perfectly sound, although his power of expression by words became gradually less: but the same benevolence of disposition which characterised him in health, never deserted him, as was manifest to his friends, by his appearance, when he could no longer articulate. He died of pure exhaustion, with hardly any struggle, on the 23d of January 1823, in the seventy-third year of his age, and was, by his own desire, buried in the family sepulchre at Bathgate.

Mr Fleming indicated strongly, by his appearance, the ideas which attach to his character; he was indifferent about dress, excepting as to cleanliness, and used no more of the clerical habit than a black coat on Sunday, and the Geneva band when in the pulpit. Yet, notwithstanding the plainness, and even occasional negligence of his dress, his

appearance and personal manners were free from vulgarity, and always bespoke the man of education and refinement of mind. *Simplex munditiis* was his motto, and extended from his person to the frugality of his domestic arrangements.

But however frugal he might be in his own pecuniary disbursements, he was nobly generous on proper occasions, and, by his judicious economy, was enabled to give more assistance to others, by lending money, sometimes to his great loss, than any other man in the same rank of life. He attached much importance to the science of political economy, not from any selfish or party motive, but from a pure and honest regard to the interests of his fellow men. He was well versed in this science, and considered the study of it of so much importance to mankind, that he made an eventual bequest of a considerable part of his fortune, to establish professorships for teaching it, in the Colleges of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The education of youth was also a favourite object with him, and he left a legacy for keeping a certain number of free-scholars in the parochial-school of Colinton; bequeathing, also, to the parish-library the remainder of his valuable collection of books, after his particular friends had each selected a book as a token of remembrance. He died unmarried. In his person he was bulky, rather than muscular; his features were large, and strongly marked*; and his countenance, especially when any friend addressed him, indicated at once the sense and benevolence of the individual. His manner in private society, though plain, was manly and engaging; he knew what was due to others as well as to himself, and neither conceded nor demanded more. He enjoyed an equanimity of temper, and a flow of good spirits, which rendered him at all times social and cheerful.

His character, in two particulars, was well expressed in his own words,—that he was a Presbyterian in his religion, and a Republican in his politics. He thought with Milton,

* At the desire of some friends, he sat for his picture to Watson, about ten years ago. It is in the possession of David Wardlaw, Esq., and a good engraving has been executed from it, by Mr Young of London.

that the trappings of a monarchy were sufficient to set up an ordinary commonwealth; a sentiment to which he was fond of recurring, and which was frequently the occasion of a good-humoured banter among his friends. But while his affection to the Presbyterian Church was not of an exclusive or bigoted description, so his republican principles were not adopted from passion, or a restless impatience of superiors, but on a conviction of their truth and utility, and because he thought that this form of Government was best

adapted to the general welfare, and gave a freer scope to the exertions of merit. He entertained a high veneration for the characters of Washington and Fox. He thought, truly, that the fame which the former had acquired, as the founder of the independence and freedom of America, was far greater than the laurels which accompany the mere victories of a successful General. He revered the memory of the latter, as the universal friend of humanity, and the firm and fearless champion of British Liberty.

THE FIRST FIVE BOOKS OF LIVY'S HISTORY, WITH ANNOTATIONS, BY
DR JOHN HUNTER.

WE owe an apology to our readers for not having embraced an earlier opportunity of introducing this valuable little volume to their acquaintance. It is, in our opinion, not only the best production of the distinguished scholar whose name it bears, but one of the most important contributions to the science of general grammar which the public have yet had to acknowledge.

Notwithstanding the very considerable celebrity which the publications of this venerable editor have attained, both in his own country and abroad, it is perhaps questionable whether his merits are in general very correctly appreciated by those who are merely familiar with the title-pages in which his name occurs. If we may judge, at least, from the manner in which we have frequently heard his labours discoursed of, even by scholars who suppose themselves to be pretty intimately conversant with what he has given to the world, we should be inclined to suspect that his reputation, with the great mass of the literary public, is rather too much that of a mere man of erudition, and that his higher excellencies, as a most acute and original investigator of the philosophy of human speech, have not by any means obtained the notice to which they are entitled. This may have arisen from a combination of causes. The study of general grammar, in the first place, important and interesting as the science is, has never, unfortunately, been a very popular object of at-

tention; and the disrepute into which it has fallen, owing principally, in all likelihood, to the flagrant incompetency of most of the few who have hitherto attempted its cultivation, necessarily operates very unfavourably to the success even of him who recommends and leads the way to a more rational method of pursuing it. Then, again, the unpretending form of most of Dr Hunter's publications is not very much calculated to attract the regard of those who have the most influential voice among the *makers of fame*. Almost every thing he has printed has been sent into the world in the shape either of a preface at the beginning, or a few *notulæ* at the end of a school-book—a guise in which, it must be confessed, Philosophy has not very frequently chosen to present herself, and in which literary men may be therefore excused for not being very apt to look for her. If to all this we add the further consideration of the comparatively-retired situation and limited opportunities of display to which it has pleased this gifted individual to confine himself, during his long and useful life, we shall sufficiently understand how it may have happened that, extensive, after all, as his reputation undoubtedly is, the full amount and real nature of his merits should only be correctly apprehended by those who have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of listening to his *virâ voce* instructions in that University of which, rich as it has been, and still is, in many

professors of learning and ability, it can be no offence to any body to say, that he has been, for many years, the most distinguished ornament.

The students of this University have, indeed, for almost half a century, been singularly fortunate in finding themselves in the midst of a school of ideas, when they had a right to expect only a school of words. Or rather, to speak more accurately, the science of words, as it has been taught by Dr Hunter, has been made to comprehend the science of ideas. And this is the grand difference which distinguishes his views from those of ordinary grammarians. Nothing can be more ridiculously unphilosophical than the way in which languages are commonly taught. In every other science, as far as we know, it has been usual for even the most slovenly instructors to acknowledge the existence of something like general principle; or, in other words, to endeavour, whenever they are able, to shew a foundation and a reason for the doctrines they inculcate, in some one or other of those simple and comprehensive truths, which, because they stand fixed as the ultimate barriers of human inquiry, have been, in popular language, denominated the Laws of Nature. But your Teacher of Greek or Latin has nothing to do with the dominion of general principles. He holds himself and his science to be independent of the laws of Nature; and as for giving a reason for any one of his assertions, why, he would just as soon think of accompanying it by a passport from one of the Secretaries of State. His laws of Nature are the rules of the Rudiments; his reason the *ipse dixit* of the Dictionary. The grammarians and the lexicographers are indeed at once his counsellors, and his high priests, and his gods; his faculties are in their keeping, his faith is of their making, his words are of their inspiring; he consults them in his difficulties, he listens to them in his ignorance, he prays to them in his distress; and whether it be a sentence which he cannot translate, or a phraseology which he cannot construe, or an impracticable vocable which he cannot cut or squeeze into the legiti-

mate length and thickness of a part of speech, they are ever at his elbow with a figure of rhetoric, or a poetical licence, or a convenient *quoad* or *κατά*, at the least, to cut, if it cannot untie, the Gordian knot of his perplexity. This is not Dr Hunter's method of managing the matter. With him, the study of language is just as much an intellectual exercise, as the study of mathematics; and he would no more think of laying down any grammatical dogma upon the authority of Priscian, than he would of calling upon you to assent to the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's first book upon the authority of Pythagoras. His philosophy is emphatically the philosophy of common sense. He regards language as being, what it unquestionably is in all material respects, the creation of the human mind; that is to say, as deriving every thing peculiar about its form and structure, from those natural habits and tendencies by which the human beings in whose lips it has lived from its birth, have at all times been possessed and actuated. There is no difference in this respect between language and any other human production. Of the accidents by which it is characterized, some, certainly, may have resulted from notions or feelings which, although once popular, are now forgotten or exploded, and many may be the offspring of views, the favourites of a former age, which appear to us, in our revolutionized state of society, not a little capricious or fantastic; but none of them are without a parentage, and a legitimate one too, in either the wisdom or the folly of our common nature. And it is in tracing and detecting this parentage, in pursuing language, as it were, along its perplexing windings, and ascertaining the hidden fountains of this mighty Nile, that the unrivalled sagacity and ingenuity of this eminent Professor are seen at their most brilliant, and apparently their favourite exercise. Not by any means that this is the only object upon which he is wont to expend his great knowledge, both of language and of human nature; for his every-day prelections, as well as the editions of ancient authors he has given to the world, abound with

original and most valuable illustrations of classical difficulties, conveyed, sometimes in the shape of an amended translation, sometimes of a new punctuation, not less serviceable in removing the obscurity of a misinterpreted or corrupted text. But this ability in the resolution of verbal or phraseological intricacies, is, in Dr Hunter, generally aided, in a very remarkable degree, by that other species of talent of which we have been speaking; and his proposed emendations, when not the direct result of his own peculiar principles, on the subject of grammar, are almost always such as would have suggested themselves only to an intellect which the habitual study of those principles had disciplined and invigorated. It is for this reason that we would regard the sound and penetrating logic with which every thing he has written is animated, as still more valuable even than his erudition; just as we would rate thoughts above words, and a strong and profound understanding above the most extraordinary powers of memory or application.

The annotations before us, as we have already stated, are eminently rich in the sort of discussion to which we allude. We regret exceedingly that the limits to which notices of this nature are necessarily confined in publications like ours, will not permit us to be nearly so liberal in our quotations, as, for the sake of our classical readers, we could have wished to be; but we are sure we shall have their thanks for being, on this occasion, rather more sparing than usual of our own remarks, in order to be able to devote a considerable portion of the space we can afford, to, at least, one very interesting specimen of the venerable Doctor's speculations. Passing over, then, with considerable reluctance, the note on the expression "*Duobus, Aeneae Antenorique*," in Lib. I. cap. i., in which the learned author, after defending the Dative reading with great logical acumen, concludes with a very neat illustration of the meaning of the words *Servus*, *Servo*, and *Servio*, we proceed to extract the following elegant and instructive disquisition:

4. VII. l. 53. *Dextrâ Hercules datâ ?*
The misapprehensions that prevail with

respect to the form of construction called the *Ablative Absolute*, as well as with respect to this mode of arrangement, seem to render it necessary to offer a few observations on both.

The most probable hypothesis with regard to what are termed the *Flexions of Nouns* is, that they must have had an origin similar to that which I have ventured to give of the *Flexions of Verbs*, in the Appendix subjoined to the last Edition of Mr Ruddiman's *Latin Rudiments*: viz. That they were originally separate words, or Prepositions, not, as in the modern Languages of Western Europe, prefixed to their *Regimen*, but subjoined to it, and similar to the English combinations thereof, *whereof, thereto, whereto*, &c. If so, being unemphatical, they would attach themselves to the Nouns to which they were subjoined, and the two words, the Noun and the Preposition subjoined, would be pronounced as *one*; like the words *give me*, in the expression *give me that Book*, and, like the words in the Latin Language called *Enclitics*; and, in the course of Elision or Abbreviation, to which there is an obvious tendency in all languages, the Preposition would become so incorporated with the Noun, as to be no longer distinguishable as a separate word, but considered as merely a *termination* or *Flexion*.

Of this description seems to be that Flexion of the Noun called the *Ablative* case. Any person who has minutely attended to the Latin Flexions may perceive, that they were originally the same with those of the *Parent Greek*, and particularly that the Dative and Ablative of the Latin coincided with the Greek Dative. This Greek Dative, in nouns of every description, of whatever declension, and whether singular or plural, at one period of the language universally ended in the letter *ι* (*ιωτα*). But of what preposition this *ι* was a fragment, or of what portion of thought it was the symbol, etymology affords us no means of tracing or discovering.

It seems not unreasonable, however, to suppose, that this Dative, and consequently the Latin Ablative, was synonymous with *TO* or *WITH*, the Prepositions employed in rendering these cases literally into English. Accordingly we find that *adjuncts* or *concomitant circumstances* of all kinds are in Latin expressed by the *Ablative*. Of this kind are the *Place, Time, Cause, Manner, Instrument*, and other concomitants of *Actions* and *Events*. Thus in—*Templum clamore petebant*, their advancing to the Temple is by the Ablative, *clamore*, stated as accompanied with clamour.

The PLACE.—*Vixit Lacedæmone. Mortuus est Carthagine.*

The TIME.—*Proximo die copias suas eduxit.*

The CAUSE. { *Pallidus metu*; the cause being stated as a *concomitant merely*, the causation itself *inferred*. It may be observed in passing, that in no instance whatever is causation *perceived*: it is in every case *inferred*. We *perceive* nothing but *facts*, prior and subsequent, or concomitant. That the one is the *cause*, the other the *effect*, is inference merely.

The MANNER. { *Fecit suo more*—the action stated as accompanied with the peculiar manner of the agent.

INSTRUMENT. { *Interfectus gladio*. Although *concomitancy* only is expressed, *instrumentality* is inferred, in consequence of our previous knowledge of the fitness or suitableness of a sword for killing.

The Adjuncts or concomitants of objects, as well as of verbal states, are often expressed in the same manner and under the same view. Of this kind are—*Vir togâ candidâ—mulier passis crinibus—poeta claudo pede—vir summâ prudentiâ—acæ cavo clipeus*, &c.

Of the same kind precisely appears to be the form of Syntax, called the *Ablative Absolute*. In every such instance there are two events stated; and by means of the Ablative termination, the one is represented as a concomitant of the other. Thus, in, *Sole oriente, fugiunt tenebræ*, there are contained two events, the *flying away of Darkness*, and the *Rising of the Sun*; and by the termination of the Ablative, which is equal to a preposition, and at one period of the language probably was a preposition annexed to the nominative, the one event is represented as *accompanied* with the other.

Even when the union of the two events is *præter spem*, or such as we should not have expected, the mode of thinking, and consequently the form of expression, is the same. Thus in the sentence of *Livy*—*Horatius, multis super incidentibus telis, incolumis ad suos tranavit*, the *escape of Horatius in safety* is stated as *united* with the circumstance of *many of the enemy's missile weapons falling upon him*—an union *præter spem*, that circumstance having rather a tendency to prevent his escaping in safety, and being what, in the language of Mr Harris, would be called an *inadequate preventive*.

There is then, it should appear, nothing peculiar in the form of Syntax called the *Ablative Absolute*. Like every Ablative, it represents one thing as the *Adjunct* or *concomitant* of another. That it should have been so improperly described as *unconnected* and *independent*, may perhaps have arisen from these two circumstances, 1st, from annexing no separate signification to the Ablative termination itself; and, 2dly, from not adverting, that, in our English Idiom, the *Apposition* or *Juxtaposition* of the two

clauses serves as a denotement of the union or connection of the events which they express. In a language which has so few flexions as the English, there is often no other symbol of connection but position.

But, though there is nothing peculiar in the Syntax of this Ablative, there is a peculiarity in the manner of conceiving the meaning of it. The parts of the expression are taken in an *inverted order*, as when *urbs condita* is conceived, not as a *built city*, but as the *building of a city*, or as *reges ejecti* is conceived not as *Kings expelled*, but as the *expulsion of the Kings*—*post reges ejectos*; after the *expulsion of the Kings*. Thus, *sole oriente* is with the *rising of the Sun*; not with the *Sun when rising*. *Cicerone consule*, *Catilina conjuravit in patriam*—states *Catiline's conspiracy* as *united* with *Cicero's Consulship*, *Cicerone consule*, when conceived in this inverted manner, being exactly the same as, *consulatus Ciceronis*.

Here a question naturally arises—Whence does it happen that this form of expression, this *absolute clause*, is so much more frequent in the Latin than in the Greek or the English? Unquestionably from a defect in the Latin language, which has no *past participle* of the active voice, and seldom a *past participle* of active signification. Let us suppose that *peractus* were of active signification, and signified—not *being finished*, but *having finished*; then, *we, having finished our work, will play*—would be literally rendered into Latin, *nos, peracti opus, ludemus*; and the absolute clause would be avoided, and even inadmissible. But as *peractus* is passive, and signifies *being finished*, it cannot unite with and describe the *finisher*, or agent, as such. It can only unite with and describe the *thing finished*, and the *opus peractum* is stated as a *concomitant* of the other event, *nos ludemus*, by putting it in the Ablative—*nos, opere peracto, ludemus*; by which our *playing* is stated as to take place along with our work being finished, or

when our work is finished. All this is manifest when we express the same thought by a *past participle passive*, and by the *past participle of a deponent verb*. Caesar, *his dictis*, abiit: Caesar, *haec locutus*, abiit.

It is further necessary to notice the *reason* of the particular arrangement here adopted by Livy, *Dextrâ Hercules datâ*, in which the *Agent* is thrown in between the substantive and the passive participle; that *reason*, and even the *fact*, having escaped the observation of some of the learned and latest Editors of Livy. When the past participle of a deponent verb is employed, as in, *Caesar, haec locutus, abiit*, that past participle states with precision who is the *Agent*. The participle *locutus* leaves no doubt that in this instance Caesar was the *speaker*. Whereas the other mode of statement by the *passive participle* is subject to *ambiguity*. In—*Caesar, his dictis, abiit*—all that is given is, that Caesar went off when these words were spoken. That they were spoken *by him*, is left uncertain; and the same form of expression may be used, whether the words were spoken by Caesar or not.

Now the arrangement in question, so frequent in Livy, in Caesar, and other classical Authors, seems to be an attempt to remove this ambiguity, and, as far as possible, to remedy the defect of the language, before mentioned, arising from the want of a past participle of active signification. It seems unnecessary to multiply examples. The following, from our Author, seems itself conclusive on the subject. It occurs in the story of Caius Sempronius, who was brought to trial on pretence of misconduct in an engagement with the Volsci, but in reality in revenge for the resistance which he and others of his family had made to some favourite measures of the people and their tribunes. The words are—"Nihilò demissiore animo, quam dies venit, causâ ipse pro se dictâ, nequlequam omnia expertis Patribus, ut mitigarent plebem, quindecim millibus aeris damnatur." B. IV. c. 44.

No other reason can be conceived for introducing the words, *ipse pro se*, between the substantive and participle, but to give notice that Sempronius pleaded his own cause; and, if *causâ dictâ* were expunged, the words *ipse pro se* must be expunged along with them. Throw out the words, *causâ dictâ*, and *ipse pro se damnatur* will form an incongruous combination. In short, the sentence, in as far as regards the words *ipse pro se*, is constructed precisely in the same manner as if *dictus* were of active signification, and it had run thus—*Nihilò de-*

missore animo causam ipse pro se dictâ, quindecim millibus aeris damnatur.

It seems, therefore, not a little surprising that Mr Doering, of the University of Gotha, a late Editor of Livy and of several other Latin Authors, should, on account of this arrangement of the *Agent* between the substantive and the participle, have rejected a beautiful and convincing emendation of the elder Gronovius, who, by comparing the corrupted readings of the MSS., has ingeniously thus restored the first sentence of the 23d Book of Livy: "*Aecis Hannibal post Cannensem pugnam captis ac direptis, confestim ex Apulia, in Samnium moverat, &c.*" *Aecae* was a town of Apulia, taken by Hannibal after the Battle of Cannae, and afterwards retaken from the Carthaginians by Fabius Maximus. See B. XXIV. c. 20. On this sentence, as corrected by Gronovius, Mr Doering remarks: "Si, ut Gronovius suspicatur, scripsisset Livius, baud scio an non *Hannibali pro Hannibal*, vel CERTE vocem *Hannibal post direptis posuisset.*" Why does he think that Livy should have written *Hannibali*, to notify that *Aecae* was taken by *Hannibal*? Did the learned Editor then not know, that the position of *Hannibal* between the substantive and participle would give the same notification? Again, why place *Hannibal* after *direptis*? Did the learned Editor imagine that the other arrangement was not classical? Had no one of the numerous instances of that arrangement ever arrested his attention? To place *Hannibal* after *direptis* would leave it quite uncertain whether *Aecae* had been taken and plundered by the Romans, or by *Hannibal* himself.

If there is any thing in this admirable note from which we should be inclined to dissent, it is the paragraph respecting what the Doctor is in the habit of calling the *inverse* use of the adjective. With very great deference to the eminent individual with whom we venture on this occasion to differ, and much unaffected distrust of the correctness of our own views, we would beg leave, not only to question the propriety of this term as here applied, but to state our utter inability to discern the peculiarity which is alleged to exist in the manner of conceiving the meaning of such expressions as either "*Sole oriente fugiunt tenebrae*, or *post urbem conditam*, or *post reges ejectos*. They seem to us to mean severally nothing more than "The darkness departs,

with the sun, considered as in the act of rising ; " after the city, considered as built ; " " after the kings, considered as expelled ; " and so to be completely resolvable, without the supposition of any farther peculiarity than that which consists in the limitation of the notion of connection, denoted by the particles prepositive, or annexed to that of connection, in respect of time ; a limitation similar to, and indeed exactly of the same nature with that which must always be made by the mind, whenever particles, or other terms of like general import, are employed. If there be any thing unusual about the form of expression in question, it does not appear to us to lie in any peculiar use of the adjective or participle, but rather in the way in which the particular point of time alluded to is marked. The more common, and, we acknowledge, the more philosophical method of marking time is, by reference to an *action* rather than to an *object* ; to something comparatively momentary in its duration, rather than to that which generally exists in the same state for a considerable period. Thus there is, perhaps, less laxity, philosophically speaking, about the words *after the building of Rome*, than about the words *after Rome considered as built* ; inasmuch as the building, or rather the founding of Rome, was, it may be, but the work of a day, or of an instant ; whereas, Rome considered as built, is a description that has certainly been applicable to that city, in one sense at least, at any and every moment of its history. But if we recollect, both that the mind, in reading or listening to such expressions, finding itself obviously referred to some particular point of time, will naturally and logically fix upon the earliest to which the words are applicable, rather than upon any other ; as, for instance, in the example quoted above, upon the moment immediately after the founding of Rome, rather than upon any subsequent moment, during which Rome has existed as a founded city ; and that this form of phrase, besides, is in many cases quite as definite as the other, even when more rigidly analysed ; as in our other example, *sole oriente*, &c., we shall perhaps be less

disposed to consider the explanation which has been given, as imputing to language, in this instance, any very extraordinary want, either of grace or of precision. This habit of denoting a particular point of time, by reference, not to an evanescent action or circumstance, but to an object described as existing in a particular state, is, after all, nearly as common among ourselves as it was among the Romans. Thus, when we say—Rome was built after Alba Longa,—my cousin Charles was born before me,—the French retired from the war at the same time with us,—we state, according to this manner of expression, the several events alluded to, as having happened after Alba Longa considered as built,—before me considered as born,—and at the same time with us considered as having retired from the war ; all these descriptions being naturally applied by the mind to their objects, at the earliest moment at which they can be considered as applicable. Now, it appears to us, that the recollection of this very usual, simple, and convenient method of marking a point of time, by reference, namely, to an object, and not to an action—a method which is not to be objected to as unnatural, because it is not philosophically correct, for neither is the other, which is preferred to it philosophically correct—is all that is required to explain the sort of phrasology in question, without the supposition of any peculiarity whatever, either in the use of the adjective or in our manner of conceiving its import. But having thus far stated our opinion, with considerable hesitation, from the high authority which we oppose, we humbly leave the whole matter to Dr Hunter's better judgment.

For a long and valuable note upon the principle of mutual reference, which follows, we must refer to the author. The classical student, and particularly the student of philosophical grammar, will be both instructed and delighted by its luminous and convincing deductions. It is farther deserving of attention, as containing an explanation of a passage in the *Crito* of Plato, which has escaped the penetration of all the editors of that author. Even this

morceau, however, we regret to say, we cannot stop to extract.

In the latter part of note sixth, which is occupied with an explanation of the radical and derivatory imports of the verb *Peto* and its compounds, the learned Editor seems inclined to acquiesce in Crevier's proposed amendment of a passage, which has given some trouble to the interpreters. The words occur in Lib. I. cap. 23; and are as follow:—"Deorum numen, ab ipso capite orsum, in omne nomen Albanum expetiturum poenas ab bellum impium dictitans;" and the amendment suggested by Crevier, is the omission, we believe, in opposition to all the MSS., of the word *poenas*, after *expetiturum*. The expression will then become apparently similar, in all material respects, to another in the preceding chapter; and the meaning, as Dr Hunter remarks, will be, "That the Divine Vengeance, having begun with their head, will light (extinguish) on the whole Alban race." Before acceding to this view of the subject, we would merely venture to suggest an interpretation for the term *expetiturum*, which, while it is perfectly consistent with the genius of the language, will enable us to translate the passage in question, without having recourse to the unsupported alteration of the text to which Crevier is reduced. May not the verb *Expeto*, in certain cases, at least, signify not "to fall upon," but "to make to fall upon;" thus passing over, as it were, from a neuter to an active signification, as *ruo*, *abstineo*, *duro*, and a hundred others, (for which, see *Fossius*, Lib. III. cap. 4, and *Sanctius*, Lib. III. cap. 3.) are frequently made to do by the usage of the best authors in the language? It is needless to point out the manner in which this idea, if considered deserving of attention, may be applied to the translation of the passage under discussion, as well as to the vindication of the correctness, in point of analogy, at least, of the sort of expression of which it exhibits a specimen. The principle of the construction, indeed, will be sufficiently obvious at first sight, to all who are aware of the true import of the Latin accusative, which, in every position in which it appears, has only one

duty to perform, namely, to mark the terminus of the action or quality expressed by some one or other of the terms to which it is joined.

Passing over several of the notes which follow, abounding, as they do, in valuable and original discussion, as well as hinting at many important truths, which it would have required a great deal of writing fully to unfold and illustrate, we cannot help recommending to the especial attention of the reader, the remarks on the Relative, which commence at page 325. With respect to the passage from Lib. II. cap. 18, "*Supra belli Latini metum*," &c., for the elucidation of which they are advanced, we should think it probable that the perplexity of many of the Editors of Livy must have arisen, not so much from their ignorance of the effect of the conjunction *quod*, at the beginning of a clause, as from their inattention to the distinction intended to be stated by the author, between the previous apprehension of a Latin war, as marked by the word *metum*, and the subsequent certainty of the conspiracy of thirty of the Latin states, as indicated by the expression *satis constabat*. The learned Professor, by his acuteness in the detection of this distinction, has undoubtedly arrived at the true meaning of Livy, and deserves the thanks of the admirers of that classic, for his skill in rescuing his text from a very injurious violation, which a host of preceding Editors had conspired to inflict upon it. But the general discussion contained in the note, is, after all, in our opinion, the most valuable part of it; and we only regret, that the distinguished author has not found it convenient to make it longer, and more comprehensive. The classical world, we are sure, would have been delighted to receive, on this occasion, something more than a fragment from so beautiful a theory as that of this profound thinker, on the subject of the relative term; and we are even afraid, that from the comparatively unsupported condition in which this fragment must necessarily present itself to the consideration of those who are not familiar with the remaining parts of the great scheme from which it has been detached, it may fail to at-

tract that notice and regard which a little more liberality of illustration would have secured for it. May we hope that our friend Mr Carmichael, whose name is so honourably mentioned by his venerable instructor, may be induced to take an early opportunity of supplying this desideratum, by reprinting and publishing the essay which the Doctor notices with so much approbation, and which we know contains a very able exposition of the views to which we allude.

While upon the subject of this note, by the bye, we cannot help expressing our surprise that so acute a thinker as Mr Horne Tooke should have ever adopted the opinion, that, in such an expression as "I believe that you are disappointed," the clause commencing with the word *that* necessarily involves an assertion or averment. Besides Dr Hunter's triumphant refutation of this notion, derived from the negative form of such expressions as that referred to, a slight consideration of the nature of language itself will supply us with a sufficient proof of its entire want of foundation. Considering that every other species of word (as Beauzée in his *Grammaire Générale*, Lib. II., chap. iv., has long ago very well remarked) is naturally just as much affirmative as the verb, it is out of the question altogether to suppose that the original framers of language were idle enough to invent a new part of speech for the exclusive performance of a purpose which was performed perfectly well by those of which they were already in possession. The only circumstance which could have ever given any support to so untenable a notion, is the present habit of certain modern languages with which we happen to be most familiar, of introducing what is called a verb, into some place or other of almost every sentence, and considering those sentences as incomplete or irregular in which a due proportion of words of that form does not occur. But that the authority thus conferred upon the verb is merely conventional, we have abundance of evidence, to say nothing of other arguments, even from the practice of the Greek and Latin languages, in which it is very frequently omitted, and particularly of the Hebrew, in which, unless to serve

some more important purpose than mere affirmation, it is, we believe, very seldom inserted. What is called the substantive verb may possibly, when investigated, turn out to have been originally expressive of nothing more than the attribute of *TIME*; and those affixes and prefixes which, appended to other words, have converted them into verbs, may perhaps be traced to nearly the same signification. But however this may be, we may rest assured, at least, that the wish to make language *affirmative* was not the motive which gave rise to the formation of terms of this description; unless we are to suppose that there existed in the earliest ages of the world a predilection for useless and cumbersome refinements in this particular, very unlike every thing else by which we find them to have been characterized. The clause, then, which Mr Horne Tooke considers as assertive, on account of the presence of the substantive verb *are*, is really no more so, in *his* sense of the phrase, than it would be without that unimportant syllable. We say in *his* sense of the phrase; for although all language which is any thing at all, is necessarily affirmative; that is, expressive of ideas, yet no sentence is originally and necessarily affirmative of the *belief* of the speaker in the *truth* of the idea which it conveys, (which is evidently what he means by the term *assertive*,) except those which contain a direct intimation to that effect; and those in which such direct intimation is wanting, and which yet convey to our minds the same meaning as if it were distinctly present, are exercising a power with which, not any thing in themselves, but merely an inference on our part, has invested them. Whatever, then, may be the case now, when the expression in question was first brought into use, the forms, *you disappointed*—*you being disappointed*—*you to be disappointed*—*you are disappointed*, all signified one and the same thing, namely, the union in that way which appeared most natural to the mind of the idea implied by the word *you*, with the other idea implied by the word *disappointed*. The introduction of the term *are*, might add a third idea of *present time*, but could do nothing more.

By far the longest of the disquisitions in which the learned Professor has indulged in the volume before us, consists of an inquiry into the rationale of that form of expression which the lexicographers and commentators are in the habit of describing, after their cool and dogmatical manner, as nothing more than the use of *non modo* for *non modo non*. Their manner of resolving the difficulty is accordingly exceedingly simple, being merely the restoration of the negative which they suppose to have been omitted; a practice which is only liable to this one objection, that if we were at liberty to indulge it in any case, "it is manifest," as Dr Hunter remarks, "that there would be an end of all certainty in our communications by language."

The Doctor's discussion of the subject is full of ingenuity and plausibility; and yet we confess, although it has staggered us a good deal, it has not quite converted us from an hypothesis we had previously formed. The leading idea adopted in this discussion was, we believe, first promulgated by Perizonius, in his 5th note on Book IV., c. vii., of Sanctius's Minerva; but the author before us, by an induction from the practice of the Latin writers, has the merit of supplying it with an illustration which must, we think, be reckoned by far its most formidable support. In such an expression as "*ista non modo homines sed ne pecudes quidem ipsae passurae videntur*," Perizonius maintained, that as the words were evidently the same in meaning with "*ista non modo homines sed etiam pecudes, non videntur passurae*," the word *non* in the concluding phrase, as well as the words "*videntur passurae*," which accompany it, ought to be carried back and supplied in the first clause, to give both it and that which followed the negative meaning which the sentence was evidently intended to convey: and this, also, is Dr Hunter's opinion. But the peculiarity by which the Doctor's illustration of the subject is principally marked, is the investigation of the following two canons, which we give in his own words, as furnishing, we repeat, by far the most powerful argument ad-

ducible on the side of the doctrine which they seem to favour.

I. "When the same circumstance is meant to be denied in both clauses, and when the term expressive of that circumstance is, in the arrangement of the sentence, placed after *ne quidem*, the repetition of *non*, after *non modo*, seems to be unnecessary."

II. "When two different and distinct circumstances are denied severally, one in each of the clauses, a second negative is indispensably required after *non modo*."

The doctrine inculcated in these two propositions, which is manifestly just what we should expect to find regulating the practice of the classics, if Perizonius's idea be correct, is supported in the note before us, by a great variety of examples from the writings of Livy and Cicero, for which we must refer our readers to the author.

Now, if the manner of construction here advocated be considered as admissible, we cannot help thinking that it will go nearly as far to put an end to all certainty in our communications by language, as even that assumed liberty of directly supplying the negative conceived to be wanting in the sort of expression under consideration, which Dr Hunter has just been reprobating. Upon this principle, what shall we make of such a sentence as the following, whether we announce it in English, "Between the consuls, but not among the senators, there existed sufficient harmony," or in Latin, "*Inter consules, sed nequaquam inter patres, satis conveniebat?*" Why, according to the reasoning before us, it should imply what we will be bold to say it neither does nor can, that there was no agreement, either among senators or consuls. The truth is, that there is no sentence in either the English or the Latin language, the resolution of which is at all similar, in point of principle, to that which is here proposed for the species of sentence in question. Did the *ne* or *non* stand along with the words expressive of the common circumstance, apart alike from both the preceding clauses, as it does in the supposed examples both of Perizonius and the learned Doctor, we could easily understand how it should exert the same influence upon

both ; but placed as it is, wedded to, as it were, and intertwined with the one, and quite separated from the other, it is not possible, we think, that it could perform the double duty demanded from it in any language under heaven.

Now, it appears to us, that this, as well as one or two other difficulties of minor importance, which we shall have occasion to allude to immediately, as adhering to Dr Hunter's hypothesis, may be completely evaded by the mode of resolution which we have to propose, and which will be best explained by an example. Let us take the very simple sentence which stands at the head of the note before us, "*Non modo inter patres, sed ne inter consules quidem, satis conveniebat.*" The words seem to us evidently to consist of two negative clauses, followed by an affirmative clause, which, being equally detached from both, and standing to both in exactly the same relation in respect of position, will naturally exert upon both an equal influence ; and the whole, literally translated into English, will run somewhat as follows : "There existed sufficient harmony, not amongst the senators, in degree, in measure, in extent, but not even between the consuls themselves ;" that is to say, as is obviously the intention of the author, "There existed sufficient harmony neither amongst the senators, nor between the consuls ;" the term *modo* (literally in degree, in measure, or in extent, as we have translated it) being inserted in the first clause simply to indicate that the disagreement spoken of was not confined to a want of perfect unity of feeling among the senators in general, but even went the greater length of a difference as to views and opinions between the consuls themselves. According to this method of resolution, it will be observed, we are under no necessity of either directly supplying a negative with Paulus Manutius and his brother commentators, or of endeavouring, with Perizonius, to make the *ne*, in the latter clause, exert an authority to which it appears, from the necessary principles of language, to be incompetent ; for we have the two negatives which we want already before us, and placed exactly as we

should expect to find them. It is needless to add, that the same mode of management will serve for every example of the sort of expression under consideration, which has been, or can be produced.

But, farther, the idea which we have ventured to suggest will, if we mistake not, explain, satisfactorily, one or two difficulties, and apparent anomalies, which do not seem to be comprehended under or accounted for by the scheme which Dr Hunter has adopted. The learned Doctor has himself quoted the sentence commencing "*Non modo ad emittenda cum procursum*" (from Livy, Lib. 34, c. 39.) as irreconcilable to his theory, without what we must consider to be a somewhat violent alteration of the text ;—it is perfectly translatable as it stands, if our method of resolution be adopted. Another example, of exactly the same construction, occurs in Lib. IX: cap. 19, where we find a sentence closing with the words "*non modo cum clade ullâ sed ne cum periculo quidem suo,*" the former clause, as well as the latter, being negative, and there being no expression of a common circumstance subjoined. But, what is still more unaccountable, upon Perizonius's system, while it is at the same time perfectly intelligible upon ours, is the use of *non modo*, as the grammarians say, for *non modo non*, when followed not by *ne quidem*, but by the decidedly affirmative expression *sed etiam*. Not to quote the celebrated sentence from Varro, (*De Ling. Lat.* 8—2.) which has been so often produced, we may refer, for an undoubted example of this sort of construction, to at least one passage in Livy himself—a passage, about the reading of which there has, we believe, been no controversy, and which we transcribe as Dr Hunter has himself printed it, in his excellent edition of the portion of that classic from which it is extracted. The words occur in Livy, Lib. 24, cap. 40, and are as follow : "*Ut non modo alius quisquam arma caperet, aut castris pellere hostem conaretur, sed etiam ipse rex ad finem navesque perfugerit.*" After the same manner, it may be remarked, does Cicero conclude a sentence in Epp. ad Att. 2—1, near the beginning ; and other examples might

be produced, although the reading of many of them has been contested. If, too, the idea which we are presuming to controvert were correct, it would seem impossible that we should ever meet with such sentences as the following, which yet do occasionally occur: "Nullam sibi in posterum non modo dignitatis, sed ne libertatis quidem partem reliquit;" in which, although we have the common circumstance expressed, we have yet the double negative in the first clause, which that expression is supposed to render unnecessary. Of this sort of construction, which, be it observed, is quite intelligible as we would explain it, we may find another instance in Cic. in Verr. 2—46, "Quod non modo Siculus nemo, sed ne Sicilia quidem tota, potuisset;" in which it appears to us, that we have just as distinctly a common clause as in another passage, for example, from the same author, (1 Cat.) "Ut non modo civitas, sed ne vicini quidem proximi, sentiant," which, we perceive, is explained by Dr Hunter upon that supposition.

We know not whether all this will be considered sufficient to counterbalance what we think constitutes the only advantage which Dr Hunter's views upon this subject possess over those which, with much diffidence, we have taken the liberty of

shortly stating. Upon our hypothesis, it is but fair to confess, that such a form of expression, as, for instance, "Hoc non modo vidi sed ne audivi quidem," where there is no common clause, seems just as analogical and defensible as that in which a common clause is found; and yet it would appear, from the Doctor's very learned and ingenious examination of authorities, that such examples, if they do occur at all, are at least of comparative rarity, and consequently of suspicious correctness. It is for this reason we have said, that we consider the venerable Professor as having, by the two canons which we have quoted, supplied by far its firmest support to the hypothesis which he has sanctioned by his high authority. Whether a very severe scrutiny of the various readings of many passages, might not have the effect of at least diminishing the apparent force of his illustration, or whether a reason might not be discovered in the nature of the case, why, even according to our views, the sort of expression in question should be of rare occurrence, are inquiries, upon the consideration of which, any more than upon that of many other interesting topics to which the Doctor's admirable little volume invites us, we cannot at present afford to enter.

To Mary.

THOU art lovely in youth, as the morning in May,
And mild as the eve of a calm Summer day,
And pensive and pure is the beam of thine eye
As twilight's soft star looking down from the sky.

Oh! the bloom of thy cheek, and the heaven of thy smile,
The heart from the dreams of its sorrow would wile;
Thy voice's soft magic is sweet as the tone
Of the music of days that are faded and gone.

And near thee to linger, all fair as thou art,
Would still be the first—dearest wish of my heart;
But Ocean's wide wastes must between us expand,
And the sigh heave for thee in a far foreign land.

Oh! then will I welcome the visions of night,
That give thee a while to my Fancy's fond sight;
But sorrow will come with the bright morning beam,
And my poor cheated heart wake to weep o'er its dream.

THE FEELINGS AND FORTUNES OF A SCOTCH TUTOR.

No. IV.

"*Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt*" was the adage with which I concluded the last chapter of my true and authentic history. And, truly, never was this observation more fully and more appositely exemplified than in my own case. I had run out, like the salmon which has recently been hooked, the full length of the line; and after having rushed upon the beach, on one side, was prepared for making a dash and a descent upon the other side, of the river. I saw that my conduct had been marked by absurdity and imbecility, and began to think that assuredly Almighty God had no pleasure in the misery of his creatures. I went still further than this; and from an anxiety to get rid of the obnoxious and alarming doctrine of future punishments, I began to tamper with the word of truth, and to fancy that I saw an inconsistency betwixt the revealed will of God on this subject, and his mode of proceeding in the natural world. I became, in fact, so liberal in my sentiments, that I could not help admitting the possibility even of the Devil's conversion and salvation, and fully accorded in the sentiment expressed by Burns:

"Oh wad ye tak a thought, an' men',
Ye aiblins might, I dinna ken,
E'en hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon' den,
E'en for your sake."

Under these views, I contrived to shelter sins in the garb of follies—vices in that of weaknesses—and a total alienation from God in that of a liberal and enlarged turn of mind. I became acquainted with the writings of Tom Paine, which were then making a great noise, and of Hume; and by the help of the recent disgust which I had received at any thing—every thing, which assumed the character of holiness, I came at length to suspect that there was more truth in their reasonings and surmises than the world was willing to admit. In this state of mind, I became intimately acquainted with the schoolmaster of the adjoining parish. He

was a singular character, and had originally been designed by his parents for the church; but owing to some inaccuracies of construction on the part of the public, or of conduct on his own score, he was compelled, after two years attendance at the Hall, to relinquish all idea of preaching, and to settle down quietly, and in the character of a married man, into the obscurity and monotony of a parish school. His early and somewhat liberal education had given him a superiority over his fellows; and a natural turn for company, and what is termed conviviality, which his Edinburgh noviciate had by no means corrected, had induced a habit of drinking, and of song-singing, whenever the occasion served. Besides all this, he was, in the cant language of the time, a "Free-thinker," and had imbibed some notions respecting liberty and equality, the rights of man, and the privileges of the people, which were exceedingly popular, and not a little dangerous in these days. His company was courted by the loose characters of the adjoining village, where he generally held his "*nunc est bibendum*," and by a great proportion of farmers' sons, and better sort of riff-raff, in the shape and under the designation of mole-catchers, game-keepers, butlers, and gentlemen's body-servants. I had met with this person once or twice, in the course of my official intercourse; but as we did not completely amalgamate, our interviews had never ripened into any thing like acquaintanceship. Indeed I harboured a secret aversion for the fellow, for he had dared to satirize my religious zeal in a song, or catch, which held me up to ridicule, and which was pretty generally understood to be aimed against me. I had tried to retaliate in a similar manner upon his infidelity, representing him as fairly anchored on the shores of Panddy, and bringing into clink or rhyme the word *Bandy*, as applicable to his somewhat crooked legs; but the thing, in fact, did not succeed, and I had the mortification to find that it had

only increased the evil. "The more you stir it," says Sancho, "the more offensively it will smell;" and so it turned out here, for I became absolutely the bye-word and ridicule of the whole country-side. In this state of affairs, King, the singing-master, made his appearance, and established a school in the adjoining village of Penpont; and his evening school became the rendezvous of all who had a taste for music, for fun, or for scullduddery. Though altogether, or nearly so, destitute of an ear, I could not resist the temptation to visit King's school, and to hear him sing his popular songs—"The Hunt," "Tantaran, Tantaran, he dies!" "O'er muirlands and mountains;" "A lass is good, and a glass is good," together with "My bottle is my wife and friend." At this meeting, I encountered the presence of Mr Scout, the schoolmaster, and had enough to do, during the evening, to refrain myself from coming actually to blows with him. He seemed to read my thoughts, for he kept his eye constantly upon me; and after the dismissal of the school, I found myself, almost ere I was aware, in company with him and King, the later pleading strongly for a single half-hour of my company in an adjoining public-house. He had heard, he said, of my learning, and talents, and good-fellowship, and he was willing to pay the price of half-a-mutchkin, to improve the present opportunity into a mutual acquaintanceship; besides all this, he begged leave to prove a mediator between his very good friend, Mr Scout, and me, thinking it a pity that two such glorious and worthy fellows should any longer misunderstand each other. *Haud mora*—I took instantly at the bait, which was so artfully laid, and, fancying myself a second Hume or Berkeley, whom the world was about to court and admire, I consented to the proposed debauch and reconciliation. Mr Scout made many apologies for his former ignorance of my true character during the evening; and from being pitted and declared enemies, we became all of a sudden, and by the most wonderful revulsion, sworn and inseparable friends. He entertained us with his college adventures and achievements,

whilst King interposed every now and then with a song, and I failed not in my attempts to turn my former associates in fanaticism into ridicule. I had an unfortunate turn for mimicry; and on this occasion, I was at one time old Farley, cleaning his throat, and stroking his chin,—and at another time, the unfortunate Jessie, in all the heat and intemperance of conversion zeal. Half-mutchkin followed half-mutchkin, song followed upon song, and tale upon tale, till, from shaking of hands, and protestations of eternal friendship, we fell to philosophizing and liberalizing in a manner at once hearty and unconstrained. The world appeared to us to be governed and managed by prejudice and ignorance, whilst we were the only three living sages to whom the realities of things had been discovered; who had been behind the scene, and seen those springs and movements which actuate and regulate the whole. We drank "Confusion to all absolute monarchs;" "The progress of true science, and the advancement of liberty and equality over the world;" we then bumpered "The friends of the people;" and, amongst the rest, "Henry Erskine," "Thomas Paine," and, by a strange perversity of thinking, "David Hume." It was a night of strange hallucination. I think I still hear the streamers and flappers of this new meteoric light sounding and rattling in mine ears; and we did not part till we had foundered every sense in the potency and urgency of strong drink.

Next morning my head ached confusedly, and my heart, too, was ill at ease; but after the discharge of my school labours, I had recourse to one of Hume's Essays, which tended, in a great measure, to put all things again to rights. I walked about, under the shades of the advancing evening, buoyed up with self-conceit, and looking down as from an eminence upon the crawling, unthinking reptiles by which, in my daily intercourse, I was surrounded. I could not bear to be long absent from King and from Scout; and, amidst these troublous times, we contrived to be busy. There was a regular plan laid, and even an attempt made, at this time, to overturn the Govern-

ment of the country, and, by opposing and overpowering the constituted authorities throughout the land, to erect and constitute ourselves, even the majesty of the people, into rulers, governors, and adjudicators of justice. I had conversed several times with Scout upon this subject, and found that he was much more in the secrets of the plan than I was; he was, in fact, employed as a delegate, (but in the most secret manner imaginable,) to carry into execution the designs of a factious and more wealthy demagogue of the neighbourhood. And, truly, the man was fit for his trust, for he was sly, crafty, and ill-natured, dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and capable of infusing his views and feelings into the veins and hearts of all those upon whom he wished, or was commissioned, to operate. A general rising was the whisper, and the pass-word of the hour; and several meetings had been held in a certain public-house in the village, with the view of forwarding communication and co-operation. All this, you may be sure, had not passed unnoticed, under one of the most vigilant and active administrations that ever managed the affairs of the nation; and, unknown to Scout, King, or any of us, there were spies upon our every movement, and only waiting an opportunity of bringing home an actionable offence against us. They adopted the plan suggested by the old proverb, which recommends "giving the tyke tether enough, that it may hang itself;" and were prepared to drag us into day the instant our deeds of darkness became capable of public exposure. The ice under us was hollow, and ready, with every tread, to give way, and yet we moved on in silence, and without any distinct presentiment or perception of danger. The trap was laid and baited, and we were actually tampering with the danger, and yet we regarded ourselves as too crafty for the snare. We stood, like snipes or woodcocks, with our heads immersed in plash, or thicket, whilst we presented ample scope of corporeal visibility for the marksman to aim at. And had it not been for a lucky concurrence of circum-

stances, rather than in consequence of any very prudent or skilful management of our own, we had undoubtedly been put to much trouble, and some risk, on the occasion.

It is necessary to premise, at this stage of my narrative, that a class of fanatics, of an extraordinary description and character, had at this time, or rather some months before this, taken up their abode in the parish of Closeburn. They were called "Buchanites," from their leader and Pythoness, Lucky Buchan, (as she was familiarly styled,) who taught them to credit many absurdities, and amongst others, her own divinity, and the certainty of their bodily assumption into heaven, after certain prayers, watchings, and fastings. She was seconded and supported in this her, or at least *their* delusion, by a person of the name of White, whom she had picked up somewhere about Paisley, and who officiated in the capacity of clergyman. In this society, consisting principally of young men and women, every thing was in common, and all labour, beyond what was necessary for the procuring of daily sustenance, was prohibited. Consequently, many idle, and some profligate characters, belonging to the neighbourhood, took up their residence with Lucky Buchan, and waited patiently for the season of final removal from earth, and all its concerns. Day was fixed after day, but still the period was by *authority* postponed, till at last the expectants having become impatient, a particular hour was condescended upon. Some ascended, according to the scripture, to the house-top, some perched on the knowe-head, and not a few amidst the branches of the surrounding trees,—all on the look-out for an Elijah conveyance, and imping and trying their wings like a flock of young swallows, on their Autumnal departure southwards; when a young man, who had lately joined them, and who belonged to the parish where they were then resident, lost his footing by overstretching, and being precipitated from the topmost branch of a stately ash-tree, was killed on the spot. The news of this person's death flew through the country like wild-fire; he had been poisoned—he had been stabbed—he

had been, in one shape or another, murdered. Nor was his death a solitary event of the kind. Children had been strangled at their birth; and various atrocities, of the most novel and revolting nature, had been committed. The country was quite in a commotion. Justices of the Peace were deemed negligent, or partial; and so the peasants thought proper to take justice and expediency into their own hands, and old Queen-Anne guns, and long rusty swords, were immediately in a state of requisition.

In this state affairs were at the period of which I write, and whilst the great plot of Jacobinism, or insubordination, was going forward, and pikes were fabricating, and fowling-pieces were mustering, in some barns, and stables, and hay-lofts, that shall be nameless, and to which King, Scout, and I, were privy—the underplot of the Buchanites occasioned a local, and a pretty smart sensation. Pitt and Lucky Buchan, the King and White, the pensioned beef-eaters and the murderous followers of an insane woman, were mixed up and jumbled together in people's heads and apprehensions, so that vituperative expressions, which had been originally applied to the lesser evil, were transferred, in process of time and usage, to the greater, and the term "Buchanites" became the watch-word, at last, for all royalists, ministerial minions and supporters. The mischief which had been some months in hatching, came at last to a crisis, and upon the morning of the 24th day of October, it was meditated to surprise all the garrisons throughout England and Scotland, to depose the King's authorities every where, and on the ruins of ancient and established law, to erect the Tree of Liberty, and to sound the tocsin of insubordination and bloodshed. The plot, however, was timely discovered, many of the ring-leaders were seized upon, and the prison of the adjoining burgh was crowded with delinquents.

The militia were called upon to act on this occasion, and in one instance absolutely refused. They had, in fact, been tainted with the popular leaven, and were unwilling to be

made the instruments of bringing their friends and relations to condign punishment. All was uproar, and surmise, and speculation, and contradictory report, and alarm, and trepidation, throughout the upper strath of Nith in particular; and, in the course of a few hours, a civil war seemed not only inevitable, but actually begun. I had just gone into bed, after having dosed myself with my usual portion of infidel reading and speculation, when a slight rap came to my window, and I heard Scout's voice distinctly calling upon me to rise, for God and the people's sake, otherwise I might lie, as he expressed it with an oath, "to all eternity." Upon my appearance on the outside, I found Scout, King, and about a dozen more, in arms, and ere I could calculate consequences, there was a rusty old family piece thrust into my hand, double loaded, as I was informed, with slugs. Scout clapped his hand upon my mouth when I endeavoured to speak, and without further communication or resistance, I was marched into the ranks of the Philistines, in other words, into an open calf-park, or ward, where, under the veil of night, were assembled upwards of seven hundred men, consisting of local militia, mixed with and supported by an armed peasantry. My heart sunk within me, as I passed through the bigget, or three-barred passage, into the camp, and found myself fairly committed on the score of insurrection. I would willingly have exchanged conditions with any one of my own pupils, or even with the most tattered, scrawled, and dust-covered book which at that moment lay open and neglected on the school-shelf, or window-sole. However, it was in for a penny, in for a pound; and as I had now raised the flag of rebellion, at least ranged myself under it, I endeavoured, through the help of two caukers of whisky, which were administered to each of us, to summon up my courage to the fighting, or rather the resisting point. My classical recollections were by no means of the most encouraging cast, for, whilst I thought of Horace's flight from Philippi, "*par-mulâ*," as he himself allows, "*non bene relictâ*," and of a similar de-

sersion in the campaigning even of Demosthenes himself, I began to think that there is something in literature and scholarship which unfits a man for "*bella, horrida bella*," the bloody field, and quarterless flight. Oh, it was a dreadful thing to have one's arm or leg torn in an instant from their body, and to feel the cold risp of the rough and serrated steel passing quickly and unceremoniously through one's midriff, or abdominal viscera. I already put up my hand occasionally to my brain, and thought how suddenly and unperceivedly a small piece of lead, square or round, might effect its passage from stem to stern, from frontal-bone to posterior cerebellum. But, luckily for me, I had scarcely time to think of such subjects seriously, when a march was ordered, and begun, and I was hurried away, I scarcely knew whither, and for purposes of which I by no means understood the extent. The moon rose upon our march, and looked as if she could have scouled us through the earth; and every hedge, and ditch, and jungle, on our way, appeared to me to be peopled with red-coats, to contain the advance-guard of those very soldiers which it was our design, as I learned from my companion Scout, to surprise. At last we halted on an eminence above the village of Thornhill, where the King's forces lay; and our commander, whose name was "*Kelty*," issued orders for us to examine our locks, and charge our pieces. Hereupon many of us felt as if the last summons had been issued from the Cloud of Judgment, and I could observe Scout's hand shake as he returned his ramrod into the sheath again. A whisper began to run along the line, which soon became a murmur, and ultimately a scream or yell of horror. "*They're coming, they're coming,—yonder I see their horse and foot in the valley below us*," proceeded, in despair, from nearly a thousand lips. Our commander endeavoured to inspire us with courage, but in vain. The consciousness of guilt operating in conjunction with a sense of immediate danger, produced a sudden and irrisistible panic, and off we scampered, the peasantry in the front, and the militiamen in

their wakes, in every direction but that in which the enemy, as we supposed, were approaching. I took to my heels in the direction of Closeburn, my native parish, and, along with King and Scout, found myself, in the course of an hour, on the banks of the Cample, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the "*Buchanites*." We lay perdue in a field of oats, and heard, at first, volleys, and latterly single shots fired in the adjoining muir. I would have given all my classical library, together with Hume's Essays into the bargain, to have been fairly and honourably out of this scrape. The firing, however, ceased at last, and neither foot nor horsemen came our way. We began, about one o'clock of the morning, to thrust up our heads into the moonshine, like rabbits from their holes, and to listen, as well as speculate, carefully, on all sides. Adown the adjoining steep, immediately over the village of Cample, a band of about from thirty to forty men seemed evidently to be advancing upon our retreat. As the ground was level, it was impossible for us to escape unnoticed, so we lay close and breathless, thinking that they might pass us unobserved. But in this we were mistaken, for they came so near to us at last, that we could hear their conversation. "*You will*," said one who seemed to command the rest, "*you will guard the road towards Thornhill; and you that towards Brownhill; whilst we will take up our stance here, and pepper them from this side*." I already felt the pepper of which they spoke in my blood and flesh, and smarted all over. "*But, Lord preserve us! is not that Sandy Gibson, and Willy Herdman, and Archy Tait, and Tam Gillespie, and a whole et ceteri of my most intimate acquaintances!*" It was actually so; and in a few minutes we understood each other perfectly, and had agreed on the propriety of turning those weapons, which some of us had taken up against the constituted authorities of the land, simply against the murderous and bigotted followers of Lucky Buchan, whom we deemed it a duty, and little less than religion, to drive, "*vi et armis*," that is to say, by means of slug and bullet,

from the parish and neighbourhood. So to it we went immediately, our new associates having no knowledge of the difference of our original intention; and approximating to an old turf-caped wall, or dike, which enclosed the park, in the midst of which the obnoxious steddung was placed, we proceeded to summon the citadel to surrender. But the enemy seemed to have been aware of our proceedings, and a ball went whizzing within about three inches of my ear, and, catching the muzzle of Scout's gun in its passage, went into a thousand pieces, dimming the eyesight, and otherwise deforming the countenance of many. This was not to be endured; I felt my courage encrease, or rather appear, with my rage and desire of revenge; so levelling old "Bessy," as Scout called her, over the dike, I shut my eyes, and "*loot fly*." This example was followed by several of my friends, and the battle raged on both sides for some time, though without blood. In fact, we had no wish to commit murder, but only meant to drive out the intruders from the residence which they had so long and so obstinately retained. A parley was at last sounded by Parson White himself, who, advancing with a white sheet suspended from a long pole, demanded our meaning and intention by such an unmannerly salutation. An explanation ensued; and as the place appeared evidently too hot for them now, a promise was solemnly made and taken, that, in the course of twenty-four hours, neither man, woman, nor child, belonging to old Lucky, should remain on the farm of Cample-slacks. Having attained this object, we dispersed peaceably; and I was snug in my bed ere yet old Robson's nose had ceased to sound, through *but* and *ben*, the morning reveillé. The Buchanites actually decamped next day; and as I stood upon the Herd-Knows, after the school sailed in the afternoon, I heard them departing under the voice of psalm-sing, and with palms, or birchen branches, in their hands, along the winding banks of the Nith, towards their final and famous retreat at Auchingibbert-Hill. There was an awful "*hillibulloo*" about an insurrection of the militia, and a certain

violence which had been exercised towards the Buchanites; and suspicions and reports, to the prejudice of many, were for some time prevalent; but, as old John Robson very properly observed, "the Maister, puir fallow, could have nae finger in the pie, for, to his certain knowledge, he had slept snugly in his bed all that eventful, and, to some, disastrous night!"

The public ferment began in time to subside; ringleaders of insurrection were tried, and in most cases, from a deficiency of evidence, acquitted; but as the crisis had evidently passed, the Government very judiciously relaxed in their prosecutions, and the political horizon began to assume a less troublous and more settled look. Not so the aspect and expression of my soul within me; I daily became less and less happy, or, in better words, more and more miserable, under my present opinions, sentiments, and conduct. I was like a feather tossed about upon an ocean of uncertainty—I was the unhappy Cyclops in his cave, groping around the walls of his dark and dreary imprisonment. I fled to Pempont, and to Scout, and to King—I had recourse to song—to frequent and deep libations—to boisterous mirth—to downright treason—and, I fear I must add, to *blasphemy*. I laughed at things sacred, and turned the outward observances of religion, together with its ministers, into ridicule. But all would not do; I was ill at ease—"herebat lateri, lethalis arundo;"—the arrow of conscience stuck fast in my heart, and drank up all its freshness, and life, and play. Yet, amidst all this insanity, there was one crime which I escaped perpetrating, *infanticide*, or the poisoning of the minds and souls of my scholars. I still continued to *teach* faithfully, and, in fact, the only hours I had of enjoyment were spent at my desk, in school. I became, indeed, dreadfully morose, and unusually severe, but still there was a plan and an equity even in my punishments, and my scholars imputed this unhappy change rather to my increased zeal as a teacher, than to any sourdness of temper. Old John Robson, my landlord, perceived and lamented the change; but he was far, very far be-

neath my notice, and, happily for him, ignorant of that philosophy which had raised me so far above the great mass of society around me. He, poor man, read his Bible, said his prayers, believed in his God—hoped for mercy through Christ—went to bed and slept soundly; whilst I studied Volney—meditated upon Gibbon—perused Buffon—gloated over Montaigne, Rabelais, and Dryden—went to bed, and could find no refreshing rest. My head was absolutely affected, and a partial derangement took place. I became at last quite feverish, and my mental malady settled down into a regular, or typhus fever. Oh, I shall never, never, whilst I breathe, forget my sensations under the advances, and through all the stages, of this slow and nervous complaint. Before me was a gulf of headlong plunge, through all the unmeasured depths of which imagination lingered in lassitude and distraction. Behind me sat Conscience, like the ill-boding raven, and menacing me with a thousand possibilities of the most awful and indistinct nature. When I tried to pray, I could not; but recollect, that with the God of Nature, and of mere human reason, prayer was an inefficient, because an unnecessary service. The God, the vital principle, the great first cause whom I recognized, was a being of destiny, in whose eyes I, and my little insignificant concerns and troubles, were nothing, and less than nothing. The Bible I had classed with the Koran, and with the one thousand and one tales of Arabian entertainment; its promises, therefore, and its supports, were thrown away upon one who considered them as fables. When I beheld my arm every day becoming more emaciated, saw my nails crook and bend like birds' claws inwards, and surveyed in the glass all the horror of an emaciated, and withered, and scorched frame, my whole soul became an essential agony; I seemed to myself to have suddenly become more capable of intense suffering than I had hitherto been, or even suspected that I could be; and when clothed in this experience, I dared to adventure, in imagination, into the realms of futurity, and to image to myself the possibilities of endurance which might still

await me,—I would gladly, under these circumstances, have drunk the draft of eternal annihilation, and have laid me down to be devoured, soul, body, and every perception and apprehension, by the earth-worm. My former associates, Scout, King, and others of the same class, became fearful and annoying even to my imagination; and the books over which I had pored so intensely, and from which I had derived the blessings, as I deemed them once, of infidelity, lay scattered about the room, neglected and abhorred; every leaf seemed ready to become instinct with life, and to erect itself into an agent of torture and despair. There was a damp hollow place in my heart, immediately under my breast-bone, and in this den of dreary obscurity and death, there were creeping things, that, as they trailed along, thrilled through my frame, and, as they gnawed, agonized my whole soul. I cannot give any further account of what passed before, and around, and within me, for my reason at last gave way, and I became insensible to all individuality of object and perception,—and I felt as if I had been a mist, or an ocean, or a vast promontory of extended unfathomed weight and inactivity, lumbering on in God's presence, and exposed to all the pressure of superincumbent divinity, awfully resolved on my annihilation. When I awoke from this dreadful and most horrible apprehension, my mother stood all calm, and resigned, and christianized, by my bed-side. It was a lovely, oh! it was a refreshing sight. There was the face, with whose kindly and affectionate expression all my recollections of early happiness were associated—the eye which had so often looked into my soul, and anticipated, ere words came to my aid, the numerous and frivolous wishes and wants of infancy—the hand of beneficence and mercy which had so often spread for me the humble but sweet repast, and laid upon my bread the portioned allowance of better fare—there were the lips and accents (for she spoke in tears, and blessed her child) of more than earthly recollection, which carried me back into the fairy tale, the kindly advice, the apportioned psalm, the evening prayer, and the

morning hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the one true God, and to his son Jesus, *God with us!* oh, in that sentence, "*God with us,*" how much of comfort and accommodation to poor, wandering, ignorant, dependant, and aspiring creatures, is contained! And I felt it so in my awakening—I felt that the spell had been broken, the bands untied, the demon unfanged, and that I was again my mother's boy, and the heir, along with this perception, of life, and hope, and joy. The fever had now taken a favourable turn, and by the surgeon's advice, I was permitted to take a glass of port-wine every twenty-four hours. And what with the restorative and comforting influence of this bodily cordial, together with that moral refreshment and renewal of spirit which arose from my kind mother's presence, I began to gain strength, and heart, and soundness of mind. My mother had heard me pronounce dreadful and despairing words during my derangement, and she took advantage of the first safe opportunity of drawing my attention to some books which she had discovered in my apartment, and of which she disapproved. I confessed to her my whole misery, and said, frankly and freely, that I began to fear my past conduct had not been regulated by sound sense or true religion. "I'm glad to hear my bairn speaking in that way," replied my truly Christian parent; "I'm glad to hear the rational and repentant words frae thy lips, bairn! Thou hast had a lang struggle, and a sair ane, and muckle has the Tempter striven to get thee for ever within his clutches; but the God of thy Father, my dear boy, has been thy God, and has never left thee altogether hopeless or helpless. He has mair wark for thee yet; and He will sift thee, it may be, as wheat, and winnow out the chaff from the corn; but thou art of the seed o' the righteous, of those who stood and who bled for Christ's covenanted church; and the blessing is thine, even that blessing which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow thereunto." I looked in my mother's face, as she spoke in a steady, unbroken voice, and it seemed to me as I had been looking upon the countenance

of Moses, after his descent from Sinai, so much was it instinct with the light and the glory of heaven. I could not answer, nor make any observations upon what I had heard, but I laid myself back upon my pillow, and wept plentifully. These tears were to me the thaw after the continued and severe frost—they came in softening, and loosening, and humanizing, and christianizing power. They were the most delicious drops I had ever shed in my whole lifetime; and clasping my hands, and raising my eyes towards heaven, I said at last, in all the fervency of sincere repentance, "Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner!" "Enough, enough," said my mother; "the work is done; He has heard, He has heard my prayer, my child, and thine, and thou art henceforth restored to life, and many a useful, and, as I humbly trust, happy day, when she who now rejoices here, shall have had her allotment and residence elsewhere. May the God of all grace and perseverance bless, henceforth, and preserve thee in His word, and in His truth, in which, and in which alone, thou canst find rest to thy soul!"

It was the beginning of spring ere my health began to assume a determined aspect of convalescence, and I shall ever retain a most delightful recollection of the pleasurable feelings and reflections in which I then indulged. A class-fellow, and cousin of my own, had kindly undertaken the conducting of my school during my illness, and I was at liberty to wander, as increasing strength might permit, along green and primrose-covered banks, by the brink of pure and murmuring streams, and under all the glorious serenading of blackbird, thrush, lark, and linnet. Having thrown off King and Scout, who took no notice of me whatever during my fever, and having, along with this deposition, laid aside all slavish fear respecting my eternal state—having built my faith upon the Rock of Ages, and encompassed the erection with the evergreens of hope, and mercy, and gratitude, I know not that there was a happier existence than I in all the wide range of God's creatures. I used to shed tears of sensitive joy, as I looked,

and felt, and drank in happiness at every pore. And, in the midst of the softening and invigorating breeze, I thrust out my bare neck—pushed forward, into as much surface as possible, my spread hands and fingers. and laughed, and leapt, and sung. "Oh God! I thank thee that thou hast reserved me for this hour, and

these enjoyments!" was my daily ejaculation towards heaven.

But what, you will be apt to enquire, what has all this to do with my tutorship? You shall see, if you will have patience, and give me leave to inform you, in my future communications. In the meantime, *Vive vaeque.*

SCHILLER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued.)

Schiller to the Baron Von Dalberg.

Stuttgart, 1782.*

SINCE my return, I have atoned somewhat for the delicious satisfaction to which I so wholly resigned myself at Mannheim, by an attack of an epidemic distemper; and I lament exceedingly, that its continuance has prevented me from sooner expressing to you my unfeigned acknowledgements for the exercise of your late most endearing courtesies and friendly attention. Yet, shall I say, that this happiest and most delightful excursion of my life even now fills me with sad and melancholy regret?

It has indeed, I must own, been the means of pressing irresistibly upon me a contrast, most humiliating and distressing, between my own country and the more favoured Mannheim, and has so fatally disenchanted every object around me of its interest and attraction, that I may with truth say, that Stuttgart, and the fairest scenes of Swabia, have become to me nearly insupportable. I feel myself, in this newly and intensely awakened sense of the privations of my lot, truly wretched†. The promptings and inspirations of an indubitable voice within me, speak to me the possession of gifts and endowments

* This letter seems to have been written some time in June.

† With a view to the more clear and satisfactory understanding of this, and several of the following letters, we think it proper to subjoin these hints:

It would appear that the ardent spirit of liberty which Schiller breathes throughout many of the sentiments of the "Tyrannenlied," (his first poetical production,) and also incidentally in his "Robbers," had proved highly offensive and unpalatable to his Sovereign, the Duke of Wirtemberg. The poet found an industrious and unrelenting persecutor in Walter, the Inspector of the Gardens at Ludwigsburg; and he seems, from a passage in one of his letters, to have been somewhat apprehensive of experiencing, in part, the hard and unjust fate of the upright and candid Schubart, who, for the noble and patriotic spirit of his writings, was condemned to an imprisonment of eight years in the fortress of Hohenasperg. If Schiller, however, escaped this rigour of punishment, he was subjected, at least, to an exercise of capricious and despotic power scarcely less galling and humiliating. He was enjoined, by the mandate of the Duke, to forswear his dramatic and poetical pursuits, and, in his future writings, to confine himself alone to the topics of his medical profession. It appears, indeed, that the Duke was still willing that Schiller should proceed in his poetic career, provided he himself was allowed the previous revision and correction of his productions. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Schiller, happily for the enlightened gratification of the world, and the peculiar lustre of his own country, disregarded this singular and arbitrary injunction of the Duke, and indignantly spurned the thought of subjecting the free and unfettered productions of his ardent and richly-creative mind, to the critical acumen, or the curiously-subtle and tremulous political sagacity of his Prince. It is under the pressure of those feelings of melancholy dejection and disappointment, caused by such humiliating and vexatious restraints, that he here writes to his friend Von Dalberg. He resolves, for ever, to renounce Stuttgart, where he sees himself condemned to stifle the unambiguous voice of his poetic inspiration, and he applies to his friend for the exertion of his influence in procuring him permission to withdraw himself from the service and dominions of the Duke. Schiller thus

worthy, perhaps, the more genial and fostering influence of a happier and more favoured condition; yet, I seem only to behold, spread out before me, the cheerless and melancholy gloom of one sterile and barren prospect.

Shall I then, my most excellent friend, presume, amidst my anxieties and disquietudes, to throw myself, with confidence, upon the kind aids of your generous protection? I know, indeed, well, how quickly the noble and tender impulses of your heart respond to the calls of compassion and benevolent affection. I know the constancy and energy of your mind in the pursuit of what is worthy and commendable, and the warmth of persevering zeal with which you seek its accomplishment. The warm and enthusiastic praises of my new friends at Mannheim, by whom you are held in so deep and honourable respect, would have at once satisfied me of these noble traits in your character, had I, indeed, in this respect, required to be guided by the promptings and assurances of others. But, in the personal intercourse which it was so lately my happiness to enjoy with your Excellency,—in the decisive and intelligent traits of your countenance, and the noble and winning courtesy and frankness of your demeanour, I may say, with truth, I at once recognised the indications of numerous other most amiable and endearing attributes of character. It is this deep impression I entertain of the noble and estimable virtues of your Excellency which irresistibly prompts me (I fear with a blameable presumption) to yield myself wholly up to your guiding and directing sway, and to look to you as the beneficent and provident framer of my future fortunes. Amidst the obscurity and restraints of my present state, I may be said to be wholly lost. I can never fondly hope to flourish (if I may so say) and bring forth worthy fruit, amidst the blighting and

withering chill which here fatally checks every fair and felicitous production of poetic skill. The impulses and inspirations of so noble an art within me, can only be quickened and fanned into creative energy and beauty, beneath the bland influence of a more genial scene, and the cheering aids and appliances of a more happy and favoured condition. Need I urge more than this to Von Dalberg, to be at once assured of the guidance and support of his generosity and affection? I may, indeed, with truth, say, that all my future hopes and expectations centre alone in your Excellency. It is your generous friendship and countenance which I fondly figure to myself smoothing and facilitating the impeded current of my fortunes. With what eager and impatient joy, then, you may well conceive, shall I hail your wished-for promise of support! I send you, enclosed, several hints and views, of which, should you approve, and embody them in your own manner, in the form of a letter to the Duke, I should entertain strong hopes of the success of the application.

And now allow me, in conclusion, to press upon your Excellency, with the most earnest and importunate, yet respectful solicitation, this request of favour and support, so deeply and fondly cherished in my hopes and wishes. Could your Excellency, indeed, perceive the painful and agitated workings of my mind,—by what a tumult of conflicting feelings I am tossed,—could I depict to you, in colours adequately vivid and impressive, how my indignant spirit impatiently rebels against the paralyzing restraints and dispiriting privations of my condition, I feel assured you would, with eagerness, and prompt and affectionate decision, at once stretch towards me the hand of your effectual relief and protection. And I may add, as an incentive to your zeal, that it seems to me extremely probable, that the wished-

writes, in the "German Museum," in 1784: "The '*Robbers*' compelled me to test myself from relatives and country. While I was yet in the first delicious and intoxicating enjoyment of the public commendation, I was forbid, even in the place of my birth, to write, under the pain of imprisonment. The resolution which I then formed and acted upon is known. As to its results, my modesty forbids me to speak."

for object may be attained, through the influence of one or two epistles from you to the Duke. I desire, however, wholly, in this, to confide myself to the dictates of your friendship and protecting affection; and I may, with truth, say, I wish for nothing with more zealous and impatient ardour, than for an opportunity, by my personal efforts and services, to demonstrate to your Excellency the depth and sincerity of my grateful regard, &c. &c.

Schiller to the Baron Von Dalberg.

Stuttgart, 15th July 1782.

The long silence in our correspondence, on my part, during which your truly affectionate and flattering epistle has remained unacknowledged, and your two books, which I ought long since to have returned, still in my possession, must, I fear, have already subjected me, in the mind of your Excellency, to the imputation of a blameable and inconsiderate negligence. The delay, however, in fulfilling these urgent and pleasant calls on my attention, has proceeded, I regret to say, from a most vexatious and irritating occurrence. Your Excellency will, no doubt, feel some astonishment when I inform you, that the consequence of my late excursion to Mannheim has been confinement under arrest for fourteen days. The whole circumstances of my supposed offending were reported with studied and artful minuteness to the Duke, and led to a personal interview with his Highness.

Should your Excellency perceive any possibility of effecting the accomplishment of the views I have so long ardently cherished, of fixing my residence in your city, permit me to beseech you, with the most earnest and zealous importunity, to hasten their fulfilment. As to the reason, however, which leads me, with a more eager solicitude, to urge this request, I cannot venture to unfold it to your Excellency in the shape of a letter. Thus far, I may, however, say, with certainty, that, should my ardent wishes, in this respect, not

be fortunately realized within a few months, I shall then, in the course which I shall feel myself compelled to adopt, be obliged wholly to relinquish any future prospect of this kind. The step which my necessity shall then force upon me must for ever render my future residence at Mannheim impossible.

My dramatic work of "*The Conspiracy of Fiesco*" will, I trust, be completed by the middle of August, when I shall have the satisfaction of submitting it to the enlightened judgment and critical discrimination of your Excellency. The incidents, from Spanish history, connected with the fortunes and fate of Don Carlos, which you suggest to me as a fitting subject for the exercise of my dramatic exertions, presents, assuredly, materials capable of great and felicitous treatment, and will, it is probable, form the noble groundwork of my next poetic labours. The "*Kindsmörderin*" of Wagner is marked by some interesting traits of character, and touching situations of dramatic power; yet it can seldom be said to rise above mediocrity. It exercises no abiding, or finely-regulated power, over the feelings and the affections, and aims with too restless and untiring a pertinacity at the pathetic. His "*Macbeth*," I may add, seems to me wholly devoid of merit. I now return these publications to your Excellency, with my most sincere acknowledgments. I conclude, in expressing my deep and lively feelings of gratitude for the generous interest your Excellency has hitherto taken in my humble fortunes, and I remain, &c. &c.

Schiller to Von Dalberg.

Your Excellency will no doubt, through my friends at Mannheim, have been already informed of the peculiar circumstances of my situation previous to the period of your return, which I sincerely regret the urgency of circumstances put it wholly out of my power to await. When I now say to you, that I have abandoned my professional situation, and that I am already so far on my flight from

* This letter would seem to have been written some time in October 1782,

Stuttgart †, you have at once before you the true picture of my present condition. To this it grieves me to add, that I am wholly destitute of the means by which I can hope to mitigate or bid defiance to the hardships attendant on the peculiarity of my situation. Apprehensions for my own safety and security compelled me to hurry myself from Stuttgart with the utmost expedition; and in this way led me unavoidably to neglect the adjustment of many economical and necessary arrangements to which I would otherwise have attended, and to leave behind me several debts undischarged. I may ingenuously own, that I rested my chief hope and reliance upon my reception at Mannheim; and I trusted that there, aided and encouraged by the generous friendship of your Excellency, I should, by means of my play ‡, be enabled, not merely to satisfy any calls of debt upon me, but even to establish myself in more easy and comfortable circumstances. These expectations, however, have been wholly frustrated, by the unavoidable abruptness and precipitation of my departure from your city. I left it in the most destitute circumstances, and oppressed by the deepest despondence. I might indeed feel overwhelmed by the pain of so humiliating and distressing an avowal, were I not upheld and consoled by the strong inward assurance, that such distressing inflictions of my adverse fortune cannot lower me in the enlightened estimation of your upright and candid mind. I must own myself already sufficiently sunk in sorrow and dejection, by the sad reflection from which I seek in vain to escape; that I now stand the melancholy exemplification of the disgraceful and humilifying truth, that the road to honourable celebrity and distinction is closed against every free-born native of Swabia.

If, then, my previous intercourse

and communication with your Excellency have enabled you suitably to appreciate the true qualities of my character—if you have, happily, justly imputed to me those impressions and incentives of honour which I feel to be inseparable from my nature,—permit me, then, I beseech you, with a manly and ingenuous freedom, which must find its excuse in the urgencies of my unhappy condition, to look up to you, with well-founded assurance, for aid and support. The pecuniary advantage to which I looked forward from my drama of "*Fiesco*," would, indeed, at the present juncture, have been to me most welcome and seasonable. The irritating and afflicting feelings, however, which of late have so unceasingly agitated and possessed me, have, I may say, so cruelly clouded or banished from my mind all those delicious visions which Poetry seizes and embodies as her own, that I fear I can scarcely yet securely promise its completion before the expiration of three weeks.

If, however, my drama shall not only, by that time, be completed, but also, as I think I may, with some fond and assured confidence, affirm, be in many respects peculiarly and strikingly adapted for representation, pardon me, if I entreat your Excellency, with the most zealous, yet respectful-importunity, generously, in the meanwhile, to advance me whatever sum you may think yourself with safety warranted in, upon the strength of the future performances of the piece. For, to confide myself ingenuously to your friendship, I must own my present necessities to be greater and more pressingly urgent than I have ever experienced in any previous period of my life. At Stuttgart, a demand was unexpectedly made upon me for two hundred florins; and I confess, that my eager desire to discharge this debt begets in me more solicitude and disquiet than even the thoughts how, amidst so

† The impatience of Schiller to escape from the irksome and inquisitorial restraints of his situation, made him unwilling any longer to await the more slow and doubtful event of the exertions of Von Dalberg to obtain for him a formal permission to leave the service of the Duke. The boldness and decision of the step which he had now taken, while it must have excited more highly the displeasure of the Duke, may at once explain the caution of not mentioning the place from which this letter is written.

‡ His "*Conspiracy of Fiesco*," upon which he had already been occupied for several months.

many discouragements, and the pressure of such severe privations, I shall direct my future course and fortune in the world. I feel, indeed, assured I shall be unable to taste of serenity or satisfaction, until I shall have freed myself from the uneasiness of this claim.

I beg still farther to press upon your Excellency, that the small provision which the urgency of circumstances allowed me to make for my journey, cannot, I fear, hold out longer than eight days; and yet, in my present anxious and harassed frame of mind, I feel myself wholly unable to resume my literary and poetical labours; neither, indeed, were I even to compel myself to such an effort, could I hope for pecuniary relief from productions which would bear upon them too visibly the marks of an intellect estranged, and which, amidst the agitation of foreign feelings and solitudes, could only feebly, and at intervals, give out some gleams and indications of its power. I seek in vain, amidst the pressure of my anxiety and disquiet, to grasp at some plan or means of immediate relief. If your Excellency, in addition to what I have already presumed to solicit, were, in your kind generosity, at present to advance me 100 florins, it would prove to me, in my present situation, a great and signal benefit. In this event, you might either ensure me the profits of the first performance of my "*Fiesco*," with deduction of your present loan, or at once advance to me such a sum as you may justly estimate to be the full value of the piece.

In either case, it would be to me a matter of no difficulty (should the sum I receive exceed what may be derived from the performance of the piece) to discharge the overplus from the profits of my next dramatic composition. I submit this proposal to the candour and judgment of your Excellency, urged by the distressing necessities of my present condition; and I do it with the more assured hope of acceptance, that I feel I may securely rely on the fruits of my own literary exertions for its successful accomplishment. It is this pleasing anticipation which lends somewhat of a brighter and more renovating

aspect to the discouraging gloom of my present prospects; and I feel aware that I should only communicate to your Excellency unnecessary pain, and recal myself too rudely from the indulgence of such exhilarating (I would trust not deceitful) visions, were I to unfold to you in their truest saddening colours, the mortifying and degrading hardships of my present situation. Speedy aid and support I now long for with the utmost ardour and impatience. I have prevailed upon Meyer to wait upon your Excellency, and to learn what, under all circumstances, is the course you think it most wise to pursue towards me; and at the same time, to relieve you from the trouble of corresponding with me on the matter. With the truest respect, &c.

—
Schiller to Von Dalberg.

Oggersheim, 16th Nov. 1782.

I am at present agitated by the most lively and anxious impatience, to know how your Excellency has relished my drama of "*Fiesco*," and whether the conjectures and anticipations into which, in regard to it, my mind has delighted at times to stray, have proved fallacious, or received a delightful and encouraging confirmation from the decision of your refined and critical discernment. The lapse, however, of no less than eight days, without the slightest hint or intimation from your Excellency, have, amidst the inquietude and despondency of my fears, led me (I should still fondly hope too hastily) to imagine that the perusal of my dramatic work has perhaps proved to you nearly as toilsome and laborious an exercise of intellect, as its original composition and conception to myself. It was my aim, in this drama, to exhibit a great and impressive picture, of the progress, and fatal and disastrous end, of an evil and unquenehable ambition. If I shall happily have succeeded in this endeavour, I may perhaps be permitted to say, looking to the dramatic power and interest of the pervading and master-passion of the piece, that its public representation may be anticipated with some confident and assured hopes of success. So soon, however,

as I shall have it in my power to engage in its revision and improvement, I shall then reduce it to a more simple and compressed form, by the omission of several scenes wholly episodical, and by yielding myself up, in various other passages, with a more uncontrolled ardour, to the course of my poetic dictates and inspirations, where, especially, this may be safely done without injury to the general dramatic effect. Should your Excellency be unable to speak yet, definitively, your impression as to the probable success of my piece on the stage, let me at least, I entreat you, derive, in the meanwhile, from you on this subject, the enlightened hints and suggestions of one whom I so highly honour and reverence as a critic, highly discriminative and discerning in the true qualities and requisites of dramatic composition.

Should your Excellency think fit to write to me in return, I may here mention, that I reside in the close vicinity of the Cattle-Yard, under the assumed name of Schmidt, &c. &c.

—
Schiller to Von Dalberg.

S. Meinungen, 3d April 1783.

Your Excellency will, I trust, forgive my long delay in returning an answer to your very kind and obliging letter. I was then at Leipzig, endeavouring to effect some arrangement and agreement with Weigand, the issue of which I was compelled to wait, before I could finally write you any thing definitive or certain. We have not, however, been able to come to any agreement as to the price of my dramatic piece, and therefore it still remains at my own disposal.

I esteem myself peculiarly happy that your Excellency cherishes towards me, even while at a distance, sentiments so flattering and encouraging. Perhaps you feel curious to know how I relish my manner of life here? If, then, a total freedom from anxiety and care, the full and unrestrained indulgence of my darling poetic passion, and the loved intercourse and society of several friends of taste and refinement, can render a

person happy, I may assuredly, with truth, boast of being so.

Your Excellency, I perceive, notwithstanding my late failure, still honours me by reposing confidence in my powers of dramatic writing. It is assuredly my highest aim and ambition to realize the flattering expectations of your Excellency. To guard, however, in some measure, against a similar want of success, I take the liberty to premise a few things of the drama upon which I am now occupied*. This piece, besides the varied multiplicity of its dramatic personages, the skilful and intricate entanglement of plot, and the perhaps too bold and unrestrained license of satire with which it holds up to reprobation and abhorrence the unprincipled knave of high condition, may be said still farther to be marked by this defect, that what is comic is often too closely and intimately associated with the deeply tragic; that scenes or passages of a light and humorous strain are found interwoven with those of terrific and appalling passion; and that, although the catastrophe may perhaps be pronounced impressively tragic, yet several characters and situations, of a gay and vivacious description, occupy, at times, a too marked and injurious prominence over the more important and serious incidents and business of the drama. If your Excellency, however, be of opinion that these peculiarities, or imperfections, (of which I have deemed it wise to make you previously aware,) present little which can materially injure or detract from the dramatic effect of the piece in representation, I think I may venture with confidence to predict, that in all other respects it will be found worthy of your enlightened and discriminating approbation. I may, however, take the liberty still farther to observe, that should you here desiderate, too curiously and solicitously, every slight and fanciful requisite of scenic effect, then, whatever, in the composition, tends not, with marked precision, to this too-exclusive aim, however exquisite and appropriate in itself, will at once lose its value, and had

* Schiller here alludes to his "Cabal and Love."

better have been, from the first, wholly withheld. This point, however, I leave to the discerning and refined application of your Excellency; for, to speak ingenuously, I feel that any observations of mine would be too visibly tinged and imbued with the strong colours of my own peculiar biases and predilections. At present, I am occupied with my drama of "*Don Carlos*;" a subject richly fertile in dramatic interest, and for the first hint of which I am indebted to your Excellency. I propose, however, immediately to enter upon the composition of a new tragedy, "*Prince Conrad*," and thus diversify my poetical labours.

I await with curiosity and impatience your determination; and have the honour, with the most perfect respect, &c. &c.

—

Schiller to Von Dalberg.

Manheim, 29th Sept. 1783.*

Your kind and gracious letter was to me, assuredly, doubly welcome, from the situation in which it found me. I was then amidst the seductive and delicious enjoyments of the country; and, lost in their entrancing influence, seemed to have bid for ever an adieu to literary toils and anxieties, when your letter reached me, and forcibly aroused me from the pleasing and delusive lethargy into which I had fallen. My late illness, however, from the effects of which I recover slowly, and which still painfully affects my head, together with my uncertainty and irresolution in the choice of a subject for my next poetical exertion, and, above all, I may especially add, the regretted absence of your Excellency; which, in my sight, seems to disrobe Manheim of so much of its delicious interest and attraction, have been among the causes which, till now, have withheld me from the prosecution of all literary pursuits and avocations. But if my desire of again seeing your Excellency, and of deriving from your presence animating

and guiding incentives to more arduous poetic labours, was strong and ardent, you may figure to yourself my regret and disappointment when I heard of your departure. I eagerly hope soon to be richly compensated for your present absence. With regard to the compositions upon which I am now occupied for the stage, I feel anxious implicitly to follow the advice and suggestion of your Excellency, as to which of my two dramas, "*Fiesco*," or "*Louise Millerin*†," you would desire me first to finish. To complete both would occupy me four weeks; and as perhaps "*Fiesco*" ought, with more propriety, to be reserved for the time of the Carnival, and my "*Louise Millerin*" being, besides, of a more simple and incomplex dramatic form, I presume to suppose your choice may, most probably, fall upon the latter.

Your observations upon my drama of "*Fiesco*" seem to me, upon the whole, just, especially those in which you point out several blemishes and defects in my female dramatic characters. I must, indeed, candidly confess, that the two first scenes of the second act were written somewhat in opposition to my private judgment and inclination, which, I fear, must indeed be already too obvious to the discriminating reader. It fortunately, however, happens, that these two scenes, in my adapted and improved form of the piece, may be wholly omitted, without the slightest disadvantage to the general effect. The speech to which you allude, so ostentatiously bright and dazzling in its poetic colours, may justly be said to verge upon the ridiculous, and would, besides, by its length, have only oppressed and fatigued the hearers in the representation. Upon the fifth act, I meditate a very vital and important change; and I may say in general, that I entertain hopes of so happily accomplishing my work of dramatic alteration, that your Excellency, and the enlightened inhabitants of Manheim, shall find cause for just commendation and approval.

* It was at this time that Schiller took up his residence at Manheim, and, by the influence of his friend Von Dalberg, was promoted to the situation of Dramatic Composer for the theatre of that city.

† The name of the principal female character in "*Cabal and Love*."

The judgment I have formed of "*Schlenzheim*" is drawn from witnessing merely once its representation; yet I may ingenuously own to you, that the sentiments and impressions which its performance has awakened in me, do not, assuredly, highly redound to the merit of the drama.

Whatever it may possess of energetic passion, or truth of dramatic delineation, or scenic propriety, these, it forcibly struck me, I had already long previously witnessed in the otherwise wretched piece, "*Count Walltron*," and *Mercier's* "*Desert-er*." The two first acts, if they do not rise into high excellence, do not at least peculiarly offend; but the unravelling and disentanglement of the plot of the piece is conducted throughout with the most startling and rebutting defect of skill and judgment. Such dramas, however, may for a time, perhaps, retain possession of the stage, as the import and bearing of the fable is at once more obviously and palpably intelligible to the undiscerning, than the more artfully and finely-concerted plots of a nobler and more elevated dramatic interest.

I find that, in my present listless and debilitated state, I must defer my critical remarks upon "*Tikingen*." I shall soon, however, I trust, be enabled to send them to you in a more perfect and ample form, than I could now, from the state of my health, venture to promise. It has always seemed to me to savour somewhat of a bold and inconsiderate presumption, (which, if at all venial, can only find its excuse in the modesty and hesitation with which it is entered upon,) for the more youthful and inexperienced cultivator of literature, to examine and criticise the labours of those of more mature years, and riper and more infallible

judgment; and, especially, in the instance to which I now allude, where there assuredly appears such strong indications of genius and refined capacity.

The elucidation and exposition of topics and questions, in relation to the drama, will, I feel assured, form a most pleasing and instructive exercise, for my hours of leisure and relaxation. It will be impossible for me to weigh the separate and opposing merits of such questions, and the strong and forcible lights, which the critical examination of the multiplicity of views which they embrace, must, at times, cast so powerfully and luminously forth, without, as a dramatic writer, deriving the highest and most signal benefit. With regard to the conditions and terms of the contract into which I am desirous to enter, I feel that these can only be suitably adjusted in a personal interview and communing with your Excellency, &c. &c. &c.

To the Nightingale.

SING on, sweet hermit of the wood,
The song that soothes thy solitude,
And breathes a love-forsaken tale
Adown the soft and silent vale,
As if thy breaking heart would die
Upon its mournful melody.

Say, hath some fair, false-hearted mate
Thy little heart left desolate,
To weep upon the waving spray,
And pine in loneliness away;
In cold neglect to sit and sigh
O'er all thy ruin'd hopes of joy?

Could I give voice unto my woe,
And make my thoughts in music flow,—
Could I, like thee, awake the strain
That hallows heart-consuming pain,
I too thy solitude would share,
And sing my secret sorrows there.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

(Continued.)

The Manuscript.

WELL, the next house they came to there was no steward, but an old priest, the father of that Peter whom we spoke of formerly; and he was steward, and chaplain, and all, to the gentleman that lived there, for he managed his matters, and preached to him also—to save expence, no doubt. You must know, this gentleman had once been the richest in the whole country, and had had all the best estates in it in his own hands—though it was said some of them had not been very fairly come by; but now he was somewhat low in his circumstances, (having been a little wild in his younger days, as we may suppose.) So Ferrara began to speak to the old priest:—"Save you, Sir," quoth he, "I have just been considering, an't please you, that you are getting rather advanced in years, and it's hard you should be obliged to labour in your old age; and so, I being as yet young and fresh—nay, Sir, no apologies—no trouble at all, Sir—far be it from me to grudge assisting a friend; so you may e'en go and spend the rest of your days in peace. I shall do every thing this gentleman wants, whom I have a great respect for. I should have belonged to the church myself, Sir; and, as it is, indeed I know more religions than one, which is convenient, you know, as one sometimes meets with people of different notions; and let me tell you as a friend, some of your ways are getting a little old fashioned, and you yourself a little in your dotage—as we all may be,—which ought to make us humble—as you yourself know. Well, Sir, as I say, times are changed now; and you won't prevent some pert young puppies from laughing at your ways, and making game of you behind your back;—and if I but had them here, I should dust their jackets for them. Pray, Sir, let me show you down stairs—mind that step there—one's eyes begin to fail them at your time of life: fare

you well, Sir,"—and so saying, he gave him such a shove down stairs, as knocked his heels over his head, and nearly broke his neck; and indeed what would Ferrara have cared if it had been so? "And as for you, worthy Mr Romulus," quoth Ferrara, "you know what it is to take care of your own matters, having done so before now, when you were younger than you are now, and had less sense to guide yourself. You have seen many changes in your day, old boy; and if my advice can be of any service to you—So!" he would say, "what the deuce have we got here?—a handsome picture, upon my soul!—Why, I once had thoughts of being painter myself, and I believe should have made an indifferent good hand, if I had turned myself that way. What!—the house is lumbered up with them: I pray you, Master Francis, take a few of them upon your back; the walls of your house are somewhat bare. Ha! what's here again? an image!—a Heathen god, as I'm alive! For shame, Sir! consider you're not a Pagan now, as you were in your younger days; only think what people will say of your having such things in your house;—and between ourselves, Sir, you have sometimes got ill will by some of those things. Here, Francis, take this under your arm, and here's a young one, as I take it, will go into your pocket. Nay, never fear, old Caesar!—what do you call yourself now?—they sha'n't be destroyed—not a hair of their heads,—I shall keep them for your sake; I have a great respect for you, as I told holy Peter just now; and as for those odd legs, and arms, and heads, I shall e'en send a cart for them at five o'clock to-morrow morning:—and if any of your neighbours should want a limb, they may send what they have to me, and I shall match it for them. Your house is none of the largest, Sir, and 'tis a pity you should be

crowded up with all this lumber. What's o'clock?—'pon my word I'm neglecting my own concerns!—pray, come away, Master Francis—glad to see you well, Sir—shall call upon you to-morrow, if we are in health."

Well, on their way home, "Why, Mr Francis," Ferrara would say, "methinks it will be late before we get home, so I think we may e'en look in upon this gentleman by the road-side, and see what he has for dinner. Your servant, worthy friend," Ferrara would say, going in; "you see we wish to be on neighbourly terms with all about us. Pray, Mr Francis," he would say, sitting down, "shall I help you to a leg of this goose?—a knife and fork there—prithee bestir thyself, Sir," he would say to the gentleman of the house; "one should be civil to strangers, you know." And thereupon they would eat up the poor gentleman's dinner, and even make him wait upon them, and bring them bread and beer, and whatever they wanted. They would then put the spoons into their pocket; and when they were going away, Ferrara would say, "Many thanks for your good cheer, Sir; and to let you see that I have a regard for you, and that I can mind a civil turn done me, as well as another, why, if you should chance at a time to have a quarrel with any of your neighbours, you have only to let me know of it, and I shall twist their noses for them!"

And this was the way they would go on, making themselves a terror to the whole neighbourhood; and indeed nobody could think of any thing else. A passenger meeting you on the road, would ask you, "Please you, Sir, what strange thing hath Mr Francis been doing to-day?"—or, "Be pleased to tell me, Sir, has Mr Ferrara been stirring this way to-day?" "He's just expected to pass this way in half-an-hour," perhaps you would say. "Is he so? Why, marry, I should like hugely to see him, being that one hears so much of him; but to say the truth, Sir, I find I have mistaken my way, and must even go back and find another." And indeed nobody was safe on the King's highway for him. At last people began to be afraid to

go to-bed at night; and not a day passed, but some new prank or mischief would be played off, that nobody had ever heard the like of before.

Now, one day, Francis and Ferrara sat down to drink a bottle together, (as we may suppose they often did). "Prithee, my good friend, Mr Ferrara, fill me a bumper," quoth Francis; "and here, say I—a murrain seize all stewards whatsoever, and every one that will molest honest gentlemen in their own houses! and as for me, Sir, d'ye see, may I be pounded in a mortar, if I shall suffer the sight of one as long as I live, or keep my hands off him, if one should come in my way." "By my faith, you are in the right of it, Mr Francis," quoth Ferrara, "and here's—a peat take all stewards, say I, be they who they may! And yet Mr Francis, one does not like to be behind one's neighbours; and I have heard there are people that will say, 'Why, there's Mr Francis now, that used to be such a fine gentleman—he must even do all he has to do himself, as if he were a tailor or a bricklayer; and 'tis said, that other gentlemen, like himself, won't be seen in company with him, it being, that he does not now keep it up in their style. Poor gentleman! he has no steward now, or fine servants with their laced coats and powdered wigs; and 'tis said his house is as dull as an oyster's-shell, which was once the merriest in the whole country!' And for my part," continued Ferrara, "it has always been my notion, Mr Francis, that matters have never gone right with you, since you wanted a steward; and it can't be denied, as I think that a steward is what no gentleman ought to want." "You speak sense," quoth Francis, "and I was just going to make the same observation; and indeed I have been thinking as much for a week past: and if I could only fall in with some prudent, active person——" "And let me see who will say that I am not a prudent, active person," quoth Ferrara, "and I shall make him eat his own fingers." "And you would only be serving him rightly too," quoth Francis; "and I was just about to say, Sir, that if you could spare time

to take some sort of charge of my affair—" "Why," quoth Ferrara, "until another can be got, or so; indeed I have been thinking for some time to retire to my own house in the country, being somewhat of a shy turn of mind, as my friends used to tell me, and not wishing much to be troubled with worldly cares; but such is my regard for you, Mr Francis—" "Then, worthy Mr Ferrara, you shall be my steward from this day henceforth." "Aye, but" interrupted Ferrara again, "I cannot become bound for my children after me, as is the custom in the country, you know." "And I tell you," rejoined Francis, "that as long as you have man or boy related to you, to be found in this world, there sha'n't one else thrust his nose within my doors; and so, if you please, here's—long life to the brave Master Ferrara! long life to Mr Francis and his steward for ever, hurrah!" "Hurrah!" quoth Ferrara. "Hurrah!" roars all the house together. Down goes the table,—out at the windows go the bottles and glasses,—down stairs jumps Francis, and Ferrara along with him, roaring that you might have heard him a mile off. Now the people who had got about the house having heard the roaring, and wondering what could be going on, as soon as they heard them coming down stairs, began to get out of the way as fast as they could, afraid of what might befall them; and the first thing they saw, was Francis and Ferrara coming out of the house, dancing and roaring, and tossing their hats and wigs in the air. And when the people heard that Ferrara was now to be Francis's steward, they could not so much as speak a word with pure astonishment, but stood and looked at one another, wondering what was to come next; and they soon saw what was to come next, as I am now going to tell of.

The first thing then that Ferrara does—away he goes to see the gentlemen whose stewards he had sent away, as has been told already. "So, Sir!" he would say to one, "I find there has been a bit of a mistake here; it seems I told you you had no use for a steward,—devilish amusing, faith, to think how one will

mistake at a time!—I meant only to say, that you *had* use for one—which is much the same thing, indeed, when one considers it a little: but I have to tell you, Sir, that I let nobody be put to inconvenience by any thing that I have said, whatever trouble it may cost myself; and so, Sir, I have brought you another steward—a steady lad, and you'll find him so, though he were not my brother, as indeed he is; and I have given him some good advice, which I hope I'm one that can do; and I shall just look in upon you to-morrow, to see how he answers." Then he would go to the next house. "If I mind rightly now, Sir," he would say, "I promised to find you another steward, for that gallows-looking fellow that you turned off this-day-week for his bad behaviour. I have been looking for one ever since, and let me tell you, they're very ill to find, and I would have none but one of the best; so here he is, Sir, and much ado had I to get him prevailed upon—a sharp fellow, I assure you, as ever turned, a key! but, to say the truth, he's neither more nor less than my own father's son, and one does not like to praise—you understand me, Sir. Here, come along, brother of mine!" he would say, "hold up your head, Sir, and look the gentleman in the face!" Then he would away to the next house. Now he had as many brothers and sisters as if they had been a litter of pigs, and every one of them he would have to be steward; that is, according to the custom of that country, to be master, in some gentleman's house. He would have Dick here, Joe there, Tom in the next place; Bob in your house, Sam in mine; and even his mother and sisters must be housekeepers and ladies' maids: and he would go and see them, and make merry with them, and whatever came uppermost in his head that they must do; and the end of it was, that no gentleman, within a day's journey of him, could call his house his own! And nobody had ever heard of such doings; and it was quite plain, that Ferrara wanted to have the whole country to himself, and every body in it to be his servants: and more than that, that

he would have it too, if he were allowed to go on as he was doing, six weeks longer !

And so the people all fell to the considering what was to be done ; and this was what nobody knew, but every one said they might as well leave the country, if this fellow Ferrara should be suffered to go on at such a rate. Whereupon they fell a cursing that old rascal Francis, as they called him, who, they said, had been to blame for it all, and who ought to have been hanged for his misdeeds, long ago, if there had been law or justice in the country. They said, that ever since he was a child, he delighted in no thing but mischief, and was never better pleased than when he could set his neighbours by the ears. He ought to be ashamed of himself, quoth they again,—he that was gentleman born and bred, to take up with a fellow that nobody knew for any thing but a beggar, and that could be nothing but a beggar, (if he was nothing worse) by the way that he behaved himself. But it was one comfort, they said, that Francis had not the life of a drayhorse with this new steward of his ; and let him e'en take it, quoth they, and learn to take his friends' advice next time. Then there was one gentleman that had been insulted in his own house,—a cousin of mine ; another one turned fairly out of his,—an uncle of your's ; there was a steward had lost his place,—a friend of the next one's ; and, in short, every one was in a greater rage than another.

Now, some of the gentlemen that had got their stewards turned out of doors were very glad of it, because they had been ill used by them ; others, again, did not wish to trouble themselves with looking about their own matters ; and indeed they had never been accustomed to it, and did not know how to do it ; and those that tried it, made such a kettle of fish of it, that every body laughed at them, and so they soon tired of it, and wanted to have a steward again : and, to say the truth, they were altogether such a pack of lazy, ignorant, stupid, good-for-nothing puppies, that none of 'em was fit to lead a calf to market. And one might almost say, they deserved

no better usage than they got from their stewards, and that was bad enough ; only that the poor gentlemen were to be pitied, because they never had any experience, and were not allowed to have it, indeed. And they knew no more about their own circumstances, or their own affairs, or what was going on in their own house, or any other way, (nor did they care, to say the truth on't,) any more than if the house did not belong to them. And indeed the steward would often tell them as much—that is, that the house did not belong to them, but to himself ; and they would believe it too, like boobies, as they were, and would let the steward kick them, and cuff them, and spit in their faces,—aye, and think themselves right happy, and very much obliged to him too, if he did not starve them outright, or turn them out of doors. And a gentleman durst not so much as read the newspapers, or write a letter to a friend, or open one that was sent to him, until his steward had read it all over. And John was the only man of sense in all that country, and the only one in it that had any rule in his own house, or knew anything of his own matters ; and yet he kept his steward to do his business for him, (as every gentleman ought to do,) and had his servants, and his coach and six, with the best of 'em, and kept as merry, and as fine a house as any in the country, and was allowed to be the handsomest, and the jolliest, and the best-humoured gentleman that was to be seen. But the worthy gentleman had his troubles too, as we all must have ; but of this hereafter.

Now John had picked a quarrel with Ferrara the very next week after they had been fighting before, as was told of. He swore he would never rest till he had Ferrara killed, or put into jail, or banished from the country, as he ought to be. " For," quoth John, " he has turned some of my tenants out of their houses, which I will never suffer, as long as I can handle a cudgel ; and he has had the impudence, like a scoundrel as he is, to go into the houses of some of my particular friends, aye, and demeaned himself as if he had been in a public-house, only that he took

payment for ale that he got instead of giving it," which, as every body knows that has been in a public-house, is the custom there.

But by this time some of the people had begun to try to pick up heart a little, and at last one fellow says, "Why, I wonder who this Ferrara is, that every one is so much afraid of; for my own part, if he were only a gentleman, like myself, or if one could promise upon fair play——" "Aye! there you have it," says another; "but I'm told he'll scoop a man's eyes out of his head with his thumb or his forefinger, just as one would scollop an oyster!" "And it's only t'other day," says another, "as I am told, that he bit off a gentleman's nose." "And did he swallow it too, Sir?" said the first. "Swallowed it! did you say, Sir?" rejoined the other, "Lord preserve us, Sir! I did not hear that before—I wonder it did not turn his stomach, As I am a sinner, he must be an antipode, or something of that sort, and one might as well——" But then they all said, let him be what he might, they would not one of 'em have a house to cover their head in a fortnight's time, if something should not be done; and that, unless he were the devil himself, he would not get the better of them all together. "And so who's afraid?" says one. "Not I," says another. "And a plague take him that is," says a third;—and they swore all together, that they would have Ferrara bound hand and foot, dead or alive, by that time to-morrow.

So one fellow rises early in the morning—"By my faith," quoth he, "it were a mighty fine matter now, if I could get hold of this same Ferrara myself, before the rest of the people know what they're about; (and I have done for many a better man in my time, and why should I be afraid of him?) and then, to be sure, I should be thought the boldest fellow in the country, as, indeed, I am, though one doesn't like to say so. A pleasant morning this! a fine thing early rising, as I have heard say. Mayhap Mr Ferrara wont be stirring yet, as I take it he will not. I warrant if he knew——Help! murder! thieves!"—and here there fell as many kicks and blows upon the

poor gentleman as if there had been a dozen wild savages about him;—and who should this be but Ferrara himself, who was at all times upon the scamper, generally where he was least expected, and always where he was not wanted. Whereupon they fell a-fighting together, but before they had been at it ten minutes, Ferrara had knocked him down, and was just going to throttle him, when he roared out, "Cry you mercy, Sir, if you would not have a poor gentleman's death to answer for. Why, Sir, I have been quite in a mistake concerning you, and I have altered my opinion of you entirely. And now that I know you, I find you to be a very worthy, civil, good-natured, kind gentleman, and a mighty good neighbour withal; and, to say the truth, I always thought so in my heart, and was led away by bad company, as many an honest person has been; and I wish, with all my soul, you may make an end of these quarrelsome, mischief-making rascallions, who are now about to set upon you, and who, between ourselves, are such a pack of rogues, that one won't meet with the like of 'em again." "Prithee go into your own house," Ferrara would say, "until I get matters settled with the rest of your comrades, and then we shall see what you're good for." Away he would go, and come up with another one, and nearly make an end of him before he knew where he was. "Lord help us, Sir!" the poor gentleman would say, "is it come to this, that one cannot go out of his own house in a morning, just to see what sort of weather it is, but one must get his ribs knocked in! Every body knows, Sir, that I have always had a great respect for you; and if I could only help you,——" But indeed Ferrara required no help, for he would deal with one after another, in this way, until they could scarcely one of 'em move a limb;—but before a week had passed away, they would all be at it again; and indeed all the time that Ferrara was in the country, there was nothing to be seen, or heard, or thought of, but knocks, and kicks, and blows, and fistcuffs, and cudgel-playing, and throwing of stones, and breaking of doors and

windows ; and, in short, the country was in a continual uproar from one year's end to another. You would not meet with a man on the highway without a patch on his eye or a broken bone ; and a stranger coming into that country would have thought black and blue was the natural colour of men's faces. And sometimes nobody knew what he was fighting for, or whom he was fighting with, or what quarter he might get a knock on the skull from. You would have seen two people meet together at a time :—" Whose side are you upon, Sir ?" one would say. " Why, on the strongest, to be sure, Sir." " And which is the strongest, I pray you ?" " It's more than I know, an't please you, and so I believe I may even fight along with you, until I can find it out."

Now there was a gentleman lived at the sea-side, in the North country, a prudent sort of man, that wished to keep out of brawls and squabbles ; and John had taken it into his head that this gentleman was going to side with Ferrara against him ; so he set out one morning, (nobody knowing whether he meant to go,) and fell upon this gentleman, and gave him such a basting, that he was obliged to keep his bed for a fortnight. " Take you that, Sir," quoth John, " for your pains." " Zounds, Sir !" said he, " I wonder what you can mean, I never so much as said a word against you in my life." " It's like it may be as you say, Sir," quoth John ; " but nobody knows what you may do, and I mayn't have so good leisure to give it you at another time ; and so good-morning—I bear you no grudge, Sir !" But it so fell out, in the end, that Ferrara got the better of them all together, (except John, who was always too much for him,) and then they all thought themselves very well off when they could get him pleased any one way or other, because they were afraid he would make an end of them if they did not. And he just did whatever he thought fit in every house in the country ; and the best gentleman in it, whenever Ferrara came into his house, would say, " Please you, Sir, allow me to brush your coat ;" or, " Vouchsafe me, Sir, the honour of cleaning your Worship's shoes ;"—

and the steward of one of the gentlemen could think of no other way of coaxing him, (from some mischief he designed him, as we may suppose,) so he gave him his own daughter. And Ferrara took her, and desired her to be sent home to him for his wife ;—and all this, though he had a wife before ; and indeed what would he have cared to take fifty of 'em !

Now there were such things told of him, through all that country, that nothing was ever heard like them ; and for my part, I would not have believed the half of them, if I had not heard them from sensible people. It seems he would eat you up a pound of horse-nails after his breakfast, in order to make him digest it ; and if he were dining with a friend, it were ten to one but he would gnaw away the half of the corkscrew. Offer him a glass of wine in a forenoon, and he would let you see him smash the glass between his teeth, and cram it down his throat, as one would a piece of hard biscuit. He would not divert himself as other gentlemen would do, by shooting a hare or a partridge, but he would take up his fowling-piece, and say to his companions, " Let us go to the high way, my friends, and see if we can pop down a passenger or two" ; and if he chanced to fall upon a fresh, plump young child, of two or three years old, he would carry it home in his knapsack, and have a leg of it broiled for his supper. He carried arsenic, and other such things, in his pocket, and if he were calling on an acquaintance, he would give some of it to the children, by way of comfits. He never went to his bed like other people, but would scamper about the whole night ; (for he saw as well in the dark as in the light) and some people said he had been seen in two places at once, and that he could take a trip of fifty miles in half as many minutes. Then, it seems, one might poke in his guts with a sword or a pike, it would do him no more harm than if he were stuffed with straw ! Many a one said they had given him what would have killed him ten times over, if he could have been killed :—but, in short, more was said about him than I could tell the one-half of ; for every one took care what he

said as long as Ferrara was within hearing; and whoever had not done so, would have got his tongue to carry about with him in his pocket!

And as for Francis, the life that he led with him was said to be deplorable. He would make him dance about after him wherever he went, though the poor gentleman was turned to years, and somewhat stiff in the joints; and Ferrara would be in every corner of the country ten times in an afternoon; indeed he never could rest in a place for five minutes together. Francis would only get to bed once in a week, and then he must be knocked up in an hour, if any new prank should have come in Ferrara's head; and very often he would have no meat or drink for days together, but what was taken by force from his neighbours; indeed they would never think of taking any meat at home, if they heard of any thing making ready elsewhere. Then he brought Francis into continual brawls, and quarrels, and law-suits with his neighbours: and whoever quarrelled with them was sure to ruin himself; and whoever did not, they would beat him until he did. And Ferrara would just go into anybody's house, and take away whatever pleased him, whether it were pictures, or images, or jewels, or furniture, or whatever he had a mind to. And all this he brought into Francis's house, which by this means became just a receptacle for stolen goods; and Francis, though he was a gentleman of birth and quality, was now spoken of through all that country as a common thief and vagabond!

And thus did Francis kill one steward, and take another; and the poor gentleman found, (as the saying goeth,) that he had just leaped out of the frying-pan into the fire. And much did every body wonder why he would put up with it, and often did they try to persuade him, and said they would help him, too, to get rid of this same Ferrara, in some way or another. But Ferrara knew Francis's nature; and when they were ranging the country, and doing whatever they pleased, (which they did,) and taking every thing they fancied, (which they did also,) Ferrara would make Francis believe that he was the

bravest, and the greatest, and the finest gentleman in the whole world! And Francis grew as proud as a peacock, and forgot all Ferrara's ill-usage: and indeed Ferrara had repaired his house for him, and filled it with all manner of ornaments and fine things, (out of their neighbours' houses, as will be remembered,) so that it was now the grandest house in the country; and Francis's head, which was never a very steady one, was quite turned with it.

Now, what should happen at last, but one night that Francis and Ferrara together were upon the scamper, for they were never out of mischief, behold it comes such a storm of snow and hail, that one would have thought there would be none left to come ever after. And Francis and Ferrara were both caught in it, and nearly buried in it, (and to my mind, it would have been little matter if they had,) and their fingers and noses were almost bitten off with the frost. And Ferrara got out among the snow at last, and made his way home as fast as his legs would carry him, and left Francis, who, as we have said, was not so supple in his joints, to shift for himself as he best could, which was not very well; and before the poor gentleman reached his own house, he was nearly stiff with cold, and fatigue of travelling, for they were both far from home when the storm came on—farther than they had any business to be; and this was what came of it: which ought to be a warning to all to keep good hours, and consider the weather before they go from home—especially when they are upon a mischief-making, which can never be expected to end in any good.

And Francis, when he came home, found Ferrara comforting himself with some cordials; and as soon as Ferrara saw him—"My dear Mr Francis!" cried he, "it's more than I can tell you how overjoyed I am to see you safe arrived; and it's a lucky thing that I got home before you, in order that I might go back again to help you out among the snow; which I was just about to do at the very moment when I saw you coming in." But poor Francis was so ill, that he could hardly answer him a word; and indeed they had both

caught such a cold, that they were obliged to take physic, and be put to bed; and it was a wonder they ever got the better of it. But the people then saw, that now was the time for getting hold of Ferrara, if ever they were to do it; so they raised a mob, and came about the house all together, and thought they would catch them in bed. Up got Francis and Ferrara in their shirts, and seizing hold of the poker and tongs, they tried to keep the people off the best way they could, but all to no purpose; for the people got into the house whether they would or not, because they were weakened by the cold and the physic together, (which will weaken any body.) So when Ferrara saw that they must get hold of him, he cried out, "An't please ye, gentlemen, it was always my wish to live in good neighbourhood with you all, and I know not why you should have such a grudge at me, or what you can mean by disturbing quiet people at this rate! but rather than Mr Francis here should have any difference with his old friends, why, I shall even leave the house, and end my days in peace, which is what I always wished for, if it had been in my power; and my son will soon be able to manage Mr Francis's matters for him." "Your son, indeed!" cried all the people; "the devil a son, or daughter either, or uncle, or cousin, or any one else that has a drop's blood of you, shall ever set up a head in this country again; and it had been a blessing for us all, if the whole breed of you had been hanged a twelvemonth ago. And as for Mr Francis here, we shall soon find a steward for him, who has a right to be his steward, whether he will or not, because his father and grandfather were so before him; and if Mr Francis make any grumbling about taking him, we shall beat him to a mummy on this very spot!" "Now, Mr Francis," quoth they, "mark what we say; and we ask you before these gentlemen here present, what person you are to chuse, out of your own free will, to be your steward; and take notice, we don't put any force upon you, to take Bourby, your last steward's brother, or uncle, or whatever he is, or any other, be who he may. Now, con-

sider well before you speak, and answer before these honest people, as we are determined to have peace and quietness in this country, so that every gentleman may live unmolested in his own house." "Why," quoth Francis, "it was always matter of much sorrow to me, that Bourby should have left the house, after his brother met with the accident, (rest his soul, poor gentleman!) as I always intended him for my steward, and who else should be so now?" "Why," rejoined the people, "if you are determined to have it so, let Bourby e'en come back again, if he can be prevailed upon." Now, this Bourby had gone to John's house, after Francis went mad, (as hath been told,) and remained there until Ferrara was dismissed the house. And so Bourby now came over, and Francis came out to meet him, and said he was never so happy in his life as he was now to see him again, and he hoped they would never again part, from that time henceforth. And as for Ferrara, they took him by the neck, and shut him up in a cow-house, or some such place, and they thought all was now right, and that every one might go attend to his own matters. But, behold, one morning, long before any one was out of bed, what should fall out, but Mr Ferrara gets out at a window or a chimney—or whether it was that he bored a hole through the walls with his finger-nails, (which was more like him,) I cannot tell—but so it was. And some of Francis' people saw him coming up, and alarmed the house in an instant, and Francis got up in his shirt, and swore that he would bring Ferrara home with him, dead or alive, in five minutes. And he was as good as his word; for as soon as he got within sight of Ferrara, he cried out, "My dear, worthy, good, excellent Ferrara! I shall die with joy at seeing you again, and we shall live together for ever, and long after!" and so saying, he took him in his arms, and hugged him, and kissed him, and laughed, and cried, and danced, and sang, as if he had been out of his wits. And when they came into the house together, Bourby crept up the chimney in a fright, and staid there all the time Ferrara was in the house, which was indeed a very short

time; for the country was soon in an uproar, and John, whenever he heard what had passed, sent away a lad that was in the house, (for John was in bed himself,) one of the name of Douro, and a smart stout fellow he was, and had thrashed some of the best hands in that country. So away he goes, and posts himself right in the way to Francis' door, for he well knew that Ferrara would not remain long in the house, and he thought he would be able to hold him until some of their neighbours should come up, when they would get him secured, and taken to jail, for breaking the King's peace. And after he had stood there a while, looking about him, it chanced, as I have heard say, that a blind fiddler should pass that way; whereupon, quoth Mr Douro, "I may as well take a dance to myself, to keep myself warm this cold morning;" and with that he fell a-capering with hearty good will. But before he had taken half-a-dozen steps, doesn't he get such a knock in the ribs, that he could not tell, until he considered a little with himself, whether he was dead or alive! And who should this be, as every one will guess, but friend Ferrara, who never sounded a horn before him. But Douro was no milk-sop, and therefore was not so easily thrown out as some that Ferrara had dealt with before. And he squared with his arms, and twisted, and turned, and jumped, and whirled, and wheeled about, until he got his back to a wall, and there he stood; and Ferrara knocked him, and kicked him, and jostled him, and pulled him, and shoved him, and all to no more purpose than if he had been tugging at the stump of a tree. And Douro, meanwhile, never gave him so much as a blow, and just let him wrestle and lay about him until he tired again; and tire he did at last: then doesn't Mr Douro catch a sight of some of his neighbours, whom he had been looking for, and so—"O! ho! Mr Ferrara," quoth he, "you have now had your time of it, and I shall now have mine in my turn;" and thereupon he fell upon him, hands and feet, tooth and nails, and shook him, and beat him, and boxed him, and mauled him at such a rate, that had Ferrara not got out of his

hands, he would never have stood on his own legs again. And Ferrara ran as if there had been a mad bull at his heels, and was in such a fright, that he never looked behind him until he was ten miles off. By this time all the country was up, and Ferrara saw that he must fall into some one's hands or other, so he contrived to fall in with John. "Why, Sir," quoth he, "I have always had a very cordial regard for you, notwithstanding some little differences between us, which will happen, at a time, you know, among the best friends; and I have just been thinking, Sir, that I can do no better than come and live with you, and take a room in your house." "Why," quoth John, "to say the truth," (for he had no notion of such lodgers,) "to say the truth, Sir, I believe there are some repairs, or something of that sort, going on in my house just now; and now that I remember, Sir, I think some of my cousins were talking of paying me a visit about this time, and may perhaps bring their wives and children with 'em, so that I may be somewhat thronged for a little; but at some future time, Sir, I hope to have the pleasure—that is, Sir—" "Well," quoth Ferrara, "but if you will just promise to give me civil usage;"—but here John's chief servant, Master Will, (of whom we may hear more afterwards,) came up,—"Promise you civil usage indeed, Sir! I'd have you know, Sir, my master's a gentleman, and can keep a promise without making it. You shall have as good usage as you deserve, and much better too;—and if we should want a tiger to play withal, to amuse us in a rainy day or so, and can't find one elsewhere, we shall then apply to you, and so come along, Master Ferrara." So saying, he and some more of 'em laid hold on Ferrara, and into a boat with him. And there was a bit of a rock, or island, in the middle of the river, and there they put Ferrara, and fastened a ring about his neck, and chained him to a post; and not far from him they chained a large mastiff dog, which had been sent away there from John's house, (for frightening the passengers, as we may suppose,) and this mastiff would snarl and

growl, that you might have heard him a mile off, if Ferrara so much as laid one leg over another. And they held him out his meat at the end of a pole; and there Ferrara sat, and he would grin and make faces at every one that looked at him, (because they would not give him broken bottles and rusty nails to eat, as I have heard say,) and at last he died of pure anger and shame; and there was an end of Ferrara. Whereat, many people wondered sore, because they thought he would never die, if he were left to himself; and they said it ought to be tried if he would hang or drown! But John, like a brave gentleman, as he was, swore that if any one should do him any harm, (for all that he had provoked him,) he would blow his brains out; and I believe he would have done so too.

And Bourby came out of the place where he had hid himself, whenever he knew that Ferrara was out of the way; and by this time Dourp, and some others that were stewards to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, had got together in Francis' house, to see what sort of humour Francis was in. "Worthy gentlemen," quoth Francis, "I am mightily obliged to you for ridding me of this same Ferrara, who, you all know, was such a peevish viper, that neither you nor I could get a quiet life for him. And my steward Bourby and I shall just set about putting my house in order; as for you, good neighbours, I shall be glad to see you at some future time, to a mutton chop and a bottle of wine or so,—and in the mean

time—" "Why, Mr Francis," quoth they, "nobody knows what may happen; and 'tis said there are a great many rogues and house-breakers travelling the country at present, who may come and rob the house. This same Ferrara may get loose again, and come upon us; and, to say the truth, we are somewhat afraid of what may befall you, Sir; and though we cannot easily be spared from home, we shall even remain with you for a little, to guard the house." "And for my part," says one, "I shall go see how your beds are." "And I," says another, "shall see what's for supper." "And if I'm not mistaken," says a third, "I have observed some things in the house that once belonged to me, and I must e'en take a look through the house." And there they remained, whether Francis would or not. For they said that those mad fits that he was subject to, and in one of which he had killed his steward, had not yet left him, and they were afraid never would; and they said that it was not fit that Bourby and the other people should be left alone in the house with him, and put in danger of their lives. So they all staid, as I have said; and wherever Francis went, and whether he was walking, or sitting, or sleeping, there would be two fellows standing over him with drawn cudgels, ready to knock him down, if he did not do as he was bid. And poor Francis found, after all his troubles, that he was to have no more rule in his own house than the shoe-black.

THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA, THE LAST CONSTANTINE, AND OTHER POEMS.
BY MRS. HEMANS. LONDON.

THERE are some cases in which we should certainly feel a little delicate in praising a contributor, being aware that, in such circumstances, the certificate of an editor is apt to be received *cum nota*. In the present instance, however, we have no such apprehensions, for here we know that we are treading on sure ground, echoing opinions which are already established, and only adding our mite of approbation to a whole treasury of "*Testimonia*." In fact, we

are scarcely acquainted with any subject on which there is such a perfect unanimity of opinion as with regard to the merits of Mrs Hemans. She has enjoyed the rare good fortune of conciliating all parties, poetical and political; she is absolutely like the Roman Roscius, *sibilo intacta*—the person whom the periodicals have delighted to honour. And indeed this was exactly what was to be expected. No one could be blind to the extensive reading, and exqui-

sitely refined taste, which her works displayed; or insensible to the delicacy and tenderness of the sentiments, or unmoved by the strain of pensive and natural reflection with which they were imbued. These were on the surface; if other things, less favourable, lay deeper, they were not of that palpable, demonstrable kind, which suited the gentlemen of the press. There was no room for quibbling on an affected expression; and the integrity of Priscian's head was scrupulously respected. In the *méchanceté* of poetry she was nearly perfect. There was not a cranny in the structure of the versification through which a breach could be made,—not a loop-hole in the language through which a shaft could be insinuated; and accordingly the critics faced about, and, with one consent, declared the place impregnable.

With all these admitted beauties, however, we are free to confess, that we did not feel entirely satisfied. We are apt, on these occasions, to consult our immediate impressions, as the best index of poetical power, and to believe that a man may have a very good reason for not subscribing to any given dictum touching poetry, though he may not be always able to give "colour and a body to his thought," or to cite chapter and verse in support of his objection. Appealing, then, to this standard, we were certainly inclined to make some deduction from the lady's merit on the whole, at the same time that we were quite aware it would be impossible to object to any particular passage, or even to state very clearly what our impressions on the subject were. The fault, however, was evidently in the scope of the whole, and not in the parts;—and it seemed to us to consist principally in a certain overstrained tone of languid elegance which pervaded them all; which made delicacy sometimes degenerate into coldness, and tenderness into weakness; which, in the anxiety to avoid the common and coarser means of effect, too often interrupted the march of the narrative, and the vividness of description, by a superfluity of moralizing reflection,

or a redundancy of imagery; and which necessarily communicated to her works a very amiable, but withal somewhat too feeble and feminine a character. We certainly felt inclined to dissuade her from the prosecution of that department which she had attempted in the "*Historic Scenes*," and to recommend the cultivation of that gentler and more unambitious style—the poetry of contemplation rather than of action—of which she had already exhibited some exquisite specimens in her lines on the death of the Princess Charlotte, and the mental malady of the late King.

While these opinions continue, in the main, unshaken, we are most happy to admit, that the present publication appears to us, in every respect, superior to any thing she has yet written,—more powerful in particular passages,—more interesting in the narrative part,—as pathetic and delicate in the reflective,—as elaborately faultless in its versification,—as copious in its imagery. Of the longer poems, the *Last Constantine* is our favourite: The dramatic poem which follows it, entitled the *Siege of Valencia*, exhibits too evidently the weak points of Mrs Hemans' poetry, a want of dramatic invention, a penury of incident, and the substitution of lyrical for passionate dialogue. The leading features of Constantine's character seem to be taken from the unequal, but, on the whole, admirable play of Constantine Palæologus, by the gifted rival of our authoress, Joanna Baillie; and the picture of that enduring and Christian courage, which, in the midst of, "a ruined city and a falling state," sustained the last of the Cæsars, when all earthly hope and help had failed him, is eminently touching and poetical. The following stanzas appear to us particularly beautiful. The reader will perceive the fine allusion to the self-devotion of the Consul Decius, described by Livy*.

Sounds from the waters, sounds upon the
earth,
Sounds in the air, of battle! Yet with
these

A voice is mingling, whose deep tones
give birth

To Faith and Courage! From luxurious
ease

A gallant few have started! O'er the seas,
From the Seven Towers, their banner
waves its sign,

And Hope is whispering in the joyous
breeze,

Which plays amidst its folds. That voice
was *thine*;

Thy soul was on that band, devoted Con-
stantine.

Was Rome thy parent? Didst thou catch
from *her*

The fire that lives in thine undaunted eye?
—That city of the throne and sepulchre

Hath given proud lessons how to reign
and die!

Heir of the Cæsars! did that lineage high,
Which, as a triumph to the grave, hath
pass'd

With its long march of sceptred imag'ry,
Th' heroic mantle o'er thy spirit cast?

—Thou! of an eagle-race the noblest and
the last!

Vain dreams! upon that spirit hath de-
scended

Light from the living Fountain, whence
each thought

Springs pure and holy! In that eye is
blended

A spark, with Earth's triumphal memo-
ries fraught,

And, far within, a deeper meaning, caught
From worlds unseen. A hope, a lofty
trust,

Whose resting-place on buoyant wing is
sought

(Though, through its veil, seen darkly
from the dust,)

In realms where Time no more hath
power upon the just.

Those were proud days, when on the
battle plain,

And in the sun's bright face, and 'midst
th' array

Of awe-struck hosts, and circled by the
slain,

The Roman cast his glittering mail away,
And, while a silence, as of midnight, lay,

O'er breathless thousands, at his voice who
started,

Call'd on the unseen, terrific powers that
sway

The heights, the depths, the shades; then
fearless-hearted,

Girt on his robe of death, and for the grave
departed.

But then, around him as the javelins
rush'd,

From earth to heaven swell'd up the loud
acclaim;

And, ere his heart's last free libation
gush'd,

With a bright smile the warrior caught
his name,

Far-floating on the winds! And Vict'ry
came,

And made the hour of that immortal deed
A life, in fiery feeling! Valour's aim

Had sought no loftier guerdon. Thus to
bleed,

Was to be Rome's high star!—He died
—and had his meed.

But praise—and dearer, holier praise, be
theirs,

Who, in the stillness and the solitude
Of hearts press'd earthwards by a weight

of cares,
Uncheer'd by Fame's proud hope, th'
ethereal food

Of restless energies, and only view'd
By Him whose eye, from his eternal

throne,
Is on the soul's dark places; have subdued
And vow'd themselves, with strength till

then unknown,
To some high martyr-task, in secret and
alone.

The following stanzas, too, in
which the leading idea of Constan-

tine's character is still more fully
brought out, are likewise excellent:

It was a sad and solemn task to hold
Their midnight-watch on that beleagu'er'd

wall!

As the sea-wave beneath the bastions
roll'd,

A sound of fate was in its rise and fall!
The heavy clouds were as an empire's

pall,
The giant-shadows of each tower and fane
Lay like the grave's; a low mysterious

call
Breathed in the wind, and from the tent-
ed plain

A voice of omens rose, with each wild
martial strain.

For they might catch the Arab charger's
neighing,

The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy
song;

Might almost hear the soldan's banner
swaying,

The watch-word mutter'd in some eastern
tongue.

Then flash'd the gun's terrific light along
The marble streets, all stillness—not re-

pose;
And boding thoughts came o'er them,
dark and strong;

For heaven, earth, air, speak auguries to
those

Who see their number'd hours fast press-
ing to the close.

But strength is from the mightiest ! There
 is one
 Still in the breach, and on the rampart
 seen,
 Whose cheek shows paler with each
 morning sun,
 And tells, in silence, how the night hath
 been,
 In kingly halls, a vigil : yet serene,
 The ray set deep within his thoughtful
 eye,
 And there is that in his collected mien,
 To which the hearts of noble men reply,
 With fires, partaking not this frame's
 mortality !

Yes ! call it not of lofty minds the fate,
 To pass o'er earth in brightness, but alone ;
 High power was made their birthright, to
 create

A thousand thoughts responsive to their
 own !

A thousand echoes of their spirit's tone
 Start into life, where'er their path may be,
 Still following fast ; as when the wind
 hath blown

O'er Indian groves, a wanderer wild and
 free,

Kindling and bearing flames afar from
 tree to tree !

And it is thus with thee ! thy lot is cast
 On evil days, thou Cæsar ! yet the few
 That set their generous bosoms to the blast
 Which rocks thy throne—the fearless and
 the true,

Bear hearts wherein thy glance can still
 renew

The free devotion of the years gone by,
 When from bright dreams th' ascendant
 Roman drew

Enduring strength !—states vanish—ages
 fly—

But leave one task unchanged—to suffer
 and to die !

These are our nature's heritage. But thou,
 The crown'd with empire ! thou wert
 call'd to share

A cup more bitter. On thy fever'd brow
 The semblance of that buoyant hope to
 wear,

Which long had pass'd away ; alone to
 bear

The rush and pressure of dark thoughts,
 that came

As a strong billow in their weight of care ;
 And, with all this, to smile ! for earth-
 born frame,

These are stern conflicts, yet they pass,
 unknown to fame !

Her glance is on the triumph, on the field,
 On the red scaffold ; and where'er, in sight
 Of human eyes, the human soul is steel'd
 To deeds that seem as of immortal might,

Yet are proud Nature's ! But her meteor-
 light

Can pierce no depths, no clouds ; it falls
 not where,

In silence, and in secret, and in night,
 The noble heart doth wrestle with despair,
 And rise more strong than death from its
 unwitness'd prayer.

Men have been firm in battle : they have
 stood

With a prevailing hope on ravaged plains,
 And won the birthright of their hearths
 with blood,

And died rejoicing, 'midst their ancient
 fanes,

That so their children, undefiled with
 chains,

Might worship there in peace. But they
 that stand

When not a beacon o'er the wave remains,
 Link'd but to perish with a ruin'd land,
 Where Freedom dies with them—call
 these a martyr-band !

But the world heeds them not. Or if,
 perchance,

Upon their strife it bend a careless eye,
 It is but as the Roman's stoic glance

Fell on that stage where man's last agony
 Was made his sport, who, knowing one
 must die,

Reck'd not which champion : but prepar'd
 the strain,

And bound the bloody wreath of victory,
 To greet the conqueror ; while, with calm
 disdain,

The vanquish'd proudly met the doom he
 met in vain.

These are splendid passages, justly
 conceived, admirably expressed, full
 of eloquence and melody ; and the
 poem contains many others equally
 beautiful. As we have already hint-
 ed, the story might have been better
 told ; or rather, there is scarcely any
 story at all, but the reader is borne
 down the stream of pensive reflection,
 so gently and so easily, that he
 scarcely perceives the want of it.

Of the *Siege of Valencia* we say
 little, for we by no means consider
 it as the happiest of Mrs Hemans'
 efforts. Not that it does not con-
 tain, nay, abound with fine passa-
 ges ; but the whole wants vigour,
 coherence, and compression. The
 story is meagre, and the dialogue too
 diffuse.

The volume also contains a num-
 ber of smaller pieces, of which the
 finest has already graced the pages
 of this Magazine. It is entitled

"The Festal Hour," and certainly appears to us to be one of the noblest regular and classical odes in the English language—happy in the general idea, and rich in imagery and illustration. We need hardly recal to our readers' recollection the fine Ballad of the Battle of Morgarten, which appeared in the Number of January last. The following spirited Ballad is founded on various Spanish *Romances*, which allude to some of the wonderful traditions of that country, with regard to the Campedor's death and subsequent nocturnal rising :

The Moor had beleagu'rd Valencia's towers,
And lances gleam'd up through her citrons-bowers,
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain ;
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had call'd her sons
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirr'd ;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hush'd, as a wizard's cave ;
But the Christians woke that night.

They rear'd the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mail'd for the hour of need,
And they fix'd the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls ;
Stars had not faded, nor clouds turn'd red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;

With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep.
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went arm'd before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore ;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campedor came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men !
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord ;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done ;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;
—And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills peal'd with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Pysnim throng !
—With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fanex came !

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had press'd before, like a threatening cloud !

And the storm rush'd down on the tented
plain,
And the Archer-Queen, with her bands
lay slain,
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Lybian kings who had join'd his
war;
And their hearts grew heavy, and died
away,
And their hands could not wield an assa-
gay,
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seem'd where Minaya his onset
made,
There were seventy thousand knights ar-
ray'd,
All white as the snow on Nevada's
steep;
And they came like the foam of a roaring
deep;
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them
all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner
pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy
mail,
He rode in the battle's van!

There was fear in the path of his dim
white horse,
There was death in the Giant-warrior's
course!

Where his banner stream'd with its
ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was
hurrying flight,
For it seem'd not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled;
There was work for the men of the Cid
that day!

—They were weary at eve, when they
ceas'd to slay,
As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were
spread;

But the sea had its share of the Paynim
slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in
Spain;
—So the Cid to his grave pass'd on!

We have endeavoured, by these ample quotations, to do justice to the merits of Mrs Hemans, which certainly appear to us to be of no common order. Her delicacy, and tenderness of thought and expression, her reading and taste, and her perfect freedom from all affectation, must always secure to her an honourable and even an exalted rank among the classical poets of Britain; and her works, we doubt not, will be popular long after the Barry Cornwalls, Leigh Hunts, and such "small deer," shall have fretted their short hour and disappeared.

PRINCIPLES OF PRISON DISCIPLINE, FROM THE BOOK ENTITLED "PANOPTICON, OR THE INSPECTION-HOUSE;" BY JEREMY BENTHAM, ESQ.*

I. A CRIMINAL is a man who has either yielded to stronger temptations than have fallen to other men, or in whom the regulating powers of the mind (*viz. prudence and conscience*) are naturally weaker than in others. Phrenologists have discovered, as they conceive, that the organs indicating these powers are less developed in the heads of criminals.

If the temptations have been strong, the criminal may perhaps be reformed by lessening these temptations, or by creating good influences sufficiently powerful to counteract the evil ones. Thus the diseases contracted in a tropical climate may be cured by sending the patient to a temperate climate. Let the moral patient be confined to a certain district of

* I have not Bentham's work at hand, and perhaps I have mixed up some ideas of my own with my notes and recollections of that volume. But this is of little consequence, as any person who is interested in the subject may have recourse to the original work, where he will find the author's ideas in his own language. The Panopticon is as great a discovery in politics as vaccination is in medicine. Why is the name of Bentham less celebrated than that of Jenner? Is the extermination of moral evil a less important benefit than the extermination of physical evil?

the town, not by a material barrier, but by letting him know, that, if he is found out of that district, before the expiration of a certain term, he will be put to the tread-mill. His temptations will be lessened, and the chances of detection increased, while he remains within that territory. The objects that excite the principle of *acquisitiveness* will be put out of his reach, till the habit of yielding to temptation is subdued.

If the temptations do not appear to have been sufficient to produce the crimes, we may infer that the criminal is defective either in *prudence* or in *moral feeling*, and that it is necessary to provide for him a restraint sufficiently strong to supply the place of these natural principles. Thus, when a man loses his leg, the carpenter makes him a wooden one. The punishment of incarceration imposed by the magistrate, is a *mechanical* substitute for the intellectual or moral principles which Nature, for some wise but mysterious reasons, seems to have denied to these unfortunate individuals*. It is often necessary for a physician to impose similar restraints on his patients, who are not criminal at all. If the patient is reasonable, he will submit to restraint; and if he is not reasonable, his friends will compel him. A valetudinarian in morals must be a-bridged of his liberty, for the same reason that a valetudinarian in health must be so restrained.

If the crime seems to have proceeded, not from the weakness of the good principles, but from the excessive strength of the evil ones, it is necessary to impose the same restraints on the mischievous propensities of the criminal as we impose on the mischievous instincts of a

beast of prey. We confine such criminals for the same reason that we chain up a furious dog.

II. The restraint necessarily imposed on the criminal ought to be the whole of his punishment. Additional severities are unjust, because they are unnecessary. If the *moral disease* is malignant, or obstinate, add to the duration of the punishment, not to its severity; and if the disease appears to be incurable, the criminal must be treated as a lunatic, and confined for life†. The man who is defective or diseased in his moral nature, is as much an object of pity as the idiot or lunatic who is diseased in his intellectual nature.

Restraint will be more effectual, if divested of unnecessary severity, because the criminal himself will feel it to be *reasonable* and *just*. The reason and conscience of the criminal will be on the side of the law; and these principles, however weak, cannot, I think, be altogether wanting. In the actual state of things, the criminal's conscience is often against us; hence the obstinacy of his will. His labour is not voluntary, and consequently not productive. See *American Review*, No. 27, p. 249, &c.

III. The power taken from the criminal is to be transferred *entire* to the jailor. The government ought no more to interfere between the jailor and the prisoners, than between the physician of a lunatic hospital and his patients. The indirect preventives of tyranny might be as effectual in the jail as in the hospital. This will be proved in the sequel.

The abuse of the powers given to a jailor might be prevented, not by limiting these powers, but by transferring them *entire* to a worthier per-

* We are not entitled to deny the *fact* of this judicial blindness or hardness of heart, because we cannot discover either the *cause* or the *end*. We ought not to doubt that there are necessary *causes* and beneficent *ends*, which we know not now, but shall assuredly know hereafter. See *Luke* xviii. 26, 27. *Acts* iii. 17, 18, 19.

† Unless humanity should prefer the punishment of death, as being milder than perpetual imprisonment. See *2 Samuel* xiv. 13, 14, 15. "So Gad came to David, and said unto him, Shall seven years of famine come unto thee in thy land? Or wilt thou flee three months before thine enemies while they pursue thee? Or that there be three days' pestilence in thy land? Now advise, and see what answer I shall return to Him that sent me. And David said unto Gad, I am in a great strait; let me fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man." Such is the difference between the punishments of death and perpetual confinement.

son *. The jailor, when accused, might be tried by a jury; and the trial will naturally be more severe and searching, in proportion to the extent of the confidence that has been conferred and abused.

IV. The *profits* arising from the labour of the prisoners will also be transferred entire to the jailor. It will be the interest of the jailor to give a share of these profits to the prisoners, in order to excite their industry; and it will also be his interest to give them such an education as may render their industry as productive as possible. The more productive their industry is to the jailor during the term of confinement, the more productive will it afterwards be to themselves; the greater will be their motives to industry, the less their motives to crime. Their temptations will be lessened by the increase of their resources. The interest of the jailor, therefore, is the same with that of the prisoners. He must act justly towards them, if he only thinks wisely for himself; and if he does not think wisely, his incapacity or tyranny (which are the same thing) will be manifested by its effects, and the consequence will be his being deprived of the office. The goodness of the management will thus be secured, not by limiting, but by increasing, the power of the jailor.

We need not apprehend that the prisoners will be too well treated. It is the jailor's interest to use the most effectual means of exciting the industry, and thereby amending the morals, or at least the habits of the criminals. If the harsher means are necessary, he will employ them; if the milder means are sufficient, and even more effectual than the harsher, to have recourse to the harsher must be unnecessary, and

consequently unjust. The jailor is placed in the same relation to the criminal that the physician is to the patient; and if this plan were adopted, we should, perhaps, be as successful in curing the moral diseases of our nature, as in curing the bodily ones. We might, perhaps, find that there were incurable diseases in both.

In order that the incapacity of the jailor may appear by its effects, the prison must be open to the inspection of all respectable persons, at all hours. In order to explain Bentham's ideas, I will quote a few passages from his book †.

P. 42. "I would do the whole by *contract*. I would farm out the profits or losses to him who, being in other respects unexceptionable, offered the best terms." (Bentham conceives that the labour of the convicts, being aided by machinery, and rendered in other respects as productive as possible, would not only pay the expences of management, but afford a considerable profit to the jailor; and that the jailor, out of his profits, might pay a rent to Government.) "Undertaking an enterprise new in its extent, in the description of the persons to be subjected to his management, and in many other circumstances, his success in it, if he does succeed, may be regarded in the light of an invention, and rewarded accordingly by the profit which a monopoly secured by patent enables a man to make. He should have it during good behaviour; in other words, unless specific instances of misbehaviour, enough to render his removal expedient, be proved against him in a legal way, he should have it for life." (This is exactly the tenure by which every man in civil society holds both his property and his life. He forfeits either, or both,

* ————— "None

But such as are good men can give good things."

Comus.

It is impossible that vice can produce the effects of virtue, under any political regulations whatever. "Quid leges sine moribus?"

† Those who cannot procure Bentham's work, will find some account of his project in Colquhoun's *Treatise on the Police of London*; a popular work, which may be found in some of the circulating libraries of this city. See also the article "Prison Discipline," in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But those who delight in the peculiarities of a most singular and original genius, ought not to deny themselves the pleasure of reading Bentham's own work.

when he is legally convicted of such crimes as render the forfeiture of property, or of life, necessary or expedient.) The interest of the contractor being the same with that of the prisoners, the contractor ought to receive "all the powers that his interest could prompt him to wish for, in order to make the best of his bargain." (In other words, the Government will contract with the jailor in the same way, or at least by the same principle, by which a judicious and liberal landlord contracts with his tenants.) "The greater latitude he has in taking his measure, the less will he grudge the letting it be known what the measures are which he *does* take; knowing, at the same time, that no advantage can be taken of such knowledge, by turning him out, in case of his success, and putting in another, to reap the fruits of his contrivance. I will require him to *disclose*, and even to *print* and *publish*, his accounts, &c." "Having power to do every thing that is for his advantage, there is nothing which it is for his interest to conceal. It is for clearing away, as much as possible, every interested motive for secrecy, that I would secure his profits to him for life."

One of Bentham's principles is to connect, in the person of the contractor, the most extensive power with the greatest possible publicity,—the least direct, with the greatest indirect control. He is to be put in a *glass bee-hive*, and exposed almost as much to the inspection of the public as the prisoners are to his. "A prevailing, but erroneous propensity, derived from the times when the means of publicity were not so easy as at present, is to cramp power, and leave the exercise of it in the dark. Every thing is by this means against the upright manager, every thing in favour of the corrupt and intriguing one. A board is instituted," &c. "When it is necessary to

repose extraordinary confidence, removal of clogs, and enlargement of power, is the proper shape for it to shew itself in. *It is one of the advantages attending the increased power of the public eye, that the amplitude of discretion, so necessary to good management, may be given with more security than before*."

Bentham remarks, that the kinds of labour assigned to prisoners are almost always those that are least agreeable and least profitable. They are consequently as little calculated as possible to give them either a taste for industry, or the means of exercising their industry profitably, when they are discharged from confinement. If the opposite kinds of labour were substituted, the profits arising from the industry of the prisoners would do more than pay the cost of subsistence and management. Government might obtain a revenue by letting the Penitentiary, as a landlord by letting his estate; and this revenue might be substituted for the State Lottery. I do not see how this substitution can be resisted, unless we adopt Mandeville's system, and believe that vice is more wholesome than virtue to the body politic.

The reformation of criminals is an employment which is naturally agreeable to a benevolent mind, and their punishment is naturally disagreeable. A penitentiary, in which reformation, rather than punishment, is the object, will be an object of competition to a better description of men. And the virtues of the jailor will radiate to the prisoners, by a law of nature, as certain as that by which light radiates from lucid bodies. "*Amore acceso di virtù sempre altro accese, purchè la fiamma sua paresse fuori*." (Dante, *Purg.* xxii.)

If there are any incurable defects or vices in the criminal's dispositions, their causes and tendencies may be ascertained in these hospitals of moral disease. I think that the inter-

* If you will not let me tell the story in my own way, how do you know that I can do it in yours? Kenilworth.

† Let its pure flame
From virtue flow, and love can never fail
To warm another's bosom, so the light
Shine manifestly forth.

val of a year ought to intervene between the sentence which condemns a murderer to death, and its execution; and that, during this interval, he ought to be subjected to such moral and religious influences as are most likely to penetrate his heart. If these influences are successful, "we have gained our brother." If they are not successful, we have, at least, made some additions to our knowledge of human nature; and it is not likely that such knowledge, or that any knowledge, can be altogether and permanently unprofitable. Posterity will reap the harvest that we have planted. It will add to our knowledge of the morbid physiology of the human heart, and may even throw some indirect light on its healthy affections. We dissect the bodies of criminals, in order to improve the art of curing diseases; why not try the power of moral causes on the character of their minds? The moral sciences would probably be as progressive as the physical sciences, if they were cultivated in the same way.

If there were not something wrong or defective in our moral nature,—something which seems to indicate that, as moral beings, we are but in a state of infancy, we should consider a criminal to be as much an object of compassion as a morbid person; and we should perceive, with intuitive clearness, that the management of a prison ought to be in every respect analogous to that of an hospital. In both, severity is just only in proportion as it is necessary. Our method of procedure towards criminals is like that of Captain Oakham and Dr Macshane, in the novel of Roderick Random, in their treatment of the sick. (*See Vol. I. near the end.*) The passage referred to would almost appear to be a libel on human nature; "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" But it is, in fact, not different from that scene of *humanity* which is exhibited in our prisons. We employ the same means to lessen the number of criminals, which Captain Oakham and Dr Macshane used in order to lessen the number of the sick! The only difference between disease and vice is, that the latter effects a

nobler and a more permanent part of our nature; we know the extent and the duration of the one, but no man knows either the extent or duration of the other.

The destructive propensities of a criminal cannot be more violent than those of a savage animal; and we know that the most savage animals have been partially tamed. (*See Buffon's History of the Lion.*) The cat and the dog can be made to domesticate together; and Cowper's tame hares lost their natural timidity and suspicion. Why should we have less power over the characters of men than over the instincts of animals?

There are two preventives of murder provided by Nature, *viz.*, the horror produced by the crime, and the terror produced by the punishment. It is a question whether the infliction of death does not lessen the horror in the same degree in which it increases the terror; whether it does not counteract in one way what it does in another. The sight of an execution may gratify and strengthen the "*destructiveness*" of some of the spectators; and this may tend to produce murder in a greater degree than the fear of punishment tends to prevent it. The fugitive nature of the terror produced by the sight of a capital punishment, may be illustrated by a passage in the Old Testament, (2 Samuel, Ch. xx. 9, &c.) "And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand, to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand; so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again; and he died. So Joab, and Abishai his brother, pursued after Sheba the son of Bichri. And one of Joab's men stood by him, and said, He that favoureth Joab, and he that is for David, let him go after Joab. And Amasa wallowed in blood in the midst of the highway. And when the man saw that all the people stood still, he removed Amasa out of the highway into the field, and cast a cloth upon him, when he saw that every one that came by him stood

still. *When he was removed out of the highway, all the people went on after Jonab, to pursue after Sheba the son of Bichri.*" I conceive that this is the whole extent and duration of that moral impression which is produced by the sight of capital punishments.

I will add a few observations on an article on prisons, in the Edinburgh Review, No. 72.

Pages 354—5. "Number of commitments nearly doubled within the last ten years." I think it is probable that the laws are more strictly executed. There is more zeal for suppressing vice—the terror of punishment is less; and this will not only make the necessitous less unwilling to commit crimes, but will make the rich less unwilling to prosecute for trifling offences, and the magistrates less unwilling to punish*. The game laws have produced an extraordinary number of commitments—"too high a price for the whistle." The temptations, too, have probably been increased by the hardships of the times, and perhaps by the progress of knowledge, which makes men less patient under hardships, and aggravates, by its first operation, the evils which it ultimately removes. New laws have been made; hence new crimes and new commitments.

P. 357. "Four averages of five years each." They ought to have been, not averages, but lists of commitments during a series of years. The recourse to averages is merely a contrivance to save trouble, and to dispense with that minute and scrupulous examination which can alone conduct to accurate and comprehensive conclusions. The number of commitments during each year, depends on the state of political opinion, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, greater or less facility of emigration, &c. We cannot estimate the average operation of these causes; and it is absurd, therefore, to reason from the average of their effects. It would be desirable to know

the variation in the number of commitments, not only from year to year, but from month to month. The causes of crime vary from month to month.

P. 358. a†. We have a right (a right of conquest) to punish the obstinacy that we ourselves have excited! But to what issue will the exercise of this right lead us? In punishing criminals, we create a certain quantity of physical evil, in order to destroy a certain quantity of moral evil. The punishment is just, only when it is necessary and effectual for its purpose,—when it destroys more evil than it produces.

P. 358, &c. If the industry of prisoners were employed in the most profitable way possible, it would furnish a revenue which would do more than pay the expense of protecting property. Could this be effected, (and I have, for my part, not a doubt of its practicability, even in the present state of commerce, and it is evident that the excess of revenue above cost must become greater, if the continuance of commercial prosperity, or the greater facility of emigration, should raise the price of labour, or if the progress of mechanical improvements should increase the productive powers of labour,) if this revenue, I say, could be realized, the increased number of commitments would not be a great evil, because it would increase the revenue produced by the industry of prisoners. So much for the interest of the public; as for the interest of the prisoners, it will be promoted by whatever promotes reformation, and lessens the number of re-commitments. Is there any good reason why the eternal interests of criminals should be overlooked in this question? They ought to be an object of consideration even to a conscientious Deist, much more to a conscientious Christian. If the future existence of the soul is probable, or even possible, we are bound to provide against a possible event of so awful and momentous a character.

* On gouverne les hommes avec la tête. On ne joue pas aux échecs avec un bon cœur.

Chamfort.

† The letters a, b, c, d, e, subjoined to the number of the page, distinguish the part of the page referred to.

P. 359, c. "Indulgence tending to ruin its unfortunate victim." This must be an oversight of the reviewer, for he admits that the attempts to reform criminals by indulgence have been more successful than the attempts to deter them by severity.

P. 359, c. "Criminals are sentenced to a longer period of confinement than formerly." The same cause which has produced this change in the administration of criminal justice, will have made magistrates more willing to punish trifling offences*; and this is probably one cause of the increase of commitments. While punishments were cruel, or cruelly inflicted, the humanity of magistrates or of prosecutors would more frequently produce impunity to small offenders.

P. 360, a. "An idle life, society unrestrained," &c. This may sometimes occur in the administration of the new system of Prison Discipline, but it is altogether contrary to its principle. The evil consequences arising from a departure from the principle, which teaches us to consider the reformation of the prisoner as our first object, surely furnish no evidence against the truth of that principle. Idleness and unrestrained society must be as injurious to the morals of criminals, as an unrestrained use of generous food and stimulating liquors to the health of the patients in an hospital; and the first is as contrary to the principle of Prison Discipline, as the second to the principle of Hospital Discipline.

If criminals have little apprehension of punishment, they are more likely to be brought under its influence. And if this influence produces a revenue to the public, and reformation to themselves, what evil can ensue? "Prisoners coaxed to the performance of their tasks." This is also contrary to the principle, and consequently furnishes no objection against it. Reformation of criminals is the end: industry is one of the means conducive to this end: and effectual means of producing industry may be employed. Coaxing is, therefore, as unnecessary in a pri-

son, as I presume it is in an hospital. Allow the prisoner to chuse between solitary confinement, without the means of industry—compulsory labour in the tread-mill,—and voluntary labour of the kind most profitable to the contractor. The consequence is as certain as the ascent of water in a vacuum. He will assuredly refuse the evil, and chuse the good.

P. 360, c. It is our duty to extend the blessings of religious instruction to all over whom we can acquire any direct or indirect influence. And this duty has no limits but what are necessarily produced, either by the want of moral influence, or by the want of that *moral knowledge* which is necessary, in order to render our influence salutary. If our duty towards criminals extends farther than our duty towards the poor who are not criminal, it is only because criminals are more within our reach, and are, perhaps, by their experience of evil, rendered more susceptible of religious influences.

The dread produced by severe punishment may lessen the number of criminal actions, but it has no tendency to weaken their principles. It operates just like those quack medicines which drive the disease inwards into the constitution. When a child is sickly, and consequently troublesome, an idle nurse will give it an opiate, to relieve its pain and make it quiet. It seems to me, that whatever lessens criminal actions without weakening vicious principles, is extremely pernicious, and that every man who perceives the evil is bound to lift up his testimony against it. Whatever prevents the act, conceals the vice, and prevents the application of that moral remedy which might remove it. I am much mistaken if we have yet experienced all the consequences of this short-sighted policy.

P. 361, d. The qualifications of the governor will be determined by the nature and difficulty of the duties imposed upon him. It is more easy to punish criminals than reform them; and, therefore, the reviewer's system tends to lessen the qualifications of

* The tampering world is subject to this curse,

To physic its disease into a worse.

Absalom & Achitophel.

the governor. The opposite system tends as naturally to increase his qualifications. It is an education for the governor, as well as for the prisoners.

P. 362-3, *f*. "Tracts incorrigibly stupid." This is not altogether true; but, if it were so, they would be the best of all for the purpose of *punishing* the prisoners. They would answer all the purposes of an intellectual tread-mill.

P. 363, *e*. Publicity would also discover the consequences of unwise and unjust laws. These laws would be as useful in politics as unsuccessful experiments are in physics. But we must remember, that the moral and political experiments are performed on a much more valuable and tender subject.

P. 364, *a*. We have more *power* to educate criminals, and therefore more *duty*. The question is, not what they deserve, but what we are able to bestow. Our duty is limited only by our power, and our power has hardly any limit but what is produced by the imperfection of our knowledge*. The education of criminals ought not to be gratuitous, but paid for out of the profits of their industry.

P. 364, *c*. "There is nobody so gluttonous and sensual as a thief." Because he has no intellectual and moral enjoyments. The exclusion from these sources of finer happiness is an *imprisonment* inflicted by nature; and if we knew, by experience, the severity of this punishment, we should perhaps be less disposed to add to it. We should at least cease to consider the punishment of criminals as a more important object than their reformation†.

P. 365, *a*. This would be impossible in a *Panopticon*. The prisoner must be limited in *power*, in proportion to his deficiency in *self-government*. The external restraints must be stronger in proportion as the internal restraints are weaker.

Wretches are sometimes convicted of what we are pleased to call *innate* depravity, as old women were formerly convicted of witchcraft. Extraordinary appearances occur, and are referred to the cause which best explains them. Thus Brabantio, in the play, ascribes Othello's influence over Desdemona to magic. The progress of medical science has put an end to the belief in witchcraft; and it is probable that the progress of moral science will put an end to those injurious opinions concerning human nature, which are the cause and the excuse of so much absurdity and cruelty. It will gradually lead us to view, with a mixture of *indulgence* and *hope*, those appearances which we are accustomed to hate and abandon, because we ascribe them to an innate and irreclaimable principle of evil. It will discover to us, that many of these appearances are the consequences of our own *undesigned* tyranny; ("in ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers," Acts, chap. iii., 17, 18, 19;) and that many of them are morbid affections of the soul, which are not more permanent than the morbid affections of the body, but may be removed by the application of the *specific* or appropriate remedies. The operation of moral influences on a diseased mind, is not more uncertain than the operation of medicines on a diseased

* The learned, the judicious, the pious Boerhaave, relates that he never saw a criminal dragged to execution without asking himself, 'Who knows whether this man is not less culpable than me?' On the days when the prisoners of this city are emptied into the grave, let every spectator of the dreadful procession put the same question to his own heart. *Who can congratulate himself upon a life passed without some act more mischievous to the peace or prosperity of others than the theft of a piece of money?* Rambler.

† Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them that suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body."

† It appears to me, that inhumanity proceeds in a great measure from our imperfect knowledge of human nature. We are not aware either of the strength of the temptations which produce crimes, or of the positive, or at least negative misery that is produced by them. If the wicked man "has no bands in his death," it is because he has no enjoyments in his life. The same insensibility which weakens the sentiment of excellence, weakens also the principle of enjoyment.

body*. Even if it were so, it would not prove that the moral diseases are more difficult to be cured, but only that the physicians were less experienced and skilful. Their science is but in its infancy. It is not in our power to destroy the elementary principles of moral evil in human nature, but we can *diminish the temptations*, by improving the physical condition of the poor, and we can *increase the checks* which one man's reason imposes on the passions of another, by improving the understandings of all†. This will lessen the amount of actual crime, and prevent vicious principles from being strengthened by the facility and impunity with which they are gratified. Crimes will become more infamous in proportion as they become more rare; and more rare, in proportion as it becomes more difficult to commit and protect them.

There is a passage in *Paradise Lost* which has often affected me very strongly. It is the speech which Milton has put into the mouth of his allegorical personage *Sin*, when she opens to the great destroyer the gates of Pandemonium:—

The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav'n's all-powerful
King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantyne gates——
*But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me
down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heavenly born?
Thou art my father; thou, my father, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? &c.*

Paradise Lost, Book ii., 850, &c.

In this exhibition of human nature, (the truth of which must be self-evident to every man who has any sympathies with his kind,) we perceive, not only a *natural* hatred, which excludes every salutary influence, but a *generous gratitude* which cherishes every evil one. "The light that leads astray, is light from heaven." And the wanderer cannot

be reclaimed by severities, which only strengthen his attachment to the weaker side, but by means calculated to operate on the *same affections* by the perversion of which his vicious habits have been produced and perpetuated‡.

It is remarked by Mr Foster, in his *Essay on Popular Ignorance*, that "multitudes of the miserable poor, however wicked, have a settled assurance of coming off well at last, independently of any thing effected for men by the Mediator. They shall be exempted, they believe, from future punishment, in consideration of their having suffered so much here. There is nothing, in the scanty creed of great numbers, more firmly held than this." (P. 200.) Now, it is evident that excessive severity in punishing the crimes of the poor has a direct and necessary tendency to strengthen this presumption; that it weakens the moral and religious checks to vice, in exact proportion as it strengthens the political ones; and that it goes directly to weaken or mislead all the higher principles of the human character. The truth is, that the vices of the poor are rather the *effects* than the causes of their miseries, and that it is by lessening, not increasing the miseries of their lot, that they may be conciliated and reclaimed; that there is as natural a connection between the circumstances of the poor and their character, as between the unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded city and the diseases that are generated there; and that the patient ought to be sent "to breathe a purer air," and thus committed to the beneficent influences of nature, not tormented with remedies as ineffectual as they are odious. "There is scarcely a human being"—there is *not* a human being—"whose heart has not taught him, that we are never so benevolent towards others as when our own wishes are *completely* gratified. *We are never so humble as then.* (Mrs Opie.)

Dr Johnson remarks, that, "of all the uncertainties in our present con-

* Every man that hath this hope, purifieth himself, even as God is pure. *John iii. 3.*

† See the conclusion of Say's "petit volume."

‡ See the remarks of Basil Montague on the efficacy of punishment, cited in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXX. p. 341, &c.

dition, the most terrible is the uncertain continuance of reason." Perhaps there is something even more terrible in the uncertain continuance of those natural affections and moral sentiments that appear to be still more inseparable from the human character. "Nothing more justly keeps man in a perpetual awe, than the inscrutability of his own soul, in its nature, capacities, and manner of acting. A tame and feeble bird, that accidentally has hatched an eagle's egg, and is afterwards affrighted at the strength and impetuous tendency of what has been fostered under its own wings, cannot find itself in a more critical case than a man when holding dialogue, like

Adrian, with his own soul. He, perhaps, hath been an indolent, unmeaning thing, but that immortal part within him carries a keener edge than has ever yet been unsheathed; and how this edge is likely to be employed, in a long hereafter, he has but either bad omens of, or at least must be in a trembling suspense, till grace gives a competent determination." (*Gambold's Works*, p. 236-7.) If the reader does not feel the truth and force of this reflection, he is totally ignorant of his own nature; and if he does feel it as he ought, the appeal of humanity and religion, in favour of criminals, will not be made to him in vain.

A. B. C.

THE HARUM-SCARUM CLUB.

No. III.

Daily and hourly proof

Tell us Prosperity is, at highest degree,
The fount and handle of calamity:
Like dust before a whirlwind, those men fly
That prostrate on the ground of Fortune lie;
And being great, like trees that broadest sprout,
Their own top-heavy state grubs up their root.

Chapman.

MR EDITOR,

LITERARY fame is not more difficult to attain than troublesome in the possession. I hinted, in my last, that the proceedings of the Harum-Scarum Club had been keenly criticized here; but Number Second has produced a far greater sensation. Many, both Whigs and Tories, have taken offence at my simile concerning them; and as they have treated me rather disrespectfully on that account, I hereby bid both parties defiance, and say, "Come on! the thickest skin holds longest out." We have in town an arch wag, who, with an abundant stock of sly humour, has hitherto contrived to keep neutral in politics; he has persuaded several of our wise heads that my simile is a bitter and libellous satire against the Town Council; for it so happens, that there are both Whigs and Tories in that august assembly. The wag aforesaid has demonstrated, by logical deduction, that the tinder-box is the Council-Chamber; my landlady the Provost; and the flint and steel the Whigs and Tories of that body. Now, my landlady is, in

every sense of the word, an old woman; and, exclusive of her age, there are other points of resemblance between her and the Goodman of our town. He next provoked a dispute between the parties, which of them was meant by the flint, and which by the steel; but here arose a question in Natural Philosophy, which none of these sages could resolve; namely, whether the fire came from the flint or the steel? This important, and, to them, inscrutable mystery, produced an ebullition so keen and acrimonious, as fully proved the correctness of the simile; both parties are anxious to appropriate to themselves the substance containing the caloric, but cannot agree whether it is the stone or the metal. One proposed consulting Professor Leslie on the subject; another was for referring it to the Wernerian Society; but he who had kindled this flame observed, that it lay more in the way of the Huttonian. At last the Provost, who lays claim to much intuitive knowledge, said, "Hooly, calans; ye're makin' a mystery about

s matter as plain as the A, B, C. Ye may as weel gi'e a dunt upo' that door wi' your steekit nieve, an' syne raise a reek whether it was your hand or the door that made the din. Nay langer syne than the last winter, in the brak of the awfu' storm, ae gloamin', I was standing in the shop-door, diverting mysel' wi' the callans an' cummers wha were getting a dad in the cuff o' the neck wi' the sna' frae the roofs o' the houses, when some ill-deedy smatchet brought me sic a wallop wi' a sna'-ba', as gart the fire flee out o' my een, bruinding like elf candle. Now, ye'll no say the fire was in the sna'-ba'; an' it's just as unlikely that it was in my een. It's just fetching them suddenly an' forcibly thegither that produces the fire, which is begotten an' brought forth at the same moment." "Most philosophically illustrated!" cried the humorist. "None in the College of Auld Reekie could throw more light on the subject."

I have also incurred the high displeasure of the Lady President of the *Bas Bleus*, by unluckily alluding to her age; and she has been endeavouring to undermine my growing fame, by "buts, ifs," and significant shakes of the head. Thus have I lost the good graces of not a few of both sexes; but as it is now "in for a penny, in for a pound," or, in my grandmother's vernacular style, "There's as muckle for a buffet, as a backfu' o' straits," I hereby give my traducers fair warning. The above will shew our red-hot politicians what they have to expect; and I shall only say to the coterie,

If there's a hair on a' their chins,
Or broken loop in their blue hose,
I redd them tent it.

Dr Tell has also felt the proud intolerance of party, for he is no longer the Provost's family physician. That worthy magistrate said to his lady, "My dear, when you get nervish, ye maun send for Dr Doubledose, for nae friend to legitimacy an' gude order can continue to countenance a chap wha misca's that jolly, gude-hearted man, the King o' France, an' scandalizes the sagacheous, douse, an' relygous Cesar of Rushy. He's a bad man, an' speaks evil o' dignities! When he can mak' a mock o'

Kings, what will he no do wi' a Provost? He maun never enter our doors again."

To counterbalance this, the Doctor's acquaintance has been courted by various characters—he has also had several letters of thanks for his spirited address; and as the people in general consider the invasion of Spain as the league of Kings against the rights of nations, he is esteemed as the champion of Freedom. The magistrate also imagines, that Timon of Athens had a fling at him in his *Elegy*; for the ruler of the borough is sometimes sadly afraid of lowering his dignity, hy being seen in shabby company; and his daughters can readily practise the broad stare, which says, "I know you not!" when they are inclined to cut acquaintance. The Ploughman's society is now sought after hy both old and young; and Peter Bell, our bookseller, is quizzed by the poetical readers of the old school.

We mustered full on the evening when we met to discuss the question proposed by the Ploughman, which, lest any of your readers should have forgotten, I again repeat:

"Which of the sudden reverses of Fortune, PROSPERITY or ADVERSITY, is it most difficult to bear with equanimity?"

The disputants *drew cuts* (Anglicè, cast lots) for the order in which they should speak, and Spunkie drew the first. He fretted a little at this, saying, that he wished to be the last, and merely make some observations on the speeches of those who had preceded him; but the members, knowing the fertility of his imagination, insisted that he should take his place. After a pause of five minutes, which he requested, and readily obtained, he rose up, and spoke as follows:

Willie Lowrie.

Since first this question was propounded,
I've pox'd my brains, my memory sound-
ed;

I've mused on what I've heard and seen,
And o'er auld history blear'd my een,
In search of facts, to hit the mark;
But that I felt was endless wark;
They only made my judgment swither,
For ae thing aye dang down anither.
When winds in circling eddies swirl,
Ye've seen a feather float and whirl;

E'en sic was my opinions towzled,
My gumption bother'd and bamboozled ;
But if ye've e'er on shipboard been,
You doubtless have the compass seen,
And mark'd the needle's trembling motion,

Still to the pole point its devotion ;
And such my various musings past,
My mind's made up, and fix'd st last.

Whate'er folks say, 'tis clear to me,
When freakish Fortune tak's the gee,
And frinks to do a callan wrang,
She always smiles before she stang ;
And when she's plotting ruination,
Just lifts a chiel aboon his station ;
Show'rs down her favours in his lap,
Syne o'er his knuckle brings a rap.

Just think upon some reckless wight,
Wha never clamb to gryter height
Then sitting stridlins o'er the riggin
Of his straw-theicket, auld clay biggin,
By fate placed on a ship at sea,
And mounted on the tap-mast hie ;
This elevation to the starns
Can hardly fail to turn his harns ;
He gouns around, but grows sic dizzy,
Lets gang the grip—and syne, where is
he ?

Or in the sea, or on the deck,
Wi' shatter'd skull or broken neck ;
Or if the tangled riggin' catch him,
And frae destruction kindly snatch him,
When placed on deck, he canna stand,
But grips at what comes first to hand—
A hen-coop, or sic slippery ware,
Plumps overboard, to rise na mair.
Should you my simile reject,
And, as you've hinted, facts expect,
I'll gie, to please you, Mr Preses,
A tale by way of exegesis :

Will Lowrie was a tradesman's bairn,
His calf-ground somewhere in Strathearn ;
Bred up to toil baith late and ear,
Wi' hoddin coat and hamely fare ;
In weet or dry, in heat or cauld,
To herd the stirks, or tent the fauld,
To plash the dubs, and face the blast,
'Twas thus the youngster's years were
pass'd ;

Wi' shachled shoon and tauted pow,
Health on his cheek was seen to glow :
As, in the glen, the hardy thorn
Is seen to sprout, in vernal morn ;
Nor summer's drouth, nor winter's storm,
Can check its growth, or stint its form ;
Ilk season sees it rear its head,
And wider aye its branches spread ;
So Will in youthful bloom was seen,
Strength in his arm, fire in his een.
And now to Gowrie's fertile plain
He shapes his course, a happy swain :
At cart or plough he whistles blithe,
Or in the hay-field sweeps the scythe ;
In hars't at kemping foremost still ;
For labour blest wi' strength and skill.

His hoddin coat now laid aside,
He's basket braw in rustic pride ;
A strapping youth, in rural grace,
Wi' manly beauty in his face ;
At kirk and market clean and smart,
He kittled mony a lass's heart ;
At maiden feast and bridal ploy,
Where ilka heart loup's light wi' joy ;
Where lads and lasses blithely meet,
A' in their best, frae head to feet ;
The fiddler, fingering o'er his thairms,
The dowie cheers, the cauldrie warms ;
In auld Scots reels some callans jumping,
Wi' heavy heels some ithers thumping ;
In brisk strathspey, Meg smiles on
Johnny,

And trots about like Shetland pony ;
But in sic mirthful, motley crowd,
By young and auld it was allow'd,
Nae ploughman in the Carse of Gowrie
Could foot the floor like Willie Lowrie :
In wark, or sport, wi' spunk and fire,
The first to start, the last to tire :
In gloamin's, if he cross'd the green,
And looked in on Nell or Jean,
The mithers kindly took him ben,
Fain he should find the road again ;
The father wad ha'e look'd wi' pride
To see his bairn made William's bride ;
The lasses blush'd, though blithe to see
him,

Their parents leugh and jocked wi' him ;
In short, esteem'd by auld and young,
His roose was hard on ilka tongue.

It chanced, when wark was slack at
hame,

The callan to Auld Reekie came ;
When fra Queensferry jogging on,
A gig behind came down the loan ;
The driver was a dashing spark,
But seem'd a prentice to the wark ;
He crack'd his whip, and look'd with
pride

Upon a lady at his side ;
And Jehu like, with speed career'd,
Unheedful of the course he steer'd.
The horse was fiery, rough the way,
(It was before Macadam's day,)
Smack goes the whip, off springs the horse,
Swift as a racer o'er the course :
The driver now had lost command,
A deep ditch yawn'd on ilka hand—
Ha ! there it goes !—the gig has tumbled,
And o'er the pair is fairly whumled,
Like maukins in a poacher's trap,
Deep in the ditch is their mishap :
Will hastens forward—comes in season,
With brawny arm unbars their prison ;
Jumps up, and takes a seat beside them,
Quick to the town agrees to guide them.
Arriv'd—the ploughman must not go,
Until their gratitude they show.

It chanced the man was Fortune's Fac-
tor—

A Lottery Agent, or Contractor,

The lucky Sievwright of his day ;
And now his debt resolv'd to pay :
He said, " To you I owe my life,
And, dearer still, a loving wife.
Here, take this draught on Fortune's
Bank,

And should the jade return it blank,
I'll give a cheque she'll not dishonour ;
Her wheel's at work—to-morrow's post
May shew if you have won or lost."

Pandora's box, as poets sing,
Of human ills the fruitful spring,
Was to mankind a plague and curse ;
And such, alas ! prov'd Fortune's purse.
Five thousand pounds in Willie's lap
She pour'd, for dool and sad mishap :
When blind, nae ferly though she blunders :
For thousands had she gi'en him hunders,
The ploughman might have ta'en a farm,
Wi' thrifty wife liv'd snug and warm ;
But, wae's my heart ! the reckless hizzie
Wi' kindness dang him daft and dizzy ;
Strange tantrums wauken'd in his pow ;
Within his breast the bleezing low
Of many a wild and lawless passion,
For Will was now a buck of fashion.
The modest maids of Gowrie's plain
Forgot, amidst that wanton train,
Who sheen in silks and borrow'd charms,
And clasp their cullies in their arms :
So ivy twines round ruin'd towers,
Aye thriving best when it devours.
Frae flower to flower, as bums the bee,
So Willie Lowrie's wandering e'e
Glanced on the fair, but syren thrang,
Who lur'd his lug wi' laugh and sang.
He got blood-hunters for the course,
And betted hunders on his horse ;
Wi' gun and pointers scour'd the plain,
And join'd the gay, tod-hunting train ;
Din'd in Auld Reckie, after gloamin',
Then cards, and dice, and wine, and wo-
men,

Enabled him to pass the night,
And keep it up till braid day-light !
Three winter's winds had rudely blawn,
And his wild aits were nearly sawn ;
He wasna wearied of gallantin' ;
But, willawins ! them eans were wantin' ;
His pouch was toom, his health declin'd,
And to a lonely couch confin'd.
The wounded deer lies in his lair,
Alone to pine in sad despair ;
So Willie lay—nae friend came near him,
Nae bonny lassie came to cheer him !
Cards came, indeed—not *billet-doux*,
They told of coats, vests, boots, and shoes ;
Ah ! vanish'd now his gowden dreams,
As mist before the morning beams :
Each bloom of Pleasure wither'd—dead !
He turns him on a sleepless bed ;
Or, if he sunk in slumbering dose,
Wild visions scare his short repose ;
For ruffians rude, wi' demon smile,
Are dragging him to " durance vile !"

With mind and body on the rack,
In comes the surgeon—arrant quack !
He sees his patient, writhing, pine,
And recommends an anodyne.
The hero's fate approaches fast,
He sends a shilling—'tis his last—
To purchase death—to draw the veil
And close life's frenzied, tragic tale,
Syne rushes out, to seek that face
Whose witching lur'd him to disgrace ;
With beating heart, and whirling brain,
He talks of love—calls in champaign ;
Pours the vile potion in the cup—
And smiling ghastly, drinks it up !
With frantic look, enfolds her venal
charms,
Smiles, swears, and laughs—and dies
within her arms.

When Spunkie sat down, Hera-
clitus, being the next in order to
speak, shewed a modest reluctance to
begin. However, he rose, and with
an apology for the tameness of what
he could say, compared with what
they had just heard, recited the fol-
lowing story :

John M'Intyre.

From darkness, brought to blazing light,
Where summersweets profusely bloom ;
From sunshine, plunged in deepest night,
Where all is dreary midnight gloom ;
The sage inquirer, arduous, seeks to find
Which opposite extreme would most af-
fect the mind.

Do Summer suns and fattening showers
Destroy the buds of genial Spring ?
No ; chill fogs blight her fairest flowers,
Which come in Eurus' frosty wing.
On halcyon seas, the bark expands her sail ;
By Winter tempests toss'd, she founders
in the gale.

John M'Intyre much wealth possess'd,
His cloudless sun in splendour shone ;
A beauteous wife his bosom bless'd,
Love sat triumphant on his throne ;
His sons gave promise of each manly
grace,
The mother's beauty bloom'd in every
daughter's face.

His mansion rose in rural pride,
'Midst verdant lawns and gardens fair ;
Gay green-woods wav'd on every side,
Arcadian summer blossom'd there ;
The crystal streamlet murmur'd in the
vale ;
Harmonious every grove—health breathed
in every gale.

To commerce bred, to swell his store,
In curricie he drove to town—
His ledger clos'd, and business o'er,
Again, to dine, whirl'd smartly down ;

Where welcome guests, rich wines and
beauty's smile,
Conspir'd to chase the hours, and every
care beguile.

On rosy pinions dipt in dew,
The richest morning ever shed,
His years flew by—his treasure grew,
And Pleasure's softest couch was spread;
His noon-tide sun shone with resplendent
beams;
But warmer, brighter skies, would spread
in Fancy's dreams.

'Tis thus, through life, the aching breast
For something unenjoy'd will pine;
Ambition now could break his rest;
For he would in the Senate shine:
He loath'd that hackney'd, vulgar phrase,
Esquire;
And yet might hear "Sir John, and Lady
M'Intyre!"

From east, or west, suspicious gales
Still waft his wealth on every breeze;
Unsated lust of wealth prevails,
And interrupts his wonted ease;
Scrip, consols, three-per-cents., his mind
employs;
He thinks of bliss to be, and visionary
joys.

Who has not seen, or heard, or read,
Of storms that ravage Indian isles—
How they will desolation spread,
Where Summer's sun-bright glory
smiles?
In one short hour to swift destruction
hurl'd,
The richest sweets that bloom, to grace
the western world.

At morn, the broad oak, green and gay,
Was seen the glory of the wood;
At night, its branches torn away,
A blighted, leafless trunk it stood;
Its green leaves scath'd and scatter'd in
the blast,
When o'er its lofty stem the forked light-
ning pass'd.

So, unforeseen, the sudden stroke
On John's high towering head that fell;
As fiercely Fortune's thunders broke,
And blighted what he lov'd so well;
And he who wallow'd in his wealth at
morn,
A bankrupt ere he slept, dejected and
forlorn;

When rumour told the dreadful tale,
His blood ran cold, and parch'd his
tongue;
The news confirm'd—his lip grew pale,
His heart in writhing anguish wrung;
Behind, was Folly—forward, dark Despair;
"This dreadful stroke," he said, "I can-
not—will not bear!"

"To live in poverty forlorn—
My name forgotten or despis'd;
To meet the proud man's glance of scorn,
His joy too full to be disguis'd!
Or, still more dreadful—his condolence
kind;
For still, when Pity comes, Contempt is
close behind!"

His pride, his joy, his hope, and trust,
Had all been placed on bliss below;
Now, all were crumbled in the dust,
He rav'd in unavailing woe—
And in his pride, to desperation driven,
With impious oaths blasphem'd the Ma-
jesty of Heaven.

Against his life his hand was rais'd,
Arrested by a friendly arm;
He on his Ellen wildly gaz'd:
But ah! her presence could not charm!
Convulsive tremour shook his anguish'd
frame;
Life's flickering spark seem'd weak, as
taper's dying flame.

The withering stroke had scorch'd his
heart,
Its purple tide flow'd slow and chill;
Cold torpor prey'd on every part,
With power to blight, but not to kill;
Poor, imbecile, and helpless as a child,
The ways of Heaven a blank, nor reve-
renced nor revild.

On wife and children weeping round,
He cast a wild and wildering eye;
His tongue in lasting silence bound.
He could but gaze, and sadly sigh;
In vain he tried to raise his nerveless
arm,
In vain the lip of love attempts his soul
to charm.

Alike forgetting and forgot,
With wither'd heart and weary head,
Scarce conscious of his hapless lot,
A breathing clod—alive, though dead!
Adversity, from thee such evils flow;
Thine is the heaviest stroke, the bitterest
cup of woe!

When Heraclitus had finished, Dr
Tell rose up, and expressed his opi-
nion as follows:

"Mr PRESSES,

"For rightly discussing any spe-
culative subject, it is necessary that
both parties affix the same meaning
to first or leading terms. Upon con-
sulting our great Lexicographer,
Johnson, for an explanation of the
substantive "Equanimity," I find
his definition to be, "Evenness of
mind, neither elated nor depressed."
Now, in this sense, I suspect equa-

nimity will seldom be found in any of the extremes under consideration : for much as some of the philosophers of the present age have talked and written about the perfectibility of man, I suspect that nineteen out of twenty would still so far disgrace that system, as to be elated in the one case, and depressed in the other. But I presume, that, by interpreting *equanimity* as that decorum of manner, and propriety of thinking and acting, best suited to the situation, we shall come to the sense in which it is to be understood, in the question before us.

"Now, as minds are differently constituted, the influence of either Prosperity or Adversity will greatly depend on the disposition and predominant passions, to which we may add, acquired habit. It would be easy to find at a public school, or often in a private family, a couple of boys, nearly coeval in age, and of similar situations in life, but whose natures are antipodes to each other. One must be perpetually held in most rigid subjection, before he can be taught, or even prevented from doing mischief—the other must be soothed, smiled upon, and caressed. Indulge the first, and he becomes a madman, the wild horse of the desert, snorting and kicking his heels at human control. Chastise, or even threaten the second, and his feelings, fine, and tremblingly alive, although deeply wounded, become less susceptible; continue this severity, they are rendered callous, his heart indurated, and his brain stupified, till at last he sinks into stupor and mental imbecility, dull and sluggish as the tame ass, that seems to have outlived his feelings. On such a pair, either Prosperity or Adversity must produce very opposite effects; both extremes may be in general esteemed unfavourable to public and private virtue, and decidedly hostile to equanimity of mind. That simple, but beautiful prayer of Agar's, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," exclusive of its divine origin, bears the stamp of wisdom, capable of chusing the path of life most conducive to the practice of the social virtues, and best suited for promoting the real happiness of man.

"But as this may appear digressing,

I come to the question, and, without hesitation, hazard the opinion, that it is most difficult to bear a sudden elevation from Poverty to Affluence with equanimity; and for this, the following reasons may be adduced: That Poverty is an evil, the most philosophic feel, and few attempt to deny; and that Wealth is esteemed as one of the blessings of life, is sufficiently proved, by the unremitted eagerness with which it is pursued; few ever attempting to despise it, till, like the fox with the grapes, they find it beyond their grasp. Now, Adversity being viewed as an evil, is in some degree an object of dread; and whatever danger a man apprehends as possible to fall in his way, he is in some measure prepared to encounter; and the more prominent features become familiar, or, at least, less frightful, the longer they are contemplated. The prudent sailor, scudding before the summer breeze, still bears in mind that the breeze may become a gale, and the gale grow into a tempest: the rich caravan crossing the burning sands, although they expect to escape the baleful simoom, are always prepared to meet its withering blast. It may also be presumed, that the rich man has, if not a liberal education, at least as much as to give him a relish for reading and improving his mind; the page of history presents to his view the fate of kings and empires; perhaps his mind is expanded by philosophy, which teaches the government of the passions, the fugacious nature of all sublunary enjoyments, and elevates his views beyond the limits of this narrow sphere. I do not say this is always the case; but if not common to the rich, then Wealth is still less valuable than is generally imagined. Should Adversity become the lot of a character such as we have described, he will doubtless be depressed; for the strongest man must stoop beneath a heavy burden; but so far from sinking under the load, he will bear it, if not with fortitude, at least with equanimity. It must here be observed, that he is supposed as suffering Adversity, which he could neither foresee nor prevent; for if plunged in poverty, either by his own folly or guilt, there is a secret poison

which corrodes his heart, perhaps inevitably murders his peace. Adversity, although an evil, is also pregnant with good ; this is beautifully expressed by our immortal bard :

‘ Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.’

“ Let us now consider the situation of a man, suddenly and unexpectedly raised from Poverty, and its necessary privations, to Affluence, and its usual concomitants. It has already been admitted, that Wealth is esteemed a positive good ; hence it is an object of desire ; but, in the case before us, although it might be wished for, it could not be expected ; and, therefore, no preparation could be made for a change, which Hope, delusive flatterer as she is, had not dared to promise ; besides, as riches are supposed to confer happiness, man conceives himself at all times prepared for their reception. Now, it is a fair supposition, that this child of poverty has been doomed to toil from his early years ; that his mind has never been informed, nor his ideas expanded by education ; that whatever his natural powers, they are only ore buried in the mine, and surrounded with dross. His knowledge of the world and its vicissitudes confined to a narrow sphere, a stranger to his own heart, his actions being the result of habit, rather than of fixed principles ; incapable of governing passions, of which he knows not the strength, because constant labour and “ chill penury ” have prevented their indulgence ; in a word, such a character as may be found every day, in the lower class of life. Should this man’s long night of poverty, whose gloom seemed impenetrable, suddenly and unexpectedly burst forth, in a blaze of meridian sunshine, what may be expected as the probable consequences ? This question has been answered by our forefathers, and handed down in a proverb, for the benefit of their posterity—

‘ Set a beggar on horseback, and he’ll ride to the devil !’

“ Elevated to a height which to him appeared inaccessible, and on whose summit his fancy had placed the pa-

lace of felicity, no wonder that his brains turn round. Man must have either mental or sensual enjoyment ; but for the first, this new favourite of Fortune has no relish. Philosophy, science, history, or any other department of literature, can afford no enjoyment, of which his mind is susceptible. The indulgences of former years are endeared to him by habit : a wager on the prowess of a favourite cock—a race home from the summer fair, on a newly-purchased pony—and spending a winter evening in the village alehouse, his brain clouded with tobacco smoke and soporific porter, or fired with stimulating whisky, all his mental powers abstracted in a game of Brag. These were his highest gratifications, and to such it is reasonable to infer he will still have recourse ; with this difference, that his former bet of a gill will now be a handful of gold ; instead of country fairs, he attends all the races between Maiden-kirk and John-of-Groats’ ; rattles the dice, instead of shuffling greasy cards ; and rectifies his whisky into port, or perhaps champaign. Conscious of his wealth, he becomes arrogant and overbearing ; yet his actions are anomalous and irregular, for being a hybrid, acknowledged by no species, he exhibits very opposite qualities ; perhaps he approaches nearest to the canine, and might be portrayed as a Cerberus, all his three heads different ; a fawning spaniel to his superiors, a snarling cur to his dependants, and a silly, impudent puppy among them whom he considers his equals. Endeavouring to cut a figure, he becomes the dupe of a Jockey on the race-course, and the prey of a Blacklegs at the gaming-table. Should fortune or impudence lead him to mingle his plebeian blood among the patricians, to prevent contamination, they determine on his expulsion, the readiest mode of which is, by leading him into wild extravagancies, as the certain means of ruining a purse-proud upstart. He seems to have matched his wealth and his constitution against each other, and it is a moot case, which of them will first founder in the race ; for neither can ever reach the visionary goal which appears to his bewildered imagination.

"But we have no occasion for supposing cases on either side of the question; the effects of Prosperity and Adversity have been practically demonstrated in our own days; not only in the eyes of all Europe, but from one extremity of the globe to the other. In our own age, and within the short space of a few years, we have seen the man who seemed the football of Fortune, raised from obscurity to imperial dignity, and a plenitude of power approaching nearer to universal dominion than has been the lot of any individual since the decline of the Roman Empire; and we have seen the same man hurled from his towering throne, lingering for years a captive on an insulated rock in the Indian Ocean. What a contrast! Let us, for a moment, reflect on the opposite characters of the Emperor and the Captive. His rise and fall are yet too recent for his character to be fairly appreciated; the partialities of his friends and admirers are still alive; and the prejudices of those who hated, or feared him, are not yet forgotten; and I, although unconscious of any bias, may not judge him dispassionately. But I conceive, that the most devoted of his admirers must admit that the Emperor was a fool; while his most inveterate enemies must acknowledge that the Captive was a philosopher. Intoxicated with power, the Emperor's life was the delicious dream of boundless ambition. In his frenzy, nothing appeared too difficult for him to dare; and he seemed to imagine that to attempt was to accomplish. He madly tried to subvert and suppress the intercourse of society and civilized life. He made and unmade kings with greater ease than many a nobleman would feel in discharging a footman. Kingdoms were his play-things, and princes his vassals. He did not, like Nero, delight in cruelty, or inflicting torture; nor, like Caligula, liek the blood from his sword; but the happiness or misery of cities, states, or nations, he regarded as the dust in the balance, if they stood in the way of his insatiable ambition. Even Love, if ever that deity had a place in his iron soul, was immolated at the shrine of his idol, and the amiable Josephine was sacrificed on the altar of his san-

guinary deity. If he did not, like the mad astronomer in *Rasselas*, attempt to control the elements, he believed himself and his followers superior to their influence. Was not this a maniac, "with method in his madness?" Let us now look at the opposite pages of his eventful history. A coward would have committed suicide, after the battle of Waterloo; or, at any rate, before he had allowed himself to be landed at St. Helena; and thus persuaded himself, and perhaps the world, that, by a Roman death, he had died as he lived—a hero. But it was only there, that, awaking from his delirious dream, he in some degree recovered his senses, and shewed himself alive to the better feelings and amenities of life. It may be urged, that his spleen was moved about trifles; and that his sullen fits and peevish wranglings with Sir Hudson Low were much liker a petted and spoiled child than a philosopher. But let it be kept in view, that human nature is never perfect. The lion in the toils cannot forget that he was once king of the forest, when all its inhabitants trembled before him; nor can he help growling, and lashing with his tail, at the teasing wasps and other troublesome reptiles buzzing about his eyes, with impertinent familiarity, irritating his blood, and disturbing his repose.

I have here considered human nature in both extremes, as without the powerful influence of religious principle and feeling; as these, in their operation on the mind and heart, can counteract the seductions of pleasure, and smooth the most rugged path of life.

I am aware that the most dreadful consequences, such as insanity and suicide, have been the result of sudden and unforeseen Adversity; but in deciding upon a moral or physical question, we are not to frame hypotheses from particular cases, but from general observation; and mine leads me to the conclusion, that although Prosperity may have caused fewer acts of suicide than Adversity, yet, if to disqualify a man from discharging the moral and social duties of life, with equanimity of mind, may be reckoned death, then it may be said, 'Adversity hath slain her

thousands; but Prosperity her ten thousands."

Next rose up Timon of Athens, and, after a few preliminary observations, delivered the following tale:

The Purse.

The heath that blossoms on some Alpine height,
Whose purple bells our sight and smell delight,

Transplanted to the trim and rich parterre,
May for a season flourish fresh and fair;
But while it seems in richer bloom to rise,
In rank luxuriance sickens, rots, and dies:
And healthful flocks, upon the mountains bred,

If to the clover meadow rashly led,
Would soon to surfeit fall a hapless prey,
And foul corruption sweep the race away:
So they to labour doom'd, and homely fare,
Strangers alike to luxury and care;
Should Fortune rashly, in some sportive hour,

Prone o'er their heads descend in golden show'r,
Would gormandize, not with calm temperance taste;
And, in their haste to live, her bounty waste.

Near where the Redhead's bold and rocky steep
Frowns proud defiance o'er the foaming deep,

Where sea-birds build and keep their ceaseless wail,
Their clamours mingling with the wintry gale,

Near by spreads Lunan's smooth and sandy shore,
There lived a simple pair, in days of yore,
Whose hours in toil and penury were spent,

And though not blest, they were at least content.

One wintry night, the ruffian winds blew high,

Pale meteors glaring, shot along the sky;
Old ocean bellow'd with tremendous roar,
And mountain billows lash'd the echoing shore;

Loud howl'd the storm—the hour was near midnight;

But not extinguish'd was their twinkling light:

A gentle tap came to their cottage door,
They start—another, louder than before;
Humanity had still her dwelling there;
The door's unbarr'd, with cautious, prudent care;

A shiv'ring stranger on the threshold kneel'd,

Who, for a shelter, to their hearts appeal'd.

He could not rise—they kindly lent him aid,

And to the fire the helpless man convey'd;
From head to foot his form was drench'd in brine;

His broken accents sigh'd, "Hard fate is mine!

A helpless wanderer from a distant shore,
To seek that home which I shall see no more!"

His pale lip quiver'd, and with pain oppress'd,

His drooping head sunk fainting on his breast.

A ship by tempests toss'd, by rude winds driven,

Whose yawning sides resistless rocks had riven,

In fragments floated on the rolling wave,
And he alone escaped a watery grave:

With fractur'd limb, by billows cast on shore,

The wretched victim crawling sought their door;

For him the clean, though homely couch was spread,

His dripping raiment stripp'd, and bound his head;

A richer home more comfort might impart,

None could bestow it with a kinder heart:
The husband braves the storm, to reach Montrose,

And find a surgeon, for this man of woes;
Too late he comes—exerts his skill in vain,

Death is the doctor that must heal his pain!

The stranger felt his end approaching fast,

And round the cot a wistful look he cast;

A weighty purse, with trembling hand he took,

For every limb in death's strong tremors shook;

With grateful smile, half rais'd his fainting head,

And to his kind protectors, falt'ring, said,
"What man can do, you have most kindly done;

But Nature fails—I feel my glass is run:
Take this—and lay my dust in hallow'd ground;

The rest is yours; be it with blessing crown'd,

For you to me have smooth'd the bed of death!"

He press'd their hands—and heav'd his parting breath.

The pious rites to his remains were paid,

And now their treasure is again survey'd;
A goodly sum, in Plutus' richest ore.

And Andrew cries, "Dear Kate, we'll tell no more!"

No ditch I'll dig—no longer you shall:
spin—

We will a pleasant, happier life, begin:
Come, let me see—suppose we take a
farm,

We've wherewithal to live, both snug and
warm.

My ploughmen I, you will your dairy
mind;

We'll eat and drink, and cast our cares
behind;

We'll feed our mutton, and we'll brew
our ale,

And o'er it bless the stranger and the gale!
With horse both fat and sleek—a dapple
brown,

In boots and spurs I'll weekly trot to
town;

And you behind me, Kate, to church shall
ride!"

"Behind you!—no; I'll amble by your
side:

Ride double, Andrew!—that would never
do—

I'll have my pony, and side-saddle too;
A scarlet mantle, ribbons, gauze, and
lace,

To suit my rank, and fitting for my face;
Our daughters, too, must learn to dress
and dance;

And who can tell what's in the womb of
Chance!"

Ah! true indeed—Kate did not then fore-
see

The strange vicissitudes were soon to be.

The farm is ta'en, they leave their
bumble cot,

And fix their home where strangers
knew them not.

Though Andrew once rose with the morn-
ing sun,

A different course the farmer now began;
Before his breakfast he was seldom out,

At most to get the air, and look about;
But still as many hours were in his day;

For he was jolly, and his Catharine gay;
And they the evening hours till late
would pass

With friends, hot suppers, and a social
glass.

Each week, in town the farmer staid till
late,

Came tipsy home, and smil'd, and kiss'd
his Kate,

Too proud, too lazy, and too fond of ease,
To make or sell her butter and her
cheese:

He, too, still found pretence to ride and
roam,

Was two days absent, and the third at
home.

Their home the haunt of idlers, borough
sparks,

Bank-agents, merchants, lawyers, writers'
clerks;

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Well-furnished table, and the daughters
fair,

For old and young still smil'd attraction
there;

All lov'd to eat and drink, some lov'd to
toy,

And some in courtship would their hours
employ.

Four years had pass'd—the stranger's
gold is fled;

Andrew's in debt—his daughters still un-
wed;

His lease, his corn, his cattle, all are sold,
And from his dizzy height he's headlong
roll'd:

With paunch protuberant, and purple
nose,

He sits despondent, musing on his woes;
Or casts a melancholy glance at Kate,

"Fat, fair, and forty," mourning o'er her
fate.

They move to town—set up a whisky
shop,

For dear to both the vivifying drop;
At first, they after supper took their dose,

Then after dinner, still the habit grows;
Each evening drunk, to Andrew gives de-
light,

Kate at all hours, or morning, noon, or
night!

In haunts like theirs the worthless refuge
find,

Debauch the heart, and stultify the mind;
The sottish husband and the spendthrift
wife

Here poison find, that taints the springs
of life;

Here debauchees, and swearing bullies
came,

And women steep'd in sin, and lost to
shame;

Till nightly riot and obstreperous din,
Proclaim'd the house a sink of vice and
sin;

So loud, so daring, had the nuisance
grown,

The wretched inmates were expell'd from
town.

Where are the daughters, who could dress
and dance,

Sing, prattle, smile, and sport the side-
long glance?

Of disappointed love, the eldest's dead;
Her sister with a marching regiment fled.

The wand'ring parents haunt the vil-
lage fair,

In dirt and rags, none seem more
wretched there;

He with a slouch'd hat, torn and tatter'd
coat,

Bawls dying speeches, with Stentorian
throat;

She with her scarlet mantle, thin and
old,

Torn, dingy cap, face impudently bold,

S s

Womans of England

Some doggerel ballad screams, with husky voice,
And stuns the ear with ceaseless, squalling noise.

When evening comes, the wretched pair are seen
To scold, swear, fight, and tumble on the green;
Beneath the covert of some open shed,
Or tree, or shelt'ring hedge, now make their bed;
Dose through the night, at morning rise again,
To drink, and brawl, till death shall snap the chain.
Such were the blessings of the stranger's purse,
And Fortune's favours turned into a curse.

Democritus being now called on, rose, and said, that as they had heard, both in prose and verse, what wonderful metamorphoses gold and ambition could perform on the heart of Man, he would relate a simple tale, to shew that Woman, prudent and lovely as she was generally found, was not insensible to their fascination. He then recited

The Loves of Lizzie Allan.

Ilka tale draws on anither,
I have ane comes pat enough;
Though I'm maistly in a swither,
Wi' my rhymes sae rude an' rough.

When I was a haffin callan,
Shepherd at the Heather-ha',
O'er the green lived Lizzie Allan,
The bonniest lassie thereawa'.

Lanely was her widow'd mither,
Lizzie a' her stoop an' stay;
Trachled sair, they toil'd thegither,
Working hard frae day to day.

Seventeen summer suns light whirling,
Lizzie's blithesome face had seen;
Mony a heart for her was dirling—
Love sat in her glancing een;

She had cheeks like wild-rose blossom,
Softly blushing on the brae;
Bright black e'e, wi' sna'-white bosom,
Feet as light as Highland rae.

When she join'd the gloamin' daffin,
Wi' the swankies on the green,
Louder, heartier, was their laughin',
Brighter fire flash'd frae their e'en.

John Graham's father howlt ditches,
He himsel' a ploughman lad;
Fortune had denied him riches,
But his heart was never sad.

Stout an' strapping was the callan,
In his cleading tight an' smart;
Lang he'd look'd at Lizzie Allan,
Aft her smile had warm'd his heart;

Widow Allan was his aunty,
He wad come for her to speer,
Wi' the mither crack fu' canty,
If the dochter's smile was near.

Ilka owk he came to see her,
Love upon his glowing cheek;
Came frae the kirk on Sunday wi' her,
Dream'd about her through the week.

Love wi' John had lang been bizzy,
Wounded him wi' cantraip craft;
Now he bent his bow at Lizzie,
At her bosom aim'd a shaft;

In her breast he rais'd a glowing,
She had never felt before;
Keen the maiden's heart was lowing,
Wounded to the very core.

Lads wha fleech'd an' ca'd her bonny,
Now were thought of wi' disdain;
Ilka night she dream'd of Johnny,
Lang'd, hy day, to dream again.

John when he went out to meet her,
Thought the flowers mair fair an' gay;
Thought the green hirk's fragrance sweeter,
Saffter deem'd the mavis' lay;

Loveller were the clouds of gloamin';
Milder shone the siller moon;
Dews were fresher on the common;
Brighter a' the starns aboon!

Half an hour wi' Lizzie Allan,
Where the burnie wimpled by;
Or behind her mither's hallan,
Lifted John aboon the sky.

Sometimes wad the weary mither
To her couch of rest retire,
An' leave the happy pair thegither,
Cuddling kindly by the fire.

Love, like wine, mak's some folks draz,
A' their fears now fled an' gone,
Nane could blither be than Lizzie;
Nane were half sae blest as John.

Love was strong; but filial duty
Kept the nuptial knot untied,
Fix'd the fond an' blushing beauty
By a dying mither's side.

Death, wha sometimes hovering, lingers,
When his stroke would welcome be,
Stretch'd his lean an' icy fingers—
Set the widow's spirit free.

Have you seen the blooming flower,
Bending on its slender spray;
Bright wi' dew-drops frae the shower,
Glistening in the sunny ray?

Sach the maiden, drooping lowly,
 Bowing to the stern decree ;
 Wi' the tear of melancholy
 Saftly trembling in her e'e.

Have you seen the woodbine twining
 Round the poplar in the storm ?
 Sach was Lizzie, sad, reclining
 On her lover's unanly form.

Love an' sorrow baith contending,
 She would lean upon his breast ;
 Mingling sighs, their tear-drops blending,
 Baith were in their union blest.

Slowly pass'd the days of mourning,
 Baith impatient of delay,
 Mutual love their bosoms burning,
 Fondly fix the happy day.

Ah ! the freaks of fickle Fortune !
 As her kittle wheel gangs round ;
 Wi' the bliss of mortals sporting,
 Dealing mony a deadly wound !

Uncle Tam, wha never kent her,
 Left to Lizzie gowd an' gear ;
 Heiress now, hy test'ment sent her ;
 Thirty thousand !—less or mair.

Jilted by some giglet Jenny,
 Tam left hame in early life ;
 Learn'd abroad to turn the penny,
 Had aor friend, nor bairn, nor wife ;

Doom'd himself to dark starvation,
 Rags his cleeding, scraps his food ;
 Slighted ilka blood relation,
 Gowd alane his only good :

Helpless, auld, an' sair forfairn,
 Laid by sickness to the wa',
 Thought upon his sister's bairn,
 And to Lizzie left it a'.

Fleckless, weak, is human nature,
 Sudden changes to sustain ;
 Lizzie ponder'd o'er her letter—
 Read, an' leugh, an' read again :

Her poor head was fairly jumbled,
 Couldna settle in nor out ;
 On her bed she toss'd and tumbled,
 Thought the house ran round about ;

Mus'd upon her muckle tocher,
 Thought of love an' Johnny Graham ;
 Gowd wad get her richer offer—
 Wed a ploughman !—fey for shame !

Keen the conflict in her bosom,
 Pride an' Love contending sair ;
 Love said, " Can you lightly lose him ?
 Part wi' John to meet nae mair ?"

Pride cried, " Mind your rank and station ;"

Baith kept struggling round her heart ;
 Lang the maiden's perturbation—
 Fain to shine—yet laith to part.

Lizzie loush'd, an' laith to see him,
 Haffins wish'd that he were dead ;
 Mus'd on plans for parting wi' him,
 Twenty schemes pass'd through her head.

Giddy, fickle, faithless woman !
 Ye may come to rue your guile ;
 John came yont by in the gloamin',
 Met her wi' Love's saftest smile ;

Fondly clasp'd the blushing maiden,
 Gazed upon her alter'd face ;
 Lizzie seem'd wi' sorrow laden,
 Shrunk, and shun'd his kind embrace ;

Sadly sat, like ane dementit,
 Tears came streaming frae her e'e ;
 While their fate the lass lamented,
 Said, " Dear cousin, hark to me.

" Baith deceiv'd by Love's fond glamour,
 We've forgot how near our kin ;
 Now my conscience cries, wi' clamour,
 Marriage wad be deadly sin.

" Lang my heart's been in a swither—
 I'll respect you a' my life ;
 Aye regard you as a brither—
 Never, never be your wife !"

Johnny reason'd—Liz unalter'd,
 Sent him hame wi' heart forlorn ;
 Through the night he row'd an' walter'd ;
 Heard the wondrous news the morn.

Now the thing was clear as sunshine ;
 Pride soon cur'd the ploughman's pain ;
 A' her qualms he felt were moonshine,
 Leugh, an' ne'er went back again.

Wad ye ken what happ'd to Lizzie,
 Now on Fortune's wings afloat ?
 She, light-headed, luckless hizzie,
 Gat the wistle of her groat !

Up to London she gaed dashing,
 Proved her kin, an' gat the clink ;
 Blaz'd among the belles of fashion,
 Ne'er took time to pause, or think.

Shaw'd hersel' in public places,
 Mingled in the giddy scene,
 Park an' play-house, balls an' races,
 Pleasure sparklin' in her e'en.

Liveried lacqueys—splendid carriage—
 Dashing beau, wi' fleecing tongue,
 Lur'd the maiden's heart to marriage,
 Wi' a bridegroom brisk an' young.

Now they're down to Scotland whirling
 He's the laird of Laverock-shaw,
 In a glen, 'twixt Perth and Stirling,
 On their road lies Heather-ha'.

He had gain'd the gowden treasure,
 That alane for him had charms ;
 She had pass'd her short-liv'd pleasure,
 In a fortune-hunter's arms.

Lang an' dreigh the road before them,
Waters roar wi' distant din;
Night flings her black mantle o'er them,
Ere they reach the village inn:

Supper o'er, the lady weary,
Pillows soon her drowsy head;
Morning dreams an' visions eerie
Wake her on a widow'd bed.

Cheated, spulzied, by a villain,
Lizzie's left without a hame—
Basely left without a shilling—
Left a prey to grief and shame.

* * * * *

Loud the winter winds are howling,
Leafless woods wave in the gale,
Thick an' dark the clouds are scowling,
Keenly drives the rattling hail.

Wha is she wi' naked bosom,
Faded cheek, an' wasted form,
Like the lily's lovely blossom,
Soil'd an' broken by the storm?

Talking to hersel' she mutters,
Laughs, wi' wild unearthly glee,
Wildly starts, an' deep sighs utters,
Big tears trickling frae her e'e!

That, alas! is Lizzie Allan,
Anes the loveliest of the fair!
She has sought her roofless dwellin',
'Midst its ruins greeting sair.

Night winds in her tresses whistle,
Drifted sna' drives round her head;
Brown leaves on her bosom rustle,—
Lizzie's troubled spirit's fled!

The pleadings being finished, the
Ploughman, as Preses, now proceed-
ed to sum up, not the evidence, but

the verdict; observing, that the sub-
ject had been so fully discussed, it
was almost unnecessary for him to
say a single word. It had been de-
cided by a great majority, that it
was most difficult to bear sudden
Prosperity with equanimity. This
had been illustrated by several tales,
which, if fictitious, certainly bore a
strong resemblance to natural and
real life. In these, we had the rus-
tic bachelor, the guileless, rural
maiden, and the simple and happy
married couple, all made the reci-
pients of Fortune's favours; and mi-
sery had uniformly been the result.
But, above all, our attention had been
directed to the career of a man, of
whom, more than any other who
had ever lived, it might be said,

"He left that name, at which the world
grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale:"

and, with the conclusions now drawn
from the history of this extraordi-
nary man, as well as the general ten-
or of the arguments used by Dr
Tell, he most heartily coincided.

Some other business was before
the meeting; but as this communi-
cation is already of sufficient length,
I conclude, and am,

Mr Editor,

Your's very respectfully,

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, Sec.

*Harum-Scarum-Hall, }
Burgh of Kittleprankie. }*

REMARKS ON THE LATE ACCOUNTS RECEIVED FROM THE POYAIS SETTLERS.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more
remarkable in the history of mankind,
than the avidity which they always
evinced for schemes of distant adven-
ture. Is it, that, being discontented
with the present, they eagerly fly to
something new, and seek relief from
the gloomy realities of life, in the
more attractive regions of the imagi-
nation? It is in the future alone
that we find scope for the indulgence
of our sanguine hopes; and when we
are crossed by present cares, we de-
light to wander into scenes of exist-
ence yet to come, enriched as they
are, with all the brightest colours of

the fancy. Here the mind ranges
without control, until, cheated at
length with the pleasing illusion, we
lose that sobriety which enables us
to calculate between means and ends;
in our gloomy discontent with the
present, and in our eagerness to rea-
lize our waking dreams, we overlook
all the obstacles which lie between
us and our wishes; we embark in
rash and visionary schemes, and are
only wakened from our folly by the
start of disappointment; thus rea-
lizing the dog in the fable, who,
grasping at the shadow in the water,
only found that it was a shadow he

was pursuing, after he had lost the substance. It is under the influence of these visions of the imagination that the merchant dreams of sudden wealth, and plunges into bankruptcy,—that the dabbler in the lottery, dazzled, in like manner, by the £20,000 prize, pursues his wretched speculations till he is ruined,—and that, in all conditions of life, we find men, the dupe of their sanguine hopes, rushing into inconsiderate schemes, and grossly miscalculating their chances of success.

But if mankind are apt to be mistaken as to their prospects at home, where they have every thing before them, and may examine and judge for themselves, how much more likely are they to be deceived by schemes of settlement in distant countries, which they know only by report, and which afford ample scope for the colouring of the imagination! It is accordingly in foreign and distant regions that the scene of these delusions is generally laid, and adventurers are lured abroad by the hopes held out of easily realizing sudden and great wealth. The fancy is thus inflamed by the aspect of adventure which the undertaking assumes; and when this fails to captivate, the hope of fortune, artfully set before them, is sure to succeed. The inexperienced and the unwary are thus ensnared—the hook is skilfully baited for their destruction. The hope of adventure, and the desire of wealth, are strong incitements to the young and unsuspecting; and the fine romantic descriptions of the new country, whither it is purposed to emigrate, of its climate, its productions, its beautiful and luxuriant aspect, its rivers, its woods, its extended meadows, help to complete the deception, and to overset the sober balance of the judgment. The emigrant immediately enjoys in prospect this land of promise—he is impatient to reach this region of happiness and peace, and solaces his mind with the hope of fortune and independence. What but these foolish imaginations could have caused the success of so many wild and visionary schemes for colonizing distant and unknown lands? Nothing could possibly be more wild than the chimera which prevailed all over Scotland, of effecting a settlement in the Isthmus of

Darien, and of thence deriving immense wealth. And yet what a large capital was collected from Scotland, poor as it then was, for prosecuting this delusion! The Mississippi scheme in France, and the South-Sea scheme in England, were of the same nature. The sufferers by those schemes were the dupes of their cupidity—they were deceived by the hope held out of immense and sudden wealth; the contagion became general, and thousands were the victims of their avarice and their folly. It may be laid down as a general rule, that wealth cannot be made suddenly; there is no short cut to it; the fair price must be paid for it, in a long course of laborious industry, except in some rare cases, where merchants sit down to the gaming-table of commerce, and have an extraordinary run of luck. Fortune may be gained in this lottery; but the blanks far out-number the prizes, and for one who climbs to fortune, thousands are plunged in ruin. Foreign and distant countries present no peculiar facilities for acquiring wealth; and fortunes can only be acquired there, as they are here, by patient industry. Great and sudden wealth was no doubt acquired by many British adventurers in India: but this was not by commerce; it was not by any fair exchange of one equivalent for another. They acquired it by violence. They took the produce of the country without giving any thing in return. This was the first use they made of their power, to enrich themselves by the plunder of the country, and thus they certainly accumulated immense and sudden wealth. But those halcyon days are over, and the same opportunities for making fortunes no longer exist. When promises, therefore, of this nature are made, we may be sure they are false, and in place of lulling asleep our caution, they ought to alarm us into double vigilance, as clearly proving that we have to do with impostors, who can easily promise any thing, seeing they mean to perform nothing.

We had thought that mankind, grown wise by experience, were perfectly on their guard against those deceptions which had been played off with such success on former ages, and

that, in the face of repeated warnings, they would not again become the un-pitied victims of such absurd credulity. But the success which has attended Sir Gregor Macgregor's scheme of a settlement at Poyais, in the Bay of Honduras, convinces us that we are giving mankind credit for more wisdom than they possess. To forward this most surprising scheme, offices have been opened in London and in other large cities, where adventurers are engaged, and where every information is professed to be given. Several vessels have sailed from Leith, crowded, we understand, with adventurers for this wretched and desert spot; and letters have lately been received from them, containing accounts such as were to be expected, of the utter failure of the whole scheme, and of the ruin of the wretched emigrants who were seduced into it, many of whom have perished under the hardships they have encountered, and all of whom have quitted the miserable country to which they were allured by the most false and absurd representations. The agents of Sir Gregor Macgregor, in place of hiding their heads on this complete exposure of their absurd and pernicious schemes, or of being struck with remorse at having brought misery, and even death, on the victims of their delusions, attempted to contradict the truth of the accounts contained in the letters of the emigrants; and several advertisements were published, with a view of still keeping up the hoax, and drawing other individuals into the same snare. But this trade of falsehood and imposture is now at an end. A letter has been received, and published in all the newspapers, and signed by the magistracy of the British settlement at Honduras, confirming to the full all the deplorable accounts of the miseries endured by the settlers at Poyais. These official persons had been directed by his Majesty's Ministers to inquire into the state of Macgregor's settlement, its situation, its strength, and probable result; they accordingly set sail for the purpose, and found the first settlers a prey to every sort of misery, to famine, disease, and despair. They had no shelter to which they could fly from the burning sun, or the

deluging rains. They complained that they had been cruelly deceived by Macgregor's agents; that, according to the information they had received, a settlement was already formed; that they would be paid monthly wages; and that they would find every comfort waiting them. What, then, was their surprise, when they were landed in the wilderness, with no human habitation before them but three miserable huts inhabited by three or four Americans! Here they were obliged, with axe in hand, to clear away the thick forest, even for a scanty spot of bare ground to lie down on. The consequence may be easily calculated. When the settlers were visited by the British from Honduras, they were dying away fast, from famine, disease, and the enervating heat of the climate. "Scarcely (says the letter) had we effected a landing, when we were surrounded by objects the most distressing; a number of unfortunates crowded around us, pale, wan, and deplorable, scarcely able to stand, sinking under their own weight with disease; mothers tottering under fatigue and want, with their almost dying infants in their arms; most of those that were capable of movement flocked about us, greeting us with ecstatic pleasure, and imploring, for the sake of the Father of us all, to have mercy and charity upon them, and take them from the certain death that awaited them." Such, then, is the issue of this adventure; and while we must reprobate the unprincipled acts by which so many individuals have been ruined, we cannot sufficiently deplore, that, in an age when information of every sort is so accessible, they should, without examination, have gone into so chimerical a project. The works which had been published to attract settlers to the new colony, give, as might be expected, a most exaggerated account of this land of Poyais; of its mild and delightful climate, its prodigious fertility, and its aptitude for all varieties of vegetable produce. We have a great distrust in all general descriptions. They may be given of almost every country in the world, for there is scarcely any country of which something pleasing may not be said. But

what, after all, do they amount to? As to the climate, we want no general description of it. Give us merely a register of the weather, which, if it does not fill the ear, puts us, however, in possession of the facts which we desire to know. And there is here no scope for deception, unless, to be sure, direct falsehoods are manufactured. With regard, again, to the scenery, we doubt not that it is beautiful and luxuriant; but what then? The new settlers are not to live by gazing at the beauties of scenery. The question is, What is to be their condition in the new country to which they emigrate? In what respect is it fitted to minister to their comfort? What is to be their occupations? And how are they to turn their industry to account? On these important points, it must be confessed, that the writers in favour of the Poyais settlement are sufficiently explicit. They point out various branches of most profitable cultivation to the attention of the settlers. They draw out upon paper many fine schemes for making a fortune; but they fail to shew very clearly how these are to be realized. The land of Poyais abounds in all sorts of tropical produce, such as sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, cacao, maize, &c.; and in an account of the country by Captain Thomas Strangeways, aide-de-camp to Sir Gregor Macgregor, we have various calculations, pursued with all the affected accuracy of arithmetical detail, proving that the new settlers may gain from sugar a profit of 35 per cent. From 160 acres employed in cotton, they would have a clear annual return of £.100. From the cultivation of indigo, they would gain, with a capital of £.258, an annual profit of £.992; and as no difficulties are anticipated to the sudden growth of this wonderful colony, the writer does not think it worth while to inform us how the host of motley adventurers, collected from all parts of Scotland, are at once to become sugar cultivators. The whole scheme, indeed, bears the character of shameless imposition; and we are only surprised and grieved that it should have been so successful. It is scarcely possible to listen with gravity to the silly stories of the great advantages and immense profits which

are suddenly to flow in upon the new settlers. These promises are more like the mountebank flatteries of some recruiting sergeant to a crowd of gaping rustics, than a sober statement of facts, such as ought to guide rational and thinking men in their choice of some new course of life. They are entirely unworthy of further notice, as we apprehend that it would be impossible, by any warning of ours, to put those on their guard who could be taken in by such bare faced deceptions. We shall, in the mean time, shortly consider the nature and consequences of emigration, and to what points, in the compass of the civilized world, emigration might with most advantage be directed.

Emigration is a measure generally dictated by necessity. Few, we are persuaded, would emigrate from the land which gave them birth, were they not impelled by some urgent cause. In this case, it becomes of importance to seek out an eligible settlement, and that country will be the most eligible which resembles most the country which the emigrant has quitted. One of the great and necessary evils of emigration, is the change of habits which it occasions, the awkwardness and inexperience of the emigrant in his new settlement, and the uncertainty of his prospects. An emigrant from Britain, who is accustomed to a temperate climate, to a highly-civilized and refined community, and to the regular protection of law and government, would, of course, desire to remove to a country where he would have, as nearly as possible, all these advantages. 1st, With respect to climate, this is so essential to the emigrant's health, that it may be reckoned the main article in the catalogue of his comforts. A climate should be chosen, therefore, as nearly as possible resembling that of his original country. At present, there are open to emigrants, the United States, the Canadas, Van Diemen's Land, and this settlement of the Poyais. In respect of climate, most parts of the United States are objectionable, being liable to great extremes of heat and cold. In the Northern States, in Maine, the thermometer in winter falls frequently several degrees

below zero ; while in summer, in low and confined situations more especially, the heat is intense, and is nearly equal to that on the Arabian coast, the thermometer rising to 100 degrees. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, great extremes prevail, though the heat no doubt predominates. In the more Southern States, such as Virginia, the heat is intolerable to an inhabitant of Britain, and soon injures his health ; and in all the new-settled countries of the United States, bilious disorders make great ravages among the new settlers. In the vicinity of rivers, these disorders more especially prevail, owing to the pestilential exhalations of their overflowing waters, from the intense action of the summer sun. Georgia, and Louisiana, by the predominance of heat, are placed wholly without the sphere of the European emigrant. The climate of Canada is healthy, though the heat during summer is oppressive. But the chief objection to a settlement in this country, is the long and dreary winter, and the intensity of the cold. The climate of the British settlements of New Holland varies. In the Northern settlements heat predominates, and the summer is too hot for Europeans ; though we have not heard that the country is unhealthy. In the Southern settlements, however, of Van Dieman's Land, the climate is much more temperate, being, on an average, 10 degrees colder than at Sydney. And this is, of all others, the spot most congenial, in point of climate, to the European constitution. In winter, there is frost and snow, particularly on the high grounds ; and in summer, though the colony is occasionally visited by hot blasts from the north, these do not last, and the heat is, in general, quite tolerable for Europeans. With regard to Poyais, its productions indicate the heat of a tropical climate, and it has all the peculiar scourges of hot countries. It has its dry and its raining seasons ; and the heat and moisture, which are the ingredients of disease all over the world, are found here in perfection, together with all the plagues of stinging insects and odious vermin, in countless variety. These are the inseparable evils of

a hot climate, and are invariably found where sugar, coffee, indigo, &c. are produced. To transport European settlers to any latitude within the tropics, is to expose them to disease and death. Even where the country is already settled, and where a ready shelter may be procured from the intemperate heat, the danger incident to so great a change of climate is great ; but when the settlers land upon a desert shore, and are exposed, without shelter to the unmitigated effects of the climate, their speedy destruction is almost certain. The history of all new colonies, even where the climate was not unfavourable, presents one continued scene of suffering and calamity, under which the first settlers have frequently perished, after having laid the foundation, by their labours, for the future progress of the colony. The sacrifice of those who lead the van in this perilous enterprise, seems to be the necessary price of success. This was the case in the settlement of all the colonies of North America. That country, as is well known, was peopled by adventurers from England, driven by oppression from their country, and who panted to enjoy in the desert that freedom of which they were deprived at home. Yet hardened as were those colonists against ordinary evils, many of them sunk under the hardships they encountered. In some cases, the colonies were abandoned ; and it was only by a succession of fresh adventurers that a settlement was at length effected. And how many years did these colonies languish between death and life, a faint spark scarcely glowing, which the slightest breath of opposition would have extinguished ! In short, the establishment of a new colony is an enterprise of great difficulty and uncertainty ; and who would chuse, without necessity, to encounter these difficulties ? In this case, what but the greatest ignorance, folly, and madness, could dictate the project of a settlement in the desert shores of America, and in a tropical climate, when there is abundance of new-settled countries, and in a more congenial climate, ready to receive the settlers, and to save them all the difficulties and fatigue of a new establishment ? This is to rush

upon destruction; to go out of the way in search of evils, as if the emigrant had not already ample scope for his resolution and patience, in the difficulties inseparable from the adventure. This, we may also remark, was the great error of all Lord Selkirk's schemes. In place of allowing the emigrants to find for themselves some suitable abode in countries already settled, he collected them together in a body, and planted them in the wilderness. Thus they were involved in useless difficulties, having to begin at the very elements of civilized life, instead of being taken to communities already established, with every requisite for social happiness, and incorporated with them. To this circumstance, the colony which Lord Selkirk planted in the interior of North America fell a sacrifice. It became a prey to violence, the settlers having been attacked and ruined by the servants of some of the fur companies; which catastrophe never would have happened, if it had been placed within the verge of law and order. The fate of Lord Selkirk's colony well illustrates the folly of all schemes for establishing settlements in the desert, if indeed any illustration were necessary to shew the folly of needlessly parting with all the advantages of civilized life, with all its precious institutions for the protection of life and property.

Another great disadvantage felt by the emigrant is, that he is transported from a highly-civilized and refined community, to one in a more rude and unformed state; and he feels this in the same way as if he were forced to quit a commodious and well-contrived house, with all modern elegancies and refinements, for some rude and ill-contrived habitation, in which shelter was the chief object, and this, perhaps, but imperfectly attained. We who live in a civilized community are so familiar with all its conveniences, that we are apt to overlook that vast combination of effort which is necessary, not only to produce all that we see, but to distribute it so conveniently, that every man can supply his wants, at a moment's warning, out of the common stock. Civilized society is an immense and complicated ma-

chine, of which all the parts harmonize so nicely, that nothing jars, or is out of place. Not only is the labour of the community most skillfully and ingeniously directed, but its produce is distributed with such perfect order through all its settled channels, that every thing is always to be found in its right place. No one district of the country is ever encumbered with more of the produce of its own labour than it requires. It can always be exchanged for something else which is more in request, and money will purchase every thing. But in a new community, awkward wants will be often felt: there is, no doubt, a superabundance of provisions; but there is a want of every thing else, more especially of certain sorts of labour and manufactures. What, in an improved society, we are accustomed to consider indispensable for comfort, such as domestic service, cannot here be procured on any terms; and many ordinary implements of daily use, which, in a manufacturing country, are to be seen every where, cannot here be got by merely paying the price for them; it requires, in addition, much trouble and delay to procure them. We need not pursue, in detail, all the domestic and daily grievances which arise from this source; they will be readily comprehended after a moment's reflection, and may shew at once, that, in place of wandering out of our way into the wilderness for a settlement, the emigrant's best chance for comfort and happiness is to be found in civilized communities; and in the most civilized which he can choose, he will have many privations to suffer. In the back woods of America, or in the Canadas, the habits and manners of the people will, we have no doubt, appear sufficiently coarse and revolting to an emigrant from the polished communities of Europe. The want of domestic service must spread a cast of vulgarity over the whole system of life. From this fact we may fairly deduce many of its odious consequences. What sort of characters can those be, whose whole time is occupied in the performance of menial services? Intellectual pursuits, or elegant accomplishments, must here be out of the

question. There is no opportunity for the mere ornaments of life. The whole time is occupied in the more necessary duties of domestic comfort; and until what is necessary is procured, it is vain to think of what is ornamental. To those, therefore, who have left the social ease and elegance of European society, this continual and degrading drudgery must be irksome in the extreme; and it certainly tends to debase the habits, and to fill the country with a mere horde of coarse boors and their domestic slaves. This, we say, is the natural tendency of such a state of manners. It may, no doubt, be strongly counteracted by previous habits, and other powerful moral causes; but still a considerable degree of coarseness seems to be the necessary consequence of this want of domestic service, which reduces all to a sort of rude equality, and banishes that softness and respect, and that general polish of manners, which arises from the distinction of ranks. All are here on the same level,—there is not one above another,—there are no shining models of fashion and elegance for the general imitation,—there is no pattern to look up to,—there is, therefore, no emulation; but every one lies contentedly down in the dirt of his own native vulgarity, and there wallows, until he is roused to a greater nicety and polish by the rapid progress of society around him. In removing from their own country, therefore, Europeans can only avoid these inconveniences by chusing a state of society as nearly similar as possible to that which they have left; and there cannot be a greater delusion, than to fix themselves in the wilderness, and thus, without any necessity, go through all the toil and drudgery of a new settlement, in place of taking advantage of the labours of others, and start-

ing from the same point with them in the race of improvement.

One most material point, also, to be considered, in the choice of a new settlement, is the state of law and government. To leave these inestimable blessings, and be exposed to lawless violence, would be an act of great folly. There can be no comfort or happiness where there is no protection; and to ascertain, therefore, whether any government exists to protect the peaceable and well-disposed, and, secondly, what is the character of that government, is of the last importance. Among a body of new settlers, collected in the wilderness, there can be no stable government; and on the least difference, violence, and at length bloodshed and anarchy, naturally spring up among them. Even where a power exists sufficiently strong to keep the peace, what security has the new colony against its violence? The authority must be despotic, and it may either afford protection, or it may be the instrument of violent wrong. The history of the British colonies in New Holland affords many examples of this perversion of the supreme power to the oppression of individuals. Now that the settlements have increased, and have begun to attract the attention of parliament, those abuses will no doubt be corrected; and in a little time, a free constitution will be granted to those colonies, after the model of the parent state*. In Canada, complete protection is afforded to the settlers; and in the United States, the constitution is excellent, and the protection perfect. There they become the citizens of a free state, and participate in all political privileges. It is quite impossible, in that land of liberty, that the meanest person can be oppressed. To counterbalance this advantage, there is the climate,

* One great grievance to which the settlers in Van Diemen's Land are liable, is the danger of attacks from the Bush-Rangers, as they are called. These are runaway convicts, who wander about the woods, stealing, plundering, and committing violence. Such is the abundance of game, that these wretches find an easy subsistence; and as they herd together in bands, they frequently make an attack on the defenceless settlers, whom they may rob and murder at their pleasure. These robbers are vigilantly pursued by parties of troops; but such is the vast extent of the woods, and so expert have they become in eluding pursuit, that it is not easy to find out their haunts. Others of the transported convicts are, besides, daily following their example, so that it is difficult to find out an immediate and effectual remedy for this evil. The gradual progress and improvement of the colony will, no doubt, in time, prove its sure defence.

which is certainly unfavourable to European constitutions. The great heat of summer occasions disease, more especially in the alluvial sands in the vicinity of the rivers, which are the most fertile. Mr Birkbeck, in his excellent work, gives full information as to the state of this back country of the United States. But though he is an eloquent writer, and though he by no means deals in direct mis-statements, yet we are convinced his work is calculated to make an erroneous impression. Mr Birkbeck, it must be recollected, is a determined emigrant, and he may be regarded as in some measure the advocate of the cause. His work is a powerful pleading in favour of emigration, and is well calculated to strengthen the illusion, so pleasing to the imagination, of finding, on the banks of the Ohio, and in the bosom of the wilderness, a refuge in the quiet pursuits of moral industry, from the toils and corruption of artificial life. To those who are struggling with perhaps only the ordinary difficulties of the world, nothing is more captivating than these regions of distant happiness, under which the mind, released from present exertion, feasts on the luxurious banquet of imaginary joy, and runs riot into a thousand scenes of fancied enjoyment, every one more pleasing than another. That the work of Mr Birkbeck is calculated to strengthen these impressions, which mingle, perhaps unknown to ourselves, in all our schemes of life, and derange our fair estimate of the result, we have little doubt; not that it contains any direct misrepresentations—far from it. All the main facts which he states are unquestionably true; and the disadvantages of the scheme are also stated, though they are not dwelt upon, and make no figure in the general picture. On the whole, Mr Birkbeck is contented himself,

and he contrives to make his readers contented with his descriptions. In our estimate of life and manners, we are more influenced by the state of our mind and feelings than we are at first apt to imagine. When we are discontented and unhappy, we find fault with every thing; and, on the other hand, a tranquil state of the mind and spirits diffuses a charm over all external objects. Such is the case with Mr Birkbeck. Looking at every thing through the cheerful medium of his own feelings, his descriptions naturally produce a pleasing impression on the mind, and excite the desire to realize what only exists in description.

It may be, in conclusion, observed, that those who remove from one country to another, when they do not exercise the necessary caution and prudence, have, in many cases, involved themselves in hopeless misery. It cannot be too often inculcated, that emigration does not mean a shifting from one country to another in a fit of gloomy discontent. It is not to be undertaken in that spirit of rashness and desperation which excludes all regard to consequences, and which, provided the present evil be withdrawn, compounds for any degree of future suffering. In this case it is sure to lead to misery; and the crowds of unfortunate and starving creatures who have removed from Britain, and have been in the most destitute condition within the United States and in Canada, furnish a deplorable illustration of the truth of what we now state. As in every other important step of human life, therefore, so, in this, the most dispassionate and sober estimate of consequences must be made; without which, in place of improving our condition, we may render it tenfold worse, and involve ourselves in evils from which we can never escape.

To my Looking-Glass.

By a Noble Lord.

Ah! that *my heart* were pure as thee!
 As free from blemish and from stain;
 Or that each spot that's *there* could be
 As easily wiped off again!

The House of Groans.

I PASS'D the door of an old gloomy
 tower
 That stood within the city ; 'twas a pile
 Whose tenants never had been known to
 smile,
 Or jest, or gambol, since the fatal hour
 That doom'd them there. It bore the
 marks of time—
 Grey moss and stones corroded : wind
 and showers
 Had batter'd it for years ; and the damp
 slime
 That dripp'd within its vaults, fell on the
 stones
 With a sad, cheerless echo, that did chime
 Music uncouth. 'Twas call'd the House
 of Groans—
 Of agony—of dreary nights—of woes ;—
 The sepulchre of those who liv'd and
 those
 Who died within it, for their untouch'd
 bones
 Lay where the spirit left them ! 'Twas a
 place
 Whose name was terrible to children's
 ears,
 Filling their hearts with panics and wild
 fears,
 When nurses pointed to its Gothic spire,
 Or told its history with a serious face
 To the pale listeners round a winter fire.
 Men pass'd it aye in silence ; and some
 tears
 Were dropp'd at times from sympathetic
 eyes,
 (An offering from those hearts that feel
 no shame,
 Save for the cruelties that stain man's
 name) ;
 And often, too, low groans and length-
 en'd sighs
 Were sent in answer to the piteous cries
 Heard from within ; for, 'twas the dun-
 geon scene
 Of human misery in its utmost stretch,—
 Torment—which had an end—but kept
 each wretch
 Into a doleful death of years, between
 This world and that. And he who held
 the key
 Was fear'd and hated like the place he
 kept ;
 A man who lov'd no one, and whom none
 lov'd ;
 Whose stony heart by nothing could be
 mov'd ;
 By Nature and his office form'd to be
 A monster, down whose cheek few tears
 had crept—
 Yet all his tears already had been wept !

I look'd between the rusty bars that
 cross'd
 The day-light of a cell ; and on the
 ground,
 By a rude iron girdle closely bound,
 Sate one in deep despair. He had been
 toss'd
 In one of those rough storms of fate that
 huri'd
 Him and his hopes to slavery and de-
 spair—
 Stripp'd him of life's blest means, and
 left him bare
 Of what our being feeds on : yet his ghost
 Had found no opening to the other world.
 He, like some statue deep entomb'd and
 hid
 Beneath the fragments of the earthquake's
 wrath,
 Or buried under the hot lava's path,
 Or in some huge Egyptian Pyramid
 To dark oblivion dedicated, stood
 Depriv'd of action, save the sullen mood
 In which his fate had moulded him, and
 bid
 His features on despair and horror brood.
 A bundle of stale straw compos'd his bed ;
 His pillow was a stone, whereon his head
 Reclin'd at night to conjure up old dreams,
 And visions of the times by-gone : his
 shape
 Was all uncouth, o'ergrown with bristly
 hair,
 And grim with agony ; most like an ape,
 Or sullen wolf, squatting within his lair.
 He stood all motionless, save when his eye
 Rowl'd in the dim obscurity, its gleams,
 Brighter in darkness, caught the western
 sky
 With tears that none could analyze. Of
 grief—
 Of pain—of madness, did they come,—
 and why ?
 Because the sun beam'd only in relief
 Of his wall'd blindness once within a-day :
 It came—and it was gone—ere he might
 say
 'Twas there : for, to the sloping verge of
 heaven
 The setting glory of the day had sunk,
 Whereat the vesper-bell of cloister'd
 monk
 Toll'd from the belfry, and the rays of
 even
 Were darting 'twixt the mountains and
 the clouds
 Their horizontal streams of liquid gold,
 Bidding adieu to thoughtless, busy crowds
 That car'd not such bright beauty to be-
 hold ;

And, at this time, it met the pris'ner's eye
From that sole portion of heaven's azure
sky
That fate had left unveil'd; but then
'twas yet
Sunrise without its freshness, and the
noon
Without its brilliancy and fervent calm,
And even-tide without the zephyr's balm;
A moment summ'd them up, and day
was set—
Set till the orb had rounded it, and met,
Next day, his watchful gaze, that, like the
moon,
Borrow'd and greedily devour'd the light :
By this means he made up his days of
night.

The furniture of this most wretched place
Was but a stool and bucket ! some loose
straw,

Screw'd by the niggard fingers of the law,
Which the poor wight had hutch'd with-
in a space

To make his couch, was given—to raise
his head,

To mock the pangs of sickness and dis-
ease,

With that which would th' instinctive
herd displease.

Yet it was all he had for chair and bed,
The stool was all his table, where his bread
Was broken—ate with tears, and sighs,
and groans,—

And water all its sauce. With these he fed
A heart which wish'd to die within the
stones

That cramp'd its liberty. But he was
doom'd

To know what 'twas to live, and what
to die,

In agony unutterable : why ?
I know not : for the blood might be con-
sum'd,

Most charitably, by the headsman's axe,
From such a wretch ; but there are
wheels and racks

For mind as well as body, and mankind
Delight to triumph o'er their fellow's
groans ;

Aye—but they have an end : the joints
and bones,

The heart-strings and the feelings, may
be strain'd

To breaking, but the acme must be
gain'd,

And life and victory one conclusion find.
Oh, horrible ! to be coop'd up for ever—
For ever, while this mortal flesh is ours,
In the damp doleful holds of darksome
bow'rs,

Where no one save the headsman can
dissever

The body's durance ! and to hear the
chains

Upon your fellow-prisoner, through the
wall,

Clank ! and to hear him taken through
the hall,

And to the gate, on whose sharp bars the
stains

Of human blood are clotted with the rust !
To hear the beadsman's pray'r—the
wretch's sigh—

The crowd's low murmur—and the toll-
ing bell—

The signal fall—the axe—the scream—the
cry !—

Oh, mercy on the upright and the just !
To hear these horrors such as those who
dwell

In this black dungeon here, is suffering
death,

With all its torments, while they breathe
life's breath.

The wretch I speak of had been born to
share

The wide extremes of life. He knew
the joys,

The luxuries, the vanities, the toys,
That dazzle and delight ; when haggard
care

Is drown'd within th' intoxicating cup
That cheats men of themselves, to drink
it up

Was not his part ; for, while his glad-
den'd lip

Indulg'd in the sweet draught, 'twas
downwards dash'd,

And in its stead were given the wretch
to sip

The wormwood and the gall ! All joys
were quash'd ;

Love, liberty, and hope were gone ! They
set,

E'en like the sun in winter, when the
clouds

Are gathering fast, like dense and murky
shrouds

That veil the living glory of the stars ;
And when the north-east bursts his icy
bars,

And pours his tempests, though 'tis twi-
light yet.

Such was his life : a morn of golden
smiles,

Though short ; a noon that quickly hur-
ried past,

An afternoon that caught him in his
guiles,

(So men defin'd his principles,) and fast
As is the traveller in the lonely path,
O'ertaken by the storm in all its wrath,
So was he beaten by man's ruffian blast—
Accumulating storms ! No friends had he
To soothe his misery ! No parent's sigh
Heav'd for his sake ! No lover's gentle eye
Shed tears for him—nor was there one
to dry

The tears he shed himself! His agony
Was all his own! The vermin came
around
From every cranny of his gloomy cell,
Sported before him, for they knew him
well,
And munch'd his crust that lay upon the
ground.
And he would laugh to see the hungry
herds
Tearing the crumbs asunder, while their
beards
Play'd in quick motion with their greedy
maws;
Yes, he would laugh, as 'twere in mere
despite
Of his own sufferings—not from the de-
light
Which aught on earth could give him;
for a pause
Came o'er his humour suddenly; the vein

Forsook its merry pulse, and beat again
In all its wonted sullenness. Despair,
With its loud dreadful utterings, seiz'd
the wretch;
He gnash'd his teeth, and the wild rowl-
ing glare
That liv'd within his eye, mean'd dismal
words:
He stamp'd and scream'd, and then a
sigh did fetch,
As if his breath had ebb'd, and the tough
chords
That bound his heart had crack'd; and
down he fell
Upon the flinty floor, without a groan;—
Would he had died! and then all had
been well.
I know not, for my heart was not of stone,
Therefore I wept for him, and turn'd my
face
In horror from that foul and dismal place.

IMPROVEMENT OF SCOTCH JUDICATORIES *.

No. I.

IT is our intention to make some remarks on the Courts of Law of this country, and, in our critical capacity, to take cognizance of the Report, and Bill, and Pamphlet, whose titles we have noted below. The subject is not a little interesting at this time, as the Parliamentary Commission referred to in the Bill is now sitting in this city, to devise modes of amendment of our Courts, and the procedure in them. It is too extensive a topic, however, for a single article. It must, therefore, be treated of in two; and we shall begin it here, and conclude it in a subsequent Number.

Few occupations are more curious than comparing the laws of different countries; and those which most directly present themselves to our notice, are the laws of the two nations which compose our own island. Our neighbours of England are justly

proud of their own; and they are so tenacious of them, as generally to reject change—*Nolunt leges Angliæ mutare*. Whether they are wise in this respect, we shall not stop to inquire; but there are many points in which we humbly prefer our own laws to theirs. Their CRIMINAL CODE is almost as sanguinary as Draco's was; there being in it an immense number of delinquencies, some of them very trivial ones, which are *punishable with death*—an evil which would make the country to stream with blood, were not the barbarous enactments generally disarmed of their stings, by the humanity and good sense of enlightened Juries, at the expence, sometimes, of even their own consciences, by denying verdicts under them, or modifying the supposed value of stolen articles†. Our law is by no means so cruel.

* Report of a Select Committee on the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords; Act for Empowering Commissioners to be appointed by his Majesty to Inquire into the Forms of Process in the Courts of Law in Scotland, and the Course of Appeals from the Court of Session to the House of Lords; and Letter to the Right Honourable Robert Peel on the Courts of Law of Scotland. Constable & Co. Edinburgh, and Longman & Co. London. 1823.

† According to the English laws, stealing in a shop to the value of five shillings, and stealing in a dwelling-house to the value of £.2, are punishable with death; but those laws are nearly inefficient in the case of petty thefts, as Juries will not find guilty under the indictments for them. When the proof is too clear to acquit, they find the articles stolen of value under the legal amount. Sir Samuel Romilly collects some curious instances of this, and particularly mentions one, where they found forty-three dozen pairs of stockings were worth no more than three shillings and tenpence, and that a £.10 Bank of England note was worth only thirty-nine shillings.—See Romilly's *Speeches*.

With us, men are tried capitally only for crimes deserving death; and Jurymen are almost never under the necessity of mitigating the severity of it by resorting to untruths. There is besides this further humane regulation with us, that the persons tried, however poor, have uniformly the assistance of counsel; the court taking care to appoint them, to act without fee or reward, in all cases where the panels (or accused persons) are not themselves able to bear the expence. In England, there is no such provision.

So much with regard to crimes and their punishments. Let us now turn to our CIVIL CODE; and there we shall find many reasons to prefer the Scottish Laws.

In England, a merchant may possess large landed estates, and yet his commercial creditors may suffer ruin from him, without being entitled to attach them. Again, if the person is laid hold of by a creditor, the property is safe from him; and many a man of pleasure spends his days in prison, setting his creditors at defiance, and bringing there, and squandering in profligate luxury, those very monies which ought to save their families, perhaps, from the greatest indigence.

Now, we are thankful in having a set of laws where no such absurdity and injustice prevail. *With us, every man's estate and effects must be applied to pay his debts*; and though we may stink any debtor almost to death by means of our far-famed *squalor carceris**, we are still entitled also to possess his property, attaching his lands by adjudication, and his moveables by the salutary operations of arrestment and poinding.

But there is one regulation in which we can no longer boast of any superiority over our English friends; and all the merit we claim is, having set them the example of it. We allude to the privilege of the *cessio bonorum*. By it, a virtuous man immured in jail for the sin of being unfortunate, is justly restored to liberty, on giving up to his creditors all that he has in the world; and what can they get more of him?

Now, this excellent regulation has been shedding its benign influence over these Northern regions for these 135 years; but all along, until of late, among our more civilized Southern neighbours, it was in the power of an irritated creditor to detain his wretched debtor in jail all the days of his natural life, if it was his own supreme will to do so, however innocent that debtor may have been, and whatever certainty may have existed that his misfortunes had arisen from evils which flesh was heir to, and over which neither foresight, nor prudence, nor good conduct, could have had any control.

It would be too technical, were we to endeavour to shew how much more simple our general system of *land rights* is than that of England; and we shall avoid it here, as we write, not merely for lawyers, but for the reading public in general: but all of these can easily understand the great advantage of our *public records*, which enable every landholder, though encumbered with debt, to retain his title-deeds in his own repositories; and he has along with them a *certified search* of those registers, whereby the eye of an experienced man of business can at once see to what burdens his estate is already subjected, what credit he is still entitled to on it, and how far a money-holder may or may not be safe in giving him further loans on the head of it.

Except in two counties in England, (which thence are called "Register counties,") there are no such records, nor any such valuable device. There an unfortunate borrower on mortgage parts with his writings; and though they seem, by their carpet-like magnitude, to defy being mislaid, they are still subject to all the evils of accidental fire in private houses. Our important writings are, on the other hand, snugly, but safely deposited under the strong fire-proof arches of our *Register Office*; and *extracts*, or office-copies, serve all the purposes of ordinary use, while the principals are always forthcoming on a few minutes' warning, whenever it becomes necessary to resort to them. *Verbum sat sapienti*: Why

* Anglice, the *Alth* and *naughtiness* of a prison, the propelling cause whereby a Scotchman is forced to pay his debts. *Erskine's Institutes*, B. 4. Tit. 2. § 14.

may not the English imitate us in this, as they have done in our *cessio honorum*? In their country, an estate in a register county is more valuable than in other places, on account of the greater facility of mortgaging it; and why may not all be made register counties? Some such improvement was intended during the Usurpation; but on the Restoration, it was thought of no more; and matters have continued *jog-trot* as they were.

We shall conclude our parallel of the laws of the two countries with a subject which, in its nature, is of very wide extent, but for which we can spare but a few words. We allude to the legal state of, and provision for, our NATIONAL CHURCH. We have, on the one hand, no exorbitant, overgrown Livings, with incumbents who pray little, and preach less—*fruges consumere nati*. On the other hand, while we have no parson Truhibers; there is no instance, since the days even of John Knox, of any of our Established Clergy ever having played the fiddle for money at penny-weddings, or any other place of public dancing. No tithe-proctors disturb the peace of our villages; and no farmer, the father of a ten-child family, has ever among us (as in the ludicrous English print) been seen holding out to his Minister his tenth *bairn* in the one hand, and his tenth, or tithe *little sow* in the other, and exclaiming, “No child, no pig!” meaning, with great justice, that if the reverend gentleman took from him the possession of the one, he should also relieve him of the burden of the other. Our *valuations* have put an end to the obstructions which tithes once made with us, and in England still make, to agricultural improvements; and the *modification of stipends*, with the provision for settling with clergymen according to rates of prices (called the *Fiars*) struck annually, prevent the evil of what is called *drawn-tiend*, where the clergyman actually himself takes the corn on the field, which is the source of so much distress and trouble elsewhere. There is, moreover, a fine equality among the members of our Church, which is complete as to rank, and now nearly so as to means of living. All our

Clergy have the education, and, in general, the manners of gentlemen, which enable them to be respected guests at the first tables in the country, while their own moderate situations, in point of worldly circumstances, render them easily accessible, even to the humblest of the people, to whom they are the source of affectionate consolation and good advice, in all their distresses.

We make no apology for this contrast of our laws with those of England, on these important matters; and happy should we be, could we continue the comparison as favourably for our own country of Scotland, in what we have till to say with regard to our JUDICATORIES, and the means of administering those laws in them; but this we cannot do.

To our own countrymen it may be unnecessary to say much of their own Courts, as all of them know them pretty well; many of them, too, have been litigants in them, and may therefore justly exclaim, with *Æneas*, when he detailed to his “Queen Dido” the horrors of the sack of Troy,

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.

But our readers south of the Tweed may feel some interest in being informed about them; and those of envious habits, of whom, probably, there are also a few, may even feel a *Rochejouscaldish* pleasure in learning how much worse is our situation than their own as to this matter.

Long ago, a review was everywhere, like most of the English ones still, merely a few notes on a book composed by some dozing body over his toddy, or cup of tea. It was in our own country, as far as we remember, that reviews first became essays, tracing subjects to their sources; and though we are but occasional reviewers, we find we are at this moment actually *essaying*. In our account of practical works, however, we must restrain the propensity;—but we must be indulged here in a short trip into the old German forests, for it is a jaunt as fashionable among antiquarians, as that to Paris is now-a-days among cits of all descriptions; and in taking it, we

trust we shall not be *wandering* from our subject.

Although, according to Cæsar and Tacitus*, among the inhabitants of those forests the *patria potestas* was strong, yet, out of the family circle there was not a little freedom; and though the petty princes called together the Communities, yet it was those Communities themselves who, like the *Comitia* of ancient Rome, settled not only the great affairs of State, but the less-important ones of individuals, by witnessing their wills, and deciding their differences. The Saxons were that portion of the German tribes who, in the scramble consequent on the downfall of the Roman Empire, laid hold of England. Hume confirms this view of what may be called the early judicial proceedings, by telling us, that, among them, "*rustic freeholders, assembled of a sudden, were wont to decide a cause from one debate, or rather altercation, of the parties.*" This was what may be styled the nascent state of the courts of modern Europe, and out of it arose the TRIAL BY JURY. The origin of that curious and valuable institution has been the source of dispute among grave men. Some trace it sagely to Regner, King of Denmark. Hume tells us, almost as wisely, that it was invented by Alfred; and Blackstone and Hallam have other theories; but the matter is truly of easy solution, when we thus observe, that all trials were anciently popular, and that Juries were in fact, at first, no other than select committees of those more numerous judges, resorted to to save trouble to the whole, and to whom, as their name denotes, were administered *oaths* of fidelity to their important duties.

We have not room to follow out this inquiry minutely, but we may remark, that those countries wherein the Governments became absolute, would be less apt to use such committees than those who retained freedom. The principal of the latter was England, and accordingly it has ever been the chief seat of Jury Trial.

In Scotland, our most ancient regular Supreme Court in civil matters was the *Session* instituted by James I. in 1425. It was changed in 1503,

for another, called the *Daily Council*, which James V. superseded in 1537, by the institution of the Court which exists at this day, styled the COLLEGE OF JUSTICE; and that Court was formed exactly after the model of the *Parliament of Paris*, the principal French Court of Law. In criminal matters, the earliest Judge with us was the *Justiciar*. He was superseded by the Court of Justiciary in 1587; and it was afterwards moulded into its present shape in the reign of Charles II. But we are not aware that, in that appointment of the Criminal Court, the Scots took for their model any similar institution in France, though they had imitated a forum of that country in the appointment of a judicatory for deciding civil cases.

We Scots were never over-run by German nations, the mountains and fastnesses of our country saving us both from them and their oppressions; but, in advancing society, we imitated our neighbours; and antiquarians shew how closely we followed the English in many of the laws which those tribes had imported among them. In this way, probably, at an ancient period, *Trial by Jury* migrated northward, and nothing is more certain, than that it existed in Scotland at a very early day. Crimes, when properly inquired into at all, were investigated by Juries; and these were used anciently also in civil suits, for almost every matter of civil right was tried by what are termed *Brief and Inquest*, the term *brief* denoting the writ issuing from the Chancery directing the trial; and the word *inquest* signifying the *Jury* by whom it was to be made.

We are now enabled distinctly to see how it happened, that though Jury Trial continued among us, in the investigation of crimes, it was given up in that of civil rights, except in a very few instances. The Government of France had early become arbitrary, and of course all the institutions of freedom would be soon departed from there. The close connection then subsisting between Scotland and that country, led our ancestors, in this instance, to imitate rather it than England; and as Jury Trial did

* Cæsar de Bell. Gall. Lib. 6. § 19, et Tacitus de Mor. Ger. c. 19.

not exist in the Parliament of Paris, so it made no part of our *civil* procedure, which was formed after it. The French institution not having been imitated in the formation of our Criminal Court, trial by Jury (though not subsisting at all, at the time, in France) remained with us, in our *Justiciary Court*, according to our own more ancient usages.

Besides the College of Justice for civil causes, and the Court of Justiciary for the trial of crimes, which are both styled Supreme Courts, we have a third of the same description, namely the *EXCHEQUER*, for trying questions of Revenue. As now constituted, it took its rise in the reign of Queen Anne, and proceeds on trial by Jury.

OUR INFERIOR COURTS are, 1, The Sheriff Courts—2, The Commissary Courts—3, The Admiralty Courts—4, Courts of the Magistrates of Royal Burghs—5, Baron Courts: and, 6, Small Debt Courts.

In England, the office of Sheriff, in the several counties, is for little other use than pagantry. He is eligible yearly, and he exhibits gilded coaches and led horses, has trumpets blowing, and sets all the boys a huzzaing. With us, on the other hand, the Sheriff is always a sapient and learned person, not always "with good capon lined," but ever "full of wise saws and modern instances." In short, he is a judge of the land, named for life, for decision of civil cases which do not regard land rights; and while he can lay any poor sinner in limbo for delict, he can, for payment of debts, "*fence, arrest, apprise, compel, poind, and distrain, the hail goods and gear,*" of every man within his jurisdiction. But, says the Antiquarian, *Quomodo fit*: how happens it that he is so different a being in the two different countries? Had we time to answer him aright, we should, much to his edification, go into the question at length; but although we might, in doing so, please him, we would fatigue our general readers, for whom we have more regard. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that it will be remembered, that although the equality imported from the German wastes very naturally came to prevail among the English, where Hengist, and Horsa,

and other like patriots, brought it—there was no such thing among our bold Caledonians, who were true to their chiefs, and treated these Sassanachs and their regulations with the utmost contempt.

"A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant, braw, John Highlandman."

In this our country the chieftains were the Judges from generation to generation: the right of *pit and gallow* was their privilege, even according to their charters: and such wen and manners will easily account for the existence of our *heritable jurisdictions*. That those were situations, not only of duties, but even of great gain, is clear, from the well-known facts, that, at the Union, they were actually reserved to the families as properties; that they were afterwards bought up by Government; and that the Court of Session awarded to those holding them no less than £.150,000 as the value of them. The leading statute for regulating such matters, is the well-known 20 George II., enacted soon after the Rebellion in 1745. Highland lairds, as Craig remarked, had been too much given to club-law to be good Judges. Through that act, therefore, they were superseded by our present *Sheriffs-Depute*, who must be regular Advocates of at least three years standing: and that they may continue still at the feet of Gamaliel, and imbibe the most recent law, pure and fresh from the fountain-head, they are permitted to continue to practise in Edinburgh, appointing, at the expence of Government, Sheriff-Substitutes in their districts. These are generally sagacious old practitioners of the law, who afford to the gentlemen who may be invested with the robes of office, not a little service and comfort, by their better knowledge of writs, and warrants, and hirings, and hypothecs, and all the other bothers of country affairs, which, (notwithstanding their three years' noviciate,) are often more teasing to youthful Judges at their first taking the chair of Justice, than the Aristotelian Logic would be; and have technicalities less known to

them, than the kittlest words of the whole first book of Homer, however little they may know of that divine bard.

We were, of old, the most priest-ridden race on the face of the earth; and our *Commissary Court*, for deciding on marriages and calumnies, is the remains of it; that Court having distinctly flowed from the power of the Bishops. Our *Admiralty Court* for maritime affairs is a creature of yesterday, and, among others of such ancient descent, should scarcely shew its face; its ancientest patent being of no earlier date than 1609. The jurisdictions of the *Magistrates of Burghs* was conferred by the Sovereigns at their several erections, and are too wide a subject to be meddled with here. *Baron Courts* are now shorn of their beams, for they can decree for no more than forty shillings, and cannot punish beyond putting in the stocks for three hours.

Last of all are the *Small-Debt Courts*, which exist in every quarter. The institution owes its origin to the sagacity and good sense of one of our Judges, the late Lord Swinton. Their decisions are final, in causes to the amount of £.5 Sterling, and they are productive of the greatest good, by enabling poor people to make good their little claims almost without expence; for no lawyers of any kind are admitted to practise there. It is a common proverb, "that he who is his own advocate, has a bad counsel;"

but this Court has shewn the fallacy of the maxim. Proseers, who think that all true eloquence expired with Demosthenes or Cicero, would find these orators beat to pieces there by a porter or a fish-wife. There is, besides, an admirable rapidity of decision in these Courts; and though country justices may sometimes be what is vulgarly called *rack-handed*, they are, withal, efficient and through-going; and they imitate closely the more dignified ancient Court mentioned, as we have remarked, by Mr Hume; for they decide, as it did, on a single "*altercation*."

Here we close our present article. In a subsequent one, we shall consider particularly the procedure in our law-suits, and introduce our kind reader into our Courts. We trust, however, he will not be appalled should he find that the following lines of the Poet are but too true a description of them:

Ah! Sir, if you but only saw
The turmoils of the Scottish Law;
Petitions, answers, replies, duplies,
And triplies, too, and long quadruples,
And charter, sasine, caption, horning;
And heard such *bawling* in the morning,
As sounds in Court while Judges sit,
For Pandæmonium only fit;
You'd wonder not the gentle Muse
Should lift her wings and fly THE HOUSE,
Lest in it she should suffer evil,
For things like these would scare the—
devil!

The Steam-Boat.

If *smack* to London thou would'st wish to go,

Then, gentle reader, go not in a Smack,

Because accommodation's but so-so,

And if the wind's not fair, she can but tack:

And if (as sometimes does) it comes to blow,

Long sickness makes thee wish that thou wert back;

So, taking all things into view, I deem

Thy best and wisest plan's to go by Steam.

Four guineas and a-half the cabin fare;

And when thy parting friends sigh out *farewell*,

The wish is granted. Seated on thy chair,

When sounds the breakfast or the dinner-bell,

With roasted, boiled, and baked, I know not where

Thou could'st fare better, save in an hotel;—

But men of moderate incomes it don't suit

To pay maids, waiters, and somewhat to *boot*.

Her library has standard works—with those
 Of Campbell, Byron, Scott—the mighty three ;
 Upon its shelves, the authors that repose
 Of rank more varied than her inmates be :
 Fast by the Scottish novels show their nose—
 In native *calfs*, of vulgar pedigree—
 Sir Andrew Wylie and his brethren—rife
 With all that's low in language and in life.

But I am wandering widely from my theme ;
 Digression is a growing fault, I find—
 So to the point again. I sing of steam ;
 Our bark glides swiftly with or without wind :
 On the calm sea, while other vessels seem
 Like sleeping turtles, lingering far behind,
 She rushes onwards with unslackened speed,
 And passengers who will not sleep, must read.

Her mighty engine-wheels, with splash and splutter,
 And power of hundred horses, churn the ocean ;
 ('Tis pity that such churning makes no butter ;)
 On, on, she sweeps, with vibratory motion,
 Much faster than a pleasure-boat or cutter ;
 And yet, for all her speed, I have a notion
 She would not "walk the waters" in high gales
 So well as vessels fitted with good sails.

Hark to the summons, "Dinner's on the table !"
 Hark to the clattering of the knives and forks—
 The rising uproar of the ocean Babel ;
 The only silent one is he that works,
 Shutting his mouth as fast as he is able ;
 While ever and anon, the starting corks
 Fir'd in your face by furious ginger-beer,
 Cause sudden starts of momentary fear !

But hapless he, the wight, whose lot is cast
 Before a mighty round of corned-beef,
 He, luckless wretch, must help himself the last,
 His time of eating, too, be very brief,
 And half the dishes from the board be past,
 Ere general taste yet sated, gives relief :
 Warn'd by his fate, choose thou position where
 Potatoes only claim thy humbler care.

Another scene succeeds : a sudden qualm
 Comes o'er each bosom, with the rising squall ;
 Sca-sickness comes, for which there is no balm,
 Not even the Balm of Gilead, curing all
 Our other ills—alike, in storm or calm,
 It baffles human aid, and you may call
 For ought that medicine has art and part in,
 You'll find 'tis *all my eye and Betty Martin*.

Then Beauty's head declines ; her pensive eye
 Looks sadly o'er the dark and heaving billow ;
 And through her tresses, as the rude winds sigh,
 She leans above the wave like drooping willow ;
 "And dull were he that heedless pass'd her by,"
 Nor handed her a chair, and brought a pillow !
 'Tis strange, a meal prevented from digesting,
 Should make a woman look so interesting !

She seems so helpless, and so innocent,
 Still as a lake beneath the summer even ;
 A bright and beautiful embodiment,
 Of calm and peace, and all we dream of Heaven ;
 A sight to shake an anchorite or saint,
 'Gainst Beauty's smiles successful who have striven :
 A pretty woman, like a sight of wonder,
 Makes men turn up their eyes like ducks in thunder.

The bark is at Blackwall ; and so adieu !
 My song and subject cease together there.
 Oh ! wonder-working steam, what thou may'st do,
 Where is the Prophet Spirit to declare ?
 By thee we make broad-cloth—hatch chickens, too ;
 We roam the seas—we yet may traverse air ;
 Nay, do not laugh, if I should fondly dream,
 We yet may manufacture poems by steam !

A VISIT TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

HAVING arrived at ———, we procured an order from the proper authorities, and Eliza went with me to visit the *Poor-House*, or, as it is here very properly called, the *Work-House*. This is a large, well-built, and stately edifice, containing more than one thousand two hundred paupers, consisting of men, women, and children, of all sizes, and of all ages, from the muling, pucking infant in the nurse's arms, to the whining school-boy, and so on to the hoary head of almost extreme longevity,—for one of the females, our guide informed us, was at that time more than one hundred and ten years of age. After having made our remarks on the neatness of the place, and wondered how the rooms could be kept so very clean, and so entirely free from all offensive smells, we had leisure to make remarks on the inmates, at least on such as accident threw in our way, as well as the work-shops, of which there are great numbers. Our first visit was to the pin-manufactory, where we found children, not more than eight years of age, very busily employed in fabricating these useful articles, so necessary in female attire. To such as have not observed the process, it is astonishing to perceive the celerity with which these little fasteners are hurried through the different stages, or with what rapidity they are cut into proper lengths, headed, pointed, and finished.

The weaving-rooms next attracted our attention. Here we found num-

bers of boys and girls, old women and men, as busy as so many bees, engaged in weaving cotton, each having a certain number of yards to weave every day, according to his or her capacity for this kind of labour. Observing a little boy at work, about nine years old, with a sickly look, but an interesting countenance, I inquired if he was fond of his present employment ? "No, Sir," said the child, "because, till of late, I have not been accustomed to work, and my task is more than I am able to perform ; I should so like to read, too, if I had but leisure ; besides, I have been all night in a dark dungeon below, because I had not finished my task of three yards, the last evening at eight o'clock. I was not allowed any supper, and was so sick with fasting, and crying all night, that I could not eat any breakfast this morning ; and I am afraid I shall be put in again, for to-day I have only finished two yards, and it is now, I suppose, nearly four o'clock. I wish," said he weeping, "I wish I was dead ; but do not tell my mother, if you chance to meet with her, for it will make her so miserable, because she loves her poor Charles, and I love her dearly ! and it will only grieve her, you know, and I hope she has not heard of my cruel punishment." We promised him that we would not distress his mother with such a relation, and Eliza slipped half-a-crown into his feeble hand ; but he refused to accept it. "Money, dear lady," said he, looking wistfully in her

face, "is of no use to me at present, nor to my mother either;" and he went on with his work. "Have you any books to read, my little fellow?" said I. "A few religious tracts, Sir," he replied; "but I have read them so many times over and over, that they are now quite irksome to me; and they never were very entertaining, for I do not understand them; I want something that is amusing, to cheer my spirits, and to make me laugh." I had, in my pocket, the two little volumes, called "Poems for Infant Minds," written by Ann and Jane, which I gave to him. He opened them, said he had read some of the pieces when at school, thanked me kindly, and begged I would write my name in them, which I did, with a black-lead pencil. Looking pensively in my face, he thrust them into the bosom of his shirt, resumed his weaving, and shortly after we left the room.

"Do you know any thing about the parents of that child?" said I, to the young man who was showing us the establishment. "His mother," said he, "is in the house, and a little girl, his sister; they have been here about a month, and it is expected they will soon be out again; they came lately from New York, where I have heard they lost all their property. The father is gone to Manchester, at which place he was once a cotton manufacturer, and as soon as he obtains a situation of any description, he will send for his family."

He continued to show us the different work-rooms, in all of which we could hardly sufficiently admire the order and regularity that was visible in every department; there were shops in which tailors, and shoemakers, and carpenters, were very busy—the whole, in short, was like a large bee-hive, full of industry. On passing through the court, I could not help remarking how still the children were, and of noticing to our guide, that there was no crying among the little ones. "No, Sir," said he, "that is a *luxury* which we do not allow them; besides, they have no one to *pet* them; the soothing, fond caresses of parental love they never feel; the hard-pressed hug, the tender kiss, the cheering notes of encouragement, they never knew; no!

the only voice they ever hear, is a command to obey, or a threat of punishment; except, indeed, an order to their meals, or to their beds. Hence you may perceive that they are not lively, like other children of the same age; their spirits are broken, and some of them become dull, stupid, and sullen. Some of them also creep into corners, and sit alone, nursing melancholy, instead of romping, playing, and quarreling; but, as I said before, they are not allowed to make a noise, and as for toys to play with, they have none, and these are articles, you know, which both men and children are most apt to quarrel about." "Poor things!" said Eliza; "but that *BEING* who is a friend to the innocent, will, without doubt, recompense them for such privations."

The babies are nursed by such of the women as are weakly, infirm, or old; while their younger, and more active mothers, are employed in cleaning rooms, washing clothes, making beds, and doing every other kind of domestic business. On entering one of the sick-wards, we soon discovered the mother of our little weaver; she was a very lovely Irish-woman, neatly drest, and only about thirty years old, engaged in nursing two sickly-looking infants. On discoursing with her, we learned that she was of a good family, residing in Belfast; that her education had not been neglected; and, from her conversation and manners, it was easy to discover that she had kept genteel company. She was as cheerful as could be expected, and spoke in high terms of the treatment she received; but observed, that as regular methods must at all times be resorted to, in order to prevent disorder and confusion, among such a crowd of people, cases must sometimes bear very hard upon particular individuals. "Overseers," she continued, "are appointed to superintend every department; those who look over the boys employed in weaving are no doubt often much irritated by the idle and the impudent; and it requires great knowledge of human nature, and great discretion, to be able to give to each his proper portion of labour, and to distinguish between the lazy and the weak. I mention this," said she,

"because in that room I have a little boy, who has been severely punished; and I sincerely and devoutly hope it was neither his own fault, nor any want of feeling in his taskmaster. My poor child!" she exclaimed, "thy mother cannot but mourn for thy misfortunes; thou hast wandered with me in foreign climes, my arms have cradled thee in sickness and in sorrow; but never till now have we been separated; on Sunday, however, we shall meet again, when I will press thee to my heart; yes, I will then endeavour to soothe thy griefs, by mingling them with my own; we will talk about thy dear father, and revel in all the luxury of woe!" Alas! said I to myself, the governor of this extensive family should have the eye of a *lynx*, with the heart of an angel; he should be ever watchful, but always mild; he should act with promptness, and be ruled by justice, but he should still be merciful; thou, thought I, looking at her, art in a wrong place; so I slipped a guinea into her hand, and we immediately quitted the Work-House at ———.

Proceeding on our journey, we arrived at Edinburgh, where we staid for ten months, and then returned, on our way to London, through Manchester. One day, as we were walking along the streets of this emporium of the cotton trade, I felt my hand gently pressed, when turning hastily round, I beheld my little weaver, to whom, when at ———, I had presented the poems. "Sir," said he, "I am not mistaken—did I not, madam, turning to Eliza, see you both in the Work-House at ———, are you not, Sir, Mr Price?"

"Thou art right, my dear boy," said I, taking his little hand, while he danced before me with unmingled delight. "Come, Sir—come, madam," said he, gently seizing us both; "you must go home with me. We live only just round the corner of this street, and my mother will be glad to see you; she often talks about you, and—and we are not now in a *Work-House*!" We complied with his request; and Charles led the way, hopping and skipping like

a kid among the mountains. His mother received us with great politeness; and as we were anxious to know what stroke of good fortune had released them from the disagreeable abode in which we last saw them, Mrs Townsend proceeded to gratify our wishes.

"About a week," said she, "after you visited the place, I was told, one afternoon, that a lady below wanted to speak with me; I hastened down; she inquired if my name was Townsend, and if I had lately returned from America? I answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' said she, 'I am sorry I did not know sooner, for your husband and I are distantly related, and you shall stay here no longer; you shall go home with me; I am not rich, but what circumstances will permit, I will do for you.' I thankfully accepted her kind offer, and while she went to speak to the governor, Jane ran to inform her brother of our good fortune." "Yes," said Charles, taking hold of my hand, and staring wildly, "my sister was quite out of breath as she entered the room; she was crazed with joy, and transported with gladness. 'Come, brother,' said she, 'a lady is waiting to take my mother, and you, and me, home with her; oh! I shall love the dear lady as long as I breathe! come, Charles, come along,' and she dragged me towards the door. We hastened to find my mother, who was below waiting for us: well, in a little time we were all on the outside of the large doors, in the street, and I was no longer a pauper!" "Yes, Charles," said his mother, "and you strutted along as if you had been the Duke of Lancaster. I immediately informed my husband," said Mrs Townsend, "that we were out of thralldom, and in less than a fortnight he sent for us. Having arrived on our journey at Runcorn, we had still seven miles to walk, in a cold, snowy day in January, before we reached Warrington. This was a trifle; but we had nothing to eat, and I had only just money enough to pay the coach-hire from Warrington to Manchester. Another disaster also here befel us, for as Charles was mounting to the

top of the coach, he dropped one of his shoes, and the hard-hearted coachman would not stop for him to get it again, but drove on; and my boy's poor little foot was soon after almost perished with cold. When we arrived at the end of our journey, they told me I had not paid my fare, and demanded it. I told them that I paid at Warrington; but as I was a stranger, and they did not believe me, I left my small parcel of luggage, till inquiry could be made.

"We now endeavoured to find our home; it was seven o'clock in the evening when the coach arrived, and it was past nine before we could find my husband's lodgings; so that my poor Charles had to wade* and limp through the streets of Manchester for two hours, with only one shoe. I inquired if Mr Townsend was within? 'No, madam,' replied the hostess. 'But,' said I, 'he will be in ere long?' 'No, madam. I perceive,' said she, 'that Mr Townsend has not informed you what the situation is which he at present holds; but he will not return before five o'clock in the morning.' I looked in her face with great anxiety, and she pitied me. 'Sit down, madam,' said the good creature, 'and I will make you some tea immediately; you are cold and fatigued, and do not appear well.' So she bustled about, and got the tea ready, and did every thing to oblige me. 'But where,' said I, 'is my husband?' 'He is quite well, madam,' said she, 'though he did not expect you this evening, because the river is frozen over, and the boats cannot pass; but take some tea, it will comfort you, and make you better.' The night was cold, and she threw more coals on the fire. A little before eleven, there was a rap at the door; it was my husband! I listened with great anxiety, and I heard him inquire, in a mournful tone, 'Are they come?' 'Yes,' replied our landlady; 'they arrived about nine o'clock, and are in your room.'" I ran down stairs, but started! you may easily guess how I looked, when I saw my dear partner wrapped in a large bear-skin coat,

with a monstrous fur cap on his head, and a huge lantern in his hand. 'You appear surprised, my Jane,' said he; 'but it is surely no disgrace to be a *watchman*; my dear wife and children, how glad I am again to see you! make yourselves easy, if possible, but at present I must leave you. I called at the coach-office, and they informed me that a woman, with a little boy and girl, had come from Warrington; so I deserted my post for a few minutes, to ascertain whether it was really my family. I am satisfied; excuse me; but come and kiss me, my darlings—I am still your father, though somewhat disguised; I shall soon be with you again—all will be well.'" He shut the door after him, and soon after I heard him call the hour of the night!

"I now retired to bed, but not to rest; no, I was sick at heart, my pulse beat high, I felt feverish, and I lay musing on the different freaks of Fortune; I thought, also, on the vicissitudes that chequer life in its various stages; surveying the trappings often attendant on triumphant vice, I lamented the privations of suffering and neglected virtue.

"My husband, madam," said she, turning to Eliza, "only seven years ago, was in possession of more than twenty thousand pounds, and was one of the most creditable manufacturers in this town; he had a partner, and they suffered, from a depression in the times, some severe losses. Mr Townsend became low-spirited, and at length withdrew from the firm, but he was even then possessed of rather more than ten thousand pounds, and with this sum he left his native soil, and we embarked in New York, in North America. The trip produced the grand climax of our misfortunes; and oh!" said she, "excuse me, but I believe, through the remainder of my life, I shall always shudder at the sight of rascality, veiled under the mask of friendship, and ever dislike that cloak which is put on as a cloak to conceal base designs, or which is worn as a garb to conceal vice and infamy."

"The bundle which I left at the coach-office contained nearly

* The streets of Manchester are generally very wet, from the great quantity of rain that falls there.

whole stock of linen ; so, after three days had elapsed, I called to inquire if they had discovered whether I had paid my coach-fare at Warrington ? The book-keeper, they said, had informed them that *he had not received it*. ' I am sorry,' said I, ' that I *did* pay him ; but what shall I do ? ' ' You appear, madam,' said the proprietor, ' to speak the truth ; I do not dispute your word, and you shall have a place in the coach to Warrington, where you can confront the fellow, and obtain redress.' I thanked him, and set out ; but, when I arrived, the clerk declared *flatly* that I *did not* pay him. I endeavoured, by mentioning a few little circumstances, which took place at the time, to convince him of his error, but in vain ; when, as I was about to give the case over as hopeless, a servant-maid belonging to the Inn came forward, and told him that she *saw me* give him the money, and mentioned the sum. Still he could not *recollect* that I paid him. ' Wait, madam,' said the young woman, ' till the proprietor arrives ; he will be here before long, and then you will be righted.' In about three hours the proprietor came, heard the case, gave me a note to the proprietor at Manchester, discharged the clerk, and gave me a place back in the coach ; but I had no money, and was the whole day without food, and the business, to say the least of it, was very vexatious." She now in-

formed us, that, six weeks ago, Mr Townsend had got to be a sort of overseer in the concern of his late partner, and that his wages amounted to twenty shillings a-week, for an attendance of fifteen hours a-day ; however, he was in hopes, in a short time, of obtaining a better situation ; " but," added she, " I have now a comfortable home of my own ; my husband and children are in good health ; we have food and clothing ; I am thankful to Divine Providence for all his mercies ; and before long, I trust, we shall be happy."

Charles shewed me the poems, in as good condition as when he received them from my hands ; and before I left the house, I advanced him as much money as would pay for a year's schooling, and told him, that the next summer, as I expected to be there again, I should, if he had made good progress in his studies, present him with the same sum. The child was extremely pleased, thanked me, and said he should keep the poems for the sake of the giver : his sister's eyes glistened with joy ; his mother was silent, but her countenance beamed with gladness.

We now took leave of this amiable group, and the next morning set out for the metropolis of Great Britain ; *pleased* that we had fallen in with this interesting family, and *thankful* that we had been able to render them some trifling assistance.

MERMAID FOUND IN ZETLAND.

THE following interesting letters, communicated for insertion in this Magazine, will, we doubt not, excite much attention. Their author, Mr L. Edmonstone, is already known to the scientific world as an intelligent observer, and therefore his belief was not likely to be founded on unsatisfactory evidence. Although the existence of Mermen and Mermaids is now very generally discredited, because of the many fabulous relations published in regard to them, yet we do not hesitate in believing, with Cuvier and Professor Jameson, that there exist, in the waters of the ocean, mammiferous animals, exhibiting similar characters to those given in Mr Edmonstone's letters ;

in short, that the Mermaid is the female and the Merman the male of species of the tribe *Lamantin* of natural historians—animals that occur in the polar, temperate, and equatorial seas.

Balla-Sound, Aug. 10, 1823.

DEAR SIR,

It is my duty, as a "partisan" of the honourable *Corps Littéraire*, to report to *head-quarters* every intelligence connected with its operations, even though, at first sight, it should be allied to the marvellous. A short while ago, it was reported that a fishing-boat, in the Island of Yell, had captured a Mermaid, by its get-

ting entangled in the lines!!! The statement is, that the animal was about three feet long, the upper (atlantal) part of the body resembling the human, with protuberant mammae like a woman; the face, forehead, and neck, short, and resembling those of a monkey; small arms, which it kept folded across its breast; distinct fingers, *not* webbed; a few stiff, long bristles were on the top of the head, extending down to the shoulders, and which it could depress or erect at pleasure, something like a crest. The lower part of the body like a fish; the skin smooth, and of a gray colour. It offered no resistance, nor attempted to bite, but uttered a low, plaintive sound. The crew, six in number, took it within their boat, but superatition getting the better of curiosity, and not aware of a specific remuneration for carrying it to land, they carefully disentangled it from the lines, and a hook, which had accidentally fastened in its body, and returned it to its native element. It instantly dived, descending in a perpendicular direction. This is the general story, and I believe it may, in the main, be relied on, for I have heard it from various quarters.

My professional pursuits, and other reasons unnecessary to detail, have hitherto prevented me from repairing to the spot, to take the judicial depositions of the crew. I have also, not unwillingly, delayed this communication, to give time for the novelty of the circumstance to wear off, and exaggeration, as much as possible, to be precluded. I purpose going to-morrow to interrogate and cross-examine all who know any thing about the circumstance; and, in my next, you will have all the information concerning it. But as the post leaves this to-day, and I am uncertain when I may have another opportunity, I shall send this off in the meantime, in case you may hear of the occurrence in other quarters, and think me negligent in omitting to communicate it.

It is a general belief among the Zetland fishermen, that there are such beings as Mermaids, or sea animals, with the upper part of the body somewhat resembling the human—the lower part a fish; that he

who injures them will never prosper; that those who take them alive, should form three wishes, and whatever these may be, if the Mermaid be allowed to escape unhurt, they will be accomplished. These generally relate to safe and successful fishing, and were, I believe, on the present occasion indulged, with all due solemnity and chivalrous respect for this nymph of the ocean.

The circumstance is assuredly a very singular one. That a very peculiar animal has been taken, no one can doubt, when it so far excited the belief of six individuals, of its resemblance to what is represented to be a Mermaid, as to realize their anticipated conduct regarding such an animal. It is not like some of the instances related of this *Triton* apparition from the North of Scotland, and elsewhere, when it was seen at a distance, or by one individual, and in circumstances of suspicion. It was seen and handled by six men, on one occasion, and for some time; not one of whom dream of a doubt of its being a Mermaid. If it were supposed that their fears magnified its supposed resemblance to the human form, it must, at all events, be admitted that there were some good grounds for first exciting those fears. But no such fears were likely to be entertained; the supposed fanciful animal, the Mermaid, is not an object of superstitious terror to the fishermen; it is rather a welcome guest, and danger is apprehended only from its experiencing bad treatment. The usual resources of the scepticism of naturalists, that seals, or porpoises, or other known sea animals, appearing under certain circumstances, and operating on an excited imagination, may have given rise to the stories of Mermaids, or to ocular illusions, cannot avail here. It is quite improbable for a Zetland fisherman to commit such a mistake as the former of them, and quite impossible for six to commit either of them in the circumstances above related.

These are a few of the remarks which at first present themselves on this individual instance. But I may be permitted to observe, generally, that it appears to me that scepticism has been pushed too far, in refusing to give an impartial hearing to any

testimony in favour of the existence of the animal.

The argument of David Hume against the miracles of Christianity has been here resorted to: "that it is more probable that the testimony should be false, than the fact true; that the subject is too improbable for testimony to establish." Some of the most monstrous tales of *luxus nature* have been willingly credited, while the existence of the Mermaid has been the favourite subject of the sneers of naturalists, and the very personification of the essence of Scandinavian superstition. But is it impossible that an animal, such as the Mermaid has been represented, should exist? Is it wonderful that it should inhabit certain seas? Is it incredible that it should be rare,—that it should be undescribed and unseen by Naturalists of reputation? When we look at the comparative imperfection of zoology—at the discovery of new species every day, arising among our supposed most familiar scenes and objects, has not the existence of many animals, for centuries, been denied, nay, regarded as the wild excursions of the fancy of the ancients, akin to their mythology, or as the gloomy ravings of the rude descendants of Ossian, or Odin,—which subsequent investigation has proved to be correct?

Is there never any foundation for popular belief, relating especially to objects of Natural History or Natural Philosophy, abstracted from the phenomena of mind and morals? Who would have believed the existence even of the Dugong, till Marsden and others demonstrated it? and the distance is perhaps not so great between it and the Mermaid, as between the Dugong and former belief.

These suggestions are thrown out, not so much to prove the existence of this animal, as to endeavour to remove impediments to the reception of impartial and adequate testimony regarding it; satisfied, if it could only be once fancied to form a member of some favourite neatly-coined genus of some pseudo-systematizer, that at once a hundred advocates would maintain its existence.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

L. EDMONSTONE.

Balta-Sound, Aug. 14, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR,

I wrote you a few days ago, chiefly regarding a Mermaid, said to have been captured by a fishing-boat in a neighbouring island. I have since seen the skipper of the boat, and one of his crew, and learned these additional details. They had the animal about three hours within the boat. The body without scales or hair, silver gray above,—whitish below, like the human skin,—no gills were observed,—no fins on the back or belly,—tail like that of a dog-fish,—very thick over the breast,—by the eye, the girth might be between two and three feet,—the neck short, very distinct from the head and shoulders,—the body rather depressed,—the anterior extremities very like the human hand, about the length of a seal's paw, webbed to about an inch of the ends of the fingers,—mammaræ as large as those of a woman,—mouth and lips very distinct, and resembling the human.

Yours, ever faithfully,

L. EDMONSTONE.

MR ALLAN'S PICTURE.

MR EDITOR,

EVER since Dicky Phillips overturned the Newtonian Philosophy, and wrote down the Edinburgh Review in his shred-and-patch Magazine, my motto has constantly been *Nil admirari*. Before that memorable epoch, indeed, I used to wonder, and gape, and stare, at many things which happened in this "majestic world" of ours, and, like a ninny as I was, tried to understand and account for

much of what astonished and puzzled me. But I have been now a good while cured of this weakness, having found, to my cost, that there are more things on earth, to say nothing of heaven, than were dreamt of in my philosophy. I see ignorance brazened over by impudence and presumption, dullness dogmatizing *ex cathedra*, and coxcombs and taking the crown of the caus

and pushing modest merit into the kennel without the least emotion of surprise or wonder. Religion transformed into cant, the ravings of a bedlamite mistaken for eloquence, the place of talent supplied by pretension, criticism degraded to a mere engine of personal abuse, or a vehicle for puffing ninepenny or catch-penny publications, and the whimperings and fee-fa-fumery of lackadaisical gentlemen, received as the oracles of genius and inspiration, are things "under the sun," or rather under the moon, which a wise man takes as he finds, and—whistles on his thumb. There is nothing so silly as putting one's self in a passion with what one can neither make nor mend. Retributive justice is always sure to take effect at the long-run, and that is enough. The midges which buzz about your ears, and annoy you for a moment or two, are as short-lived as they are insignificant. In a word, Mr Editor—but what the deuce is the fellow driving at! you may be by this time ready to exclaim. I will tell you, if you will only have a little patience.

In the first place, I am no connoisseur—God forbid that I should,—but one of Sterne's men, who am pleased I know not why, and care not wherefore. When I look into a work of genius or art, and find myself delighted, why, I am satisfied, and I have an additional pleasure in telling the world that I am so; just as I am conscious of a fresh gratification, in reading to a friend the poem I have conned over, in my solitary moods, till it has become as familiar to my ear as household words. Now, having imparted to you this truly important and original piece of information, I take the liberty of telling you, in the next place, that, with this utter contempt and incapacity for critical cant, I went to view Mr Allan's noble picture of John Knox lecturing our chaste and unfortunate Queen Mary, and that I think it a *chef-d'œuvre* of genius and art. In my eye, the principal figure is not our "most seeming virtuous Queen," but the stern and uncompromising Reformer, whose name and memory I fervently revere. His attitude is erect and commanding, well becoming "a

messenger of truth to guilty man,—aye, and to guilty woman too. On his forehead are traced the lines of intense thought, and his whole countenance beams with a fullness of expression worthy an inspired prophet. The figure, too, is firm, and, as far as I am able to judge, admirably adjusted, while, notwithstanding the sombre hue of his vestments, there is a warmth in the colouring which I should be inclined to consider as one of the prominent merits of the picture. But what I most admire in Mr Allan's design is its historical truth. He has painted Knox, not according to the representations of such Tory Infidels as Hume, but rather agreeably to the views given of his character in Dr M'Crie's masterly work, and which we now know to be correct. In his appearance, therefore, we discover no traces of that surly brutality falsely ascribed to him by Hume and his followers. He is the man of his age,—the intrepid and fearless Reformer,—the heroic and undaunted preacher of righteousness,—the honest expounder of the oracles of God. He dared to tell his Sovereign the truth: this is the head and front of his offending—a crime, however, for which he has not yet been forgiven. But this was the vice of the age, and even in our enlightened times, when divines have become too polite to offend royal ears with home-felt truths and expostulations, ought to meet with a little indulgence, especially as we have lived to see Queens rather roughly handled by the patrons and friends of some of those persons who have been loudest in their fury against the barbarian Knox. This, in my estimation, would redeem and atone for many other faults, were they actually as numerous as some shallow and impudent boobies have pretended.

Next, with regard to Mary herself, who is seated, with her arm resting upon a table, and her head reclining on the palm of the hand, by which her forehead is partially shaded, the artist appears to me to have been successful in delineating a very charming *Scotch* beauty, and that was precisely what he had to accomplish. Nothing would have been more absurd, than to have at-

tempted an impersonation of the beau-ideal of beauty, or to have painted the Queen of Scots according to the rules derived from the Grecian models; yet Mr Allan is blamed by some of the Southern Critics (Heaven save the mark!) for not having done so. There was necessarily great room for the exercise both of judgment and invention, because no two likenesses of Mary agree in almost any particular; and it does appear to me, that the artist, who has nevertheless availed himself of all that history or tradition have united in as to the Queen's features, has, considering the difficulty of the subject and the discrepancy of opinion that prevails, been singularly fortunate in giving us an image of those vague and indefinite notions which flit through the mind of every man who has read the history of this guilty but unfortunate Princess. Her attitude is fine and graceful,—her drapery easy and flowing. On her countenance there is written compassion and sorrow. The words of the holy man obviously find an echo and a response in her heart. Conscience seconds and sends home his expostulation. The feelings of the woman, and the pride of the Queen, are not equal to this disproportionate conflict. A fine poetical illusion hovers over the canvass; fancy, which no anachronism can startle, transports us to the scene of this powerful remonstrance; we experience a sentiment of deep and reverential awe in the presence of the Great Founder of religious liberty in Scotland; his words, the words of an offended prophet, are engraven in indelible characters on our memory. But a tear glistens in the eye of beauty, and the natural sympathies of manhood rise in incipient rebellion against the awful voice of Truth; Nature arrays herself against principle, against conviction, almost against conscience, and we feel the full power of that sorcery by which so many conflicting sentiments have been awakened. But I may be told, that these are emotions which none but a Scotchman can experience. Well; and what then? The subject is a striking portion of Scottish History, and naturally affects a native more forcibly than a foreigner. But if the

emotions which the picture is fitted to excite can only be felt in their full power by a Scotchman, then it follows, that none but a Scotchman should venture to pronounce upon any thing beyond the mere technicalities of the painting.

You will, I dare say, Mr Editor, have read the criticisms of the London "gentlemen of the press," on this performance. What think you of them? Are not the fellows who indite such stuff a parcel of confounded idiots? Queen Mary, it seems, is not beautiful enough to their taste. It would have been a pity if she had. What do they know of beauty, the numbskulls! whose notions are formed from seeing plastered duchesses at the Opera, or cyprians in the saloons of their overgrown theatres? Last of all, what do they know of a Scotch beauty, which Queen Mary was, notwithstanding her French education? Just as much as Dicky Phillips does of mathematics, or Ned Irving of Christianity. But they know this, that they are in duty bound to growl and snarl at the heels of a Scotch author or a Scotch artist. Many a kick do they receive, it is true; but they are no wiser for these recalcitrations; their curriish and anti-Scotch propensities are as inveterate and incurable as their hostility to certain letters of the alphabet. Precious "*fellows*" these, to erect themselves into the dispensers of fame!

But to return to the subject more immediately before me; the accessories of Mr Allan's picture are finished off in the most exquisite style. His skill in drawing is great, and his study of stature, in matters to which other artists pay little or no attention, incessant. Truth is the great object he aims at, and which he neglects not even in the minutest details. His distribution of light and shade is the result, not of theory or of rules, but of actual experiment. No artist, perhaps, has ever paid so much attention to costume, or been more faithful in adhering to it. The consequence is, that his pictures are studies for the antiquarian, as well as the lover of the fine arts and the man of taste; and, in order to be duly appreciated, require to be examined and inspected with the closest and

most persevering attention. The process of composition or synthesis, with him, always succeeds that of analysis; and perhaps it is not saying too much, to describe him as the most philosophical painter now living, and to aver, that, of all the artists of the present day, with the exception of Wilkie, he is the only one who, neglecting the minor object of present fame, or present emolument, paints exclusively for immortality.

Of the two pictures which he has in progress, that of Lindsay compelling Queen Mary to sign her abdication in Locheven Castle, and the murder of the Regent Murray at Linlithgow, enough is already done to justify the most confident anticipations of complete success.—I am,

Mr Editor,

Your obedient servant,

AN ADMIRER OF GENIUS.

Sept. 12, 1823.

RAMMOHUN ROY.

MR EDITOR,

THE attention of theologians, and literary men, having lately been called to this extraordinary and enlightened Bengalee, in consequence of the extensive reading, intelligence, and zeal he has displayed in combatting the attacks made by the Serampore Missionaries upon his religious writings in favour of Christian Unitarianism, the doctrine which he has himself adopted, it may very probably prove acceptable to your readers, to receive some authentic particulars of this singular character, with a list of his writings.

Rammohun Roy was by birth a Brahmun, the highest dignity in Indian society; but being, from an early age, accustomed to be near Europeans, he saw the advantage, and availed himself of the opportunity, of becoming master of the English language, to which he afterwards added Latin and Hebrew. With the Arabic, Persic, and Sungscrit tongues, together with the several vernacular dialects of Hindoostan, he is perfectly familiar.

His proficiency in English is best shown by the style of his composition, as the powers of his mind are by the force of his reasonings, which have been declared, by one of the ablest judges living, to be stronger and clearer than any thing yet produced on the side of the question which he has espoused.

From what period we are to date his renunciation of the Brahmunical Holy Mysteries, or Secular Privileges and Honours, is not ascertained; but he has for many years been observed to take an active solicitude in spreading through small tracts in the native languages, portions of the Ve-

das and Shastrus, which oppose Idolatry, and the cruel and unauthorised devotion of widows to death on the funeral piles of their husbands. The Bible, however, has been his favourite study; and there are few, perhaps, who retain more accurately, or comprehend more clearly, its important contents. He is conversant, too, with the works of most of our celebrated Divines; and, by his Lordship's own invitation, had some particular conferences with the late learned Bishop of Calcutta, on the subject of the Christian Religion; and though he was not convinced by the Bishop's opinions and persuasions, he was wont to speak of the Right Reverend Prelate's erudition, piety, and urbanity, in terms of respect and admiration. It is a well-known fact, that the Reverend Mr Adams, sent out by the London Baptist Missionary Society to Calcutta, for the express purpose of converting Rammohun Roy to the tenets of his sect, was himself converted, and still continues a disciple of Christian Unitarianism, through the arguments employed, and the perusal of the authors recommended by the redoubted Ex-Brahmun; being at present the officiating Minister in a Unitarian Chapel in Calcutta, built by a subscription raised by Rammohun Roy and his friends. Yet such is the humility and generosity of Rammohun Roy's sentiments, that he never makes mention, much less a boast of this triumph, ardently supplicating "God to render religion destructive of differences and dislike between man and man, and conducive to the peace and union of mankind." (*Vide Appeal to the Christian*

Public, page 32.) To the diffusion of useful knowledge and science, the freedom of the press, and civil and religious liberty, he is a firm, but rational friend. Of this, a note which he addressed to the author of the present outline, without the slightest aid or preparation, bears decisive evidence.

The note in question, which we shall here insert, was in reply to a gentleman who lately saw him in Calcutta, and relates to the Institution of a Native Subscription School which that gentleman had originated high up the country, but which, after a promising commencement, was blighted, though not destroyed, by the ingenious subtleties and engrossing selfishness of Priestcraft, conscious of its own unrighteous usurpations, and which, in India, as elsewhere, is eager to denounce and resist every step towards intellectual improvement, or the correction of superstition.

Rammohun Roy presents his compliments to —, and begs to return the Persian prospectus which — kindly sent him two days ago. R. R. is sorry to learn that —'s humane attempt has for the present failed to meet with success; but he hopes that friends of literature and liberty will not be disheartened by this unhappy circumstance: as — justly ob-

serves, "Rome was not built in a day." R. R. feels obliged by —'s kind offer of hospitality*, and he shall not fail to avail himself of it, should Providence enable him to visit that land in which, and which alone, he places his hope for either civil or religious liberty in India. —'s Moonshce favoured R. R. with a visit; he is a nice young man, possessed of good abilities. R. R. has the pleasure of sending a few copies of his publications, and three numbers of the *Brahmunical Magazine*, the production of a friend, of which he begs —'s acceptance†.

R. R. fervently wishes — a speedy and agreeable voyage, and the enjoyment of the company of his friends in England.

February 15, 1823.

But the lively interest he took in the progress of South American emancipation, eminently marks the greatness and benevolence of his mind, and was created, he said, by the perusal of the detestable barbarities inflicted by Spain to subjugate, and afterwards continued by the Inquisition, to retain in bondage that unhappy country. "What!" replied he, (upon being asked why he had celebrated by illuminations, by an elegant dinner to about sixty Europeans, and by a speech composed and delivered in English by himself, at his house in Calcutta, the arrival of important news of the success of Spanish Patriots,) "What!

* Referring to his design to visit Europe.

† *List of Rammohun Roy's Publications, referred to in his Note of February 15, 1822.*

- 1 Translation of the *Ishopanishad*, one of the Chapters of the *Jajur Veda*, establishing the Unity and Incomprehensibility of the Supreme Being; and that his worship alone can lead to Eternal Beatitude.
- 1 Ditto of the *Cena Upanishad*, one of the Chapters of the same *Veda*.
- 1 Ditto of the *Vedant or Resolution* of all the *Vedas*, the most celebrated and revered work of *Brahmunical Theology*, establishing the Unity of the Supreme Being, and that he alone is the object of Propitiation and Worship.
- 1 Translation of the *Monduk-Upanishud* of the *Uthuru-Ved*.
- 1 Ditto of the *Kuth-Upanishud* of the *Ujoor-Ved*.
- 2 Defence of *Hindoo Theism*, in reply to an attack of an Advocate for Idolatry at Madras.
- 2 Translation of Two Conferences, between an Advocate and an Opponent of the practice of "Burning Widows alive."
- 2 Brief Remarks regarding Modern Encroachments on the Ancient Rights of Females, according to the *Hindoo Law of Inheritance*.
- 1 The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness, extracted from the Books of the New Testament, ascribed to the Four Evangelists. With Translations into *Sungscrit* and *Bengalee*.
- 2 Appeals to the Christian Public, in defence of the Precepts of Jesus.
- 3 *Brahmunical Magazines*. The *Missionary* and the *Brahmun*. By a Friend and Countryman of Rammohun Roy.

ought I to be insensible to the sufferings of my fellow-creatures wherever they are, or howsoever unconnected by interests, religion, or language?"

For the recent commencement of the Bengalee and Persian Newspapers in Calcutta, much, if not all, is due to Rammohun Roy's patronage and exertions, and many of the best articles published in them are ascribed to his pen. His argumentative talents are of the first order, and are aided by a remarkable memory, exceeding patience, and the gentlest temper. He cherishes a grateful sense of the vast and various blessings Great Britain has communicated to his country, formerly a ready prey to the lusts of tyrants, the rapine of banditti, and the desolations of civil war; whilst he is, at the same time, fully yet candidly alive to the imperfections in the British Government of India, more attributable, he conceives, to the negligence or incompetence of its servants, than to the system itself. The endearing private virtues and inappreciable public qualifications of the Marquis of Hastings, as a soldier, a statesman, and a citizen, he greatly admires, and distinctly acknowledges; for he considers his eventful and glorious administration as having conferred, *immediately*, more benefits, and, *consequently*, more happiness and prosperity, on Hindoostan, than was ever done before*. He has long had an intention of visiting Europe, solely to enlarge his knowledge and experience, and gratify a laudable curiosity; but it is at present unknown when he will be able to carry his scheme into execution. His age may be, perhaps, forty-five; in person, he is tall and stout, with a most intelligent, pleasing, and commanding countenance. He possesses a very handsome private fortune, the greater portion of which is devoted to useful or charitable purposes; one-third of his income, it is said, being assigned to his relations, another third employed in works of benevolence, and only the remaining third reserved for his personal expenses.

With only a few slight verbal corrections, which do not in any degree affect the sense, we have printed the preceding communication as we received it from the highly-respectable author, considering that he had a right to describe his singular friend in his own way, and thankful that he has made us acquainted with one of the most remarkable persons of the East. Rammohun Roy is undoubtedly a striking specimen of the Hindoo character, when emancipated from the bondage of that intolerable, and all-pervading superstition, which has, for such a long course of ages, degraded and enthralled it; and we would willingly hope, that the continued application of moral causes, aided in their operation by a mild, equitable, and enlightened Government, would, in process of time, sap the foundations of the most colossal fabric of error ever erected upon the basis of the fears and weaknesses of human nature. We are not of the number of those who believe that the British power in India depends for its existence upon the maintenance of the native superstition, or that the Hindoos must cease to appreciate the benefits of good Government, when their minds are delivered from the yoke of spiritual bondage. The tyranny of the native Princes who have yielded in succession to the ascendancy of the British arms, was the great curse of India, and it is impossible for the Hindoos not to feel the difference between a Government which respects property and life, and the cruel and ferocious despotisms upon the ruins of which it has been erected. Upon these, and many other grounds, which we have not time to enumerate at present, we are of opinion that Britain has nothing to fear from the introduction of Christianity into India; and there can be as little doubts, we think, that persons, such as Rammohun Roy, are the most appropriate, if not the only instruments by which this great object can be successfully achieved.

We cannot help regretting, however, and that deeply, that in his

* He is partial to the society and conversation of English gentlemen, counting in the list of his particular and intimate friends many of the first wealth and respectability in Bengal.

eagerness to fly to the greatest possible distance from idolatry, he should have passed into the opposite extreme, and embraced Unitarianism, which strips Christianity of all its distinctive doctrines, and is, in fact, nothing else but Natural Religion, masked under the forms and phraseology of a faith which was intended to supply its defects, extend and define more accurately its partial and limited views, and to give to mankind a surer and more unerring guide than the feeble light of their own reason, even when aided by the profoundest speculations of philosophy. But this is not all, nor the worst. Unitarianism has invariably gravitated to scepticism. This is a fact, which, however it may be accounted for, can hardly, we think, be denied. Mr Wilberforce, long ago, described it as the half-way-house to infidelity, and subsequent experience has proved the justice of the sentiment, as well as that those persons who have advanced thus far on their career, have seldom been disposed to stop short, and retrace their steps. A system founded on a false view of the monotheistical principle, and on narrow, forced, and inconsequential interpretations of the texts of Scripture, can scarcely fail to give the mind a bias to doubt and hesitation, which no strength of moral evidence is competent to overcome. It would be better, therefore, that Christianity should never find its way in the world at all, but be confined to the countries where it is already established, than that a form of it should predominate, which dispenses with the miraculous evidence of its divine origin, teaches nothing but what the light of Nature might have inculcated, and unhinges that capacity of the mind for receiving and judging of moral evidence, so indispensable to our well-being in the present world, and to laying a sure foundation for our hopes in another.

We do not, by all this, mean to deny that this learned Bengalee is a keen and acute controversialist,—quite the reverse; on the contrary, we shall conclude these desultory remarks, which we have set down from an honest conviction of their truth, by a pretty long quotation from one of his works, entitled “Second Ap-

peal to the Christian Public, in Defence of the ‘Precepts of Jesus,’” (a short selection of the moral maxims of the gospel which he had previously published, and which, according to him, contained all that was necessary to salvation,) in which he labours to prove the natural inferiority of the Son to the Father. The reader will, of course, observe, that, in selecting this passage, our object is merely to exemplify the manner in which the learned Bengalee handles his subject; with regard to the doctrine it proposes to establish, Bishop Horsley, and, subsequently, Professor Porson, have already taken from under it every prop by which it was, or can be upheld.

In endeavouring to prove what he represents as “the most abstruse, and yet the most important of doctrines, the Deity of Jesus Christ,” the Reverend Editor advances seven positions—1st, that Jesus was possessed of ubiquity, an attribute peculiar to God alone. 2ndly, That he declared that a knowledge of his nature was equally incomprehensible with that of the nature of God. 3dly, That he exercised the power of forgiving sins, the peculiar prerogative of God. 4thly, That he claimed almighty power, “in the most unequivocal manner.” 5thly, That his heavenly Father had committed to him the final judgment of all who have lived since the creation. 6thly, That he received worship due to God alone. 7thly, That he associated his own name with that of God the Father in the sacred rite of baptism.—The facts on which the Editor labours to establish these positions, however, seem to me, upon an impartial examination, not only unfavourable to his inference, but even confirmatory of the opposite opinion. For admitting for a moment that the positions of the Editor are well founded, and that the Saviour was in possession of attributes and powers ascribed to God, have we not his own express, and often-repeated avowal, that all the powers he manifested were committed to him as the Son by the Father of the Universe? And does not reason force us to infer, that a Being who owes to another all his power and authority, however extensive and high, should be in reality considered inferior to that other? Surely, therefore, those who believe God to be Supreme, possessing the perfection of all attributes, independently of all other beings, must necessarily deny the identity of Christ with God: as the sun, although he is the most powerful and

most splendid of all known created things, the greatest immediate source of life and enjoyment in this world, has yet no claim to be considered identical in nature with God, who has given to the sun all the light and animating warmth which he sheds on our globe. To effect a material change, without the aid of physical means, is a power peculiar to God; yet we find this power exercised by several of the prophets on whom the gift of miracles was bestowed. Besides, it is evident from the first chapter of Genesis, that in the beginning of the creation God bestowed on man his own likeness, and sovereignty over all living creatures. Was not his own likeness and that dominion peculiar to God, before mankind were made partakers of them? Did God then deify man by such mark of distinction?

The following passages, I presume, suffice to illustrate the entire dependence of the Son on God, and his inferiority and subjection to, and his living by him. *St. John*, chap. x. verses 17 and 18, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. *This commandment have I received of my Father.*" Chap. xii. verse 49, "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father who sent me, he gave me commandment what I should say, and what I should speak." Chap. xiv. verse 31, "But that the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do." Chap. xvii. verses 1 and 2, Jesus in his prayer—"Glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." *John*, chap. iii. verse 35, "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand." Chap. v. verse 19, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do, &c." 22, "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." 30, "I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear I judge; and my judgment is just; because I seek not my own will, but the will of the Father who hath sent me." Chap. vi. verse 37, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, &c." 38, "For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." Chap. viii. verse 28, "That I do nothing of myself; but as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things." Verse 50, "I seek not my own glory; there is one that seeketh and judgeth." Chap. xiv. verse 24, "The word which ye hear

is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." Verse 31, "As the Father gave me commandment, even so I do." And after his resurrection Jesus saith, chap. xx. verse 21, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Verse 17, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." *Matthew*, chap. xii. verse 18, from *Isaiah*, "Behold my servant, whom I have chosen; my beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased; I will put my Spirit upon him, and he shall shew judgment to the Gentiles." Chap. xxviii. verse 18, "And Jesus came and spoke unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." *Luke*, chap. i. verse 32, "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David." For testimony that he lived by the Father, see *John*, vi. 57, "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, &c." Chap. v. verse 26, "For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself."

As the Reverend Editor, in two instances, quoted, perhaps inadvertently, the authority of the Apostles, I think myself justified in introducing some of the sentiments entertained by them on this subject, though I should be contented to deduce my arguments, as proposed by the Editor, exclusively from the direct authority of Jesus himself—I shall confine myself to the quotation of one or two texts from the Epistles of *St. Paul*. 1st *Corinthians*, chap. xv. verse 24—28, "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet: the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet: but when he saith, All things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." *Colossians*, I. 15, "Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature."

From a due attention to the purport of the above-quoted texts, and to the term *Son*, distinctly mentioned in them, the reader will, I trust, be convinced, that those powers were conferred on Jesus, and declared by himself to have been received by him from the Father, as the Messiah, Christ, or anointed Son of God, and not solely in his human capacity; and that such interpretation as declares these and

other passages of a similar effect, to be applicable to Jesus as a man, is an non-scriptural invention. Jesus spoke of himself throughout all the Scriptures only as the promised Messiah, vested with high glory from the beginning of the world. *John*, xvii. 5, "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine ownself, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." In this passage, with the same breath with which he prays for glory, he identifies *the nature* in which he does so with that under which he lived with God before the creation of the world, and of course before his assuming the office of the Messiah. Verse 24, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me *be with me where I am*; that they may behold *my glory, which thou hast given me*: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Here again Jesus prays, that his Apostles may witness such honour as the Father had bestowed on him, even before the foundation of the world. Chap. ix. verse 35—37, "Dost thou," (says Jesus to a man who had been blind,) "believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both *seen him, and it is he* (the Son of God) *that talketh with thee*." Chap. xvii. verse 1, 2, "Father, glorify thy Son; as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." John the Baptist, who bore witness of Christ, looked not upon him in any other view than as the Son of God. *St. John*, i. 34, "And I saw and bare record, (said John the Baptist, pointing out the person of Jesus,) that *this is the Son of God*." *John*, viii. 42, "I proceeded forth and came from God; *neither came I of myself, but he sent me*;" and in numerous passages Jesus declares, that before he assumed the office of the Messiah in this world, he was entirely subject to and obedient to the Father, from whom he received the commission to come to this world for the salvation of mankind. But apparently with the very view of anticipating any misapprehension of his nature on the part of his disciples, to whom he had declared the wonderful extent of the powers committed to him by the Father, he tells them, *John*, xiv. 28, "The Father is greater than I." It would have been idle to have informed them of a truth, of which, as Jews, they would never have entertained the smallest question, that in his mere corporeal nature Jesus was inferior to his maker; and it must therefore have been his spiritual nature, of which he here avowed the inferiority to that of God.

"The Son" is a term which, when used without being referred to another proper name found in the context, implies invariably the Son of God throughout the whole New Testament, especially when associated with the epithet, "The Father;" so, in the latter epithet, when it stands alone, signifies "the Father of the universe." *Matt.* chap. xxviii. 19, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Chap. xi. verse 27, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, &c." *Vide* rest of the Gospel.—It is true, indeed, that the angels of God, and some of the ancients of the human race, as well as the children of Israel, are honoured in the sacred writings with the name of "Sons of God." *Job*, i. 6, "There was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord." *Gen.* vi. 2, "The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair." *Hosea*, i. 10, "Then it shall be said unto them, Ye are *the sons of the living God*;" yet the epithet "Son of God," with the definite article prefixed, is appropriated to Christ, the first-born of every creature, as a distinct mark of honour which *he alone* deserves.

The Saviour having declared that unity existed between the Father and himself, *John* x. 30, "I and my Father are one," a doubt arose with regard to the sense in which the unity affirmed in those words should be accepted. This Jesus removes, by defining the unity so expressed as a subsisting concord of will and design, such as existed amongst his Apostles, and not identity of being; *vide* xvii. 11, of John, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, *that they may be one, as we are*."—Verse 22, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them; *that they may be one, even as we are one*." Should any one understand by these texts real unity and identity, he must believe that there existed a similar identity between each and all of the Apostles;—nay, even that the disciples also were included in the Godhead, which in that case would consist of a great many times the number of persons ascribed to the Trinity. *John* xvii. 20, 21, 22, and 23, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word—*That they all may be one*; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.—*That they may be one, even as we are one*. I in them, and thou in me: that they may be made *perfect in one*." I know not how it is possible for those who profess obedience to the word of Christ to overlook the ex-

planation he has here so clearly given of the nature of the unity existing between him and the Father, and to adopt a contrary system apparently introduced by some heathen writers, to suit their polytheistical prejudices; but I doubt not the Editor of the Friend of India will admit the necessity of giving preference to Divine authority over any human opinion, however prevailing it may be. The Saviour meant unity in design and will, by the assertion, also, that he was in God, or dwelt in God, and God in him. *John* x. 38, "That ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him," as evidently appears from the following passages:—*John*, xiv. 20, "At that day ye shall know (addressing his Apostles) that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Chap. xvi. verse 21, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." *John*, vi. 55, "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." *1 John*, iv. 15, "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God—God dwelleth in him, and he in God." There appear but three modes in which such passages are capable of interpretation. 1st, As conveying the doctrine that the Supreme Being, the Son, and the Apostles, were to be absorbed mutually as drops of water into one whole; which is conformable to the doctrines of that sect of Hindoo Metaphysicians who maintain, that in the end, the human soul is absorbed into the Godhead; but is quite inconsistent with the faith of all denominations of Christians. 2dly, As proving an identity of nature, with distinction of person, between the Father, the Son, and the Apostles;—a doctrine equally inconsistent with the belief of every Christian, as multiplying the number of persons of the Godhead far beyond what has ever been proposed by any sect: or, 3dly, as expressing that unity which is said to exist wherever there are found perfect concord, harmony, love, and obedience, such as the Son evinced towards the Father, and taught the disciples to display towards the divine will.—That the language of our Saviour can be understood in this last sense solely, will, I trust, be readily acknowledged by every candid expounder of the sacred writings, as being the only one alike warranted by the common use of words, and capable of apprehension by the human understanding. Had not experience, indeed, too clearly proved that such metaphorical expressions, when taken singly, and without attention to their contexts, may be made the foundation of doctrines quite at variance with the tenor

of the rest of the Scriptures, I should have had no hesitation in submitting indiscriminately the whole of the doctrines of the New Testament to my countrymen; as I should have felt no apprehension that even the most ignorant of them, if left to the guidance of their own unprejudiced views of the matter, could misconceive the clear and distinct assertions they every where contain of the unity of God, and subordinate nature of his messenger, Jesus Christ. Many of these have been already quoted; to which may be added the following:—*John*, xvii. 3, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Here Jesus, in addressing the Father, declares, that this means to be afforded for eternal salvation were a knowledge of God, and of himself, as the anointed Messenger of God. Also, *Luke* xviii. verse 19, Christ saith, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God." Here Jesus, pure as he was, and without reproach, thinks it necessary to check the man who applies to him an epithet justly due to God only.—Chap. xiv. 1, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in me." In these words Jesus commands his disciples to put their trust in God, and, further, to believe in him as the Messenger of God; and thus plainly distinguishes himself from the Godhead.—Nor can it for a moment be understood by the following passage, *John*, xvi. 9, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," that God was literally and materially visible in the Son—a doctrine which would be directly contrary to the spirit of the religion taught by Jesus, and by all the Prophets of God. Vide *John*, iv. 24, "God is a Spirit." The Apostles also maintained a belief of the immateriality and invisibility of God, *1 Tim.* vi. 16, "Whom no man hath seen, nor can see." *1 John*, iv. 12, "No man hath seen God at any time. Besides, Jesus explains himself in the two passages immediately succeeding, that by the phrase, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," he meant only that whosoever saw him, and the works performed by him, witnessed proofs of the entire concord of his words and actions with the will and design of the Father, and ought, therefore, to have admitted the truth of his mission from God. *John*, xiv. 9, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. How sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?" Verse 10, "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father, that dwelleth in me, he

doeth the works." Ver. 11, "Believe me, that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake." We have already seen in what sense the expression "dwelleth in me" must be understood, unless we ad-

mit that all true followers of Christ are admitted as portions of the Godhead. *John*, vi. 56. "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." 1 *John*, chap. iv. verse 12, "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us."

SCOTCH INFERIOR COURTS OF LAW.

In our last Number, we treated briefly of the forms of process which obtain in Inferior Courts. In our present, it is our intention to bestow a few observations upon the fees charged in those Courts, both by Clerks and Procurators.

In one respect, the subject may be considered eminently popular; but the views we have adopted are rather at variance with those which have been long fashionable in a certain quarter. The great object of society, we apprehend, is to protect the individuals composing it against injustice; and to accomplish that object effectually, laws have been framed, and Judges appointed to administer them. It may, therefore, seem a very silly truism to remark, that, for the good of society, and in justice to individuals, law ought to be dispensed as expeditiously and cheaply as possible. Unfortunately, Judges have been the first to overlook the original design of the institution of their office: they have felt the drudgery of it too sensibly; and some even appear to have persuaded themselves, that their office was just one of the many snug retreats, which the good nature of society has provided for that class of men to whom society is least of all obliged. Accordingly, we find that it has been the policy of many Courts to diminish the business before them, by rendering litigation as tedious and expensive as possible. It is not enough that justice has been taxed by the State; but some Judges have racked their powers of invention, in discovering plausible pretences for adding to the already enormous difficulties in the way of a man's obtaining justice. It is assumed, as we formerly remarked, that litigiousness is a disease of the mind, which ought to be repressed by all possible means; and, therefore, that persons imagining themselves to be aggrieved, should be taught to seek for redress any where

rather than in a Court of Justice. It is somewhat provoking, that the persons who maintain this doctrine are *matter-of-fact* men, who deride all theories; but the truth is, that *matter-of-fact* men are the greatest of all theorists. Having a profound conceit of the infallibility of their own judgment, their most random opinions, however opposed to the plain understanding of mankind, appear to them in the light of self-evident propositions; and hence they dignify them with the name of common-sense maxims. The mischief which these dogmatical persons have occasioned to society are incalculable. They are men of authority, and are thus enabled to give effect to their pestilent maxims, which come, in time, to be implicitly adopted by the unreflecting part of the public. Among these maxims, the most absurd undoubtedly is, that man has an instinctive love for litigation. Some men, it is possible, may have a passion of the kind, as there are some eccentric beings who have a violent propensity to hanging and drowning themselves. But, with the great body of mankind, a law-suit is an object of horror. There are few who engage in it with a view to their amusement, or who do not consider the necessity of the proceeding a very serious misfortune. It is not to be doubted that a strong sense of injustice is the prevailing motive of most litigants; and there are not a few, we dare to say, whose dislike of litigation is so invincible, that they would submit to much injustice rather than apply to a Court for a remedy. But what is the real effect of rendering law intolerably expensive? It is obvious, that, in proportion as it discourages a litigious spirit in some, it must encourage it in others. The poor man submits to wrongs at the hands of his wealthier neighbour, because he cannot afford to bring him to justice: the wealthier man, on

the other hand, is tempted to prosecute doubtful or unfounded claims against the poor man, from a conviction that he cannot resist them. Again, the pride of some people is stirred up to litigation, by the very knowledge of the law's expensiveness. Nothing is more common than to hear the parties in a law-suit speaking of it as a trial of the comparative length of their purses. A man will not brook the most trivial offence, simply because it would imply an acknowledgment of his being less opulent than his adversary. To law, then, he goes, and ruins himself in maintaining his reputation for opulence.

It is known to all, that a Commission has been sitting, at an enormous expence to the country, since 1816, to inquire into the abuses with respect to fees which prevail in Courts of Justice. We do not wish to disparage the labours of this Commission. It has put forth some reports, remarkable for the elegance of their style, and showing some profundity of research. But, in the way of reform, we must say, that their labours appear to have been useless to the country. "They have done that which they ought not to have done, and left undone that which they ought to have done." Abuses which stared every one in the face have been only slightly glanced at, and too many of them have been tacitly sanctioned. The result of their past labours has been to make an enormous addition to the fees of Sheriff Clerks; and, by consequence, to add to the burdens of litigants. Nor is this to be wondered at. The Commissioners, in place of taking the sense of the great body of practitioners upon the subject of their inquiry, communicated only with the Sheriff Clerks, who were too wise in their generation to *peach* themselves; and their returns, no doubt, were calculated to inspire the Commissioners with a high opinion of their public virtue.

We would remark, that the establishments of Sheriff Clerks seems to be upon the worst footing imaginable. They hold their appointments from the Crown, and are wholly irresponsible. No doubt, if, through the gross misconduct of a Sheriff Clerk,

a specific patrimonial loss be sustained by a litigant, he is bound to repair it. But over his general conduct there is no control. He is the sole medium of communication between the Judge and the Agents; and it is in his power, by numberless petty vexations, to ruin the business of any practitioner, or render the conducting of it intolerable to him. It follows, that no practitioner will incur the resentments of a Clerk, by resisting his extortions; under which passive system abuses have gone on accumulating for nearly a century.

The fees of Sheriff Clerks were, for the first time, regulated by the Act of Sederunt 1748. At that time, Constitutional principles were so well understood, and so much respected, that the Act of Sederunt was passed under the authority of an Act of Parliament, the only proper authority by which a tax of any kind can be imposed upon the public. But since then, many Sheriffs, of their own authority, have advanced the fees of their Clerks, and many Clerks have advanced their fees without even the shadow of authority. These are gross abuses; but we are not aware that the Commissioners have adverted to one of them.

It may be supposed, that fees which were reasonable in 1748 must be too low at the present day. But this is a gross mistake. Since that period business has increased tenfold; and it is obvious that the trouble and expence of a public establishment do not increase in the same *ratio* with the business which it has to transact. It so happens, however, that Sheriff Clerks, from a variety of causes, have been relieved of a great part of the drudgery originally connected with their office. *First*, In former times, it was the duty of the Clerk to draw every libelled summons, that being of the nature of a precept by the Judge, which it belonged to the Clerk to authenticate; but now the summonses are drawn by the Agents, while the Clerks have the same fees upon them as formerly. *Second*, It was the custom, in large counties, for Sheriffs to hold Itinerant Courts in districts remote from the county town—a custom which subjected the Clerks to both serious trouble and expence;

but which custom has long been abandoned. *Third*, It formerly was the invariable practice to adduce all proofs *coram judice*, and the duty of the Clerk to write them, for which he was remunerated by the fee of a shilling upon each deposition: now, all proofs are taken upon Commission; and while the Clerk continues to receive his old fee for doing nothing, he is generally appointed the Commissioner for taking the proof, which secures him a handsome gratuity in addition. *Fourth*, In strict practice, the Clerk ought, in person, to execute all sequestrations in security of rent; and for this, the law allows him a heavy poundage upon the rent; but most Clerks have contrived to throw this laborious duty upon the Officers of Court; notwithstanding which, they still continue to exact the poundage; and in this way the expence of the proceeding is at least doubled to the unfortunate tenant. *Fifth*, Sheriff Clerks are required, by law, to engross in a record every extracted decree; but this, for many years, they have neglected to do, and thus have abridged their labour and expence by almost one half.

Now, it is not a little remarkable, that the Commissioners should have suggested the plan of engrossing in a book all registered protests, for which an additional fee is provided to the Clerk; and, at the same time, have overlooked the propriety of enforcing the existing law requiring the engrossment of extracted decrees. Protests relate to a species of debt which, of all others, is most expeditiously recovered; and though, at a distance of time, they might happen to be lost, the loss could scarcely be attended with detriment. Decrees, on the other hand, frequently relate to *real* rights; and, as evidence of such rights, a reference to them, even at the distance of centuries from their dates, may be found of the utmost consequence. There was much wisdom, therefore, in the law which required Sheriff Clerks, not merely to preserve the original decree, but also, *ob majorem cautelam*, to keep a faithful transcript of the extract of it. Instances have occurred of parties having suffered serious loss and damage from a neglect of this law; and we must repeat our astonishment,

that such neglect escaped the censure of the Commissioners.

But while, on the one hand, Sheriff-Clerks have exonerated themselves of more than one-half of their proper duties, they have succeeded in almost doubling their emoluments, by one very simple expedient. Their fees, it is well known, consist principally of those of extract. The Act of Sederunt requires, that their extracts shall contain thirty-six lines to the page, and each line, upon an average, nine words; but, in the pages of modern extracts, there is scarcely to be found more than a half of that quantity of writing.

At the period when the Act of Sederunt was passed, Sheriff-Clerks were, generally, professional men, who personally discharged the duties of their office, and made a decent livelihood of it. But, in modern times, most Sheriff-Clerks have been mere gentlemen, who have lived at their ease upon the emoluments of their office, maintaining Deputies to officiate for them. When a public officer can thus afford to turn his situation into a sinecure, it surely cannot be said that his emoluments are too scanty. We make the remark, to show the absurdity and injustice of increasing the large emoluments of Sheriff-Clerks, as has been done by certain recent regulations, adopted in consequence of the suggestions of a Commission appointed for the purpose of economical reform.

We believe there is a mistake very prevalent, that the Commission has effected the abolition of large extracts in Inferior Courts. It has done no such thing; at least Sheriff-Clerks continue, as formerly, to charge the fees of a full extract upon every decree extracted by them, whether in the form of a full extract, or only of a precept. In truth, the only reform (if so it may be called) which this most costly Commission has achieved, with respect to the practice of Sheriff-Clerks, is the rule requiring them to engross registered Protests in a book!

There is one fee charged by Sheriff-Clerks, so unjustifiable and truly monstrous, that we are astonished how it has been suffered to exist. We allude to the dues of composition upon decrees not extracted. We

can discover no authority for such an impost, and believe it to be a relic of the barbarous tax, which, in the way of per centage upon the sum decreed for, heritable Sheriffs used to levy from the parties. Along with heritable jurisdictions, this tax was abolished by Statute; but, if we are not mistaken, it has been continued under the name of composition-dues, payable to the Clerk. At one time, these dues were only charged upon decrees obtained in litigated actions, and amounted to one-half of the dues of a full extract. Some time ago, a certain Sheriff-Clerk took it into his head to charge composition-dues upon decrees in absence, which novelty was resisted by the practitioners; but, for certain reasons, as just, doubtless, as they are inscrutable, it received the sanction of the Supreme Court. Most Sheriff-Clerks felt so sensibly the enormity of this impost, that they seldom exacted it even upon decrees in litigated processes; but the above decision of the Court of Session went so far beyond their utmost desires, that they could not but consider the charge reasonable; and the ostensible purpose of the Commission, *which was to reduce their unwarrantable charges*, afterwards disposed and encouraged them to exact composition-dues upon every decree, and this they now do most rigidly.

We understand that there is a very great diversity in the charges made by Sheriff-Clerks, for precepts issued upon decrees in absence. The highest fee allowed by the Act of Sederunt is 5s. 2d. But we are assured, that at least one Sheriff-Clerk charges, exclusive of the stamp-duty, no less than 15s. 2d. upon a precept for a debt not exceeding £5. This charge for a job, which an apprentice boy may perform in the course of ten minutes, which costs the Clerk only sixpence for writing and the labour of affixing his signature, and which exceeds all the profits which the Agent derives from the action, is a crying scandal to a civilized country; the more especially when it is considered that the sum has to be wrung from the pockets of some wretched man

who exposes himself to the whole brunt of the law's artillery, from sheer inability to raise £5. It is astonishing that any body of practitioners are so insensible of their duty to the public, as to submit to this enormous exaction. But there are instances which we could point out, of certain fees being actually *quintupled* by Sheriff-Clerks.

It has been proposed with great propriety, that all fees of Courts should be abolished, and that the Clerks be allowed a stated salary, payable by the State, or by their respective Counties. It cannot be disputed, that a Clerk is as essential in the constitution of a Court as a Judge; and it would be but consistent, at least, to pay both from the same source. The idea of justice being paid for at all, is abhorrent to reason; and equally so is the idea of throwing any part of the expense of a judicial establishment upon individuals, those, especially, who have the peculiar misfortune to be suitors before it. A Court of law is not an establishment occasionally brought into operation for the benefit of individuals, but is a permanent establishment, calculated to promote one of the great ends of society. Even where it does not act, in the multifarious transactions which daily occur among men, it ensures the punctual performance of obligations contracted; it restrains wrongs, and throws a shield over rights. It may not, therefore, be a great paradox to assert, that those persons are most beholden to a Court of law who have least occasion to apply to it.

It was our intention to have made some observations upon the fees charged by Agents in Inferior Courts. We can only allow ourselves to remark, however, that in a few, the *specific* fees are actually higher than the fees corresponding to them, which are charged by Agents in the Supreme Court. For *general* business, such as *drawing deeds*, &c., their fees are altogether arbitrary, and are frequently fixed with reference to such circumstances as the wealth of the client, his ignorance, or his facility of temper.

 MR RICARDO.

[The following brief, but masterly, account of this celebrated Political Economist is extracted from the *SCOTSMAN* of Wednesday the 17th instant, and will be read with interest by such of our readers as may not have had access to the Journal in which it originally appeared.]

It is with inexpressible concern that we have to announce the death of this truly excellent person. This afflicting event, which was caused by the formation of water in the head, took place at Gatcomb Park, Gloucestershire, on the 11th inst.

The country has seldom sustained so great a loss; and in many respects, indeed, we consider it as quite irreparable. Mr Ricardo came late into the House of Commons, and he seldom spoke except on questions of Political Economy. But the integrity of his character, the mildness and suavity of his manners, the perfect mastery which he possessed over his subject, and the unquestionable purity and disinterestedness of his intentions, secured him a very extensive and powerful influence both in the House and the country, and gave the greatest weight and authority to his opinions. Mr Ricardo was not one of those who make speeches to suit the temporary and ephemeral circumstances and politics of the day. He spoke only from principle, and with a fixed and unalterable resolution never to deviate in the slightest degree from the path which it pointed out. He neither concealed nor modified an opinion for the purpose of conciliating the favour, or of disarming the prejudice or hostility of any man or party of men. Nor did he ever make a speech, or give a vote, which he was not thoroughly and intimately convinced was founded on just principles, and calculated to promote the true and lasting interests of the public. Trained to habits of profound thinking, independent in his fortune, and inflexible in his principles, Mr Ricardo had nothing in common with the vulgar tribe of party politicians. He was at once a patriot and a philosopher. His country's good was the single and only object of his Parliamentary exertions. And he laboured to promote it, not by engaging in party cabals, which

he detested, but by supporting the rights and liberties of all classes, and by explaining and unfolding the true sources of national wealth and public prosperity.

Few men ever possessed, in a higher degree than Mr Ricardo, the talent of speaking and conversing with clearness and facility on the most abstruse and difficult subjects. In this respect, his speeches were greatly superior to his publications. The latter cannot be readily understood and followed without considerable attention. But nothing could exceed the ease and perspicuity with which he elucidated the most refined and delicate points of economical science, both in his public speeches and in conversation. Without being forcible, his style of speaking was easy, fluent, and pleasing. It was impossible to take him off his guard. To those who were not familiar with his investigations, some of his positions were apt to appear paradoxical. But the paradox was only in appearance. He never advanced an opinion on which he had not deeply reflected, and without examining it in every point of view. And the readiness with which he met and overthrew the most specious objections that the ablest men in the House could state to his doctrines, is the best proof of their correctness, and of the superiority and acuteness of his understanding. That there were greater orators, and men of more varied and general acquirements, in Parliament, than Mr Ricardo, we readily allow; but, we are bold to say, that, in point of deep, clear, and comprehensive intellect, he had no superior, and very few, if any, equals, either in Parliament or in the country.

As a Political Economist, Mr Ricardo stood unrivalled and alone. None of his contemporaries came near him. If he was inferior to Smith, it was only in the power of illustration; for he was superior to him, and to all

others, in the dexterity with which he unravelled the most abstruse and intricate questions, in the unerring sagacity with which he traced and investigated the operation of general and fixed principles, in the skill with which he separated and disentangled them from such as were of a secondary and accidental nature, and in a clear perception of their remotest consequences and results. After every allowance has been made for its deficiencies in style and arrangement, it is still certain that the "*Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*" is the most original, profound, and truly valuable philosophical work that has appeared since the publication of the "*Wealth of Nations*."

Mr Ricardo's philosophical attainments, and the habits of abstract and close thinking in which he delighted to indulge, were the more remarkable from the circumstances in which they were acquired and formed. The best part of his life was spent on the Stock Exchange, where his industry, perseverance, and talent, enabled him to accumulate an ample fortune. But amid all the distractions of so busy a life, he never forgot his speculative pursuits; and the moment he had attained to opulence, he retired from business, and devoted himself exclusively to study, and especially to the cultivation of that most interesting science, of which he has become a second founder, and with which his name is imperishable associated.

In private life, Mr Ricardo was most amiable. He was a kind and indulgent father and husband, and a warm, affectionate, and zealous friend. No man was ever more thoroughly free of every species of artifice and pretension. He was simple, plain, and unassuming—at once the gentlest and the firmest of human beings. He was particularly fond of

assembling intelligent men around him, and of conversing in the freest and most unrestrained manner on all topics of interest, but especially on those connected with his favourite science. He was always ready to give way to others, and never discovered the least impatience to speak; but when he did speak, the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, his perfect candour, and his extraordinary talent for resolving a question into its elements, and for setting the most difficult subject in the clearest and most striking point of view, arrested the attention of every one, and made him the delight and idol of all who had the happiness to hear him. Mr Ricardo never entered into an argument, whether in public or private, for the purpose of baffling an opponent, or of gaining a victory: he could not conceive such a motive. His exclusive object was the discovery of truth. He was ever open to conviction; and if he was satisfied that he had either supported or advanced an erroneous opinion, he was the first to acknowledge his error, and to caution others against it.

Mr Ricardo had not completed his fifty-sixth year. His constitution, though not robust, was sound, and his health such as to promise a long life of usefulness. He was actively engaged, at the period when his mortal disease attacked him, in the most profound and elaborate investigations; and, we believe, had nearly completed an Essay on the proper constitution of a National Bank. It is lamentable to think that the country should have been so soon deprived of the services of such a man. To his friends his loss can never be repaired. And a long, very long period will elapse, before an Economist of equal knowledge, integrity, and candour, again finds his way into the House of Commons.

DON JUAN. CANTOS IX. X. AND XI.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! in other words, Lord Byron, with three additional cantos of Don Juan at his back. "Hooly and fairly," my good Lord; three cantos a-month are a jot too much, unless, indeed, the reader be appeased by an incidental notice, that they were written *before* the death of the late Lord Londonderry, who, as usual, comes in for his modicum of Irish praise. Like another great writer, his Lordship seems to think, that while the public are in the humour to dance, he is bound to pipe, even though the instrument he plays on will no longer "discourse most eloquent music." How far such a resolution may be prudent in itself, inasmuch, at least, as his Lordship's reputation as a piper is concerned, is his affair, not ours; but of one thing we are certain, and that is, that, on the present occasion, like the angels in his own Vision of Judgment, he has been singing or piping wofully out of tune. These cantos are, in fact, nothing but measured prose, replete with bad puns, stale jests, small wit, indecency, and irreligion, and exhibiting none of those redeeming bursts of true poetical inspiration for which their predecessors were remarkable. From beginning to end, we could discover no trace of that lofty and fervid genius which produced Lamhro's Song, and other passages of equal pith and moment; but we could perceive many indications of labour and effort, as well as of a spirit generally at war with the world and itself, and apparently susceptible of delight only when it dwells on the follies, miseries, or crimes of mankind. To this last charge there are, indeed, some exceptions; but they are too few in number to render it necessary to modify what we have stated. His Lordship plainly affects to become the modern Juvenal; and he is certainly keen, and sometimes a powerful satirist; but he will never equal the earnestness and vigour of the great original, however much he may surpass it in grossness and obscenity.

The story of these cantos is soon told. Juan is sent by Suvaroff with

his dispatches, announcing the fall of Ismail; and being a fresh-looking and vigorous youth, is soon promoted to the rank of man-mistress to the imperial harlot Catherine. This critical and dangerous office he held as long as could be expected; in short, till Catherine grew sated, or some of her regular paramours, jealous of a rival, found means to give him a dose, which nearly cost him his life. Be this as it may, however, Juan was taken ill, and the Empress, out of regard to the youth, sent him on a secret mission to this country, where he is just landed, and has barely time to blow out the brains of a highwayman, when the last canto closes.

The first passage we shall extract, is that in which his Lordship tenders the olive-branch to Mr Jeffrey, and forswears the hostility, originally excited by the review of the "Hours of Idleness." It is equally honourable to both parties: the end of all war is peace.

Old enemies who have become new friends
Should so continue—'tis a point of honour;

And I know nothing which could make amends

For a return to Hatred: I would shun her

Like garlic, howsoever she extends

Her hundred arms and legs, and fain outrun her.

Old flames, new wives, become our bitterest foes—

Converted foes should scorn to join with those.

This were the worst desertion:—renegadoes,

Even shuffling Southey, that incarnate lie,

Would scarcely join again the "reformatory does,"

Whom he forsook to fill the Laureate's sty:

And honest men from Iceland to Barbadoes,

Whether in Caledon or Italy,

Should not vere round with every breath, nor seize

To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

The lawyer and the critie but behold
The baser sides of literature and life,
And nought remains unseen, but much
untold,

By those who scour those double vales
of strife.

While common men grow ignorantly old,
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's
knife,

Dissecting the whole inside of a question,
And with it all the process of digestion.

A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,
And that's the reason he himself's so
dirty ;

The endless soot bestows a tint far deeper
Than can be hid by altering his shirt ;
he

Retains the sable stains of the dark cec-
per,

At least some twenty-nine do out of
thirty,

In all their habits ;—not so you, I own ;
As Caesar wore his robe, you wear your
gown.

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted
foe,

(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things be-
low)

Are over : Here's a health to "Auld
Lang Syne !"

I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted, on the
whole,

Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

The following is his Lordship's
opinion of his own country :

I have no great cause to love that spot
of earth,

Which holds what *might have been* the
noblest nation ;

But though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mixed regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.

Seven years (the usual term of trans-
portation)

Of absence, lay one's old resentments
level,

When a man's country's going to the
devil.

Alas ! could She but fully, truly know
How her great name is now through-
out abhorred ;

How eager all the earth is for the blow
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the
sword :

How all the nations deem her their worst
foe,

That worse than *worst of foes*, the once
adored

False friend, who held out freedom to
mankind,
And now would chain them to the very
mind ;—

Would she be proud, or boast herself the
free,

Who is but first of slaves ? The na-
tions are

In prison,—but the jailor, what is he ?
No less a victim to the bolt and bar.

Is the poor privilege to turn the key
Upon the captive, freedom ? He's as
far

From the enjoyment of the earth and air,
Who watches o'er the chain, as they who
wear.

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest
beauties,

Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover ! harbour, and
hotel ;

Thy custom-house, with all its delicate
duties ;

Thy waiters running mucks at every
bell ;

Thy packets, all whose passengers are
booties

To those who upon land or water
dwell ;

And last, not least, to strangers unin-
structed,

Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is
deducted.

The next morceau we shall ex-
tract is excellent of its kind.

"Where is the world," cries Young, "at
eighty ? Where

"The world in which a man was
born ?" Alas !

Where is the world of *eight* years past ?
'Twas there—

I look for it—'tis gone, a Globe of
Glass !

Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely ga-
zed on ere

A silent change dissolves the glittering
mass.

Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, pa-
triot, kings,

And dandies, all are gone on the wind's
wings.

Where is Napoleon the Grand ? God
knows :

Where little Castlereagh ? The devil
can tell :

Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all
those

Who bound the bar or senate in their
spell ?

Where is the unhappy Queen, with all
her woes ?

And where the Daughter, whom the
Isles loved well ?

Where are those martyred Saints the
Five per Cents?

And where—oh where the devil are the
rents!

Where's Brummel? Dished. Where's
Long Pole Wellesley? Diddled.

Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's
George the Third?

Where is his will? (That's not so soon
unriddled;)

And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our
"royal hird?"

Gone down, it seems, to Scotland, to be
fiddled

Unto by Sawney's violin, we have
heard:

"Caw me, caw thee"—for six months
bath been hatching

This scene of royal itch and loyal scratch-
ing.

Where is Lord This? And where my
Lady That?

The Honourable Mistresses and Mis-
ses?

Some laid aside, like an old Opera hat,
Married, unmarried, and remarried:
(this is

An evolution oft performed of late).

Where are the Dublin shouts—and
London hisses?

Where are the Grenvilles? Turned, as
usual. Where

My friends the Whigs? Exactly where
they were.

Where are the Lady Carolines and Fran-
ceses?

Divorced or doing thereanent. Ye an-
nals

So brilliant, where the list of routs and
dances is,—

Thou Morning Post, sole record of the
pannels

Broken in carriages, and all the phan-
tasies

Of fashion,—say what streams now fill
those channels?

Some die, some fly, some languish on the
continent,

Because the times have hardly left them
one tenant.

Some who once set their caps at cautious
Dukes,

Have taken up at length with younger
brothers:

Some heiresses have bit at sharpers'
books;

Some maids have been made wives,
some merely mothers;

Others have lost their fresh and fairy
looks:

In short, the list of alterations bothers.

There's little strange in this, but some-
thing strange is

The unusual quickness of these common
changes.

Talk not of seventy years as age; in
seven

I have seen more changes, down from
monarchs to

The humblest individual under heaven,
Than might suffice a moderate cen-
tury through.

I knew that nought was lasting, but now
even

Change grows too changeable, without
being new:

Nought's permanent among the human
race,

Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

I have seen Napoleon, who seemed quite
a Jupiter,

Shrink to a Saturn. I have seen a
Duke

(No matter which) turn politician stupi-
der,

If that can well be, than his wooden
look.

But it is time that I should hoist my
"blue Peter,"

And sail for a new theme:—I have
seen—and shook

To see it—the King hissed, and then ca-
rest;

But don't pretend to settle which was
best.

I have seen the landholders without a
rap—

I have seen Johanna Southcote—I have
seen

The House of Commons turned to a tax-
trap—

I have seen that sad affair of the late
Queen—

I have seen crowns worn instead of a
fool's cap—

I have seen a Congress doing all that's
mean—

I have seen some nations like o'erloaded
asses

Kick off their hurthens—meaning the
high classes.

I have seen small poets, and great pro-
sers, and

Interminable—*not eternal*—speakers—

I have seen the Funds at war with house
and land—

I've seen the Country Gentlemen turn
squeakers—

I've seen the people ridden o'er like
sand

By slaves on horseback—I have seen
malt liquors

Exchanged for "thin potations" by John
Bull—
I have seen John half detect himself a
fool—

We have reserved for the last place,
the passage in which the noble bard
speaks of his own productions, and
of his reputation in connection with
that of some of his contemporaries.
The subject is too tender for us to
venture an opinion upon it. One
whole stanza, and part of another,
appear to be omitted, out of defer-
ence, we presume, to the Constitu-
tional Association, the probable op-
erations of which cannot be a matter
of indifference to the Publisher, Mr
John Hunt.

In twice five years the "greatest living
poet,"

Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
Is called on to support his claim, or show
it,

Although 'tis an imaginary thing.
Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be
king,—

Was reckoned, a considerable time,
The Grand Napoleon of the realms of
rhyme.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean
seems Cain:

"La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at
zero,

Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise
again:

But I will fall, at least, as fell my hero;
Nor reign at all, or as a monarch reign;

Or to some lonely isle of Jailors go,
With turncoat Southey, for my turnkey
Lowe.

Sir Walter reigned before me; Moore and
Campbell

Before and after; but now grown more
holy,

The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
With poets almost clergymen, or
wholly;

•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•	•

Then there's my gentle Euphues: who,
they say,

Sets up for being a sort of *moral me*;
He'll find it rather difficult some day
To turn out both, or either, it may be.
Some persons think that Coleridge hath
the sway;

And Wordsworth has supporters, two
or three;

And that deep-mouthed Barotian, "Sa-
vage Landor,"

Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's
gander.

John Kents, who was killed off by one
critique,

Just as he really promised something
great,

If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of
late,

Much as they might have supposed to
speak.

Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate:
'Tis strange the mind, that very fery

particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an Ar-
ticle.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Capper's Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom, which has been delayed in being put to press by the non-completion of the population-returns for Ireland, will now be reprinted with all the speed consistent with accuracy. It will include the last population-returns of the three kingdoms, accompanied by every variety of authentic and useful information relative to every district, town, and place having a name, so as to justify the great public demand for a new edition. It may be expected to appear about January next, in large 8vo., as before.

The continuation of Mr Booth's excellent Analytical Dictionary of the English Language is in the press, and the several parts will be published successively, at short intervals. The printing of the Second Part was necessarily delayed for the purpose of calculating the number of copies that would be required.

Mr H. V. Smith is preparing for publication, a history of the English Stage, from the Reformation to the present time; containing a particular account of all the theatres that have been erected at different periods in the metropolis, and interspersed with various amusing anecdotes, &c.

Horæ Momenta Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect exemplified in Two Dialogues, between Farmer Giles and his neighbour Bridget, is nearly ready for publication; to which is annexed a copious Glossary of the dialect of Craven, in the West Riding.

A new edition is in preparation of Watkins's Portable Cyclopædia. This edition will be greatly enlarged, and will be embellished with nearly 1000 engraved illustrations, so as to render it a perfect book of reference on every subject of a scientific character.

A second and very improved edition of Guzman d'Alfarache, or the Spanish Rogue, translated by J. H. Brady, is ready for publication.

A Critical Analysis of the Rev. E. Irving's Orations and Arguments, &c. is preparing for publication, interspersed with remarks on the composition of a Sermon, by Philonus.

Suggestions on Christian Education, &c., accompanied by two biographical sketches, and a Memoir of Amos Green, Esq. of Bath and York, by his late widow, will soon appear.

The Second Part of French Classics, edited by L. T. Ventouillac, comprising Numa Pompilius, by Florian, with notes,
VOL. XIII.

and the life of the author, in two volumes, will be published in a few days.

The second edition of Mr Goodwin's New System of Shoeing Horses is in preparation, in 8vo.; containing many new and important additions, with new plates, illustrative of the recent invention which is the subject of a patent, for shoeing horses with cast malleable iron, enabling the public to obtain shoes correctly made of any form.

Shortly will be published, the Young Naturalist, a tale for young people, by A. C. Mant, author of "Ellen, or the Young Godmother," &c.

Lady Morgan is preparing a Life of Salvator Rosa, the poet of designers.

A new edition of Blaine's Canine Pathology is nearly ready, with an addition of new matter, particularly a philosophical enquiry into the origin of the dog, his individual varieties, and examination of the popular subject of breeding animals; also a very copious account of rabies or madness.

In September will be published Letters to Marianne, by William Combe, Esq. author of "Dr Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque," &c., with a profile portrait.

Mr L. J. A. McHenry has nearly ready for publication, a new edition of his improved Spanish Grammar, designed especially for self-instruction.

EDINBURGH.

A New Edition (being the third) of Rome in the Nineteenth Century, in three volumes post 8vo.

Part XIX. of the Encyclopædia Edinensis. The regular publication of this work will be resumed, and the work completed within the original limits.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1822 will be published in the course of October.

Traditions of Edinburgh, being Legends relative to the Ancient State of the City, Manners, Customs, &c. &c.

The History of the Children of Elam, a tale of the Tower of Babel. The object of this little story is to lead the juvenile mind to form some idea of the natural origin and development of the elementary principles of political economy.

An Engraved Representation of the Anatomy of the Human Ear. Exhibiting, in one view, the external and internal parts of that organ in situ; accompanied with a plate of Outlines and Re-

ferences; illustrated with copious explanations. To which are added, Remarks on introducing the Probe and Catheter into the Eustachian Tube by the Nostril, on the operation of puncturing the Membrana Tympani; and a Synoptical Table of the Diseases of the Ear, with their symptoms, cause, and treatment. By Thomas Buchanan, C.M., Licentiate of the University of Glasgow, Corres-

ponding Member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh, and Surgeon to the Hull Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library, Volumes VI., VII., and VIII., royal 8vo., containing the Novels of Richardson.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, the Transactions of the Medical-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, Vol. I.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

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No. I. to VIII. of *Dendrologia Britannica*; or Trees and Shrubs that will live in the open Air of Britain throughout the Year. By P. W. Watson. Royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. each number, containing eight coloured plates.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

J. and A. Arch's Catalogue of Miscellaneous Books: containing a considerable number of useful, scarce, and curious works, and specimens of early printing. 8vo. 2s.

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BIOGRAPHY.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

SPAIN.—The French arms in this country have made some progress since our last publication. Corunna has submitted to the Madrid Regency, and General Ballasteros has also deserted the constitutional cause. Cadiz still holds out, but is now closely pressed. With a view to putting a speedier end to the contest, the Duke of Angouleme removed from Madrid to the neighbourhood of Cadiz, where he arrived on the 16th of August, and immediately dispatched one of his Aides-de-Camp, with a letter to King Ferdinand, in which he declared that this was the last time that his Royal Highness would summon the persons who held his Majesty in captivity to deliver him up; but that if this summons was complied with, his Royal Highness promised, in the name of the King of France, that his Majesty would, in the first place, engage Ferdinand VII., upon his liberation, to declare a general amnesty, without limitation or exception, to all his subjects; secondly, that his Majesty, Louis XVIII. would engage Ferdinand VII. to convoke the Ancient Cortes of the kingdom, in order to establish, in concurrence with them, such a scheme of Government as the circumstances of his subjects and the light of the age demanded. That these offers might command confidence, his Royal Highness added, that he and his army would be a guarantee for their fulfilment. The Prince left the King of Spain's counsellors five days to decide on their acceptance or rejection of these offers; but before their expiration, he received a letter, written by Ferdinand himself, stating in substance: "1. That he has never ceased to enjoy personal liberty, until the period of the entrance of the French troops into Spain. 2. That the blood which has been shed in this unjust war will recoil upon the head of Louis XVIII.

and all Frenchmen. 3. That they are responsible before God for all the evils that may happen either to Ferdinand or his family. 4. That the King relies, confidently, upon the intervention of England." In consequence of this, preparations were made to put the question on a trial of arms against Cadiz, and at the date of the last accounts, the 31st August, the French troops had attacked and carried by assault one of the forts situated on the Peninsula of land called the Trocadero. The action appears to have been brief, but sanguinary. The Spaniards lost about 500 killed and wounded, with 1,200 prisoners, and 50 pieces of cannon, by which the place was defended. The Spanish cannoniers, it is said, were so determined, that many of them were bayoneted at their guns.—The French have published no account of their loss; but it could not be inconsiderable, as they tell us that a great part of their troops swam across the fosse to the attack, exposed to the fire of several masked batteries.

In the other parts of Spain, no event of much importance has taken place.—We have accounts of skirmishes; of sorties from the besieged places; of corps being dispersed, &c.; but there is no result; and these details, which have been constantly repeated ever since the French entered Spain, have now lost all interest.

The French papers contain a decree issued in the name of Ferdinand, on the 13th of August, declaring the Spanish grandees who had signed an act of adherence to the Duke d'Angouleme, traitors to their country, and imposing upon them all the penalties belonging to that character; depriving them of their titles, rank, and incomes; ordaining, however, that those penalties shall not descend to their heirs. It would appear from this decree, that the Cortes still pre-

serve the same unbending tone as ever, and that there is no great probability, therefore, of any compromise between them and the French. The Madrid Regency, on the other hand, is just at the opposite extreme. They are equally violent against the adherents of the Cortes, and, it appears, had filled the prisons of Madrid with that proscribed party.—These prisoners are now set at liberty by the Duke d'Angouleme, whose late decree was levelled against the civil authority of the Regency. It appears to be true, that between this body and the French there prevails fully as inveterate a hostility as between them and the Cortes.

PORTUGAL.—The private letters received from Portugal strengthen the belief that the present state of things there is far from resting on a stable basis. The party in power become more violent every day; and the prisons are filled, or rather overflowing, with their victims. The chief of the judicial power at Oporto has been thrown into prison like a common felon. The Minister of Justice is superseded in his office by every underling who has fears to be quieted, or vengeance to be appeased, and whose will is a law under which the innocent or respectable members of society may be imprisoned. The Cabinet is torn by opposite views and interests. Palmella is for England, while Pamplona and his party represent the French interest. A change in that quarter, therefore, is to all appearance unavoidable and immediate. The committee for framing a constitution are, it is said, at utter variance as to the principles on which it is to rest. Stockler, and four others, are for making the people the only source of power. A second party patronises divine right; so the constitution is still in *subibus*, and so must remain, until these extremes can be approximated. The movers of the late counter-revolution, it seems, have been presented with medals, which the people of Lisbon turn into open ridicule.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.—One of the French papers contains a note from the Russian Minister to the Reis Effendi, in which the pacific dispositions of the Emperor of Russia are strongly insisted on. The evacuation of Moldavia and Wallachia by the Turkish troops is the point most strongly insisted on by Russia, and seems to have been the chief obstacle to the restoration of friendship between the two powers. Orders have now been accordingly given for the evacuation of these two provinces. There are, however, some other difficulties which Russia expects with impatience to be done away, previ-

ous to the re-establishment of the Russian embassy at Constantinople.

ITALY.—*Conflagration of St. Paul's Temple.*—“Rome, July 17.—Knowing your attachment to Italy in general, and more particularly your predilection for Rome, I am persuaded that you will share the general consternation and regret of this city. The august, the magnificent temple of St. Paul is no more. The short space of one night sufficed to destroy that which cost so many years to erect. I will give you the account of how it took place. In the night of the 15th to the 16th, some workmen having been employed in mending some pipes and gutters to carry the water off the roof of the church, had, either by imprudence or forgetfulness, left a little chaffing-dish with a light on the ceiling, which is, as you may remember, entirely of wood; it is not known whether some sparks fell, or whether the mere heat of this fire communicated a flame to the wood already too combustible from age. About four in the morning, a traveller happening to pass by on horseback saw the flames pouring out in volumes from this magnificent edifice. He immediately, by dint of shouts and knocking at doors, awoke the neighbours, and ran afterwards through the town calling out for firemen and the necessary assistance to extinguish the fire; but in spite of every exertion, nothing could save this noble building, the flames having been too long at work, and the distance being too great to allow of any aid arriving in time to save this monument, so interesting to our religion and so valuable for its contents.

“The beautiful cedars of Lebanon are consumed; a vast quantity of pillars lie strewed about, and some are even calcined by the heat of the flames; in short, nothing remains but the ruins of this once superb edifice. The firemen, it is said, performed prodigies of valour, and several threw themselves into the middle of the flames, to cut off or pull down fragments of the burning pile—they did every thing, in fact, that men could do to save it, but in vain.”

ASIA.

New South Wales.—Private advices from this settlement, of the 20th of February, supply some interesting facts regarding the improved administration and prospects of the colony. Under the vigilant and active government of Sir Thomas Brisbane, the finances of the colony are in a most prosperous state, and from the plans already adopted, and those in contemplation by him, a yearly saving of no less than £100,000 was expected to ac-

case. The premiums on Treasury bills, which formerly had never exceeded par, by the system which the Governor had introduced, alone produced a saving to the Crown of £48,000. Money, which was previously at a low ebb, being now so materially enhanced in value, the prices of labour and of all the necessities of life were experiencing a proportionate reduction. By the judicious measures of the Governor, also, crime had wonderfully diminished, and the moral amendment of the convicts was rapidly gaining ground. The labours of the convicts had been turned to excellent account, by dispersing them to clear the country in small gangs; and it was calculated, that, from their aggregate exertions, they would clear at the rate of 6000 acres annually. As this would grow 90,000 bushels of wheat, a period would be speedily put to the importation of that article, which, in former years, had fluctuated between 22,000 and 60,000 bushels per annum. The great object of the Governor in this, and in

many other improvements introduced by him, was to render the settlement independent of external assistance; and from the various arrangements carrying into effect, or in progress of adoption, the most important results were anticipated. "This colony," say the advices, "will be a splendid appendage of Great Britain, and will ultimately have dominion over the numerous islands in the Pacific, the inhabitants of which are rapidly embracing Christianity, and advancing in that civilization which follows in its blessed train. Indeed the progress, in some measure, savours more of a miracle than of human agency.

Devoted as Sir Thomas Brisbane is well known to be, to the interests of science, he has not neglected the opportunity which his peculiar situation has afforded him, having already forwarded much valuable information to the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and the National Institute of France, of all of which he is a distinguished member.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—*July 1.*—The discussion on the proposed new arrangements of the Appellate Jurisdiction was continued. Lord Colchester thought that it would be unfair to deprive the people of Scotland of the advantage of an appeal in every case, and suggested that, by the appointment of an efficient Master of the Rolls, or a commission for the great seal, the Lord Chancellor might be enabled to devote a greater share of his attention to appeals. Lord Redesdale attributed the great number of appeals generally to an increase of wealth, and consequent litigation; and the multitude of Scots' appeals to the defective and anomalous character of the law of Scotland. He proposed to transfer all suits raised upon Local Acts of Parliament, to the Exchequer. The Lord Chancellor denied that any man could undergo the intellectual labour of hearing Scots' appeals five days in the week. For himself he would say, that the occupation which those appeals gave to his mind, out of Court, was incomparably more laborious than that which he underwent in hearing them: and he confessed that he should not be able to attend to his business in the Court of Chancery, under the weight of three days' appeals, were not the business of his own Court so easy and familiar to him. Lord Ellenborough objected to the new measure, and adverted to several technical difficulties by which it was opposed. The Earl of

Rosslyn vindicated the law of Scotland from the attack made upon it by Lord Redesdale. After a few words from the Earl of Liverpool, the two first resolutions were put and agreed to unanimously; but a division took place on the third, when the numbers were—Contents, 27—Non-contents, 11.

July 4.—The beer bill was read a third time and passed last night in the House of Lords, after an inconsiderable opposition from Lord Ellenborough. The Lord Chancellor declared his resolution to oppose the measure in progress for the relief of English Catholics, principally, as he stated, on account of the late period of the Session at which they were introduced.

July 7.—The Scots Transfer of Security Bill was, after a short discussion, rejected without a division.

The Irish Insurrection Act was committed by a majority of 36 to 5. The five dissentient peers were the Duke of Leinster, Earls Fitzwilliam and Darnley, Lord Holland, and Lord Ellenborough, each of whom spoke shortly against the measure. Lord Althorpe, in defending the proposed act, attributed all the calamities of Ireland to the dark bigotry of the Roman Catholic religion in that kingdom.

July 8.—The Irish Tithe Bill was read a second time. Lord Liverpool moved the second reading, in a speech of some length, in which he argued that tithes formed the most suitable and least incon-

venient provision for the National Church; but confessed, that, from the unnatural distribution of property in Ireland, which deranged the common relations of society, their collection in that kingdom might be productive of embarrassment. The Marquis of Lansdowne objected to some of the provisions of the new Bill: he more particularly complained of the re-imposition of the tithe of agistment. The Earl of Carnarvon thought the measure quite inadequate to its professed purpose. The Earl of Harrowby and the Lord Chancellor defended the Bill. The latter declared that all his objections to it had been removed by the omission of the compulsory clause; and took occasion to contradict the common assertion, that "tithes are a tax." They are no more a tax, he said, than rent; the clergyman or impropiator having as clear a property in the tenth of the produce as the tenant had in the other nine parts.

July 9.—The Marquis of Lansdowne moved the second reading of the English Catholics Relief Bill. Lord Redesdale opposed the measure. He deplored, as a great calamity, the extension of the elective franchise to the Irish Catholics in 1793, and warned the House against imitating so dangerous and mischievous an error. The Bishop of Norwich defended the proposed bill: exulted in the enlightened character of the age, and compared the opposition of the present day to Catholic Emancipation to the resistance offered by the Pagan Priesthood to the introduction of Christianity. The Bishop of St. Davids opposed the Bill, as extending power and privileges to persons who paid to the British Crown an imperfect and divided allegiance. The Lord Chancellor declared that he would oppose the Bill upon principle at any time; but in the present case he also objected to it on account of the late period of the Session at which it was introduced. His Lordship said, that he would take that opportunity of correcting a great error which prevailed to some extent, namely, that the Clergy alone objected to conferring power upon Catholics; he knew the contrary to be the fact, and that a jealousy of the Roman Catholic Religion was now as strong, and as generally diffused, as ever it had been at any period of our history. Lord Harrowby defended the Bill. He observed, that the mistake of the Irish Legislature, in 1793, consisted in not fixing a higher rate of qualification than 40s. The English Catholics, he maintained, were as loyal, and as worthy of confidence, as any class of the King's subjects. The Earl of Liverpool declared himself friendly to the placing the Eng-

lish Catholics upon the same footing as the Irish. He concurred with Lord Harrowby in thinking that a great mistake had been committed by the Irish Legislature in not raising the freeholder's qualifications. The Marquis of Lansdowne replied, and the House divided, when the numbers were—Contents, 43—Proxies, 30—73—Non-Contents, 41—Proxies, 39—80—Majority against the Bill, 7. The Irish Tithe Bill was then committed. Lord Clifden, Lord King, and Lord Holland, warmly urged the expediency of restoring the compulsory clause, which had been rejected in the other House. The Earl of Liverpool preferred trying the law as a means of voluntary arrangement in the first place, and replied to Lord Holland, who had denied the right of tithes, and denounced the Irish clergy, by asking whose were the tithes, if they did not belong to the church? and pronounced a high panegyric upon the Irish Clergy, who, he said, had always been found more lenient in the exaction of tithes than the lay-impropiator. On a division, the motion to restore the compulsory clause was rejected by a majority of 31 to 11.

July 11.—The Scotch Juries Bill was, on the motion of Lord Melville, rejected by a majority of 20 to 9.

July 14.—The Irish Tithes Composition Bill was committed. The Marquis of Lansdowne proposed the omission of the clause by which agistments, or grazing lands, which were exonerated of the payment of tithes by an atrocious vote of the Irish Commons in 1793, are again subjected to the payment of their share of the expenses of the Church establishment. The Earl of Liverpool defended the clause, and showed, by a reference to the Composition Bill, that the tithe of agistment could not go to increase the income of the clergy, but to alleviate the burthens of the neighbouring tillage lands, which being in the hands of a much poorer class of proprietors than the holders of grazing lands, are much less able to pay tithes. The Earls of Blessington and Belmore opposed the clause, which was supported by Lord Maryborough and the Bishop of Downe. The report was received without a division, and the Bill ordered for a third reading to-morrow.

The Earl of Liverpool next moved the Irish Church Rates Bill. Lord Holland opposed it, on the ground that it went to continue the exclusion of Catholics from voting at vestries for the repairs of churches. Lord Clifden and Lord Darnley also opposed the measure, which was, however, read a third time, and passed without a division.

July 15.—The Irish Tithes Composition Bill, the Distillery Bill, the East-India Trade Bill, the General Turnpike Bill, and the Scots Commissary Court Bill, were read each a third time, and passed.

July 16.—A short discussion took place on the Spitalfields Act Repeal Bill, with respect to the policy of which Ministers appear to be divided. Lord Bexley and the Earl of Liverpool supported the measure, which was opposed by the Earl of Harrowby. The further consideration of this subject was adjourned.

July 17.—Lord Bexley moved, as an amendment to the Spitalfields Act Repeal or Regulation Bill, that the Magistrates should retain the power of fixing the rate of journeymen's wages in all those districts in which, by the existing law, such a power is confided to them; but that master manufacturers should not be restricted to the employment of their capital within those districts, but be left at liberty to employ their capital where and when they should be pleased to employ it. The amendment was highly approved of by Lords Ellenborough and Calthorpe, and the Earl of Harrowby, and the Bill was read a third time, and passed.

July 18.—Lord Colchester moved for a return of the number of Catholic chapels in Ireland; the number of colleges, and collegiate establishments, for the education of youth in the Roman Catholic religion; and the number of monastic, or other Catholic houses, in that kingdom. He explained, that he applied for the information which the returns would afford, in contemplation of a bill, which it was understood it was intended to submit to Parliament, in the course of next session, to enable Roman Catholic establishments to receive endowments of lands, &c. The Earl of Rosslyn opposed the motion; he said that it would be time enough to look for those returns, when the motion, to elucidate which they were designed, should come before the House; and that, until then, the agitation of the subject must be productive of evil. Lord Colchester suspended his motion until next session.

The two Houses had a conference upon the amendments, made by the Lords, in the Scotch Commissaries Bill; the Lords abandoned their amendments, and the bill passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—**June 11.**—The Silk Manufacturers Bill was read a third time, after an amendment, proposed by the Lord Mayor, to read it a third time that day six months, had been rejected by a majority of 53 to 40. The

proposed amendment gave occasion for a debate of some length, in the course of which Mr Bright, Mr P. Moore, and some others, submitted, that, as a measure of equal justice, it would be necessary that the new law, if passed, should be accompanied by a repeal of the laws against combination—a proposition to which Mr Huskisson appeared to assent.

Mr Western then brought forward his long-promised motion upon the currency. The Hon. Member repeated all the usual arguments to prove that Mr Peel's Bill was the true cause of the ruinously low prices of agricultural produce; gave an extremely melancholy picture of the state of the agricultural interest, which he said suffered a diminution of income of at least 30 per cent.; and, in conclusion, moved for a Committee of inquiry. Mr Ricardo observed, that the reduction in prices had not been altogether produced by Mr Peel's bill. The natural operation of that measure, he said, had been to lower prices about five per cent., and which, by the injudicious and unnecessary measures adopted by the Bank, had been aggravated to ten per cent. He then proceeded to meet the arguments for an "equitable adjustment," by showing that the fundholders had on one side lost as much as they had gained upon the other; and admitting the evils produced by the Bank Restriction Acts, he strongly deprecated the creation of a new series of similar calamities, by again tampering with the currency. The Marquis of Titchfield spoke at great length in favour of the motion. His speech was, however, but a repetition of arguments with which the public is familiar. Mr A. Baring opposed the motion, on the ground, that, though it might have been proper to have paused before passing the bill of 1819, after that bill had been four years in operation, any violent departure from its principle might lead to endless mischiefs. Upon a suggestion that many members still desired to deliver their sentiments upon the question, the debate was adjourned.

12.—The debate on Mr Western's motion being resumed, Mr Wodehouse confessed himself the first adviser of the equitable adjustment scheme, which he defended by a reference to the deplorable state of the agricultural interest. Lord Folkestone followed on the same side, and repeated nearly the same arguments, and argued to show that the present advance in prices was altogether attributable to temporary causes. Mr Peel opposed the motion at great length. He entered into a detailed statement of the late improvement in all the manufactu-

ring districts, and contended that the increase of population in those districts, with the taste for comforts and luxuries excited by commercial prosperity, would cause such an increased consumption as must form the infallible means of relief for agricultural distress. Mr H. G. Bennett supported the motion. Mr Huskisson maintained that what was called an equitable adjustment was perfectly impracticable. If the Legislature, he said, could provide more Courts of Equity than there were public houses in the kingdom, they could not get through the business in thirty years. On a division, the motion for a Committee was rejected by a majority of 96 to 27.

June 13.—In a Committee of the House, upon the Barilla Act, a Resolution proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to raise the duty upon foreign barilla from five to eight guineas, was carried by a majority of 100 to 20.

A desultory debate took place, upon a proposition by Mr Scarlett to postpone the inquiry into the conduct of Chief Baron O'Grady. This discussion was enlivened by an animated skirmish between Mr G. Bennett, Mr Peel, and Mr Brougham. Mr Bennett coming into the House near the end of the debate, and being ignorant that the proposition of postponement had been made by a Member of the Opposition, imputed it to Ministers, as a part of a system of protecting all public delinquents, which he freely charged upon them. Mr Peel seized upon the mistake of the Member for Shrewsbury with some warmth; and observed, in a strain of successful sarcasm, upon the absurdity of Gentlemen speaking upon questions with the state of which they were unacquainted. Mr Brougham defended the practice of retiring from debate, during the three dinner hours, by numerous precedents, including his own the same evening; and justified Mr Bennett's observations by a speech in the style, delivery, or articulation of which there was something that induced Mr Peel to say, that the Hon. and learned Gentleman had spent his three hours *more pleasantly* than in dry debate. The inquiry was ultimately fixed for Tuesday next.

June 16.—A long conversation occurred upon the clause for advancing £150,000 for the new London Bridge. Mr Hume was the chief opponent of the grant, which was, however, carried by a majority of 81 to 12.

The House in a Committee afterwards made some verbal amendments on the Irish Tithe Commutation Bill.

June 17.—Mr S. Rice brought forward

his long-impending charge against the Irish Chief Baron, Mr Standish O'Grady, in the form of a motion, for a Committee of the whole House, to take the Report of the Commissioners of inquiry upon Mr O'Grady's conduct into consideration. Mr Rice spoke at great length in justification of his proceeding, but briefly with respect to the particular subject of charge, viz., the exacting of some unusual or unprecedented fees from suitors in the Exchequer. Mr O'Grady, (son to the Learned Judge accused,) in a very able and animated speech, protested against adopting the Resolution, which went to affirm a Report made upon *ex parte* statements. He confidently pledged himself to disprove the accusation; and, in conclusion, warned the House against degrading the administration of justice in Ireland, which, in the present state of that kingdom, imperiously demanded the protection of Parliament. The three first Resolutions having been carried without opposition, Mr C. Hutchinson objected to the fourth, as an *ex parte* judgment against a Magistrate, who must be presumed innocent until convicted upon an impartial trial. The Solicitor General entered into a detailed examination of the Report against Mr O'Grady, and ridiculed most of the principal allegations, which were in one case a charge of five farthings upon a commission, and in another a fee in which all the other Judges of all the courts participated.

A very long desultory conversation followed, chiefly as to the mode of proceeding which it would be necessary to adopt; and the further consideration of the subject was adjourned.

Mr Serjeant Onslow then moved the order of the day for going into a Committee upon the bill for repealing the laws against usury. Mr Davenport moved to commit the bill this day three months. Mr Ricardo, Mr J. Smith, Mr Phillips, Mr T. Wilson, Captain Maberly, Mr W. Smith, Mr Bennett, and Mr W. Wynn, supported the original motion, which, on a division, was carried by a majority of 38 to 13.

June 18.—The proceedings this evening were of a miscellaneous nature. Considerable amusement was afforded by the presentation of a petition by Sir G. Noel from Olive, *soi-disant* Princess of Cumberland, whose regal genealogy was impeached, and conclusively refuted, by Mr Secretary Peel.

June 19.—The principal topics before the House were a motion by Mr Hume, complaining of the irregular order of Promotion in the Naval Service, on the

ground that it was as unjust to the officer, as it was expensive to the country; and a motion, by the same gentleman, relative to the Coronation Expenses. The Hon. Member failed in both motions.

June 20.—The London Bridge Bill was read a third time, after an ineffectual resistance on the part of the Lord Mayor, in which his Lordship was supported but by 10 members against 71.

Mr Brougham put a question to the Right Hon. Secretary for Foreign Affairs upon the subject of a rumour, generally prevalent, that the Members of the Holy Alliance had withdrawn their Ministers from the Court of Stuttgart, in consequence of the King of Württemberg's neglect to suppress the Carbonari. Mr Canning admitted that he had heard a report upon the subject, but treated it as one which interested the British Government merely as spectators. This doctrine was vehemently contested by Mr Brougham.

A very long debate followed on the disposal of the King's Library, in which Mr Croker, in a very pleasant speech, sharply reprov'd the tastelessness of the Trustees of the British Museum. The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved "That a sum not exceeding £40,000 be granted to his Majesty, towards defraying the expense of erecting an additional building at the British Museum, for the reception of the library of his late Majesty,"—which was carried on a division.

The Scots Juries Bill was read a second time, and committed.

June 23.—The House went into a Committee of Supply, in which Mr Hume opposed the grant of £5,000 for propagating the scriptures in North America. The grant was, however, carried by a majority of 49 to 28. Mr Wilmot Horton then moved a grant of £15,000 to encourage emigration to Canada from the south of Ireland. This motion gave rise to a discussion of some length, in which Sir John Newport objected to the sum proposed as inadequate. Mr Abercromby hinted that it might lead to unreasonable and injurious expectations; and Mr D. Browne suggested that the money might be better laid out in the encouragement of manufactures, more particularly the linen. Mr Peel explained, in reply, to Sir J. Newport's suggestion, that the present grant was merely an experiment; and Mr Ricardo answered Mr Browne, by observing upon the folly of meddling with commerce by legislative enactments, and upon the injustice of taxing one part of the empire to provide capital for another.

The grant was agreed to, as were also some others.

Lord Nugent moved the order of the day for the Committee on the English Catholic Relief Bill. He explained that he had made some alterations in the measure, the effect of which would be to put the English Catholics on the same footing with the *English Protestant Dissenters*. Mr Peel rose before the bill should go into a committee, to oppose it in its present form. While its object had been to place the English Catholics in the same condition as the *Irish Catholics*, it had had his support; but as the Noble Mover now proposed to abrogate the oath of supremacy in this country, which is still imposed upon Catholics in Ireland, he must resist the measure. The omission of any mention of Scotland was also an objection. Messrs Banks and Wetherell opposed the measure in principle and in detail. Messrs Brougham and Canning suggested that it would be advantageous to those whose interests were involved to divide the bill; and Lord Nugent acceding, the bill was divided, one part conferring the elective franchise, the other bestowing more extensive privileges.

June 24.—Mr Goulburn moved the second reading of the Irish Insurrection Act. Sir Henry Parnell moved, as an amendment, that the state of Ireland should be referred to a select Committee of twenty-one persons. The Hon. Baronet, in a long and temperate speech, detailed the causes which, in his judgment, operate to interrupt the peace and prosperity of the sister kingdom, and pointed out the inefficacy of the Insurrection Act. Catholic Emancipation was the remedy upon which he seemed disposed to place the most reliance. Mr Grattan seconded the motion. Mr Goulburn acknowledged the good temper in which the amendment had been brought forward, but resisted it on the double ground, that at this late period of the session no inquiry could be effectually prosecuted, and that the subject was of too great magnitude for any Committee less than the whole House; and even if the session could be prolonged, he contended that the detaining the Irish Members in this country would be highly pernicious. Mr Goulburn, however, stated that he should, at a proper time, offer no opposition to any motion for an inquiry into the affairs of Ireland, to be undertaken on an extensive scale. Colonel Davies, Mr John Smith, Mr Robertson, and Mr C. Hutchinson, supported the amendment; which was opposed by Messrs Banks, R. Martin, D. Browne,

S. Rice, and Sir J. Newport. The last two Gentlemen perfectly concurred in Sir H. Parnell's complaints of the misgovernment of Ireland; but agreed with Mr Goulburn, that the period of the session was too late to institute an inquiry. Mr Peel resisted the amendment. He recalled the attention of the House to the original motion, which was for a temporary measure, admitted on all sides to be indispensably necessary for the salvation of Ireland. By the amendment, this saving measure would be lost; but by the original motion, no bar would be presented against inquiry. Mr W. Smith supported the amendment. Mr Denman, though alone, opposed the Insurrection Act in principle. On a division, the numbers were, for the Amendment, 39.—For the original motion, 88.—Majority, 49.

June 25.—Mr Brougham presented a petition, signed by 2,000 Catholics, complaining of the mal-administration of justice in Ireland; and announced, that on this evening he should move to refer the petition to the Committee on Courts of Justice.

The same Gentleman then presented a petition from Mr Haydon, the celebrated historical painter, whose devotion to the art has, unfortunately, rendered him an inmate of the King's Bench prison, complaining that the public taste held out no encouragement to historical painting. Sir C. Long concurred in the complaint of the petitioner; but professed his ignorance of any means by which historical painting could be more encouraged. Mr Croker, while he commiserated the condition of the petitioner, objected to the contempt which he avowed for portrait painting. In his opinion, portrait painting was an important branch of history; and Raphael and Rubens, the greatest masters of the art, had always regarded it as such. The petition was laid on the table.

Mr Hume then brought forward his long-threatened motion for the abolition of the vice-regal office in Ireland. The Honourable Gentleman supported his proposition by a long list of Catholic grievances, and several financial arguments. He concluded by moving for a Commission of Inquiry to examine into the propriety of suppressing the Vice-Regal Government. Mr Ricardo seconded the motion. Mr Goulburn opposed the motion. A resident Government (he said) was necessary for the administration of the prerogative of mercy alone, in a country in which 400 or 500 capital convictions annually occurred. The mere official business of Ireland, too, he said,

would pour an increase upon the House Office such as no Minister could support. He denied the accuracy of most of Mr Hume's statements, in proof of the monopoly of office by the Protestants, and asked, how, admitting that such a monopoly existed, would it be remedied by removing the seat of patronage to England? That the Protestants did possess a share of office in Ireland greater than would fall to them upon a numerical distribution, he admitted, but explained that it was impossible to avoid this, while the Protestants continue the only educated classes. Sir H. Parnell supported the motion. Mr D. Browne opposed it, as calculated to excite rebellion in Dublin. Mr Peel also opposed the motion. He contended that the Home Department would be utterly unable to receive the vast influx of business which his experience of the Government of Ireland taught him that the suppression of the Irish Viceroyalty would draw to it. He also argued against the impolicy of withdrawing a resident Government from Ireland, at the very moment in which the disorders in that kingdom demanded the most constant and vigilant superintendence. Mr Abercromby supported the motion. Sir John Newport opposed it, and cited the example of Elizabeth's Ministers, who, in a time of danger, were so far from expecting to tranquillize Ireland, by depriving her of a resident Government, that they brought the Executive still nearer to the disturbed districts, by superadding provincial presidents to the Lieutenancy. Mr Canning remonstrated against a proposition, which would go to add new causes of irritation to those unhappily existing, and still further impoverish a country already groaning under distress, and which, he said, was more likely than any other measure to separate the last link between the Islands. Mr C. Hutchinson, Mr Martin (of Galway), and Sir G. Hill, opposed the motion, which was negatived without a division.

Sir J. Newport then brought forward a series of Resolutions on the state of education in Ireland, which are to serve as the basis of some ulterior proceeding in the course of the next Session.

A short conversation followed, upon the third reading of the Larcenies Bill, upon which Sir James Macintosh proposed an amendment, taking away the capital penalty from stealing in a shop or warehouse, &c., though the same should be attached to a dwelling-house. The amendment was rejected by a majority of 85 to 19, and the bill passed.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

Statement of the Income and Expenditure of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for the year ended 5th January 1823, exclusive of the Loans from, and Payments to, the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, taken from Accounts laid before Parliament.

Gross Receipt of the Customs, Excise, Stamps, Land and Assessed Taxes, Post-office, Deductions from Salaries and Pensions, Hackney-Coaches, Hawkers and Pedlars, Crown-Lands, Small branches of the King's Hereditary Revenues, Lottery Surplus Produce after payment of Prizes, Surplus Fees of Regulated Public Offices, Poundage and other Fees, Proceeds of old Naval Stores, Unclaimed Dividends, Annuities, and Lottery Prizes, Savings on Civil List, and Repayments of Money and Exchequer-Bills advanced and imprested,	£.63,801,494 ³ 5 ¹
The Balances and Bills outstanding on 5th January 1822, were	£3,306,431 ⁰ 5
Ditto on 5th January 1823,	3,002,257 ¹⁴ 0 ¹

Add the difference in favour of year ended 5th January 1823, 301,173⁶ 4¹

INCOME, - - £64,105,667⁹ 10¹

EXPENDITURE.

Repayments, Allowances, Discounts, Drawbacks, Bounties in the nature of Drawbacks, and Paper and Parchment for the Stamp Office,	£.1,002,925 ¹¹ 5
Charges of Collection—being Salaries, Poundage, Day-Pay, Special Services, Travelling Charges, Conveyance of Mails, Packet-Establishment, Cruisers, Preventive Water-Guard, Land-Guard, Tradesmen's Bills, Buildings and Repairs, Rents, Taxes, and Tithes, Law-Charges, Stationery, Printing, Postages, Carriages, Superannuation Allowances, Allowances for Offices Abolished, Compensations for loss of Fees, and other miscellaneous payments,	4,160,270 ¹⁶ 10 ¹
Payments out of the Income in its progress to the Exchequer, other than Charges of Collection, viz: Quarantine and Warehousing Establishments, Irish Packet-Establishments, Bounties for promoting Fisheries and Manufactures, Militia and Deserters' Warrants, Advances in Ireland on account of Navy and Army Half-pay, Pensions, &c., Augmentations of Stipends to Scotch Clergy, Sums paid and advanced to Commissioners of Roads, Pensions & Parliamentary Grants, Expenses incurred in Improving His Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land-Revenues, Payments in support of the Civil Government of Scotland, His Majesty's hereditary and temporary Revenues of Customs and Excise in Scotland, and other miscellaneous payments,	1,527,821 ⁰ 1 ¹
Payments into the Exchequer,	54,414,650 ¹ 4 ¹

N. B. In another part of the Accounts these payments are stated at three farthings more, fractional parts of a penny not being attended to.

TOTAL, - - £.64,105,667⁹ 10¹

The money paid into the Exchequer was applied as follows:

Dividends, Interest, and Management of the Funded Debt } due to the Public Creditor,	29,490,897 ⁴ 2 ¹
Interest on Exchequer-Bills and Irish Treasury-Bills,	1,430,596 ¹⁶ 10 ¹
Issued to the Trustees of Naval and Military Pensions,	1,400,000 ⁰ 0
Carry forward,	£.32,321,494 ¹ 1

	Brought forward,	£32,321,494. 1. 1
Civil List,	- - - - -	1,037,000. 0. 0
Pensions by Act of Parliament, Salaries and Allowances,	}	984,439. 16. 4
Officers of Courts of Justice, Expenses of the Mint, Bounties, and other miscellaneous payments,		
Army,	- - - - -	£7,698,973. 16. 6½
Navy,	- - - - -	4,945,642. 2. 11½
Ditto Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital	}	248,000. 0. 0
to pay out pensions,		
Ordnance,	- - - - -	1,007,821. 1. 5½
Miscellaneous,	- - - - -	2,105,797. 3. 3½
		<hr/> 16,006,234. 4. 2½
Deduct the sum issued to the Trustees of Military and Naval Pensions, being charged in the above issues for surplus,	}	1,400,000. 0. 0
Advances for Commercial Credit for the Employment of the Poor, and for Public Works,		
		<hr/> 14,606,234. 4. 2½
		<hr/> 49,499,130. 1. 7
Leaving a surplus of Income paid into the Exchequer over the Expenditure thereof, for year ended 5th Jan. 1823,	}	4,915,519. 19. 10½
		<hr/> £.54,414,650. 1. 5½

The following articles constitute part of the Gross Receipt:

The Right Hon. N. Vansittart remitted to him by persons unknown, for conscience's sake,	}	13,051. 3. 0
Matthew Winter, Esq. ditto ditto,		
Voluntary Contributions, per Act. 3. Geo. IV. Cap. 6.	- - - - -	7. 18. 0
Marquis Camden, for Surplus Fees in his office as one of the Tellers of Exchequer, voluntarily given up to the public,	}	13,780. 10. 1
		<hr/> 9,071. 13. 6

And the Accounts of the Commissioners, for the Reduction of the National Debt, contain the following articles:

Sent anonymously to the Chancellor of Exchequer, towards the liquidation of the Public Debt,	}	300. 0. 0
The gift of Richard Quatermain, for the general purpose of the reduction of the Public Debt,		
£.14,300 Navy 5 per cents. bequeathed by Major T. Gamble, to the uses of the Sinking Fund, valued at £.102. 10 ¾ cent.	}	100. 0. 0
		<hr/> 14,637. 10. 0

The following may be added before the payments to Right Hon. N. Vansittart, &c.

Balance in Exchequer, on 5th January 1822,	- - - - -	£.6,019,064. 9. 2½
Surplus of Income paid, is,	- - - - -	4,915,519. 19. 10½
The Loan from the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, paid into Exchequer (Funded Debt)	}	11,872,155. 9. 2½
Exchequer Bills issued (Unfunded Debt)		
		<hr/> 40,592,550. 0. 0
		<hr/> £.63,399,289. 18. 4

Sinking Fund Interest on Redeemed Funded Debt,	}	£.15,811,710. 12. 9
Unfunded Debt,		
Navy, 5 ¾ cent annuities paid off,	- - - - -	301,250. 0. 0
		<hr/> 2,776,359. 0. 10

Applied towards Redemption of Funded Debt, - - - 18,889,319. 13. 7

Unfunded Debt paid off, viz.

Exchequer Bills,	- - - - -	£.35,537,950. 0. 0
Irish Treasury Bills	- - - - -	1,000,000. 0. 0
		<hr/> 36,537,950. 0. 0

Balance in Exchequer at 5th January 1823, being
£.1,932,935. 15. 6½ more than the balance at
5th January 1822,

£.63,399,289. 18. 4

Funded Debt decreased, as above, -	£18,889,319.13. 7	
Ditto increased, as above, -	11,872,155. 9. 2½	
		7,017,164. 4. 4½
Exchequer Bills issued, - -	£40,592,550. 0. 0	
Ditto, and Irish Treasury Bills paid off, -	36,537,950. 0. 0	
		4,054,600. 0. 0
Balance of Debt decreased, -	£2,962,564. 4. 4½	
Add the excess of balance at 5th January 1823, over the balance at 5th January 1822, - - - - -		1,952,955.15. 6½
Surplus of Income paid in as above, -	£4,915,519.19.10½	

At 5th January 1822, the Funded Debts due to the Public Creditors were :—

3 per cents, - - -	£534,355,686. 6.11	
3½ per cents, - - -	29,547,003.19. 3	
4 per cents, - - -	75,947,763.19. 4	
5 per cents, - - -	155,462,313. 3.10	
		£795,312,767. 9. 4

The Dividends on which, together with Long Annuities, Life Annuities, and Charges of Management, constituted a charge of £29,574,251.5.9.

In year ending 5th January 1823, £149,449,290.12.7 five per cents. were converted into £156,921,713.6.7, four per cents., making a saving of Annual Dividends of about £1,200,000.

At 5th January 1823, the Funded Debts due to the Public Creditors stood thus :—

3 per cents, - - -	£531,788,372.18.3	
3½ per cents, - - -	28,737,637. 9.7	
4 per cents, - - -	233,979,941. 8.9	
5 per cents, - - -	2,023,992.18.9	
		£796,530,144.15.4

The Dividends on which, together with Long Annuities, Life Annuities, Charges of Management, and £2,800,000 to the Trustees for Naval and Military Pensions, and Civil Superannuations, constitute a charge of £30,923,627.11.10, exclusive of £14,066,607.2.7 to the Sinking Fund.

Outstanding Exchequer Bills at 5th January 1822, -	£31,566,550.0.0
Ditto, ditto, at 5th January 1823, -	£36,281,150.0.0

Interest due upon Outstanding Exchequer Bills, computed to 5th January 1823, £488,222.15.11.

Imports into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, calculated at the official rates of valuation, in years ending 5th January 1821,	£32,438,650.17. 3
1822,	30,792,763. 4.10
1823,	30,500,094. 7. 4

Exports from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, calculated at the official rates of valuation, in years ending 5th January.

	Produce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom.	Foreign and Colonial Merchandise.
1821, - - -	£98,395,555. 7. 2	£10,555,912.10. 3
1822, - - -	40,831,744.17. 5	10,629,689. 5. 8
1823, - - -	44,256,533. 2. 4	9,227,589. 6.11
Value of the Produce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Exported therefrom, according to the real and declared value thereof, in years ending 5th January 1821, - - - - -		£36,424,652.13.11
1822, - - - - -		36,659,631. 3. 0
1823, - - - - -		36,968,964. 9. 0

JULY.

Law of Master and Servant.—A case was lately decided by the Court of Session, which sets an important point of the law at rest. A female servant was hired in a gentleman's family for half a year. At the end of the term she was paid her wages and dismissed, without having received any previous warning. She brought an action before the Sheriff, for payment of wages and board-wages for the next half year, which was opposed on the ground, that, by the practice of that particular district, warning was not necessary. A proof having been ordered on this point, various witnesses were examined, from whose testimony it appeared, that the practice was by no means uniform; but the Sheriff holding the evidence against the practice of warning to preponderate, decided in favour of the master, and found the servant liable in expences. A bill of advocacy, at the servant's instance, was passed by the Lord Ordinary on the bills, and his Lordship stated, in a note, that he "did not agree with the Sheriff, in thinking that it is at all according to legal principle, to hold that, in the general case, due notice of dismissal can be dispensed with; or that local practice to the contrary, if proved, would derogate from the general law, founded on views equally expedient both for master and servant." The process of advocacy, having afterwards come before Lord Meadowbank, he pronounced the following decision:—"Finds that the pursuer, being a domestic servant, engaged from one term to another, ought to have received due and legal notice of the intention of the defender to dispense with her services at the term at which she was dismissed: finds that no such notice was given; and therefore finds her entitled to wages and board-wages till the term ensuing: Modifies the same to the sums concluded for in the original summons, and decerns accordingly: finds the pursuer entitled to her expences, and allows an account thereof to be given in." The master now reclaimed to the Inner House, and his petition, with answers for the servant, having come before the First Division of the Court, their Lordships unanimously adhered to the sentence of Lord Meadowbank.

26.—*Sheriffs-Substitute.*—The Sheriffs-Substitute of Scotland lately made an application to Government for an increase to their salaries, and we are gratified to learn, that at a meeting which took place on Thursday the 10th instant, between the Right Honourable Mr Peel, Principal Secretary of State for the Home

Department, the Lord Advocate for Scotland, Mr Herries, one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, and the Honourable Keith Douglas, M. P. for the Dumfries district of burghs, Mr Peel admitted that the Sheriffs-Substitute, considering the extensive magisterial and ministerial duties which they had to perform, were inadequately paid, and stated his intention of entering into an immediate and decisive investigation of their case, with a view to placing the establishment on a more respectable footing.

5.—*Curious Case.*—A very curious, difficult, and amusing case was decided in the Court of Quarter Sessions held at Glasgow, arising out of an appeal from the decision of the Petty Sessions. The case was at the instance of the Road Trustees on the Rutherglen road, insisting upon double toll from a carter, upon the following grounds:—The carter, in passing the toll in the morning, coming to Glasgow, paid the usual dues. At that time there was in the cart, and its whole load, a country girl coming to make markets there, and who had along with her at the time an empty jar and some other articles of very trifling bulk. In returning, it happened that the carter good naturedly gave his female friend and her baggage (again his whole load) a ride back; but in the mean time, she had got her jar filled, and had also with her a few purchases, which made her trifling baggage rather more bulky than what it had been in the morning. The toll-keeper demanded double toll, insisting that the load was not the same which had passed in the morning—that in fact it had been altered, increased, augmented, was larger, heavier than before; in short, that the load, animate and inanimate, had been materially changed from what it was in the morning, which brought it within the scope of the act of Parliament as liable to double toll. The proprietor of the cart contended that it was the same female and her baggage which he had in the morning, and which he again had in the evening as his whole load, and that in the interim he had made no alteration in, or addition to, her person or her load. The Judges at the Petty Sessions sustained the defence of the owner of the cart. From that decision the Road Trustees appealed to the Quarter Sessions, the Judges of which sustained the decision of the inferior Court, upon the principle, we believe, that any trifling addition to, or alteration in, the baggage or the person of a female, in such cases, could not, and never was contemplated that it should come within the scope and meaning of the act of Parliament.

Affray at Edinburgh Races.—In consequence of the suspension of business in the suburbs and neighbourhood of Edinburgh on Thursday, (31st July), it being the fast-day in the West-Church parish, the workmen and labourers in that extensive district were of course at liberty. A number of the latter had resorted to the Edinburgh Races at Musselburgh. It is well known that a great proportion of that class are natives of Ireland, but whether, on the present occasion, they had preconcerted a plan of amusement, by exhibiting some of the frolics of Donnybrook fair, or acted upon an incidental quarrel, our information is defective; but certain it is, that they indiscriminately knocked down with sticks all before them. One of the first persons assaulted was a baker, who was most cruelly used, and even trampled upon, as he lay on the ground, in a most savage manner. They were not, however, suffered to go on with impunity, for the neighbouring colliers, &c. joined by the Musselburgh, Edinburgh, and Leith bakers, and others, quickly provided them-

selves with such weapons as came to hand, and most severely retaliated. After clearing the field of all who appeared to be Irish, they searched the tents, particularly those known to be kept by natives of that country, and dragged out the inmates, some of whom they compelled to pronounce certain words, to ascertain their country; in one instance a man was made to repeat the word "guinea", which not satisfying his interrogators, he was severely treated, and ducked in the mill-dam, his head at the same time being held under water, evidently with the intention of drowning him. A gentleman who interfered in his behalf was served nearly as bad, but was saved by the exertions of Sir John Hope, Mr Gibson, and other gentlemen. Another Irishman was thrown over the rail-road bridge into the river; he appeared to be stunned by falling against a pier, but got on his legs and made for the bank; he was beat back, however, with sticks, and dragged up and down in the water. No lives were lost, but many individuals were severely hurt.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Aug. 18. The Hon. Wm. Temple to be Secretary to his Majesty's Legation at Berlin.

—George Hamilton Seymour, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at the Diet at Frankfurt.

22. Alexander, Earl of Caithness, to be Lieut. and Sheriff-Principal of the Shire of Caithness.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL

Aug. 7. Mr Wm. Marshall, Preacher, ordained Minister of the Relief Congregation, Collinsburgh.

13. The Rev. Charles Thomson, of Glasgow, elected Minister of the Scotch Church at North Shields.

21. The Rev. Alexander Cuthbertson ordained Minister of the Parish of Edrom.

27. The Rev. Mr Hardie ordained Minister of the Presbyterian Church at Kingston, Jamaica.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Major Macneill, 2 Life Gds. Lieut. Col. in the Army 25 Jan. 1822.

Major Oakes, 1 Life Gds. Lieut. Col. in the Army 25 Jan. 1823.

Major H. Earl of Uxbridge, 1 Life Gds. Lieut. Col. in the Army 5 Aug.

H. Mahon, late Serj. Maj. 67 F. to have rank as Ens. 2 Dec. 1818.

R. H. Gds. Lt. Lieut. Col. C. Hill, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Sir R. Hill, ret. 24 July 1823.

Capt. Richardson, Major and Lieut. Col. by purch. do.

Lieut. Hemthorne, Capt. by purch. do.

Cornet Pigott, Lieut. by purch. do.

Ens. Lord A. Conyngham, from 57 F. Cornet by purch. do.

Dr. Gds. P. Dundas, Cornet by purch. vice Todd, 8 Dr. 24 July

Lieut. Makepeace, Capt. by purch. vice Dougan, ret. do.

Cornet Armit, Lieut. by purch. do.

Serj. Maj. Lawless, Quart. Mast. vice Jolly, dead 31 do.

4 Dr. Gds. F. Barne, Cornet by purch. 24 July

5 Capt. Walker, Maj. by purch. vice Irving, ret. 24 July

Lieut. Hunter, Capt. by purch. do.

Cornet Ramsay, Lieut. by purch. do.

J. Brymer, Cornet by purch. do.

8 Dr. Lieut. Hayman, Capt. by purch. vice Harrington, ret. do.

Cornet Todd, from 3 Dr. Gds. Lieut. by purch. do.

Cornet Hodges, Lieut. by purch. vice Wharton, ret. 14 Aug.

15 C. Ponsonby, Cornet by purch. do.

Lieut. Studd, Capt. by purch. vice Carpenter, ret. 7 do.

Lieut. Hume, Lieut. by purch. do.

G. Musgrave, Cornet by purch. do.

2 F. Capt. Williams, Maj. by purch. vice Gordon, ret. 31 July

Lieut. Hunt, Capt. by purch. do.

Ens. Dalway, Lieut. by purch. do.

H. F. Kennedy, Ens. by purch. do.

6 Lieut. Eden, Capt. by purch. vice Clarke, ret. do.

Ens. Holyoake, Lieut. by purch. do.

10 R. Curteis, Ens. by purch. do.

Capt. Rudsell, Maj. by purch. vice Payler, prom. do.

11 Lieut. Gen. Sir H. T. Montresor, K.C.B. & G.C.H. Col. vice Gen. Sir C. Agill, Bt. dead 24 July

12 Lieut. Lawson, Capt. vice Jenkins, dead 31 do.

Ens. Williams, Lieut. do.

14 H. W. Adams, Ens. do.

Lieut. Mackenzie, Capt. vice Rawline, dead 27 Jan.

Ens. Ormsby, Lieut. do.

B. V. Lazard, Ens. 24 July

2d Lieut. Clinton, from Rif. Brig. Lieut. by purch. vice Yorke, prom. 31 do.

Serj. Maj. Samsons, Quart. Mast. vice Kiteall, h. p. 14 Aug.

Ens. Eyre, Lieut. vice Gilbert, dead 18 Jan.

S. W. Wybrants, Ens. 24 July

R. S. Streatfield, Ens. by purch. vice Martin, 85 F. 17 do.

- 24 F. Lieut. Child, Adj. vice Smith, res. Adj. only 7 Aug. 1823.
 33 Capt. Tench, from h. p. 10 F. Capt. vice Hewett, Rifle Brig. 14 do.
 38 Ens. Trant, Lieut. vice Huston, dead 9 Feb.
 Gent. Cadet H. B. Stokes, from Royal Mil. Coll. Ens. 24 July
 45 Lieut. Minter, from h. p. Lieut. vice Marsh, dead do.
 57 Gent. Cadet T. S. Beekwith, from Royal Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Lord A. Conyngham, Horse Gds. do.
 Gent. Cadet H. Hill, from R. Mil. Ens. vice Beck with, Rifle Brig. 31 do.
 70 Bt. Lieut. Col. Mac Grigor, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Col. Otley, ret. 14 Aug.
 Bt. Major Greene, Major by purch. do.
 Lieut. Hunter, Capt. by purch. do.
 72 Capt. Drummond, Major by purch. vice Roit, prom. 24 July
 Lieut. Maclean, Capt. by purch. do.
 Ens. Blair, Lieut. by purch. do.
 J. Garthshore, Ens. by purch. do.
 84 Lieut. Gen. Sir F. G. Maclean, Bt. Col. vice M. Gen. Sir D. Pack, dead 28 do.
 85 Capt. Fairfax, Major by purch. vice Brown, prom. 17 do.
 Lieut. Charlton, Capt. by purch. do.
 Ens. Wynyard, Lieut. by purch. do.
 — Martin, from 22 F. Ens. by purch. do.
 93 J. Crowe, Ens. by purch. vice Hume, ret. do.
 — Eaton, h. p. 10 F. 14 Aug.
 Ensign Hamilton, from 69 F. 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Clinton, 17 F. do.
 Rifle Brig. Ens. Beck with, from 57 F. 2d Lieut. vice Woolford, prom. 31 do.
 Capt. Hewett, from 33 F. Capt. vice — Eaton, h. p. 10 F. 14 Aug.
 Ensign Hamilton, from 69 F. 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Clinton, 17 F. do.
 Roy. Af. } Ens. Mahon, Quarter Master 7 do.
 Col. C. }
 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. Carey, from h. p. 60 F. Capt. vice Courtenay, ret. list 31 July.

Unattached.

- Bt. Lieut. Col. Brown, from 85 F. Lieut. Col. of Infantry, by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Beger, Royal Art. ret. 17 July 1823.
 — Roit, from 72 F. Lieut. Col. of Infantry, by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Vivion, Royal Art. ret. 24 do.
 Major Payler, from 10 F. Lieut. Col. of Infantry, by purch. vice Major Gen. M.C.D. Griffith, ret. 31 do.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

- Major Farrington, Lieut. Col. vice Beger, ret. 17 July 1823.
 Capt. and Bt. Major Egan, Major do.
 Capt. Bridge, from h. p. Capt. do.
 1st Lieut. Hanwell, 2d Capt. do.
 Major Brome, Lieut. Col. vice Vivion, ret. 24 do.
 Capt. and Bt. Major Hickman, Major do.
 2d Capt. and Bt. Major Baynes, Capt. do.

Hospital Staff.

- Staff Surg. Schetky, Dep. Insp. of Hosp. in Africa only, vice Dr. Nicoll, dead 7 Aug. 1823.

Chaplain.

- Rev. T. Ireland, from h. p. Chaplain to the Forces 9 July 1823.

Exchanges.

- Lieut. Col. Jordan, from 2 F. with Lieut. Colonel Roit, h. p.
 Bt. Lieut. Colonel Thorn, from 3 F. with Capt. Foley, h. p. Portugal Serv.
 Bt. Major Byne, from 17 Dr. with Capt. Scott, 4 Dr.
 Capt. Stewart, from 91 F. with Bt. Major Creighton, h. p. 55 F.
 — Booth, from 8 F. with Capt. Hailes, 41 F.
 — Hall, from 31 F. with Capt. Shaw, h. p. 25 Dr.

- Capt. Maclean, from 40 F. with Capt. Montagu, 81 F.
 — Butler, from 54 F. with Capt. Walsh, 80 F.
 — Gunn, from 95 F. with Capt. Fraser, h. p. 71 F.
 — Norworthy, from 2 W. I. R. with Capt. Wilson, h. p. 92 F.
 Lieut. Macbean, from 6 F. with Lieut. Holme, 64 F.
 — Evans, from 17 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nagel, h. p.
 — Congreve, from 20 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Macneister, h. p. 35 F.
 — Rhodes, from 39 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bouverie, h. p. 48 F.
 — Campbell, from 32 F. with Lieut. Hill, h. p. 49 F.
 — Keating, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gray, h. p. W. I. R.
 — Rose, from 93 F. with Lieut. Wilson, h. p.
 Ensign Nicolls, from 72 F. with Ensign Stewart, h. p. 39 F.
 — Magee, from 1 W. I. R. with Ensign Boyd, h. p. 5 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Major Gen. Griffith, late of Gren. Gds.
 Colonel Sir Robert Hill, Royal Horse Gds.
 — Otley, 70 F.
 Lieut. Col. Beger, Royal Art.
 — Vivion, Royal Art.
 Major Dougan, 4 Dr. Gds.
 — Irwin, 5 Dr. Gds.
 — Gordon, 2 F.
 Capt. Harrington, 8 Dr.
 — Carpenter, 15 Dr.
 — Clarke, 6 F.
 Lieut. Wharton, 8 Dr.
 Ensign Hume, 93 F.

Appointment Cancelled.

- Hosp. Assist. Young.

Deaths.

- Lieut. Gen. A. L. Layard, late of 2 Royal Vet. Bn.
 Maj. Gen. John Hall, near Mansfield 26 July 1823.
 — Griffith, late of 1 F. Gds. 7 Aug.
 Lieut. Col. Lawrence, late of 13 Dr. Brompton, Middlesex 11 Aug.
 Major Manriage, h. p. 60 F. Mauseage 13 June
 — Scott, h. p. Sicilian Regt. Cowhill, near Dumfries 31 Oct. 1822.
 Capt. Boyd, 9 F.
 — Williamson, h. p. 129 F. Edinburgh 7 March 1823.
 — Crichton, h. p. Inslep. Edinburgh 14 May
 — G. Meyer, h. p. 2 Light Inf. Germ. Leg. 16 March.
 Lieut. Creagh, 8 Dr. Ipswich 3 July
 — Yates, ret. list. 9 Vet. Bn. Ireland 6 July
 — Cathcart, h. p. 61 F. Glasgow 12 do.
 — Scott, h. p. 94 F. 17 May
 — James, h. p. Cape Reg. 21 July
 — Gregg, 2d Surrey Militia.
 — Lawson, Royal Art. at Woolwich 10 Aug.
 — Drysdale, h. p. 1 Line Bn. Ger. Leg. Lob. 13 April
 — don 21 do.
 Ensign Earles, ret. Invalids, Cork
 — Daly, h. p. 5 F. Edgeworth Town, Ireland 23 March
 — M'Lauchlan, h. p. 4 W. I. R. Torish 22 Nov. 1822.
 Paymast. Archbold, Meath Militia
 Quart. Mast. Jolly, 4 Dr. Gds. Newbridge Barracks, Dublin 3 July 1823.
 — Sands, h. p. Tarkenton's Dr. Dela 11 June 1823.
 — ware, New York
 — Holt, h. p. Anc. Brit. Fem. Cav. 1 July 1823.
 — Wrexham

Medical Department.

- Surg. Carey, 21 F. Demarary. 22 June 1823.
 — Bennet, h. p. Royal Art.
 Dr. Duigan, Surg. 2 W. I. R. Sierra Leone 5 do.
 Assist. Surg. J. D. Fraser, h. p. Royal Art.
 Staff Assist. Surg. Finlayson, late of 8 Dr. on post sage from Calcutta
 Hosp. Assist. Alexander, Ithaca, Mediterranean 23 Nov.
 — Mackay, Africa 6 Jan.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Aug. 1	M. 47 A. 55	29.640 5.10 A. 59	M. 58 A. 59	SW.	Rain foren. fair aftern.	Aug. 17	M. 42 A. 52	29.445 5.06 A. 58	M. 56 A. 58	W.	Foren. fair. aft. showery.
2	M. 48 A. 55	5.78 A. 61 5.59 A. 63	M. 61 A. 63	W.	Dull, with slight showers	18	M. 38 A. 55	5.40 A. 60 5.38 A. 63	M. 60 A. 63	Cble.	Fair foren. rain evening.
3	M. 49 A. 59	5.88 A. 65 5.20 A. 60	M. 65 A. 60	NW.	Fair day, h. rain night.	19	M. 49 A. 59	5.79 A. 63 5.54 A. 62	M. 63 A. 62	W.	Morn. & aft. h. shrs. rain.
4	M. 45 A. 51	5.102 M. 58 5.75 A. 59	M. 58 A. 59	NW.	Rain morn. fair day.	20	M. 45 A. 55	5.350 M. 61 5.372 A. 60	M. 61 A. 60	W.	Foten. fair, shower after.
5	M. 43 A. 53	5.44 M. 60 5.44 A. 59	M. 60 A. 59	N.	Showy with sunsh. cold.	21	M. 44 A. 54	5.396 M. 61 5.465 A. 58	M. 61 A. 58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
6	M. 45 A. 54	5.515 M. 58 5.50 A. 59	M. 58 A. 59	NW.	Dull & cold, with showers	22	M. 43 A. 54	5.496 M. 60 5.479 A. 59	M. 60 A. 59	W.	Ditto.
7	M. 43 A. 53	5.38 M. 60 5.40 A. 59	M. 60 A. 59	NW.	Morn. cold, showery day.	23	M. 42 A. 51	5.491 M. 57 5.551 A. 60	M. 57 A. 60	W.	Frost morn. fair sunsh.
8	M. 45 A. 55	5.626 M. 58 5.731 A. 63	M. 58 A. 63	W.	Morn. cold, dull aftern.	24	M. 41 A. 55	5.646 M. 60 5.641 A. 61	M. 60 A. 61	Cble.	Dull, but fair.
9	M. 45 A. 55	5.610 M. 59 5.61 A. 62	M. 59 A. 62	W.	Rain morn. sunsh. day.	25	M. 48 A. 54	5.475 M. 58 5.615 A. 59	M. 58 A. 59	Cble.	Morn. rain, day foggy
10	M. 45 A. 57	5.610 M. 59 5.61 A. 62	M. 59 A. 62	SW.	Rain morn. and evening.	26	M. 48 A. 59	5.792 M. 58 5.854 A. 58	M. 58 A. 58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
11	M. 45 A. 64	5.625 M. 61 5.24 A. 62	M. 61 A. 62	W.	Rain most of day	27	M. 47 A. 59	5.793 M. 60 5.765 A. 59	M. 60 A. 59	Cble.	Focensunsh. aftern. dull.
12	M. 48 A. 58	5.525 M. 59 5.641 A. 62	M. 59 A. 62	W.	Morn. h. rain aftwds. fair.	28	M. 47 A. 56	5.789 M. 63 5.704 A. 60	M. 63 A. 60	W.	Dull, but warm.
13	M. 48 A. 53	5.525 M. 59 5.408 A. 57	M. 59 A. 57	Cble.	Heavy rain most of day.	29	M. 48 A. 56	5.640 M. 60 5.625 A. 60	M. 60 A. 60	Cble.	Rain most of day.
14	M. 45 A. 50	5.252 M. 55 5.408 A. 55	M. 55 A. 55	Cble.	Foren. h. rain fair aftern.	30	M. 45 A. 54	5.679 M. 60 5.718 A. 60	M. 60 A. 60	Cble.	Rain morn. fair day.
15	M. 41 A. 56	5.325 M. 57 5.250 A. 56	M. 57 A. 56	Cble.	Rain most of day.	31	M. 45 A. 60	5.825 M. 60 5.840 A. 58	M. 60 A. 58	W.	Dull, with showers rain.
16	M. 43 A. 50	5.119 M. 54 5.150 A. 56	M. 54 A. 56	Cble.	Rain foren. fair aftern.						

Average of Rain, 3.675 Inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The Scotch "Saint Martin of Brillions," and the "Saint Swithin" of the South, having received their full complement of rain, the weather began to clear up about the 20th of August. The depth of rain that fell since that period does not amount to half an inch. The temperature has been sometimes low at night, approaching to frost in the highland districts. The mean for the last two weeks in August was 55°, and for what is past of the present month 54°, by observations taken in the central district of Scotland. Shearing commenced in the early districts about the beginning of the present month. In the highlands it will not be general before the 20th. Wheat, on dry lands, will yield a fine sample, but stalks rather thin. On low-lying grounds, where the crop was lodged, the straw has a dark appearance, and the ear is rather light, but, upon the whole, we do not think this species of grain will fall much short of an ordinary average. A considerable breadth of barley is now cut, and will yield a full average return. Oats are late, but the appearance is flattering. Beans will yield a better return than was at one time expected; but peas, on rich or retentive soils, will be very deficient; the straw being destroyed near the root by the rains, the pods that are formed cannot possibly fill. On dry soils, the appearance is more favourable. Turnips have improved considerably of late; on wet soils, where the foliage had become yellow by excessive moisture at the root, they will not recover a fair growth. Prices of grain begin to decline in the south, and as soon as the harvest is over, if the weather prove favourable, a corresponding fall will likely take place in general. The appearance of a full supply of winter fodder, and the present low price obtained for cattle, will induce farmers to keep on a full stock till the spring months. In forming a general estimate of the current crop over Scotland, we believe there is on the ground, at present, about one-fifth more of oats, one-third more of barley, one-tenth less of wheat, one-sixth less of beans, and one-half less of peas, than last year; but much still depends on the state in which the crop can be secured. A summary of English reports extracted from the Farmers Journal of the 5th inst. will give an idea of the nature of the crops in the south:

BEDFORDSHIRE.—Wheat above an average, and where well got, good in quality. The same may be said of barley; where the cultivation is good, some of the bean-fields as abundant in both straw and fruit as one could wish.

CORNWALL.—The wheat crop has evidently suffered greatly in the ear, from atmospheric influence, and will be found to yield much lighter than the general calculation. Barley a heavy and good crop, but much will be stained. Oats promise to yield well, but much laid. Cattle a dull sale.

CUMBERLAND.—Wheat tolerably bulky, though backward; harvest will not become general in less than a fortnight.

DERBYSHIRE.—It is not thought that wheat will exceed, if it reach an average crop. Oats likely to yield well; the same may be said of barley. Beans better than was expected; the thinnest peas likely to yield the best return.

DURHAM.—Wheat generally thin, and much broken down.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.—Wheat not thick, and will not be a heavy crop. A large breadth cut, and a good deal secured in good order. Barley and oats, on dry land, look well; on wet land, thin and short. Mean temperature for August 59° 5-8ths. It may be here remarked, that the mean at Annat Garden, Perthshire, was 55° 7-10ths; observations taken at both places in the same manner.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—Harvest commenced about the middle of August; much corn cut down last colour, and sprouted before the 27th.

SUFFOLK.—For some years, wheats never known to be more damaged, or worse got; less bulk than was expected. Oats by no means a crop. Beans late, and but few of them.

EAST-RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.—Wheat a lighter crop than was expected; a partial appearance of mildew, and a complaint of sprouts. Spring crop light. Barley backward.

WEST-RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.—The wheat crop will be found under an average. Beans not half so good as they once promised. Barley the best crop on the ground. Oats late.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat.				Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. 14-peck.	1823.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal.	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.								Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
Aug. 20	515	28 0 39 0	35 1		25 6 26 6	21 0 26 0	18 6 21 0	10	10	Aug. 19	445	1 5	92	1 2
27	590	26 0 39 0	32 8		20 0 23 0	18 0 23 0	19 0 21 0	10	8	26	417	1 5	76	1 2
Sept. 3	577	26 0 39 0	33 1		—	20 0 21 0	19 0 21 0	10	8	2	425	1 5	68	1 2
10	228	26 0 38 6	33 6		25 6 28 0	21 0 23 0	19 0 22 0	10	8	9	419	1 5	65	1 2

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs.				Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Brs. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.		Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.			
Aug. 21	30	—	—	31 0 33 6	17 9 22 0	19 0 24 0	—	28 0 32 0	23 0 27 0	19 0 22 8	50 32 0
28	30	—	—	31 0 33 6	17 9 22 0	19 0 24 0	—	28 0 32 0	23 0 27 0	19 0 22 8	50 32 0
Sept. 4	30	—	—	31 0 34 0	17 9 22 0	19 0 24 0	—	36 0 32 0	23 0 27 0	19 0 22 8	50 32 0
11	30	—	—	31 0 33 0	17 9 21 6	19 0 24 0	—	36 0 37 6	23 0 26 0	19 0 22 8	50 32 0

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat.				Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1823.	Oatmeal.			
	Bolls.	Prices.		Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.		
Aug. 22	515	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	Aug. 18	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
		27 0	36 6	32 11	28 6	31 0	20 0	24 0		18 0	91 9	1 5	
	363	27 0	36 6	31 9	22 0	23 0	22 26 0	21 0	25 0	25	18 0	91 5	1 5
Sept. 3	523	29 0	37 0	32 3	26 6	—	19 0	23 0	22 26 0	1	18 0	90 9	1 4
12	356	26 0	35 0	30 3	20 0	30 0	16 0	23 0	20 24 0	8	18 0	90 6	1 4

Dunfermline.

1823.	Wheat.				Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1823.	Oatmeal.			
	Bolls.	Prices.		Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.		
Aug. 22	515	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	Aug. 18	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
		27 0	36 6	32 11	28 6	31 0	20 0	24 0		18 0	91 9	1 5	
	363	27 0	36 6	31 9	22 0	23 0	22 26 0	21 0	25 0	25	18 0	91 5	1 5
Sept. 3	523	29 0	37 0	32 3	26 6	—	19 0	23 0	22 26 0	1	18 0	90 9	1 4
12	356	26 0	35 0	30 3	20 0	30 0	16 0	23 0	20 24 0	8	18 0	90 6	1 4

London.

1823.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
Aug. 18	40 61	30 32	29 37	21 28	25 31	35 40	32 37	38 40	37 40	50 55	42 50	— 9
25	40 60	30 32	29 37	22 29	26 33	35 40	32 37	36 38	37 40	50 55	42 50	— 9
Sept. 1	40 58	32 34	29 37	21 28	26 32	35 40	32 37	36 38	37 40	50 55	42 50	— 9
8	40 55	32 34	29 36	18 26	23 50	34 39	31 36	36 39	37 39	50 55	42 50	— 9

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat, 70 lb.	Oats, 45 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.		Oatmeal 70 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Arner. 196 lb.	Eng. Scots.
Aug. 19	4 6 9 9	5 4 5 7	4 9 5 3	38 44	36 41	28 50	44 51	42 50	30 32	28 31 24 28
27	4 6 9 9	5 5 5 6	4 9 5 3	38 44	36 40	28 50	47 51	46 49	30 54	28 31 24 27
Sept. 3	— — —	— — —	— — —	— — —	— — —	— — —	— — —	— — —	— — —	— — —
9	4 6 8 9	5 11 5 2	4 4 5 0	36 38	36 38	30 50	38 47	36 47	30 32	26 29 22 25

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
Aug. 9	60 4	36 6	32 9	23 5	35 4	34 3	—
16	58 10	34 5	34 2	24 7	35 8	36 5	—
23	58 8	33 0	34 3	25 3	36 10	37 9	—
30	57 8	36 3	35 2	25 8	36 10	36 5	—

Course of Exchange, London, Sept. 9.—Amsterdam, 12: 10. Ditto at sight, 12: 8. Rotterdam, 12: 11. Antwerp, 12: 9. Hamburgh, 38: 2. Altona, 38: 3. Paris, 3 days sight, 25: 85. Bourdeaux, 26: 5. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 159. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Lisbon, 52½. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 48. Dublin, 9½ ½ cent. Cork, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, 7 oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £.0.0.0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3.17.6.—New Doubloons, £.3.15.6.—New Dollars, £.0.4.9.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0.4.11.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. a 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. a 30s.—Belfast, 25s. a 30s.—Hambro', 20s. a 50s.—Madeira, 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. a 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from Aug. 20th to Sept. 10th 1823.

	Aug. 20.	Aug. 27.	Sept. 3.	Sept. 10.
Bank Stock.....	226	—	226½	—
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	83½	83½	83½	—
3 ½ cent. consols.....	82½	82½	82½	82½
3½ ½ cent. do.....	96½	96½	96½	97½
4 ½ cent. do.....	100½	100½	101	—
Ditto New do.....	101½	101½	101½	102½
India Stock.....	—	263½	—	—
— Bonds.....	58 59	63 64	64 61	—
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	28 30	31 33	36 35	35 37
Consols for account.....	82½	82½	82½	82½
French 5 ½ cents.....	93 fr. 25 c.	93 fr. 25 c.	—	90 fr. 40 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of July and the 20th of August 1823: extracted from the London Gazette.

Adams, J. Union-street, Southwark, oilman.
Alderson, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, surgeon.
Astor, W. H. Sun-street, Bishopgate-street, musical instrument maker.
Austin, J. Little St. Thomas Apostle, Chespeide, warehouseman.
Awty, R. H. Liverpool, dealer and chapman.
Baker, T. W. Foley-street, tallow-chandler.
Beart, J. Limehouse, timber-merchant.
Bond, J. Cawston, Norfolk, farmer.
Broadhead, W. H. and T. Artillery-court, Chiswell-street, printers.
Butcher, T. Holborn, victualler.
Clarke, J. L. Honiton, Devonshire, saddle-maker.
Cocker, G. H. Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, bill-broker.
Consitt, R. and R. Lee, Hull, merchants.
Copp, J. High-street, Bloomsbury, draper.
Crisp, C. and J. Harris, Bristol, shoemakers.
Davies, M. Bodynol, Montgomeryshire, farmer.
Dawson, H. Leeds, silk-mercere.
Drummond, W. Hull, draper.
Evans, D. Swansea, draper.
Evans, E. Bollingbrooke-row, Walsworth, baker.
Graves, J. and H. S. Langbourn Chambers, merchants.
Green, G. York-street, Covent-garden, woollen-draper.
Green, J. White-horse Terrace, Stepney, coal-merchant.
Harris, J. Llandarrog, Carmarthenshire, cattle-dealer.
Haseelden, J. Grub-street, horse-dealer.
Hawkins, J. U. Star Corner, Bermondsey, carpenter.
Holbs, T. Westminster-road, victualler.
Holroyd, W. Leadenhall-street, machine-maker.
Humphreys H. and W. Lacon, Liverpool, iron-founders.

Hopwood, J. Chancery-lane, bill-broker.
Jones, T. St John's-street, West Smithfield, stationer.
Kenning, G. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-man.
Ladd, Sir J. Cornhill, watch-maker and jeweller.
Lean, T. Liverpool, coach-maker.
Longworth, J. Liverpool, builder.
Lucas, J. Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road, musical instrument maker.
Mandate, E. Sebergham, Cumberland, lime-burner.
Middleton, R. King-street, Rotherhithe, merchant.
Morton, R. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, paper-hanger.
Pierry, J. and R. Saunders, Birmingham, edge-tool makers.
Ramsden, H. Walsworth, coach-master.
Reed, T. High Holborn, linen-draper.
Righton, J. Bristol, haberdasher.
Rogers, R. Piddle Hinton, Dorsetshire, farmer.
Rothwell, P. Runcorn, Cheshire, corn-dealer.
Saffery, E. Downham, Norfolk, farmer.
Seisacalaga, J. Old Bailey, merchant.
Shorthose, J. Hanley, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer.
Simpson, R. Watling-street, warehouseman.
Smith, J. Bradninch, Devonshire, paper-maker.
Smith, W. B. Bristol, innholder.
Squires, T. St. Albans, saddler.
Steward, M. H. Long-lane, Bermondsey, pump-maker.
Symes, K. Kingswood, Wilts, clothier.
Tabberer, B. Monmouth, currier.
Thornton, H. Thayer-street, oilman.
Truelove, W. Dunchurch, Warwickshire, farmer.
Warr, J. W. Davies, and T. Matthews, Tipton, Staffordshire, iron-masters.
Watts, E. V. covil, Somersetshire, butcher.
Wibberley, G. Liverpool, merchant.
Williamson, J. Withington, Lancashire.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced August 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Galletly, David, brewer and innkeeper in Perth.
Gardner, Andrew, merchant in Edinburgh.
Johnstone, Alexander, merchant in Edinburgh.
Kemp, David, merchant in Edinburgh.
Kerr, Robert, grocer and spirit dealer in Stirling.
Lindsay, Walter, grocer in Port Glasgow.
Mackintosh, Daniel, merchant in Glasgow.
Sloan, Arthur, cloth-merchant in Wigton.
Strachan, James, grocer in Inverkeithing.
Walker, Alex. merchant, formerly in Arbroath, now in Pathhead.

DIVIDENDS.

Bowie, John, merchant in Crail; by J. Schaw, writer in Cupar.

DIVIDENDS.

Duguid, William, jun. merchant in Aberdeen; by George Wilson, advocate there.
M'Arthur, George, grocer in Glasgow; by the Trustee there.
M'Caul, John, & Sons, merchants in Glasgow; by Mr Gordon, merchant there.
M'Leod, Rev. John, Glasgow; by James Kerr, accountant there.
Mutter, William, haberdasher in Edinburgh; by William Scott, accountant there.
Sorely, John, jun. ironmonger in Glasgow; by G. Sanders, accountant there.
Turner, Jas. hosiery in Dumfries; by R. Thorne, writer there.

Obituary.

THE LATE LORD NAPIER.

The Right Hon. Francis Lord Napier, Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire, who died on the 1st August, was son of William Lord Napier, by Mary Anna, daughter of Charles Lord Cathcart, was born in 1738, and succeeded his father in 1775. In 1784, he married Maria Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Clavering, by whom he has left William John, now Lord Napier, (who married Miss Cochrane Johnstone, and has two sons and three daughters,) Charles, and Henry Alfred, and four daughters. In early life, his Lordship served in the army, which he left about the close of the American war; but in the late French war he served as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hopetoun Fencibles, till that regiment was reduced. In 1796, his Lordship was elected one of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland, and in which he continued ever since, except in the Parliament summoned in 1806, which only sat one session.

In 1802 he succeeded David Earl of Leven as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which office he resigned in 1817, and was succeeded by William Earl of Errol. Upon his resignation, the unanimous thanks of the Assembly was voted to his Lordship for the manner in which he conducted himself in that high office; at the same time, they expressed their sincere regret at his resignation, after his long and faithful services. Lord Napier was highly respected, not only by his brother Peers, but by all ranks of the community. With great urbanity of manners, he supported the dignity of his rank, and was kind and affable to every person. As a husband, father, and friend, his conduct was highly praiseworthy and exemplary; in short, he displayed, during his life, every Christian virtue in an eminent degree, which makes his death sincerely lamented.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823, July 20. In Forth-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs A. Brodie, a son.

23. At Denmark Hill, Middlesex, the Lady of C. D. Gordon, Esq. a daughter.

— The Lady of Thomas Gifford, Esq. of Fairy Bank, Shetland, a son and heir.

25. At Laurencekirk, the wife of Lieut. Hall, a daughter.

26. At Aberdeen, the Lady of Major Henderson, royal engineers, a daughter.

27. At 18, Dublin-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Thornton, wife of Major Thornton, 15th light dragoons, a daughter.

28. Mrs James Monteith, Buchanan-Street, Glasgow, a son.

29. At Hohlernesse House, the Marchioness of Londonderry, a daughter.

31. At Silver Mills, near Edinburgh, Mrs Colonel Macbean, a son.

August 1. At No. 17, Dublin-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Stuart, a daughter.

3. In South-Street, Grosvenor Square, London, the Lady of Henry Laudsey, Bethune, Esq. a daughter.

4. At Kirkeudbright, Mrs Blair, younger of Borgeue, a son.

— Viscountess Torrington, of two sons.

5. At Gogar-house, the Lady of A. Maitland Gibson, Esq. younger of Clifton Hall, a daughter.

— At Crosshall, Mrs Marjoribanks, a son.

8. At Arton Villa, the Lady of John Gordon, Esq. a son and heir.

— At Hampstead, the Lady of John Fraser, jun. Esq. two sons.

9. At Howard Place, London, the Lady of Captain T. Hamilton, a daughter.

Aug. 3. Mrs J. A. Cheyne, No. 8. Castle-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— Mrs Edward D. Allison, 55, Kirkgate, Leith, a daughter.

10. At the manse of Longforgan, Mrs Walker, a daughter.

11. At Montrose, the Lady of Provost Jameson, a daughter.

13. At Dromona, county of Antrim, the Lady of William Cunningham, Esq. a daughter.

14. In Bedford Square, London, the Lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. a daughter.

— At Rehagus, the Lady of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, of Fountainhall, Baronet, a daughter.

15. At his house in the Canonigate, Edinburgh, the Lady of Henry Prager, Esq. a son.

16. At Edinburgh, Lady Isabella Weyman, a son.

17. At Grangehill, the Lady of Charles Hope Reid, Esq. R. N. a daughter.

18. At 45, York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Wishart, a son.

19. At Netherlay, Mrs Silver, a son.

— At Leith Links, the Lady of R. D. Menzies, Esq. a son.

— At Abbey Bank, near Kelso, Mrs Dr Douglas, a son.

21. At Springhill, the Lady of George Forbes, Esq. a son.

24. At Sankular, the Rev. Mrs Simpson, a son.

26. Mrs Douglas, 15, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

27. At Whitehouse, Burntsfield, the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Balfour, a son.

Lately, at Gosport, Leicestershire, the Countess Howe, a son.

— In Hill-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Chas. Stuart Allan Hay, C.B.C. K.M.E. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1823. July 12. At Stewardstown Church, county of Tyrone, Mr James Kennedy, historical painter, at the advanced age of 84, to Miss Mary Alder, aged 76!

21. At Bishop's Court, near Dublin, Earl Fitzwilliam, to Lady Ponsonby.

22. At Midlen manse, Andrew Buchan, Esq. Midlen, to Miss Helen Maclelland, youngest daughter of Thos. Maclelland, Esq. of Orchardton, Wigtownshire.

23. At Elgin, Alex. Bremner, Esq. (late 3d foot,) surgeon in Keith, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. Grant.

24. The Rev. James Stuart Murray Anderson, M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford, to Barbara Charlotte, second daughter of the late George Wroughton, Esq. of Newington House, Oxfordshire, and of Ardwick Hall, Yorkshire.

25. At Arbroath, Mr Robert Gordon, merchant, to Margaret, daughter of the late Provost Anderson.

26. At the manse of Wilton, the Rev. Joseph Thomson, minister of Ednam, to Margaret Hunter, daughter of the late Rev. Dr Hardie, minister of Ashkirk.

— At London, Lord Sidmouth, to the Hon. Mrs Townshend.

31. At Blunham, Bedfordshire, Richard Helley, Esq. of Wilton, to Carolina Letitia, eldest daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Dunoon.

— At Portobello, Lieut. J. R. Forrest, R. N. to Mary Munro, youngest daughter of the late James Cockburn, Esq. Haddington.

— In Yorkshire, Major-General Sir Edward Barnes, K.C.B. Governor of Ceylon, to Maria, eldest daughter of W. Fawkes, Esq. of Farnley Hall.

— At Edinburgh, Richard Poole, M.D. to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Caird, Surveyor of Taxes.

August 2. At Cheltenham, John Orrock, Esq. of Orrock, Aberdeenshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late James Cockburn, Esq. of Lime-Street Square, London.

— At St. Pancras, Alex. Delisser, Esq. surgeon, to Deborah, eldest daughter of the late John Crawford, Esq. Quebec; and, on the same day, at same place, Samuel James Douglas, Esq. Pol-muckhead, to Agnes Dickie, youngest daughter of the late John Crawford, Esq.

3. At Dalkeith, Captain J. Little, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Lucy Anne, only daughter of the late Colonel Willey, of his Majesty's 11th dragoon guards.

4. At Stewarton, Mr John Paterson, surgeon, to Miss Agnes Wallace, only daughter of Mr Alex. King, merchant there.

5. At the Church of St Mary, Lambeth, Surrey, George Logan, Esq. W. S. to Marion, second daughter of Thomas Manson, Esq. Lambeth Terrace.

— At Blair, Alexander Scot, Esq. of Trinity, to Madeline, second daughter of William Blair, Esq. of Blair.

6. In the parish church of Cossey, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Norwich, Thomas Alexander Frazer, Esq. of Lovat and Strichen, to Charlotte Georgina, eldest daughter of Sir George Jerningham, Bart. of Cossey hall; the marriage ceremony having been previously performed in the chapel of the hall, according to the rite and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, by the Rev. Frederick Hussenbeth, domestic chaplain to Sir George Jerningham.

— At Campbelltown, Mr Matthew Langlands, merchant, Limerick, to Janet, second daughter of William Watson, jun. Esq. merchant.

7. At Totteridge, Herts, the Hon. Capt. Granville George Wadgrave, R. N., eldest son of Admiral Lord Radeck, G.C.B., to Esther Caroline, youngest daughter of the late John Puget, Esq. of Totteridge, Herts.

— At Bath, John Campbell, Esq. Adjutant, royal marines, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Colonel Savary.

8. At Buccleuch-Street, Edinburgh, Mr Alex. Millar, merchant, Leith, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Mr Alex. Ferguson, dyer, Edinburgh.

— Isaac Bayley, Esq. Duke-Street, to Miss Baird, daughter of Principal Baird, Edinburgh.

— At Leith, Robert Ainslie, Esq. to Mary, daughter of James Ainslie, Esq.

Aug. 11. At manse of Towie, the Rev. Adam Smith, minister of that parish, to Isabella, daughter of Mr Alex. Smith, Tairland.

12. At London, F. Alexander, son of Sir William A. Cunyngame, Bart. to Ann, youngest daughter of Edward Earl, Esq. Chairman of the Board of Customs for Scotland.

— At Mauldsie Castle, John George Harallton, Esq. Glasgow, to Christina, youngest daughter of Henry Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, N. P.

— At Badmington, Gloucestershire, the Hon. Frederick Calthorpe, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Somerset, eldest daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

14. At the manse of Thurso, John Sutherland, Esq. late Captain 3d foot, or Buffs, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Mackintosh, minister of that place.

— At Blisby, near Alford, Lincolnshire, James Dunbar Muir, of Edinburgh, M. D., to Mrs Fieldsend, widow of the late John Fieldend of Blisby, Esq. and daughter of the late Willoughby Wood, of Thoresby Hall, in the county of Lincoln, Esq.

15. At Kirktonfield, William Morris, Esq. Perth, (Upper Canada), to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Cochran, Esq. of Kirktonfield.

21. At Pitliver House, Fifeshire, Charles Charlton, Esq. M.D. to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late William Reed, Esq. North Shields.

22. At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Traquair, minister of Rhynie, to Elizabeth Mary Bailie, niece of Mr Wm. Traquair, builder, Pitt-Street.

23. At Mollane, Richard Carson, Esq. of Liverpool, merchant, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Napier, Esq. of Mollane.

26. At Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, the Rev. J. Stevenson, to Laura Turtan, second daughter of John Gordon, Esq.

DEATHS.

1823. January 20. Lieut.-Col. William Lambton, superintendent of the Grand Trigonometrical Survey in India, while proceeding in the execution of his duty, from Hyderabad towards Nagpur, at Hingir Ghaut, 50 miles south of the latter place, aged 67.

29. At the Presidency, Madras, Lieutenant and Adjutant William Graham, of the 1st battalion 14th regiment native infantry, and only surviving son of Mrs Graham of Longtown.

March 20. On the passage from India, Mr Charles Stodart, son of Robt. Stodart, Esq. Queen Street, Edinburgh.

April 30. At St John's, Newfoundland, Mr Donald Hamilton McCalman, merchant—a native of the Isle of Islay.

— At the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Pearson, late Commander of the Hon. Company's ship General Hewitt.

May 28. At Demerara, at the age of 26 years, George Douglas Mackenzie, fifth son of Mr Gilbert Mackenzie, of Invershin, Sutherlandshire.

June 10. At Demerara, Peter Grant, Esq. many years resident in that colony.

June 29. At Quebec, Laughlin Smith, Esq. Seigneur of St Denis and La Poutriere. Mr Smith was a native of Inverness, Scotland, and is supposed to be upwards of 100 years of age. He served as a private in Gen. Wolfe's army at the taking of Quebec.

30. At Sierra Leone, of the malignant fever, which has for some time raged in that colony, Edward Fitzgerald, Esq. Chief Justice of that settlement.

July 7. At Montreal Cottage, near Perth, Margaret Alison, wife of Alex. Baifour, Esq. of Airly Lodge, Dundee.

10. At Truro, Nova Scotia, Mrs Jane McGorie, wife of Dr Suther, R. N.

11. At Stiffkey, Norfolk, Colonel Henry Loftus, of the Coldstream Guards.

14. At Port Glasgow, Elizabeth Thomson, wife of Captain George Spencer.

15. At Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina, Mr John Macadam, eldest son of Peter Macadam, Esq. of Easterhouse.

17. Miss Burt, of Barns.

19. At Dumoon, Mr William Reid, sen. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Viewfield, William Gibson, Esq. in the 51st year of his age.

July 19. At New Pitligo, Mrs Barbara Simpson, wife of the Rev. John Glegg, minister of the Scots Episcopal chapel at New Pitligo.

21. At Glasnevin, near Dublin, Viscountess Mountnorros, in the 48th year of her age.

22. At Kelvin Grove, James Dennistoun, jun.

22. At Aberdeen, Alexander Shireff, Esq. advocate.

23. At Paisley, the Rev. Dr Boag, first minister of the Abbey Parish, in the 78th year of his age and 50th of his ministry.

— At Bervie, Baile James Walker, aged 59.

24. At London, the Right Honourable the Earl of Farnham.

— At London, Major-General Sir Dennis Pack, K.C.B. C.T.S. and other orders, Colonel of the 84th foot, and Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth.

— At Links of Kirkcaldy, Mr David Pearson, brewer.

26. At Pitfour, Perthshire, James Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour.

26. At Taunton, Somersetshire, Judith Rose Duncan, widow of Wm. Duncan, Esq. late of Bath.

27. At Glasgow, Helen McLeroy, wife of John Hamilton, Esq.

30. At the White Lodge, Richmond Park, in the 57th year of his age, the Hon. Henry Addington, eldest son of Lord Viscount Sidmouth.

— At 28. Rankellor-Street, Edinburgh, Alex. Kincaid, Esq.

31. At Whitehill, near Musselburgh, Mr John Brown, brewer, Edinburgh, aged 26, second son of Mr Joseph Brown, Chelsea Court.

— At Dunblane, aged 65, John Coldstream, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of the western district of Perthshire.

— At Portobello, John Anderson, Esq. of Winterfield.

August 1. At Frasersburgh, Mr James Gray, merchant there, in the 63d year of his age.

— In Duncan-Street, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Cleghorn, widow of the Rev. Robert Little, minister of Applethart.

— At Dacre Lodge, the Right Honourable Francis, Lord Napier.

2. At Winchester, Charles Frederic Powlett, Lord Bayning.

Aug. 2. At Old Aberdeen, Dr James Brown, physician there.

— At his house, 51, York Place, Edinburgh, Andrew Pearson, Esq. of the Excise.

— At Glasgow, Isabella, youngest daughter of the late David Stirling, Esq.

— At Glen-Luggie, near Kirkintilloch, in the 85th year of her age, Mrs Mary Berrie, widow of the late John Watt, Esq. of Glenore.

3. Miss Jane Aitken, eldest daughter of Robert Aitken, Esq. brewer, Camischie.

4. At her house in Frederick-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Barbara Spankie, relict of Mr John Shirra, merchant in Glasgow.

— At her brother's house, Foxhall, Anna Sarah Rachel Waugh, youngest daughter of the late Robert Waugh, Esq. of Foxhall.

5. At Perth, Mr John Stewart, aged ninety-five. He served in the 42d regiment, at the battle of Ticonderago, where he was wounded in the arm and head. He was discharged on a small pension in 1758, and has been on the pension list these sixty-five years. He was the oldest Burgess in Perth, having entered the Guildry in September 1764. Mr Stewart was principally instrumental in procuring a place of public worship for the Highlanders in Perth, and he laid the foundation of the Gaelic Chapel in Canal-Street.

— At the manse of Culter, Elisabeth Howison, spouse of the Rev. William Strachan.

— At London, Captain Colin McLaurin, half pay 86th regiment.

— At Castlemeane, East Lothian, Elisabeth Martin, spouse of Mr David Hume, farmer there.

6. At Aberdeen, Mrs Ann Morrison, widow of the Rev. A. Neams, minister of Cluny.

— At Silver Mills, near Edinburgh, Mr James Cargil Muir, merchant, Edinburgh.

7. At London, Major-General Darby Griffiths.

— At Crieff, Mr Thomas Maccormack, distiller there.

8. Suddenly, at Otley, Miss Mary Ward, of that place. She had been so excessively terrified by the thunder storm of that day as to be thrown

into strong convulsion fits, which defied all medical and surgical aid, and terminated in her death the same evening.

Aug. 8. At Hartfield, Mrs Clementina Stirling, aged 67, relict of the late Mr James Duncan, bookseller, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

9. At Aberdeen, in his 29th year, Mr James Farquhar, merchant there.

9. At London, the Most Hon. Marquis Cornwallis, in the 40th year of his age.

— At Lochwinnoch, Thomas Reid, labourer. He was born 21st October 1745, in the clachan of Kyle, Ayrshire. The importance attached to this circumstance arises from his being the celebrated equestrian hero of Burns's poem, *Tam o' Shanter*. He has at length surmounted the "mosses, rivers, slaps, and stiles," of life. For a considerable time beyond he has been in the service of Major Hervey, of Castlesempole, nine months of which he has been incapable of labour, and to the honour of Mr Hervey be it named, he has, with a fostering and laudable generosity, soothed, as far as it was in his power, the many ills of age and disease. He, however, still retained the desire of being "fu' for weeks together."

— At his Lordship's residence, near London, in the prime of life, after a tedious illness, Richard, Viscount Powerscourt. His Lordship's decease leaves a vacancy in the Irish representative Peerage. His title and estates descend to his only son Richard, now Viscount Powerscourt.

— Margaret Parquhar Somerville, daughter of Dr Somerville, Hanover Square, London.

10. At Woolwich, Douglas Lawson, Esq. R. A.

10. At Dulwich, Miss Fisher, eldest daughter of the late Richard Fisher, Esq. Lorrto.

11. At Old Clochtow, parish of Saints, Aberdeen-shire, John Thoirs, in the 97th year of his age.

— At Brompton, Brooks Lawrence, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th light dragoons, in which regiment he served 38 years, and during the periods it was employed in the West Indies, Peninsula, and at Waterloo, where, in command of it at that memorable battle, he had two horses killed and two wounded under him, and for which he was distinguished by his brevet rank.

— At Gargunnoch House, Strirlingshire, Mrs Ann Weller, lady of the late Colonel Edington, of Gargunnoch.

12. At London, Lady Wilson, wife of Sir Robert Wilson, M. P.

12. At Jedburgh, the Rev. James Scott, minister of the Relief congregation.

— At Crutherland, Miss Isabella Barr Auchinvoile, second daughter of the late Mr Auchinvoile, merchant, Glasgow, aged 21 years.

13. At Houghton Nispiage, in the county of Durham, William Ironside, Esq. late of the 68th regiment of foot.

14. In Tiviot Row, Edinburgh, Mr Jas. Liddle, late carver and gilder.

— At Lochgelly, the Rev. David Greig.

15. At Whitehill Cottage, near Bristol, George Walker, Esq. of the King's Remembrancer's Office, Exchequer, London.

16. At Edinburgh, Mrs Rachel Playfair, widow of James Playfair, Esq. architect, London.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Whyte, merchant, Leith.

16. At Tipperin, Mrs Margaret Carmichael, widow of the late Mr James Carmichael, Comptroller of the Customs at Port Patrick.

17. At New Saughton, George, second son of James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.

18. At his house, 64, Prince's-Street, Edinburgh, Mr Robert Ewart.

— At Murrie, Miss Yeaman of Murrie.

19. At Sheffield, Bedfordshire, in his 57th year, Robert Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," &c. &c. His constitution, naturally weak, had of late become alarmingly impaired; every fresh attack left him still weaker; the last, it was feared, had he survived it, would have fixed him in a state of mental aberration, to which himself and dearest friends must have preferred his death.

— At Whitehorn, aged 75, John Milroy, Esq. who for upwards of forty years held the office of Town Clerk to that Burgh.

21. At Edinburgh, Eliza Francis Longmore, daughter of the late George Longmore, Esq. Medical Staff, Quebec.

To Correspondents.

WE have received a letter from Mr W. M. Borthwick, complaining of certain alleged inaccuracies in our report of the discussion of his case in the House of Commons in August last, and containing what we have every reason to believe a correct statement of the facts. In justice to Mr Borthwick, we deem it our duty to publish his communication, suppressing merely a few unguarded or intemperate expressions, relative to individuals, which weaken rather than strengthen his case, which neither prudence nor good feeling will permit us to publish. It is proper to add, that the department of Parliamentary Intelligence, &c. is not under the direction of the Editor, but of another individual, who alone is responsible for what appears in that portion of the Magazine.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN the number of your Magazine for August last, there appears, under the head "Parliamentary Intelligence," (page 243,) what purports to be a report of what took place in the House of Commons, when my case was there brought under consideration by the Hon. James Abercromby, but which is exceedingly erroneous, and however unintentional on your part—as I believe it was—is not the less prejudicial to me. As a matter of justice, therefore, I trust you will give publicity to the correctory statement which follows:—

I did not, as stated in the Magazine report, "abruptly enter the office of Alexander, break open his desk, and carry off his papers, under pretence of some unliquidated debt said to be due by Alexander." It is, no doubt, true, that I had agreed to a dissolution of the copartnership between me and Alexander, for it was high time for me to do so; but my agreement was conditional: and as Alexander did not purify the condition, I, without taking the law into my own hands, commenced legal proceedings against him before the Magistrates of Glasgow, for the purpose of either compelling implement of the conditions, or of enabling me again to take possession of my property. The Magistrates gave Alexander his option, and allowed him ample time to fulfil the pecuniary stipulations of the agreement; but as he did not avail himself of the indulgence thus given him, though the time within which he ought to have done so was long past, *the Magistrates found that I was still a partner; AND THIS JUDGMENT WAS ALLOWED TO BECOME FINAL.* It was pronounced on 14th February, and I did not resume possession under it until the 1st March. Nor was that measure taken abruptly, or without premonition; for, on 27th February Mr Alexander Ure, my agent and procurator before the Magistrates, wrote to Alexanders agent in these terms:—"Sir,—Unless the settlement is effected, Mr Borthwick *must, of course, forthwith take the alternative of resuming possession.*" Nothing could be more fair, or more attentive even, than this mode of proceeding. And when I did enter into possession on 1st March, that step was taken, not clandestinely, but before witnesses. Alexander made no ostensible opposition to this resumption of possession; on the contrary, so far as appearances went, it was acquiesced in; but to get rid of my presence by indirect means, Alexander, in concert with a James Robertson, Bookseller, Parliament Square, Edinburgh, got from Robertson a caption, *on a debt which had long previously been paid;* and using that caption as if the debt had still been due, Alexander threw me most abruptly and oppressively into jail. This, too, was done at a time when I was prosecuting Alexander for £.108 of monies, which, as my *hired servant*, he had uplifted for me, but *applied to his own use;* and for that sum I obtained decree against him. By Alexander and Robertson's conduct, grounds were afforded for an action of Damages to a very great amount, and an action was raised, but the bankruptcy of both these individuals prevents me from obtaining any redress. That I might regain my liberty, Mr Henderson, my agent at Hamilton, to whom I had shown receipts that satisfied him that nothing of the debt on which the caption was raised, and for which I had been imprisoned, was due, consigned the money in the hands of the Jailor, after I had suffered an illegal and oppressive imprisonment of ten days. One object of taking this prompt method of purchasing my liberty, at the expence of paying a debt a second time, was, that I might be able to see my friends per-

ministers—things which, in popular estimation, are very apt to be confounded; while the friends of a limited monarchy are indignant at beholding the royal authority so much reduced, the King in the hands of a junta of *Comuneros*, and the sovereign power transferred to mere adventurers, who, without any weight or authority in the state, have been promoted to the highest offices in the Government, by the agency and intrigues of secret societies. By the Constitution, moreover, property has, to a certain extent, been deprived of its legitimate influence in the Government. It has, indeed, been laid down as a maxim, that the sovereignty resides essentially in the nation, which, as a general principle, is unquestionably true; but then the aristocracy are without any distinct representation, and are, in fact, virtually excluded from all participation in the Government. The nobility and the great landed proprietors, as well as the clergy, are, therefore, the natural enemies of the present order of things, and can reckon, on their side, a considerable majority of the people, who are seldom enthusiasts in favour of that which, while it is opposed to ancient and inveterate prejudices, calls upon them to make sacrifices in its support. History has shown that no form of Government can long make head against such opposition, and that premature attempts to reform long-established abuses, by out-running the feelings and prejudices of the public mind, have proved more fatal to the cause of national liberty, than all the plots and machinations of confederated despots. In the existing state of matters, therefore, even neutrality is hostility; for it never was more true than in the case of the Constitutional party at the present moment, that he that is not for them is against them, and that every man who refuses to lend his arm in their defence diminishes by so much their chances of ultimate success.

It is, indeed, agreed on all hands, even by the more moderate and reasonable of the popular party, that some modification is indispensably necessary in the Constitution of 1812; but it is alleged, that to submit to any such alteration at the

suggestion of a foreign power, which backs its recommendation by a hundred thousand bayonets, would be sanctioning a principle of the most pernicious and arbitrary character, as well as derogatory to the honour and dignity of an independent nation. This is certainly an unanswerable argument. There is no principle of natural justice, or international law, which can justify one state in intermeddling with the internal concerns of another, or in compelling it, by force of arms, to alter its institutions, and acknowledge a doctrine incompatible with every notion of public liberty. Every country has an inherent right to alter or modify its Government at its pleasure, so long as it does not interfere with the well-being or tranquillity of its neighbours, or it is no longer independent. For, were the contrary principle to be admitted, any state would be justified in demanding of all others, that they should assimilate their Government and institutions to its own. We do not believe, that, with the exception of the French *Ultras*, there is a man in existence who does not consider the invasion of Spain by France as one of the most unjustifiable and profligate acts which have ever disgraced even the Bourbon dynasty. If the principle is to be admitted, that the people can enjoy no political rights and privileges, except such are conceded by, and emanate from the Sovereign, then the British Constitution itself will fall to be proscribed, as well as that of Spain; and that redoubtable warrior, the Duke of Angoulême, may be sent, with his reforming bayonets, to adjust matters in this country, to the taste of King Louis and the French *Ultras*. We should, in all probability, give him a warmer reception than he has met with in Spain, and, perhaps, render his work not altogether a pleasant one, either for himself or his brother heroes; but as far as the principle is concerned, the supposed case of Britain, and the actual one of Spain, are perfectly identical. Nay, after they have restored to Spain the unspeakable blessings of Ferdinand and the Inquisition, they may next proceed to Greece, to teach that brave people,

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

OCTOBER 1823.

QUIN'S VISIT TO SPAIN *.

At the present moment, when the cause of liberty in Spain is, we fear, about to share the same fate as in Naples and Piedmont, and when the apathy that seems to prevail among a people who were so lately described as animated with all the patriotic enthusiasm of 1807, and as burning with impatience to combat the invaders of their country, has excited universal astonishment, the present volume will be read with peculiar interest. The information which it conveys, regarding the tone of public feeling and the state of parties in Spain, is indeed singularly disheartening; and as the author, though a man of intelligence and observation, is, from principle, unfriendly to the Revolution, his views might, on that account, be received with considerable allowances, and even some degree of suspicion; but, unhappily, the events which are daily occurring are of such a complexion as, in a great measure, to confirm his statements, and to prepare us to look for the speedy extinction of the Constitutional cause in the Peninsula. The French have hitherto met with no resistance in any degree creditable to the patriotic arms, while their operations have been effectually seconded by the indifference, or the ill-disguised par-

tiality of the people, and the treachery or incapacity of the Constitutional Generals. Enthusiasm there is little or none, except among a few of the *exaltados* of either party; the general wish of the people is for peace, at any sacrifice.

Nor is this state of things much to be wondered at. In the eyes of the great body of the people, the Constitution must appear to have been productive of nothing but mischief. It has promulgated doctrines on the subject of civil and religious liberty, which the public mind was not enlightened enough to entertain; it has split the country into two adverse factions, and sown the seeds of intestine discord, and of civil war; and it has entailed upon it the horrors of a fresh war, before it had time to recover from the losses and disasters of the preceding one. Moreover, a great number of influential persons believe that, by prudence and wisdom on the part of their rulers, the war might have been avoided; and they do not seem to consider that they would be any great gainers, were their arms ultimately to prove victorious. The rash and premature appropriation of church property to the service of the state has also deeply disgusted a people remarkable for their attachment to their religion and its

* A Visit to Spain; detailing the transactions which occurred during a residence in that country, in the latter part of 1822 and the first four months of 1823. With an account of the removal of the Court from Madrid to Seville; and general notices of the manners, customs, costume, and music of the country. London, Hurst, Robinson & Co., 1823.

military man will pretend to say that the Allies would ever have been able to enter Paris, except as prisoners; and had they been compelled to retreat, the consequences are as obvious as they would have been fatal. The Confederation of the Rhine, which abandoned the Emperor only by compulsion, would have once more declared in his favours; Austria, connected by so powerful ties with the imperial dynasty, and invariably actuated by a timid and time-serving policy, would probably have retired from the alliance; Prussia was exhausted, and could not have continued the war; the Russians were fifteen hundred miles from their own country and their resources; and the enthusiasm of the French nation would, in all likelihood, have been revived. It is, therefore, manifest, that the Allied Powers, and pre-eminently Russia, owed their salvation to the Spaniards. Let us now observe the conduct of the latter power.

In the beginning of 1812 the Spaniards proclaimed the Constitution, which was solemnly recognised by the Emperor Alexander in the same year, and which was abolished solely by violence in 1814. It is well known that the revolution of March 1820 only restored that which Ferdinand had sworn to maintain, and had destroyed, and which Russia had deliberately and publicly acknowledged in the face of all Europe. Yet, in the note of Count Nesselrode to the Charge d' Affaires of Russia at Madrid, dated Verona, the 26th Nov. 1822, it is stated, that "when, in the month of March 1820, some PERJURED SOLDIERS turned their arms against their Sovereign and their country, to impose upon Spain laws which THE PUBLIC REASON OF EUROPE, enlightened by the experience of ages, STAMPED WITH ITS HIGHEST DISAPPROBATION, the Allied Cabinets, and particularly that of St. Petersburg, hastened to point out the calamities that would follow in the train of institutions which consecrated military revolt, by the very mode of their establishment." Now, to appreciate the truth of the charge that Riego and his associates were "*perjured soldiers*," it is only necessary to mention a fact which is known to every soldier of the British Army

who fought in the Peninsula; namely, that the Constitution was publicly read, and solemnly sworn to by every Spanish brigade under arms, the British troops attending upon the occasion, and Lord Wellington with his staff assisting in the ceremony, to which every possible degree of military eclat was given. Now, as we have already stated, this Constitution, to which the Spanish forces thus openly and publicly, with the countenance and approval of the Commander-in-chief of the army of Britain, took an oath of allegiance, was recognised, in the same year, by the Autocrat of all the Russias, and two years thereafter abolished by violence! Did this abolition, we would ask, free the Spanish troops from the obligation of the oath they had solemnly sworn, or can tyrannical violence destroy the highest and most sacred of moral sanctions? Such a doctrine will not surely be maintained any where but in Muscovy. So much, then, for the "*perjured soldiers*." It follows, likewise, that these "*perjured soldiers*" imposed no laws upon Spain, except such as the Emperor Alexander himself had "*stamped with his highest approbation*;" or, in other words, they revived that Constitution which, whether good or bad, they had sworn to maintain and defend, and which had been put down solely by force, and a despotism—which endured six years, and consigned to the dungeon, to the scaffold, or to exile, the men who had delivered their country, and replaced Ferdinand on the throne of his ancestors—erected in its stead. Taking these circumstances into consideration then, it is not much to be wondered at that the Spanish minister, San Miguel, should have declared this note "*a tissue of lies and calumnies*," and totally unworthy of an answer. As to the "*calamities*" which the cabinet of St. Petersburg so generously "*hastened to point out*," as likely to "*follow in the train of institutions*," which are falsely described as "*consecrating military revolt*," it is notorious to the whole world, that these "*calamities*" (or, in other words, the civil war, which has paralyzed the efforts of Spain) are the work of the French Government, aided and

abetted by a conclave of sovereigns, who have conspired to put down liberty, and whose obvious wish it is that there should not be a single freeman found from the shores of the Caspian to Cape Finisterre.

Now, upon the evidence of these facts, we do say, that the conduct of the Allied Sovereigns in regard to Spain, particularly those of Russia and France, has been characterized by a degree of baseness, hypocrisy, perfidy, and ingratitude, almost without parallel, even in the case of the partition of Poland, or in the more recent one of the crusades against Naples and Piedmont; and that whatever may be the defects of the Spanish Constitution, and the feeling of the majority of the people in regard to it, the matter concerns the Spaniards alone; and, as an independent nation, they have every possible right to maintain, or to alter and modify that Constitution at their pleasure; while the attempt to compel them, by force of arms, to change their institutions, and to admit a doctrine "WHICH THE PUBLIC REASON OF EUROPE HAS STAMPED WITH ITS HIGHEST DISAPPROBATION," is an act of the most monstrous injustice which one nation can inflict upon another, and, in the existing state of men's minds on the subject of political rights, cannot long pass with impunity. But we must now proceed to our author.

Mr Quin's account of the leading men of the present Spanish ministry will be read with much interest. The portraits he has given are certainly, upon the whole, unfavourable, and may have received a little dark colouring from his own bias against the system of which they are the organs; but they have, nevertheless, an air of impartiality which looks like truth. It seems the finance minister, Egea, "considers the modern science of political economy as a mere farce," upon the same ground, we presume, that Dr Johnson undervalued the mathematics, of which he had never been able to master even the elements. We do not call in question his contempt for the science, any more than we do his gross ignorance of its first principles, of which his country is now reaping the fruits; but we were a good deal

amused to find him complimented on this score, by a writer of the country which has produced such men as David Hume and Adam Smith.

The ministry of Martinez de la Rosa having lost its moral influence in the country, in consequence of a general, though, perhaps, an unjust suspicion, that they favoured the mutiny of the royal guards on the 7th of July 1822, a new ministry was formed, composed of men who were marked out for their determined zeal in support of the Constitution. At the head of the new ministry is Evaristo San Miguel. He was chief of the staff in the army of the Isla, and performed his duties in a blameless manner. After this he became one of the principal members of the party of Freemasons, to which he owes his elevation. It may be here observed, that this party was originally formed in Cadiz in the year 1812, and in the beginning they adopted the same system of toleration and philanthropy which is held by all the Freemasons of Europe. In 1814, upon the return of Ferdinand, and the re-establishment of the monstrous tribunal of the Inquisition, they were persecuted with peculiar malignity. But their internal organization serving them with the means of active secret communication, they formed the design of restoring liberty, and they exerted themselves strenuously to accomplish that object. The unsuccessful conspiracies of Lacy and of Portier were planned and supported by this association. At last they were fortunate in the famous revolution of the Isla. All the operations of the Army which proclaimed the Constitution were arranged in the Lodges, and every thing done through the medium of freemasonry.

San Miguel is a young man who has acquired scarcely any political knowledge, and has not the slightest tact for diplomacy, extremely irritable, and impatient of censure, however gentle the form in which it may be conveyed. In distributing the various offices attached to his department, he has been charged with great partiality—a charge, indeed, to which every minister is liable, because he very naturally has the greatest confidence in those private friends with whose characters and abilities he is best acquainted. It is further charged against him, that he has not originated one single measure which indicates a profound and happy genius, since he has been invested with office. He gets through the routine business with sufficient industry, but there is about him no attribute of a

statesman. He was one of the editors of the journal called the *Espectador*, immediately before his elevation to office; and it is understood that he continues to support, as well as to control, that paper by his writings.

Lopez Banos, the Minister of War, was one of the Generals who commanded in the Army of the Isla. He evinced, however, some delay in joining the Constitutional party. He is considered a good soldier, but not skilled in what may be called the scientific division of his department.

Gasco, the Minister of the Interior, is considered to be a man of a firm and decided character. He is of active habits, and attached to liberty. He was an advocate, a profession comparatively obscure in Spain, because the Cortes are not founded on a public basis; besides, Gasco never acquired any eminence as a lawyer. It is believed that he has a sincere love for his country. He listens with affability to the advices which are occasionally given to him, but his great defect is, that he is not "up to the age."

The Minister of Grace and Justice, Navarro, is the declared enemy of all the usurpations and abuses of the Court of Rome. He is well versed in the canon laws, of an intelligent mind, but rather backward in that general reading which is necessary to a man who would express himself in Cortes in a lucid and impressive manner. He is of an austere, unamiable character, and rather a logician than a statesman.

Probity is a rare quality in the Spanish cabinet. It is affirmed, however, that the finance minister, Egea, is scrupulously honest. He works hard, is sufficiently acquainted with the routine of his office, has good intentions, but little resolution. He considers the modern science of political economy as a mere farce.

Not so the ultra-marine minister, Vellido, who is well grounded in political economy, and a man of literature and knowledge. He was an advocate at Cadiz. He is blamed as too docile, and incapable of firm resolution. He has written some excellent works on the necessity of a free trade, for which he is a zealous partisan. He is considered a man of moderation and virtue.

The man who has perhaps acquired most weight in the ministry, after San Miguel, is Capez, the minister of marine. When he was in Peru, he surrendered to Lord Cochrane the fine frigate of war the *Maria Isabel*, in a manner far from being honourable to his courage. It must, however, be observed, that most

of the operations of this minister have been commented upon in violent, which is not always just, language. He is a decided enemy to South American independence, and to his representations is chiefly to be imputed the unfortunate policy which infects this, as well as the former governments, of sending out expeditions to the American continent. Report, perhaps calumny, says, that these expeditions are not unproductive of gain to himself and his friends. Such is the preponderance which he has acquired in the state, that there are not a few of his party who desire his fall, that they may have at least a chance of succeeding him.

The treasurer-general, Yandiola, has no seat in the cabinet, but he is intimately connected with the present ministers, and generally consulted by them on all financial questions. He is rather a young man, forward, well educated; but though his manners are elegant and engaging, he has not been able to conciliate public opinion, which, from the beginning, has been adverse to him.

Besides the ministers, the leading men of Cortes, Augustin and Canga Arguelles, Galiano, Isturitz, and a great majority of that body, are of the party called Freemasons. It must be understood that in Spain the Society of Freemasons is chiefly of a political character. The members composing it are persons who co-operated for the restoration of the constitution in 1820; hence they were so closely connected with the troops, who assisted them with such effect on that occasion, that they naturally adopted principles which every day tended more and more to subject the country to the rule of a stratocracy.

One of the principal causes, no doubt, which have paralyzed the exertions of the Government, and contributed to the success of the invaders, is the deplorable condition of the Spanish finances. From the report laid before the Cortes, on the 5th of March 1822, it appears that the deficiency of the general revenue, for the two previous financial years, amounted to 191,255,313 reals; and in the report laid before the Cortes in the November of the same year, the estimated deficit, for the present financial year, was stated at 266,000,000 reals,—the estimated receipts being 550,000,000 reals, and the estimated expenditure 816,000,000. But, in addition to these, there was a third deficit, more alarming than all the rest, as it affected the cur-

rent means of the year ; for the actual fell below the estimated receipts by no less than 161,000,000 reals ; thus making a total deficit of 618,255,313 reals, or about £6,182,553. Mr Quin was present at the discussion of the report, and professes his astonishment, as he well might, at the manner in which the evil was attempted to be glossed over. It was contended, that the deficit of 161,000,000 reals for the current year had been calculated upon data taken from the months of June, July, and August, when the country was kept in a state of alarm by the events in the capital, and the proceedings of the " factious ;" that though a delay might have taken place in the payment of the taxes, it did not follow that they would never be paid ; and that the Government had it in their power to render effective the means granted to them. Such were the arguments urged by Egea, who " considers the modern science of political economy as a mere farce," and sanctioned by the whole Cortes : yet, in Navarre, Calatayud, Lerida, and Gerona, the people had actually resisted the demands of the collectors ; and when the commanding officers in the provinces were called upon for military assistance to enforce payment of the imposts, they answered, that they had no troops to spare, because, in fact, there was not money to pay them. Money constitutes the sinews of war ; and from the above statement, it is clear that the Government, at the period of its greatest need, when retrenchment was impossible, and when the country was threatened with invasion by a foreign power, and required extraordinary means to meet the exigency, had to struggle with a great deficiency in the ordinary revenue. Nor do they seem to have displayed any energy, or any resources of political knowledge and wisdom in this trying emergency. On the contrary, either from ignorance, or from a vain and useless desire to induce foreign countries to think that the finances of Spain had not been materially affected by her intestine divisions, they persisted in reasoning in a circle, and in promulgating sophisms so clumsy and transparent, that the most shallow disciple of the " modern science"

could not fail to see through them. So true is the remark of the gallant and unfortunate Moore, that " the wisdom of the Spaniards is not (always) a wisdom of action !"

Mr Quin was present when the Notes of the Allied Powers were read to the Cortes by M. San Miguel, and has described the effect they produced in a very striking and graphical manner.

It was not generally known that these important documents would be read to the Cortes ; and, in consequence, the public galleries were not crowded, though rather well attended. Sir William A'Court was in the ambassador's tribune, to which also several English gentlemen were by his politeness admitted. The attendance of the deputies was full.

The Cortes had been previously engaged upon a question relating to ecclesiastical property ; but from the manner in which it was treated, it was easy to perceive that the minds of the deputies were full of anxiety and fervour upon another subject. Now and then this sentiment broke out, and there was a partial cheer, when Senor Velasco, a clergyman, said, " I have learned to suffer privations, but there is no sacrifice which I can deem too great for the benefit of Spain ; and even though I were about to become the victim of indigence, still my last resources should be exhausted for the Constitution and the liberty of the nation." This discussion was suspended when the secretaries of state entered the hall of the Cortes, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and M. San Miguel appeared in the rostrum. Upon the instant every person present was breathless with attention, and the silence that pervaded the hall, the tribunes, and galleries, was as profound as if it were a desert.

After a short preface, he proceeded to read the note transmitted by the French government to Count La Garde, which, having been already familiar to the deputies and strangers, excited little attention. San Miguel's enunciation is bad. He read in a dull, monotonous voice, as if he were a school-boy conning over his lesson before a severe master. He gave no emphasis to those sentences even in the answer to the French note, which was understood to be from his own pen. Yet no aid of elocution was necessary to render every word that fell from him impressive in the highest degree. When he came to that passage of his answer which says that Spain was indifferent as to the results of the Congress of Verona,

because "secure of its principles, and firm in the determination of defending, at every hazard, its present political system and national independence," there was a general burst of enthusiasm, many of the deputies and the spectators clapping their hands. These applauses were renewed at the close of almost every subsequent paragraph; and when this paper was concluded, they were continued for several minutes.

The Austrian note was heard in silence, until the minister came to the words, "and a *military rebellion* never can form the basis of an auspicious and permanent government;" there was a short murmur of indignation, which would have been louder but for the intense desire that was felt to hear distinctly what followed. The assembly, taking it altogether, seemed struck with surprise at the light in which this note represented the history of the Spanish revolution. When they heard it said that the principal instruments of the Spanish revolution had excited Naples and Piedmont to follow the example of the Peninsula; Riego, Galiano, Arguëlles, and others, smiled at the assertion, wondering at the hardness of Metternich, who could put forth such a falsehood. Yet it was soon evident that this note, the result of Metternich's experienced wisdom, was drawn up with tact, and a knowledge of human nature; for before the general indignation was raised to its height, it was wonderfully softened by that appeal to national pride which was so artfully wrought up in the allusion to the peculiar position of Austria. "The house of Austria, looking to its own history, cannot but find in it the most powerful motives of friendship, solicitude, and sympathy for a nation which is able to record with just pride ages of glorious recollections, during which the sun never set upon her dominions; and which, possessing respectable institutions, hereditary virtues, religious sentiments, and love for her kings, has distinguished herself in every age by a patriotism always faithful, always generous, and very frequently heroic." This just and eloquent passage had an electric effect: you saw that the men were for a moment subdued; for flattery, so finely covered and directed, could not fail to touch every chord of national feeling. But this result was only for the moment; for, although the remainder of the note was framed in language alternately soothing and severe, the terms in which the King was spoken of, as a captive deprived of his liberty, and the authors of the Constitution represented as acknowledging its imprac-

ticability, excited unqualified hostility. When the note was concluded, however, there was no very general expression of indignation, as its effect was in some measure qualified by the friendly and admonitory tone in which it ended.

After pausing a few minutes, San Miguel proceeded to read the note from Prussia. Every thing depends chiefly upon the manner in which it is done. There was a great deal of flattery in the commencement of the Prussian note: but it sounded hollow, and evidently appeared as if thrown in by a command which said, "Put down something in the beginning to cajole them." The consequence was, it was laughed at. The dignity of the assembly could scarcely be preserved when that passage was read, which stated that the Cortes "presented nothing more than a conflict of opinions and objects, and a struggle of interests and passions, in the midst of which the most foolish resolutions and propositions have been constantly crossed, combated, or neutralized." This picture of the Cortes and its debates, if not false, was at least well calculated to excite laughter, by the zeal which it professed to entertain for those propositions, which it terms "the most foolish." The remainder of the note, which is full of invectives against the Constitution, was received with indignation, not unfrequently interrupted by strong expressions of contempt.

But all the rage of the Cortes—or rather, I might say, of the general assembly, for the spectators in the galleries seemed to form an integral part of the meeting—all the rage of this anxious assembly appeared to be reserved for the Russian communication. The sentence commencing the second paragraph, "when in the month of March, 1880, some *perjured* soldiers turned their arms against their sovereign and their country," &c. was frequently interrupted by murmurs from the galleries and the deputies, and amidst these the former exclaimed more than once, "*Abajo el tirano!*" (down with the tyrant,) uttered with a fierceness of tone peculiarly Spanish.

During the time the minister was reading this paper, the agitation among the deputies was extreme. Some turning from one side to the other in a state of painful suffering; some raising their hands on high, in astonishment; some looking intensely on the minister, their faces fired with vengeance; some, the elders of the senate, fixed like rocks, against which the waves and storms of ages have toiled in vain. In every man's countenance you might read a different

mode of expression ; but in all, the thing expressed was the same—horror at the violent misrepresentations which they believed these notes contained, and a burning desire, not only to resist the aggressions which menaced their Spain, but to rush forth to avenge the insults which were flung upon her liberty and honour.

It was observable, that frequently the deputies fixed their eyes attentively on the ambassador's tribune, in which Sir William A'Court and several English gentlemen were seated. They looked on this tribune as representing that great and free country from which they had as yet experienced nothing but friendship, and from which they ardently hoped to meet with assistance. When in the notes a sentence of peculiar despotism was read, many an eye was raised to that box, to read the impression which it made there. Sir William A'Court's countenance gave them neither hope nor despair ; but several of his countrymen took very few pains to restrain that abhorrence which these documents must ever excite in the breasts of men who know what freedom is, and are resolved to maintain it. These expressions of sympathy were anxiously looked for by the deputies, and afforded them evidently great satisfaction. They remarked upon them one to the other, and occasionally smiled.

San Miguel concluded with reading the copy of a circular note, which was to be sent to the Spanish ministers at each of the three northern courts, and in which it was stated that the despatches transmitted by those courts were so full of distorted facts, injurious suppositions, unjust and calumnious criminations, and vague demands, that they required no formal answer : but that the government would take a more convenient opportunity for publishing to the nations its sentiments, principles, and resolutions.

As soon as the reading of these documents was over, the president of Cortes said, " The Cortes have heard the communication which the government of his majesty has just made. Faithful to their oath, and worthy of the people whom they represent, they will not permit that any alterations or modifications shall be made in the Constitution by which they exist, except by the will of the nation, and in the manner which the laws prescribe. The Cortes will give to the government of his majesty every means for repelling the aggression of those powers who may dare to attack the liberty, the independence, and the glory of the heroic Spanish nation, and the dignity and

splendour of the King's Constitutional throne."

This well-timed reply was received with a peal of *vivas* that lasted for several minutes. The deputies all rose in a confused manner, and shouted *viva la Constitucion, viva la soberania nacional*, in which they were enthusiastically joined by the people in the galleries.

As soon as order was in some measure restored, Senor Galiano moved that a message should be sent to the King, to assure him of the determination of the Cortes to " sustain the lustre and independence of the constitutional throne, the sovereignty and rights of the nation, and the Constitution by which they exist ; and that for the attainment of such sacred objects, there were no sacrifices which they would not decree, convinced that they would be made with enthusiastic readiness by all Spaniards, who would subject themselves to endure the whole catalogue of evils, rather than bargain with those who would attempt to defile their honour, or to attack their liberties."

The greater number of the deputies rose in a body to approve this proposition by acclamation ; whilst others, as well as the mover, were attempting at the same time to speak in support of it. Some cried out that the proposition was unanimously agreed to ; others, that no vote was required, that Senor Galiano's voice was that of the National Congress. In the midst of this enthusiastic confusion, Senor Sanchez was heard to say, that " Europe and the whole world ought to know, that the Spanish nation desired peace, but refuses not war ; and that it is determined to repeat even to excess its former sacrifices rather than suffer an attempt upon its independence, or recede one step in its Constitutional system."

The motion was then carried by acclamation ; after which, upon the suggestion of Senor Arguelles, it was referred to the diplomatic committee to draw up a minute of the proposed message to the King, and to present it to Cortes at the expiration of forty-eight hours. This distance of time was named, in order to allow the minds of the deputies to cool before they delivered their opinions upon the notes which had been read. For, as Senor Galiano observed, " to-day this discussion would be violent, tempestuous, and agitated, and another day it will be temperate, calm, and majestic, such as becomes the Spanish nation, always grander when dangers become greater, moderate and dignified even when it sees itself attacked by means the most villainous and base." When this debate, if

such it might be called, was concluded, the deputies and spectators renewed their applause; several of the former were seen to embrace each other who had been hitherto adversaries in sentiment, among them Galiano and Augustin Arguelles, rivals in eloquence, and leaders of distinct, though not opposite parties.

We agree with Mr Quin in opinion, that the sudden appearance of Bessieres* within ten leagues of the capital, in the beginning of the present year, and with so considerable a force, was "altogether very mysterious." If the ministers knew of it beforehand, why were they not prepared for it? If they did not, they were eminently negligent and culpable; while the defeat of the militia under O'Daly, at Brihuega, with the loss of two pieces of cannon, certainly proved very prejudicial to the Constitutional cause, and was by no means palliated by the gross incapacity of O'Daly, who formed his troops in three columns, and attacked so unskilfully, that they were beaten in detail, each being so placed as to be incapable of receiving support from the others. O'Daly was succeeded by the Conde de Abisbal (O'Donnel) who soon compelled the Frenchman to retire. Mr Quin relates the following anecdote of this "brave and enterprising officer," who, as he says truly, "laboured under the disadvantage of enjoying the confidence of no party," in consequence of his repeated acts of tergiversation and perfidy.

In a French suppressed pamphlet called "*De la Guerre avec l'Espagne*," I have read an anecdote about this general, which is rather curious, and, I believe, not very widely known:—When the army, to the number of twenty-two thousand men, which was destined for the expedition to Buenos Ayres, was assembled in Andalusia, it was persuaded by the agents of liberty to resolve on declaring the Constitution. O'Donnel, who commanded them, was chosen to lead the enterprise. Naturally vain and ambitious, he thought the moment had ar-

rived for the accomplishment of his designs. He listened to the overtures which were made to him; he entered into the views of those who marked him out for their chief; he traced the plan they were to follow, and fixed the day of its execution. Already in his delirium he believed himself on the way to the throne of Spain. One day he assembled at his table the most distinguished officers of the conspiracy; in the heat of conversation, and in the midst of that enthusiasm which the project in hand had inspired, he asked them, "if they did not think that a crown would fit his head admirably?" An immediate silence, more expressive than words could be, was the only answer he received. The direction of his ideas changed after this, and with it his resolution to serve the Constitutional cause. Thus far the pamphlet; since these events, he had joined the party of the masons, and, though his vacillations were now and then talked of, his military enterprise and activity were acknowledged by all parties.

"Mina," he says, "is a veteran, and mere Guerilla Chief: Riego is admitted on all hands to be a good, docile sort of man; fortunate, by chance, in the Isla, but endowed with no talents, distinguished by no acquirements. Quiroga has almost fallen back to his original obscurity. Ballasteros was never considered a man of ability, either in the council or the field, though the Communeros held him up as the most virtuous, as well as the most clever man in the Peninsula. But there is," it seems, "a man of the name of Sarsfield, who, though yet in the shade, promises to carry every thing before him, if the revolution go on, and if fortune should so far favour him as to throw him into a situation where his talents may become known." This wonderful unknown is said to be "a person of extraordinary genius, though one would imagine," Mr Quin adds, with some naiveté and more truth, "that such praise ought not to be hazarded, until the object of it has shown that it is not undeserved." We may just remark in passing, that

* This fellow is a Frenchman. Not many months before his appearance as a General of the Faith, he had been found guilty of forming a conspiracy at Barcelona, for the purpose of establishing a republic, was ordered for execution, and was actually on his way to the scaffold when he was rescued by the mob. His coadjutor, Ulman, is a Swede, who had been employed some years ago, by the Spanish Government, in extirpating the bands of robbers which infested the province of Estremadura; a service which, it seems, he performed in a very efficient and summary manner.

we have never heard of an instance of reputations built up, like that of Sarsfield, upon the mere basis of imagination, which did not vanish when the prodigy came to be known. In such cases, mankind are invariably unjust; they ascribe every thing to the creature of their fancy while he remains in obscurity, and deny him every thing when he comes into the full light of observation.

In a popular government, the state of the press, and the tone and temper of the public Journals, is always an object of great interest; they influence, and are, in their turn, influenced by public opinion. The Revolution of 1820, and the restoration of the Constitution, has naturally given birth to a great variety of Journals, of which the following is Mr Quin's account:

Before the restoration of the Constitution there were only two newspapers in the capital, if indeed that which was called the "*Diary of Madrid*" deserved to be ranked in the number. It was confined to the publication of government and ecclesiastical ordinances, and of advertisements. It was very small, badly printed, yet from its advertisements it had a certain sale of about two thousand numbers daily. Like all the journals of Spain, it was unstamped.

The other paper was the "*Gazette of Madrid*," which was supported and paid by government as the official paper. After the re-establishment of the Constitution it was still carried on upon the same system, and was printed at the magnificent establishment called the National Printing-office. The business of the *Gazette* was conducted by eight gentlemen, nominated by government. The principal editor was Don Eugenio Tapia, who has written several works in verse and prose. This paper was chiefly made up of translations from the foreign journals, of official documents, and original articles on matters of general policy. It never touched on party questions; and as its daily sale fluctuated between eighteen hundred and two thousand, it must have been an expensive concern to the government.

Within the last two years several new journals appeared and disappeared in Madrid. Those which survived were the "*Universal*," the "*Espectador*," (or *Spectator*), and one or two others, which I shall name presently. The "*Universal*" was ministerial ever since its establishment. Its proprietor was a printer, and its principal editor a literary gentleman

of the name of Narganes, who was editor of the *Madrid Gazette* when Madrid was in possession of the French. He had several colleagues, who were mostly dependents of government. Articles of French intelligence, and dissertations on financial measures, were supplied by members of that party called the *Afrancesados*, a designation existing since the intrusion of Joseph Buonaparte, and applied to those persons who supported his regime. They were supposed to monopolize amongst themselves the greatest portion of the political talent in Spain, and their chief device was hatred to the throne of the Bourbons. In general, the style of the leading articles in the "*Universal*" was correct and flowing; but in leaning towards the ministry, it affected also to support the cause of the moderates. It was the organ of the late ministers until the events of the 7th of July; and though it was not so much in the confidence of M. San Miguel as the "*Espectador*," yet it sometimes received official information on the same day as that journal. There were periods, during the ministry of Martinez de la Rosa, when the daily sale of the "*Universal*" exceeded seven thousand; latterly its regular number was something less than half of that amount.

The principal official journal was the "*Espectador*," which was so intimately connected with the government, that despatches, which were received late at night, were sometimes forwarded to the editor before they were known to all the ministers. It was the organ of the *Freemasons*, and the declared foe of the *Comuneros*. I have already stated that San Miguel was, before his elevation to office, its principal editor. He still frequently contributed to it; and his articles were easily distinguished by their clear and authoritative views, the result of that extensive and correct information with which his official situation supplied him. With the exception of his articles, the style of the original writings in the "*Espectador*" was generally feeble, heavy, and confused. Its editors were Senor Infantes, a deputy of Cortes, a gentleman of the name of Garcia, who was employed in the war-office, and a comedian of the name of Salis. Its daily number was about five thousand.

A small journal, called the "*Indicador*," was at its commencement confined to theatrical and fashionable intelligence, pieces of fugitive poetry, and light essays on literature. But for the last six or eight months politics so engrossed public attention, that no other topic excited the least interest. The "*Indicador*," in con-

sequence, was obliged to turn politician, but still it affected to treat the greatest subjects in a light, satirical manner. This, however, under the circumstances of the epoch, met with little encouragement; and this journal was almost extinct when the establishment of the Landaburian Society afforded it a new field, by publishing the debates of that club. The society at length became Ultra-Constitutional, and turned upon that ministry and party which gave it birth. Its debates were offensive to the government, and every effort was used to prevent the "Indicador" from inserting them. The "Indicador" had increased its sale by this tack, and would not desist; but at last the hostility of government acted upon that increase, from the perseverance with which all their dependants denounced those who subscribed to the paper, and the proprietors were glad to accept the offer of the Society of Comuneros for printing the "Patriota Espanol" instead of the "Indicador." So far as this journal proceeded, it appeared to be directed by principles of determined opposition to the existing ministry. It retained about five hundred of the subscribers to the "Indicador," and had a considerable accession from the Association of the Comuneros, whose organ it was. The leading articles were written with force, clearness, and sometimes with elegance; it had connexions in the Council of State; but from its hostility to the Ministry, it laboured under the disadvantage of publishing important intelligence at second hand. It lived consequently but a short time.

The "Zurriago," or "Scourge," was a small-sized pamphlet, published every week or ten days, as it suited the convenience of the editors, Mexia and Morales. It was written with peculiar acrimony, powerful irony, and frequently attacked the royal family, the ministry, and the moderate party, in violent and personal terms. Its ordinary number was about five thousand. Upon some occasions it sold fourteen thousand, but its fame was every day declining.

There was a small evening paper, published four times a-week, called the "Telegrafo," the price of which was one halfpenny. It was printed on common laid paper, and gave the summary of the national and foreign intelligence which arrived by the post in the morning.

There was also a journal printed in Madrid, in French, called "L'Observateur Espagnole," which was sold by San Miguel, and conducted by M. Vordet, formerly editor of the "Aristarque de Paris." This paper had very few sub-

scribers. The government sent almost all the copies to France; its articles were confined to eulogies on the Spanish government, and attacks on that of France.

Of provincial journals there were many, but few possessed a certain existence. The only one of any reputation was the "Liberal Guipuscoano," which was published at St. Sebastian's.

Mr Quin states, again and again, that wherever he went, he discovered little or no enthusiasm in favour of the Constitution. It may be justly doubted, however, whether his intercourse with the people was sufficiently extensive to justify him in drawing any general conclusion, although, as we have already remarked, his views seem to be corroborated by the events which have occurred since he left the Peninsula. The case of Sir John Moore, however, shows how difficult it is to form an opinion respecting the state of public feeling in Spain. That gallant officer saw no signs of enthusiasm, and, judging from his own observation, concluded the patriotic cause desperate. But the Spaniards afterwards made unlooked-for, and, indeed, incredible efforts,—recruited their armies,—fought gallantly,—and co-operated effectually in driving the enemy across the Pyrenees. With this remark, we give the following abstract of the intelligence received from the provinces at the time of the departure of the Cortes and the removal of the King for Seville, to which city our author also proceeded.

In Galicia, the youths called out for the conscription openly refused to repair to their destinations, and a spirit of insubordination to the general mandates of the constitutional authorities prevailed there, which the force under Quiroga was quite inadequate to put down. Similar, if not greater resistance, was experienced by the civil and military authorities in the province of Billaon. In order to avoid the conscription, as well as the requisition for horses, the people abandoned their houses and fields; agriculture was neglected, industry paralyzed, and commerce inactive. The opponents of the Constitution, everywhere in that province, carried on their exactions and combinations in the most public manner, nor had the "allocutions," as they were styled, of the political chief the least influence.

Hitherto the province of Asturias had scarcely been heard of amidst the agitations of the other parts of Spain. It had been remarkable neither for any exhibitions of attachment or resistance to the Constitution. By the last accounts, however, from that province, it appeared that Oviedo, the capital of the Asturias, had risen against the system, and that there were no troops there to support it.

Intelligence arrived, also, stating that Ulman had made himself master of Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum of the Romans, and a most important fortress, as it commands Valencia, and the fruitful district in its neighbourhood as far as the Ebro.

Several of the militia of Madrid, who, in the fervour of their enthusiasm, volunteered to escort the King to Seville, had already returned. They were fatigued with the marches of the two first days, and on the road they found nothing to eat, no beds, no comfort of any sort. Such privations, however common to military life, suited but little with the feelings of the homely tradesmen of Madrid, who were accustomed to good beds and a sufficiency of diet.

It was beginning to be felt that the removal of the government was likely to have an effect upon all the northern provinces of Spain which no one hitherto had calculated. The public spirit even in Madrid had already declined very much. If this were true, speaking of the capital, which had made such a show of attachment to the Constitution, what was to be expected of these towns and provinces in which the same political fervour did not exist?

The next extract we shall make is to the same purpose, and exhibits the result of the author's inquiries, which, he says, were confirmed by his personal observation, as far as it extended, as to the sentiments of the Sevillians, regarding the Constitution:

I made some inquiries into the feeling of the Sevillians with regard to the Constitution, and the answers which I received from persons resident here for some years, were shortly to this effect: That when the Constitution was first proclaimed, a number of rich proprietors, and of steady commercial men, embarked ardently in the cause, under the hope that liberal institutions would tend greatly to the amelioration of their different interests. Within the last year, however, the frequent changes of ministry

produced corresponding alterations in all the offices within the reach of their power; and the displacements and successions directed by the actual ministry, soon after they came into office, were particularly peremptory and extensive. The new *employés*, it was said, consisted mostly of that half-educated gentry, who, after leaving school, had spent the greatest part of their lives in the coffee-houses, and billiard and gambling-rooms; and when they found themselves invested with authority, they exercised it in a rude, and sometimes oppressive manner, assuming to themselves the character of exclusive and ultra zealous Constitution-alists. The early and rational friends of the Constitution frequently experienced causes of disgust in the conduct of these new men; and they found, according to their views and feelings, fifty petty tyrants, where only the influence of one was formerly distantly felt. They, in consequence, retired from the scene of public affairs altogether, and yielded it to the Exaltados—so the new men were here, as elsewhere, styled. The result of these proceedings upon the general spirit of Seville was to render it exceedingly indifferent towards the Constitution.

One might suspect that this view of the matter had come from interested, and therefore questionable sources; but, though I made many inquiries, I could hear no representation differing essentially from what is above stated. The frequent and ineffectual applications which the authorities were making every day for money, legally due from the inhabitants, in order to enable them to prepare for the reception of the government, tended rather to corroborate this statement.

The following is the author's account of the Landaburian Society, of which little has been hitherto known in this country—and of one of the debates which he attended. This club should be dispersed without delay, or it may prove, in a little time, too strong for the Government, and, like the Jacobin Club in France, during the heat of the Revolution, establish the reign of anarchy and terror.

Amongst the officers of the royal guards who openly mutinied on the 7th of July, was a lieutenant of the name of Landaburu. Animated by a fervent attachment to the Constitution, he refused, in the first moment of their proceedings, to take any part in them. I saw the stains of his blood on the pavement of one of the

porches of the palace, where he was shot by one of his own company.

The Cortes, on the motion of Gallano, having recently authorised by law the re-opening of popular debating societies, about one hundred individuals of Madrid associated together for the purpose of informing the people of their rights, and instructing them in their duties. They elected for their president Romero Alpuente, a magistrate and an ex-deputy of Cortes, and they gave the name of Landaburu to their society.

The municipal government of Madrid assigned to their use the refectory of the suppressed convent of St. Thomas, an oblong hall, capable of accommodating four thousand persons. A third part of the hall is firmly railed in, and furnished with benches for the exclusive use of the members of the society and their friends; the remainder is fitted up with seats for the use of the public. At the end of that part of the hall which is appropriated to the members, there is a painted cenotaph, on which is inscribed—*A la memoria del inmortal Landaburu*. Over the cenotaph is the following inscription:—*La soberanía reside esencialmente en la nación*—The sovereignty resides essentially in the nation. Square pieces of canvas are hung along the sides of the hall, on which are written several of the most important articles of the Constitution. On one of these, at the extremity, is written *Firmez y valor*—Firmness and courage; and on another, opposite to this, are the words, *Libertad y unión*—Liberty and union. The rostrum is over the railing, and close by the wall, exactly in the form of a pulpit, and upon the front of it is written in large letters, *Constitución o muerte*—The Constitution or death. The hall is well lighted; a guard of soldiers attends to preserve order, and a military band is present, which plays patriotic airs before the speeches commence, and in the intervals between them. The chairman sits under the cenotaph of Landaburu, and rings his bell when there is any disorder. The orator is generally a member of the society, and when he wishes to address the people, he must ascend the rostrum. A great number of the visitors consists of the fair sex, who are for the most part violent Constitutionals—at least in Madrid. The meetings commence at seven, and terminate about half-past ten, on the evenings of Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. Applauses are signified either by vivas or by clapping of hands. The meeting uniformly concludes with a general shout of *Viva la Constitución*, or *Viva Riego*,

which, in general acceptance here, are synonymous.

It is not within the design of this work to enter into an historical account of the speeches delivered in the Landaburian Society, still less to justify the extremes of declamation to which the orators very frequently resorted. But perhaps a few specimens of their debates may not be considered altogether uninteresting, inasmuch as they tend to elucidate the opinions and genius of that party which is the most enthusiastic, or, according to the prevailing phrase, the most *cradled*, in favour of the Constitution.

On one of the first occasions that I attended this society, the tribune was occupied by the deputy Gallano. He maintained, that the most important ends of these tribunes were to instruct the people in their duties, and also to censure the abuses of the Ministry. Upon the latter point he dwelt at some length, and enforced his opinion, that the private lives of public men ought to be as much open to reprehension as their public conduct; for how, he asked, could a bad father, a faithless husband, and a false friend, be a good citizen, much less a good minister, or a good magistrate?—In a word, how could such a man be considered capable of discharging any one public duty towards the state? In his opinion, the popular tribunes ought to exercise a species of censorship over the morals of the community. He supported his doctrine by the maxim of Aristides, that, though a proposition were just in itself, and conducive to the welfare of the state, it should not be received when conveyed through a suspicious channel; and he cited several examples of censure on the private lives of public persons, from English and French writers. This doctrine was combated by Citizen Florian (such is the style), who contended that truth should always be respected, no matter how impure the mouth from which it proceeded.

Citizen Cortabarría said, that, for his part, he would have nothing to do with the question which had been just discussed; his object was to call the attention of the assembly to another point of much greater interest for them,—namely, the armed intervention of the Sovereigns at Verona. Not that he believed they would dare to attempt any such thing, but that he might expose the probable result of such an intervention, upon the supposition that they had the audacity to direct it. After attacking the Northern Sovereigns, one after the other, for their ingratitude towards Spain, whose resistance to the tyranny of Buonaparte was the means by

which they were raised from the dust, he contended, that the present French army was very different from the legions of Jena and Austerlitz, which, however, the Spaniards had vanquished; that the soldiers constituting the Army of Observation, as well as the majority of the French people, loved the Spanish Constitution, and that the agents of the present French Ministry were the only degraded beings who used every exertion in their power to excite others against a Constitution which they detested, because it was truly free. Thus he reasoned, that if an invasion should take place through the instrumentality of the French army, it would be fatal only to the aggressors.

This speaker was followed by Citizen Morales, who went back to the question of censures on private character, which he vehemently deprecated, as it would lead to a system of infamous calumny and private delation. The true censor of a free country was public opinion formed on public conduct. He then touched on the events of the 7th of July, and the Congress of Verona; as also did Citizen Romero Alpuente, after which the meeting separated with shouts of "*Viva Riego!*"

On a subsequent night, two boys from one of the public schools sustained a dialogue (which, of course, had been prepared for them), in which they criticised the manner of conducting some of the newspapers of Madrid. They complained that the editors treated the most important political questions in such a way that nobody could understand what were their opinions concerning them; that they afforded no instruction to their readers, but threw before them a mass of matter which confused rather than enlightened the public mind. This dialogue caused a good deal of laughter.

The subject which most warmly engaged the attention of the meeting was the apprehended invasion. "The Sovereigns at Verona," said citizen Morales, "threaten us with an invasion in case we do not modify our Constitution. But not their menaces—no, nor an invasion supported by three hundred thousand of their slaves, shall ever bow down the heroism of the Spanish nation. What I fear is, that, backed by these menaces, there will not perhaps be wanting some pusillanimous deputy, who, under the pretext of saving the country from the disasters of war, will propose to the Cortes the necessity of modifying the Constitution. Citizens! I have said, perhaps, because I cannot bring myself to believe it. The powers with which the deputies are invested are no more than are necessary to make them the organs of their constitu-

ents—or, what is the same thing, the organs of the will of the nation, and that nation never will suffer the Constitution, to which it has sworn, to be altered in the most minute point. Citizens! the country might be in danger if such an invasion should take place, but not the Constitution—that shall remain inviolable—three hundred thousand arms are raised to support it."—(Enthusiastic applause.)

This orator was followed by Citizen Muralejo, who poured out a violent philippic against the higher orders of the Clergy. He dwelt on their revenues, their inutility, and, above all, on their animosity to the Constitution; to oppose which they were, he said, uniting all their means, both in money and personal exertions. The Cortes, he added, could not be unacquainted with these things, and when they were employed in regulating the Clergy, they should have driven out these drones, as useless to the country as they were prejudicial to the cause of liberty.

Romero Alpuente, on ascending the tribune, was received with those marks of applause which are usually conferred on popular leaders. After dwelling some time on the reports of the approaching invasion, he thus proceeded: "During the war of independence," said he, "we had in our favour the host of friars, who feared they should lose their revenues, but these are now our greatest enemies. We had also in our favour the aristocrats, who equally trembled for their riches and privileges; up to this time, also, the men of literature and learning rivalled each other in supporting the cause of independence; but now—the thing must be openly confessed—now, some for one cause, some for another—all, all of these are our greatest enemies. What, then, is our remedy? Do you ask it? *We must annihilate them; we must do with them as was done in France, where, in one night, fourteen thousand were executed; then we shall be without serviles, without neutrals: all patriots, and patriots only, and we shall be again in the same situation in which we were in the year 8.*" The orator, after arguing that England was self-interested in preserving the independence of Spain, because if it was destroyed the preponderance of power would pass to Russia, which would be the same thing as if it had passed to Napoleon, concluded his harangue with *Viva la Constitucion*, which was enthusiastically repeated.

Thus it may be observed, the members of the Landaburian Society delivered their sentiments with unbounded freedom, not to say licentiousness. There was no topic afloat in the capital that was interesting to the people which they did not discuss

in all its bearings. Every night fresh crowds filled the hall. Like all large assemblies, they seemed verging constantly towards extremes, denouncing those who did not meet their wishes in every point, impatient of moderate measures, fickle in their admiration, and atrocious in their hatreds. The orators who usually harangued them seemed to me to be men of violent opinions, little knowledge, great forwardness, and very limited talent. Citizens Galiano, Floran, Romero Alpuente, Mexia, and Morales, are exceptions to this remark, as far as it regards knowledge and ability. These orators spoke with a fluency which was sometimes energetic, if not eloquent; they were the most popular, especially Alpuente, who is the idol of the *Exaltados*. This expression is equivalent to that of our ultra-radicals; and, considering his age, the enthusiasm of his manner, and the principles which he professes, Alpuente may be called the Major Cartwright of Spain.

Here we close our extracts from Mr Quin's work*, which we have perused with much interest, and which we would recommend to the attention of our readers, as containing much valuable information on the present political state of Spain. We have studiously avoided saying any thing of the policy pursued by this country in relation to the late negotiations, because we had not long ago an opportunity of discussing that subject at some length, and in such a manner as, we trust, to enable our readers to form a sound opinion on the subject; but we cannot let slip this opportunity of expressing our indignation at the cruelty displayed in urging the British claims of indemnification for losses sustained by the capture of some merchant ships trading to the Spanish Main, at the very moment

when that unhappy country was convulsed by intestine broils, and about to be invaded by a formidable force, and when her finances were known to be in the most deplorable disorder. Such conduct was very unworthy of that sympathy and kindness which Spain had a right to expect from the ally whose soldiers had combated by the side of her own, for the deliverance and independence of Europe, and is at war with that natural and magnanimous generosity which has always formed a prominent feature in our national character. It is by such acts of ill-timed selfishness that we have lost a great deal of that moral influence which we once possessed on the continent, and that some colouring of truth is given to the accusations which Napoleon used to bring against us.

In conclusion, we may observe, that the Spanish Revolution was brought about almost without shedding a drop of blood, and that, with the exception of the ravings of a few of the high-flyers, or *Exaltados*, in the Landaburian and other clubs, the Constitutionals appear to be free from any bias towards the excesses which have so often disgraced popular movements. This is highly honourable to the Spanish character; and if the Government had the energy to suppress the secret societies of Free-masons and Comuneros, it would add to its own security, and prevent almost the possibility of the people being goaded on to tumult and mischief by those men who, having nothing at stake in society, look to political commotions as supplying them with the only chance of attaining notoriety, or seizing on the reins of Government.

* This volume is, in general, written in a clear, natural, and unambitious style; but we have discovered a considerable number of blunders, occasioned, probably, by the haste with which it passed through the press. We are totally at a loss to account for the confusion that runs through the following sentence: "We had for dinner pigeons and fried only fare which the house contained, good wine, grapes half eggs, the dried for desert, and beds of which we had no reason to complain." p. 220.

IMPROVEMENT OF SCOTCH JUDICATORIES.

No. II.

IN our article on this important subject contained in our last Number, having told the reader what are the Law Courts of this country, we promised to introduce him into them. This we did, however, not without warning him what he might meet with there. Considering ourselves as his guide, we were induced to this precaution, in imitation of the Sybil, when she acted as cicerone to the Trojan hero, on his visit to certain realms*; and, taking him by the hand, we shall show the way into our Supreme Seats of Judgment, for the inferior ones have been already surveyed by him in a general way†. As those classical regions were found to be, to a certain extent, occupied by beings who had had a previous existence, so these our Courts are somewhat occupied with cases which have had their origin elsewhere; and as we have brought Æneas into our simile, we shall now imitate him, by a distinct detail, from the beginning:

“Immo, age, et a primo dic hospes origine nobis
Iuridias.”

To leave the Mantuan swain, however, *paulo minora canemus*; and we have to tell those whom it may concern, that a Scotch lawsuit, which arises in any of the subordinate judicatories mentioned in our last Number, is, in its original and nascent state, no more than a trifling *libel*; but “a little spark breeds meikle wark,” and as the acorn becomes a stately oak, so this wretched little slip, from its innate vigour, by the careful digging round of an active agent, with the vivifying breezes of personal animosity in parties, and the refreshing manure of a little cash, spreads out its branches, and rises into strength. While the bulrush, however, grows fast, the hard timber increases slowly; and so the good tough law-plea is of *tedious progress*, enlarging as it goes on. As the rivers Tweed and Clyde, the greatest of our country, spring out of one hill, both being no more than

small rills there, and yet, by the accession of many tributary brooks, become great masses of water, flowing with majesty by Berwick and the Broomielaw; so our poor little libel, followed by defences, and all other procedure, and with the constant dropping in of new facts and new arguments, in the course of its *monipies*, (for it is a gradual operation,) in due time acquires a goodly size; when, decret *in causa* being given, the losing *procurator*, being determined to conquer or die, lays Morison's Dictionary before him,—rummages over the whole of it,—tumbles in every decision which his wise noddle thinks either for or against him,—recollects the ancient adage of *multum scribere*,—holds “braw and wide,” and produces a thundering *reclaiming petition*. It is, of course, followed by answers, made on a similar plan. This is all before the Sheriff-substitute. But whatever he does, there is still life in a mussel. A review is competent by the Depute; and the whole process is packed up, and sent him for perusal by the Edinburgh carrier. If he adheres, the sport is nearly over in the Sheriff Court. But he does not adhere. The salmon, instead of being drawn to land, makes one desperate fling more; and there is then some more well-wrought-for gain to the writers, and some further sport to the clients, though we admit that there is at least one party of the two who may think the fun but of a *froggish* quality.

Well! the fish is at last brought gasping on shore; and, to all appearance, breathes its last, and is carried home, and hung up. They know little, however, of the nature of a Scotch law-suit, who may think it all over with it. The losing procurator writes to Edinburgh, to his friend, Mr Andrew Active, W.S., or S.S.C., a fine chiel', with whom, in the days of yore, and while both were Clerks, he was wont to eat *Welsh rabbits*, or *Nore-loch trouts*, and drink strong ale at Johnny Dowie's, during

* Virgil's Æneid Lib. 6.

† See our Number for August.

his own two sessions' residence in town. Mr Active is an attentive lad; he therefore loses no time in getting a *bill of advocacy* presented,—obtains, and sends a *sist* from a Lord Ordinary, which, being *duly intimated*, has the magical effect, like the Promethean fire, of resuscitating the poor salmon, who, though he were cut, and even kippered, if he is not actually eaten, will, as if he were galvanized, open his eyes, wag his tail, and, being again put into the water, swim as lively, and produce as good sport as ever. But what will our friends Professor Jamieson and Dr Barclay say to all this? It may not at first be very credible by them, but we could shew them many such fishes; and, like Hamlet, they should never forget that there are more things in this world than are dreamt of in their philosophy.

This reviving of the deceased is called *passing the bill, and expediting the letters*; but those technicalities require a little explanation. A "*pass*" is a strait entrance from a mountainous into a better country, as the Pass of Bealmacha and the Pass of Killiecrankie; and such inlets have, on all occasions, been the scenes of heroic contest, as historians tell us. Now, the respondent's agent was wont to defend this *pass* of the process, into the fertile plains of the Court of Session, as strenuously as ever Leonidas did the famous pass of Thermopylæ; and it is not long since it was customary to have, on that occasion, in the arena of the *Bill Chamber*, a very smart, well-going, profitable little process, for having it settled whether there should be one in the Court of Session at all or not. The principle was, that

A bird in the hand is better far
Than two that in the bushes are.

Now-a-days, however, that procedure is abridged; the great "*Fiat*

ut petitur" is pronounced; and, to drop our simile of the salmon, the native of Arpinum is translated to Rome: this mean little action, arising in Thule or Inverness-shire—leaving its native wilds, is now transported to the gay sunny vale* of the Supreme Court; and instead of creeping on the tables of bailies, or being tossed about by the clerks of Sheriff Clerks, it is now matter of eloquence to the gentlemen of the long robe; and "*Justice*" herself, with her patent steelyard, sheds a yellow and beatific lustre upon it, from over the spacious gate-ways of the *Coach-house*.*

Our *advena*, being thus adopted a denizen of the Supreme Court, is admitted to all its rights, titles, and privileges, as if he were free-born there. Henceforth, therefore, our remarks will relate to the progress of an action, whether provincial or cockney; only, as we gave an account of the infancy of our country process, we must also devote a few lines to that of the *town-bred* one. The germ or first bud of it is a *Summons*, which, like a Turkish proclamation, sets out with a pompous enumeration of the King's titles. Our readers, conversant in such matters, know, that, anciently, all laws, and, of course, all the writs of the law, were in rhyme; and a summons of Fergus I., having been found in the old chest, discovered at the digging up of King Robert Bruce at Dunfermline, we are enabled to give a specimen in the first verse of it.

Fergus the Great, by grace of God,
Great Scotland's king, with awful nod,
And Sky and Zetland's monarch too,
The Druids' guardian good and true.
To Messengers our Sheriffs there,
Does greeting, say, "D'ye hear, take care," &c. &c.

We have deposited the writing itself with Dr Jamieson, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society.

* Our distant readers, who have not been in Edinburgh of late years, require to be informed, that the *Coach-house* is a recess in the south part of the Outer-house, constructed for a little retirement from the "din of Courts;" and causes are pleaded before Ordinaries there, deliberately—the expression being, that they are "heard in the *Coach-house*," just as, in London, colonial cases are said to be heard at the *Cock-pit*. The name *Coach-house*, probably, is given from its wide entrances, resembling the doors of such a place. A fine transparent, colossal picture, in stained glass, of Justice standing among rolling clouds, holding a new steelyard, instead of old-fashioned weights, surmounts the great open doors.

This was the ancient style of the Summons. In these degenerate days, however, all is prose, and unworthy of our occupying space by it. The summons is executed; that is, the *Vocatio in Jus*, as the civilians name it, takes place upon it. When the defendant is at home, this is done by a messenger of the law delivering him a copy; but a curious device is followed when he is abroad, or *furth of the kingdom*, as it is called, for then, as the writ contains an express warrant, the messenger summons him at the market-cross of Edinburgh, and pier and shore of Leith. This last place is resorted to as being nearest, of course, to a man beyond seas; and people are sometimes not a little amused to hear these officers of the law (who, in this respect, are always scrupulously minute in the performance of their prescribed duty) *scaighing* over the pier as if they were mad. A stranger could not help remarking to old George Williamson one day, when so employed, "Sir, you may save your throat, for he that you are roaring to is in Russia, and cannot hear you." "Ah, but," said George, "I speak wi' the mouth o' his Majesty, lad, an' I'll gar him hear me, at the deafest side o' his head, if he were at the world's end!"

But it may sometimes happen that the plaintiff, or pursuer, is only an heir, and he must *complete his title*, as it is called, before he sues with effect. If his family was one of rank, the mode of doing that was, until lately, a curious one. The macers are servants of the court; but the heir's *service*, as it is called, must be remitted to somebody—and who were so fit as they for the purpose? Accordingly, those men were wont to be changed into Judges, and placed on the Bench, for the decision of the rights of the greatest persons of the land. But as, after all, these men of *nae sense*, (for so they are styled in the law), like many such men in other places, required assessors, who had that necessary article, so some of the Judges themselves were accustomed to sit beside these, their *pro tempore* superiors, to aid them with their counsel, and to suggest the best legal views to them. But whence came what was so extraordinary? While

England and its Barons disdained a servile adoption of the Roman Jurisprudence, we, with several other countries, allowed ourselves to be more or less governed by it; and though we are not, at this moment, aware, that Heineccius or Slakenbergius, or any of the other commentators or antiquarians tell us, that the *Naturalia* found their way into the Roman Courts, yet, we suspect, they must have done so, because they evidently did into ours, and from that source alone could it have arisen that servants were set down with their masters.

The days of this venerable Court, however, are past, and it is now among the things which have been; but we shall never forget the broad, sapient, and important face of old John Graham, the macer, when seated in the Chair of Judgment with the great Braxfield, the most eminent Judge of the time, placed by him as his subordinate assistant.

It has been remarked of Sterne's "Life of Tristram Shandy," that much of it related to him before he was born, and so it is with our history of a Scotch law-suit. But we have thus fairly launched it "into this breathing world," and we will now accompany it in its progress.

We said we should lead our reader unto our Supreme Court, and as he is probably a classical man, he may recollect the verse of Virgil,

Ventum erat ad Limen, unde ruunt totidem voces.

No wonder that this line may occur to him. If he has ever been in Westminster Hall, he would find all sedate there; but, on his entry into our Outer-house at the time which we would call *High 'Change*, when both Ordinaries and Inner-Courts are sitting, he must be apt to think himself along with the old Lady and Æneas down stairs, rather than in this upper world; or he might, as in a dream, suppose he was on the London Stock Exchange, with all the squaling "bulls" and "bears" about him. "What," he would say to his guide, "is this Judge about, who sits in the recess on the side there?" "He is calling his motions," his friend would answer. "His employment is well named," would be the reply; "for

there is truly so much, both of loud noise and moving among them there, that, besides being *deav'd*, I am positively like to be *driven over*."

This would be the general feeling of our visitant at his entrance; but we must carry him the rounds, and lead him, first, to the Bar of the *Ordinary for the week*. We shall imagine, even, that he is a party to an action there, and may figure it, either one which has run the gauntlet of some inferior Court already, or it may be a new one, and its first appearance on any stage. Well! after a very weary hanging on, the case is at length *called*, and the clients, whose hearts beat high, think that they are to hear it *pleaded*. But no: as men prefer buying boots at Hobbie's, to getting them at an ordinary shop; so they have *fee'd* counsel, who are overloaded with briefs, and who, like the Attorney in Tom Jones, were they cut into a hundred pieces, would find work for every bit of themselves. Instead, therefore, of the pursuer's lawyer answering to the macer's brazen tongue, his clerk, a bustling fellow, squeezes through the crowd, and tells the Judge that his master is "just now in the First Division at an advising, and canna get awa'." The cause is therefore *continued*. It is called again, but whereas the one party's counsel could not come before, the other's Advocate "*canna come now, because he is pleading in the Second Division,*" or "*in the Exchequer.*" Thus the case hangs on, perhaps, for weeks, and the disappointed pursuer must leave town, as his business calls him. This very often happens where there is but one brace of counsel; but the chance of it is doubled with two brace, and that is aptest to take place in the case of very genteel litigants, who, as in travelling, prefer the parade of four to being carried along with only a pair. But the client returns to Edinburgh, and takes his chance of being more fortunate. The cause then actually *comes on*, and the agents, with their clerks, are all bustle. "Rin, Jock," says one, "for Mr X. down to the Library," "and you, Tam," says the other, "for Mr Z., who is walking yonder." At last

The *charge* is prepared—the Lawyers are met—

The Bar's all arranged—a terrible show:

And what do these counsel do there? They pour forth long rignarole harangues, tumbling along among loose averments and unascertained facts, till all parties are weary, and even the patient Judge is yawning on his chair. But it is now *his* duty to act—and what does he do? He is, in general, not so rackle-handed as to imitate his forefathers, mentioned by Mr Hume, and decide on a "*single altercation*." He therefore orders a *condescendence, in terms of the Act of Sederunt*. "What means that?" says the client; "ha'e we gained our cause?" "Whisht!" says the embarrassed agent, "and I'll tell you a' about it when we get hame;" and it is with not a little dismay that the poor man at length learns that his cause is scarcely an inch advanced; that all his fee for the speaking is little better than thrown away; and that a short state of the facts, without any argument at all, must now be given in, which, as he remarks, might have been as well done *without sic a waste o' wind*. The agent makes the best awkward apologies he can. He says the Judge had listened to the pleading, and therefore is so far instructed in the case; and that the parties are made aware of each other's pleas, by hearing one another. But all this won't do. The client is a shrewd carl, and his answer is conclusive:—"Ah, man! (says he,) among *sae mony sic* pleadings, his Lordship canna mind a word o' a' yon; and as for a' the balderdash of the other party, we kent it a' before; and when they are griped close by the gills, they maun gie up half o't; besides, what certainty ha'e we that they winna gi'e us a new dose o't afterwards? Canna the combatants come to close quarters at once, instead of having *sae meikle* distant firing, and loose skirmishing?"

The pursuer's *condescendence*, or short state of facts, is then prepared, which it is the duty of those acting for the defender to answer in the same brief manner, and the parties exchange their reciprocal statements,

* Hist. of England. Vol. iii., p. 301, quoted by us in last Number.

all to distil the facts as pure as possible; but the defender holding, perhaps, a large sum of money, till all shall be done, is "in nae hurry;" and many a good bark must the pursuer's lawyer weekly utter, before he can force in the answers, and get all adjusted. If the parties differ materially in point of fact, there is nothing for it but a *proof*; the machinery of which we shall take a future opportunity of describing. But the case may depend on bills of exchange, correspondence, or feudal titles, of which the Lord Ordinary may himself judge without proof, and then he actually decides for or against the pursuer. Say he decides for him. Mr Active loses not a moment in writing the good news to the pursuer, Mr Careful. In the joy of his heart he tells Mrs Careful, and the minister, their kind neighbour, is also informed; the good pastor takes his hat and stick, honest man! and pops over to shake hands with his friend, and wish him joy; and the gudeman and he get a bottle of the mistress's best homebrewed on the occasion. Worthy Careful thinking that, as he says, he has brought that fellow Quibble (the defender) to his marrow-bones, writes to Edinburgh, to his agent, about *getting the siller*, when, to his utter astonishment, he learns that his ship, instead of being safe in harbour, as he supposed, is, in truth, still at sea; that Quibble has given in something called a *representation*, containing many facts and arguments, which must be answered at full length on his part; that he must remit cash for the purpose; and that his case must be all stated over again, *new shod and new bod*, just as if it had never been touched. Well; he must do what he is bid. After due delay, his answers are prepared, and the case transmitted; but the Judge, (as favourite Ordinaries often are,) is overloaded with business, and it is a long while ere he overtakes this process; but, what is worse, "ill news come soon aneugh;" and poor Careful, who sends to the post every day for his letter, at last learns, to his astonishment and dismay, that, though he had formerly gained, *he has now lost his cause*. He is neither to hold nor bind; but Mr Active writes him,

that he, in his turn, must *represent*; recommends trying some fresh counsel; and his new lawyer *states the whole story over again from the very beginning*. This representation is, of course, ordered to be answered; but frost and snow may come before the answers can be got in. The force of inrolling, and repeated certifications, however, at length prevail: the answers make their appearance: the Ordinary again decides, and, much to Careful's satisfaction, Mr Active writes him, with not a little complacency, that he "has the pleasure of acquainting him, that the Lord Ordinary has altered his last Interlocutor, and decerned in terms of the libel, and *in his favour*." Careful, by this time, however, is too old a huntsman, to halloo before he is fairly out of the wood, and therefore postpones any further rejoicing with the minister *in hoc statu*, but writes to Active that he must now "*positively get the siller*." At length, in little more than three weeks, a neat gray-paper, well sealed package, arrives by the mail-coach. He carries it ben the house to the guidwife:—"Oh! our friend, Mr Active, (says he,) is really a fine lad. He has got amends o' that rascal Quibble at last, and here is the *siller* bodily now. Open the packet, 'Tibby, wi' your shears, lass, but tak' guid care no to cut the bank-notes in your haste, for thae five pounders are tender gear." Honest Tibby, with quaking heart and nimble hand, *cuts the knot*, but, as Burns observes,

Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed :

first one covering is taken off, and then another, (for they are as numerous as the grave-digger's waistcoats in Hamlet,) when the worthy pair, instead of the *siller*, find something printed; and upon looking at it, and reading the accompanying letter from Active, they learn, with great vexation, that it is a *petition to the Inner-House* by Quibble, *pleading all the case anew*, stating full and fresh all the old facts, and adding a *great many new ones*, which, being unstated before, had been kept by him as a *corps de reserve*, notwithstanding all the precautions of the

hearing, and the condescendence and answers. On the new averments, Mr Active very properly requests his employer to "favour him with his remarks," adding, "but, Dear Sir, you must really send some more of the *needful*—mind that fees and fee-funding require more than deaf-nuts, and your last remittance is more than out. The answers will cost a good sappy fee, besides printing, &c. &c." Careful, however careful he may be, cannot help himself; and after having twice gained his cause in the *Outer-House*, he must now struggle in the *Inner one*. Long answers to the petition are therefore prepared for him, *going over again all the old facts*, discussing the new ones, and clamouring loudly at the ambuscade which has been laid for him. On the old principle of "following the multitude," the cause had been brought before that Division of the Court which is well known to be already loaded beyond measure with business; and as men cannot do more than they are able, it is a good twelvemonth before the case is *advised*, (*Anglicè* decided.) Careful comes to town on the occasion, *puts up* at the White-Horse Inn, in the head of the Canongate, where the great Dr Johnston lodged of old,—calls anxiously on Active,—is punctual at the *hour of cause* in the Parliament-House,—and at length hears, with trembling, his own name and that of Quibble spoken, and those of their counsel, *roared* with the macer's Stentorian voice, from the door of the Division. At last, after a bickering wrangle between the Counsel, the *advising* begins. He counts, with beating heart, their Lordships who are for or against him, as they *deliver their opinions*; but as some of them do not speak, what to make of them he knows not. But, upon the presiding Judge taking the votes, he is delighted to hear him say "carries *ADHERE*," which means that he (Careful) has *gained his cause* by the confirmation of the Ordinary's interlocutor; and "the D—l's in't, (thinks he,) but I have beat Quibble at last, and now for my *siller*." But not so fast, good Mr Careful; you have yet much to do! A reclaiming petition for the defender is followed by answers for Care-

ful, *toiling again over the same ground*; and, on advising these, long afterwards, he is dismayed to hear the Court say "*ALTER*," for it means a decision, whereby he has *lost his cause*, importing an alteration of their Lordships' own judgment, which was for him.

The fat is now all in the fire. But the case was decided by a casting vote only, and courage must not give way. The verse of the old Court-of-Session-garland is recollected:

"Set a stout heart to a stay brace,
And tak' for your counsel David Rae."

But worthy Mr David, whom we well remember, is long since gone to the Court of Æacus and Rhodamantus. However, there are "as guid fish i' the sea as ever cam' out o't," and as clever fellows, now-a-days, as Mr David was, though he was truly an able one. One of them, therefore, is well primed: like old Henry Home, he takes a *new view* of the case; and the next interlocutor is also "*ALTER*." But that is a good *alter*, and means a return to the favourable decision, so that Careful then *gains his cause*. But as we formerly called the attention of Dr Barclay and Mr Jamieson to the natural history of an Inferior Court action, we must now solicit that of Professors Wallace and Leslie to the mechanical nature of a Court of Session one.

Before a cause is final in the Inner-House, their Lordships must actually determine *twice the same way*; but that may not soon happen in a case of nicety, when it is hanging on casting votes: where one Judge may occasionally be ill, and another kept at home by family distress, and so forth, and where new facts and new arguments, urged by new and more ingenious counsel, are constantly disturbing the delicately-poised balance, the pendulum *vibrates*, though very slowly, as we have just seen; and something actually like the *perpetual motion* may take place, by the everlasting simply altering the former sentence. This, as we have said, may happen; but experience teaches us, that all sublunary things have an end, and even a Scotch law-suit. On a new reclaiming petition, therefore, for Quibble, with answers for Care-

ful, their Lordships ADHERE. *Bis repetita placebit*; and the field is now *Careful's own*!

We shall, before we are done with the subject, say a few words on *extracts*. Suffice it to add here, that, after much dunning at the extractor, Mr Active obtains a short one with a decerniture in this teasing case; and with the view of now *getting the siller*, Quibble is "put to the horn, fenced, arrested, and poinded, and the haill remanent order prescribed by law" is used against him, all except *caption*. Like other well-educated men, now-a-days, Mr Active is a chemist, and knows that a prison would render Quibble bankrupt, under the act 1696, and thereby *neutralize* all his client's diligence. He therefore abstains from incarcerating the debtor. It is *diamond cut diamond*, however: Mr Sharp, who acts for others of Quibble's creditors, has him nabbed, and sent to the Calton, or Canongate Jail. This being done in due time, destroys all preference on poor Careful's diligence. Quibble is thus fairly "gane to the bent." He had been a litigious wretch, and what the old lawyers called "a gude milk-cow," and though he was once wealthy, he had (as he boasted) "*tried so many pretty points of law*," that he is now totally dished. His affairs can produce but a very small dividend, and even that can be obtained only after endless processes of furtheoming, multiple-poinding, and ranking and sale.

"Alps on Alps, and hills on hills arise."

Well is the unfortunate Careful now aware how long it may be ere *any siller* can be got from such proceedings. "Burnt bairns dread the fire;" and he knows, that though his son, or grandson, may perhaps get something after a lapse of years, he himself will probably be long gone down to the narrow-house before all is wound up. As Quibble was, at one time, as "gude as the bank," had Careful got the law of him at once, as he ought to have done, he would have received his cash,—his daughter would have been creditably married,—his son set up in business,—and himself still a prosperous trader; but the INFERNAL DELAYS of the Scotch Courts have destroyed

them all. His daughter's lover cannot afford to marry her tocherless; his son cannot begin without capital; and he himself, poor fellow, is obliged to *stop payment*; while honest Tibby and her younger children are in actual want—all because bis means had been caught in the iron-trap of a law-plea, out of which four or five years' hard litigation could not extricate them. And now, when it is over, there is nothing to get! From his being absurdly obliged to try the same question EIGHT OR NINE times over, "cash, and claes, and credit, are out;" and he is now a miserable bankrupt, with a destitute family!

Let those of other countries remark what they please upon us; we grieve to say that this is but too accurate a picture of even a successful litigation, of the simplest kind, without either proof or Jury Court. It is too true an account, also, of what is not unfrequently the consequence of the abominable waste of time in it, with the *eternal reviewing of sentences*. And all this is so, although our laws are in general excellent, as shown in our last Number; and though our Judges in both Divisions are men of much talent, virtue, and industry, and the practitioners of different kinds before them as respectable as any similar sets of men in Europe.

In the course of our paper, we have joked a little; for "*Quis risum teneat?*" But this is a subject, in truth, well calculated to produce the gravest reflections. We shall therefore try to be a little more serious in our next article on it, (for we must have another); and having probed the wound, we may then endeavour to suggest its cure. We are aware we may be considered, by the Honourable Commissioners, as intruding within their province; but, as the Spectator (we think) says, that, on occasion of any public buildings being meditated, all persons are entitled to offer plans, so, on this great intended new improvement of Judicatories, their Honours may listen to hints, even from us, who are quite respectful, both towards them and the Court. We are, indeed, particularly anxious to testify our deep veneration for our Judges. Well

do we know, that no fault lies with their Lordships; and happy would they be, were all causes of delay removed. Neither do we blame either counsel or agents, who are good fellows, and able and alert men; though Careful was often not a little impatient with Active, for want of his *siller*. But positively all parties must have a right *procedure*, or *mode of process*. No miller can supply his thirl with proper grinding, without a sufficient mill; and though we once knew a Leith skipper, who, it was said, "could gar his smack do any thing but speak," we admit that she was universally allowed to be an *excellent sea-boat*.

Our present form of process was introduced by James V. no less than 286 years ago, after the model of that of the Parliament of Paris,—the court of a nation *where trade was then almost unknown*. It is really altogether unfit for the business of a commercial country, and is no more adapted to that of ours, now-a-days, than the ill-built, worse hung, and lumbering vehicle*, which that Monarch's mother, Margaret, brought from England, would be to serve as a mail-coach, and reach Glasgow in five hours. However well the pre-

sent dilatory procedure might have suited for the decision of such questions as chiefly interested our ancestors, about mosses and muirs, or the still more important ones, about feudal casualties, and the rights of superiors, it is, in truth, quite unfit for a manufacturing and trading community. Whether some trasy matter of humour, between two lairds, about a moss-leave, or feal and divot, is settled to-morrow, or (which is much more likely) that day six years, is really of little consequence to either of them; but a merchant's existence may depend on a speedy decision of his cause, and that, alas! we cannot afford him at present, though we trust that we soon may be able to do so.

But our limits are now out: promising to return speedily to the subject, we therefore take leave of it for the present; and we think we cannot do so in any language graver, and more expressive of our general feeling, than that of Shakespeare:—

For who would bear the whips and scorns
of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,
The pangs of despised love—the law's
delay!

Caius Bufo.

(From Sabinus' Commentaries on the Tenth Book of the Metamorphoses.)

In Trajan's time, as ancient legends write,
In the Suburra dwelt an honest wight—
One Caius Bufo—but, the truth to tell,
Poor Caius was a sad, sad infidel;
His taste was burning Christians, with a
little

Penchant for martyrs simmering in a
kettle;

At the Comitia he was given to bawl,
And pummel his opponents, and withal
He was a sort of Roman radical,
Who used to hoot the praetors, and once
threw

A thumping brick-bat at the Consul, who
Clapp'd him in the ergastulum, which we
Call charley-shop, or round-house, Ang-
licé.

Now, Caius had a moiety, a fat
Good-sort-of-good-for-nothing dame, who
sat

At home, and whipp'd the children, and
although
She'd no objection to a cup, or so,
Of setine, and on feast-days went as
gay as

A maypole, was a worthy wife to Caius.
This Mistress Lollia (ladies sometimes
will

Be quite absurd) one day was taken ill,
And found herself, to use the modish
words,
As ladies wish to be who love their
lords.

Her time drew near, and God alone knew
why,
One sunny morning she thought fit—to
die.

Poor Caius Bufo, at this horrid blunder
Of Fate, (who's in her dotage,) was quite
thunder-

* This was the first wheeled carriage which was ever seen in Scotland. It was brought by the Lady Margaret, (Henry VII's daughter) when she came to Scotland to be married to our James IV.—It remained at Ruthven Castle. See Chalmers's Life of Queen Mary.

Struck and abusive, for he stamp'd and swore

At nurse, and kick'd the midwife to the door,

But sought dear Lollia's cupboard, where she kept

Her setine; and he wept, and drank, and wept

Most maudlin and most dismal; in a short

Time, all the children came and join'd the sport—

O Lollia! Mater Lollia! blubbering all like the hired howlers at a funeral:

And, as befitted mem, they took poor dead Lollia, and stretch'd her decently in bed;

And in good time they had her burnt and buried,

How, I wont tell you—I'm a little hurried At present; 'tis in better words than mine,

In John Rosinus, chapter thirty-nine.

They had her snugly laid, and on the top

Of her they set a something like a shop; Outside of this was put an ugly slab

Of marble, with her virtues on't, (no dah Was Master Caius at an epitaph):

And when they had a nice joint, they'd send half

A slice, and cakes, confections, and what not,

To feed the dear defunct, and ne'er forgot Her favourite setine, which was put to please

Her dainty tooth, kind creature; and all these,

Butter and onions, cheese and caviare, Soups that would make the Common-

Council stare,

He set before her tomb—whether the dame Or the miee eat these up, is much the same—

Perfumes, too, which would make all Bond-Street writhe,

Drive Price and Gosnell mad, and poison Smyth—

Most ancient, horrid stinks, which smok'd and burn'd,

And stunk and steam'd, where Lollia lay inurn'd.

Poor Caius used to come, sometimes, and lie

Before the tomb, to whimper and to cry All sorts of pretty things, and ask her why

She left him and the babes, poor snivel-ling sinners!

And why she would not gobble up his dinners,

And drink his setine, and, moreover, some Questions of how she relish'd kingdom come.

Whether she answer'd, legends do not say, Or whether she eat better; but one day,

Whether she answer'd, legends do not say, Or whether she eat better; but one day,

Whether she answer'd, legends do not say, Or whether she eat better; but one day,

Whether she answer'd, legends do not say, Or whether she eat better; but one day,

While at this pious task, he heard a kind Of hem behind him, and he turn'd to find

Whence it could come, but judge of his surprise,

When Lollia—Lollia stood before his eyes, Fair, fat, and blowzy. "Hell's indul-

gent crew,"

She said, "havo sent me, dearest, back to you."

Caius look'd queer enough, and squinted at her,

But thought he'd put his best face on the matter—

So gave his arm, and led her homeward, while

She told him of th' infernals, and would smile,

And simper, and look pretty. On the way She warn'd him, that if he, by chance,

should say

One naughty word, that she must go away

Back to old Orcus. To curtail our story— After her safe return from Purgatory,

She took her easy-chair, and cushion'd seat,

And scourged the children as before; she eat

And gormandiz'd Apicius Caelius through; Bounced in the streets in robes of Tyrian

hue,

Dangling with gewgaws; drank as if she meant

To drain the Lucrine lake incontinent; Reeking with rich perfumes, her locks

were frizzled—

Not Job himself could stand it, nor meek Griseld;

Good Caius Bufo could not long, for he Found his poor purse in a sad atrophy—

But, harder still, this new Euridice Produced two children every year, and

three

Sometimes; most filthy changelings, for they all

Like twenty thousand devils' imps would squall;

Some had long cork-screw tails, they said, and some

Horns, so they made a Pandæmonium Of Calus' house. Poor Caius, hunted

out,

Beat and bedevil'd, cuff'd, and driven about

To booths and taverns, pinch'd, and flay'd, and bound,

Wish'd his good Lollia snugly under ground

A second time. Once, as a lucky hit, He thought he'd try and swear a little

bit;

And swear he did; but as for writing it

We beg to be excus'd. A shocking smell

Got up, a brimstone steam came hot

from hell,

And thousand horrid chains were heard
to rattle,
Like many chariots galloping to battle.
Lollia, by turns, grew red, and black, and
wan,
Like mackerel dying in Trimalchio's
pan;
Thick clouds descend, the streaming light-
nings pour,
And shrieks are heard, and doubling
thunders roar,
And the fat blowzy fiend is seen no more,
While her foul brood, by Pluto's wise de-
cree,
Return to Erebus as well as she.

'Twas a she-devil, much more common
then
Than now—a goblin spirit, call'd by men
Vrocolacas, or Gowl, that used to creep
Into good people's graves, and play bo-peep
With them, and scar them into fits, and
wear
Their bodies 'gainst their wills, and some-
times are
Fee'd by the doctors, and are apt to
escape
And delve in church-yards, in a human
shape—
I've heard in London it is quite a trade. I
Now close my tale of Bufo and his Lady.
W.

The Album.

No. I.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF FICTION.

"Alter et Idem."

PARALLELISM is one of those seducing amusements which it is difficult for one of extensive or desultory reading and tolerable memory to resist. To catch a glimpse of a suspicious idea, to follow it up through all the doublings and windings of foreign languages, and to strip it of all those disguises with which plagiarism is familiar, has all the excitement of the chase, with just enough of what the French call *malice* about it, to give it additional zest. For the truth is, that, in matters literary, every critic is a leveller at heart, and is seldom sorry to find, in "this last infirmity of noble minds," a proof that even the greatest are not immaculate.

It must be owned that the annals of literature afford an ample field for the exercise of the amusement. Nothing appears, at first sight, to present such inexhaustible variety as the history of fiction, and yet, into how narrow limits does this apparent immensity shrink, on examination! How often can we trace the progress of some popular tale through different ages, countries, and languages, till it appear with some slender variation in our own,—borrowed by every author without acknowledg-
ment, and disguised under some petty change of "local habitation and a name!" How often are we led, from an imperfect acquaintance with the history of fiction, to consider, as

models of invention, works which are little better than centos! What appears, at first, more original than the imagination of Ariosto—more striking than the wonders of the Orlando, where every successive canto, like the hundred doors opened by the Calendar, presents some new enchantment more dazzling than its predecessor? But then comes the unlucky question, how much of this is borrowed from Pulci and Boiardo? When we turn to them, we find ourselves in the same world of imagination which we had at first attributed to the creative mind of Ariosto. Even this, however, is only shifting the matter a step; almost every one of the fictions of the Morgante and the Orlando Innamorato can be traced to their prototypes, in the prose romances of chivalry, and these, again, to their classical or Arabian originals. Boccaccio is another of these authors of whom we are accustomed to talk as a wonderful inventor. His Decameron is the only collection of Italian novels which is really known in England; and to those who never travel beyond this record, it must undoubtedly appear a work of the most brilliant imagination. But alas for the Etruscan! The manuscripts of St. Palaye, and the octavos of Brabazan and Le Grand, have told strange tales as to the sources of this mass of novels. After deducting the pla-

gjarisms from the Trouveurs, and the *rifaccimenti* from the Cento Novelle Antiche and the Gesta Romanorum, how many of these hundred tales remain the property of the novelist? Why, thirty perhaps, and these chiefly poor witticisms, or improbable stories of practical jokes played off by Bruno and Buffalmocco, the knowing ones of the day, on poor Calandrino, and the other butts of Florence. Were all those manuscripts brought to light which the voluminous zeal of St. Palaye collected, even this small remnant might probably be diminished. But are we to assign to the Trouveurs the palm of that originality which we strip from the brow of the Italian? Has the "Lingue d' Oil" any better claim to their invention than

"Il bel paese ov' il si suona?"

Not a whit; for a little farther inspection enables us to detect their sources in "Syntypas, or the Seven Wise Masters," Petrus Alphonsus' Collection of Arabian Tales, and the eastern work entitled the Bahar Danush, or Garden of Knowledge. "Ainsi va le monde." The whole history of literature infallibly leads to the conclusion, that the inventive faculty is much more rare than is believed. Every where we perceive the same ideas and incidents, recurring under some slight variation of time, place, language, expression, or arrangement. The course of a popular fiction seems to resemble that of the Niger; unknown in its commencement,—flowing on through successive countries, and varying languages,—sometimes lost to view, then re-appearing again under new names, and running in a different direction—swelled, perhaps, by the addition of tributary streams, or lessened again by their loss, but still retaining, amidst all its changes, its character and its identity, and still capable of being traced to its source by the laborious and active inquirer.

With these ideas, we have sometimes amused ourselves in tracing the genealogy of some of our popular stories; and the result of these inquiries, in one or two cases, while it may be new to several of our readers, will afford a pretty good idea of the progress of imitation in the whole.

We dare say most of our classical

readers are aware that the celebrated Golden Ass of Apuleius is borrowed almost literally from the earlier work of Lucius Patrensis. But if Apuleius took some liberties with his predecessor, Providence has certainly commanded the poisoned chalice to his own lips, for he has himself been unmercifully pillaged. The "Tale of a Tuh," which he introduces in the 9th book of the Ass, forms the second tale of the 7th day of the Decameron, and must be familiar to French readers in the "Cuvier" of La Fontaine. The story of the baker, in the same book, is the tenth of the 5th day of the Decameron. The whole scenes in the cave of the robbers, the description of their abode, the old woman of the cave, and the escape of the lady, have been introduced, *sans ceremonie*, by La Sage, into Gil Blas (of which more hereafter.) But the well-known tale of Cupid and Psyche, which is the finest episode in the Golden Ass, has been imitated in almost every language. This beautiful story forms the fourth and finest book of Marino's fantastic poem of L'Adone;—it occurs in the French Romance of Parthenopex de Blois, lately versified by Stewart Rose, who remarks its resemblance to the story of the Three Calendars in the Arabian Nights. It is the subject of the drama of Psyche, commonly published as the work of Moliere, but, in reality, the joint effort of many hands. It has also been very ingeniously christianized by Calderon, in two of his autos which we have read; and Heaven knows how often it may occur in the remainder of that voluminous collection.

The satirical tale, entitled the Matron of Ephesus, commonly supposed to be the work of Petronius, is, perhaps, a still more striking instance. A matron of Ephesus, celebrated for her conjugal affection, on the death of her husband, descends with him into the tomb, determined never to leave the body. A soldier, appointed to watch the bodies of some robbers who had been crucified in the neighbourhood, is attracted by the light in the tomb, and descends to comfort the mourner. At first, of course, she is inconsolable, and obstinately refuses to listen; but, with

feminine inconstancy, she is soon persuaded to milder measures. She eats, and drinks, and at last

Elle écoute un amant—elle en fait un mari,

Le tout au nez du mort, qu'elle avoit tant cheri.

Well might La Fontaine, who versifies this story, say of it,

S'il est un Conte usé, commun et rebattu,

C'est celui qu'en vers j'accommode a ma guise.

Petronius, who is generally believed to be the author, and in whose *Satyricon* the story is very gracefully related, borrowed it from the Greeks—the Greeks from the Arabians—and the Arabians from the Chinese, among whom, as appears from Du Halde, the tale was well known long before the time of Petronius. In modern times, the imitations of it are innumerable. It forms the fifty-sixth Novel of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, the predecessor of the *Decameron*—the second of Annibal Campeggi—and it is versified by Eustachio Manfredi. In French, it has been very finely paraphrased by La Fontaine, and very indifferently by St. Evremond, and it forms the subject of the chapter entitled "*Le Nez*," in that patch-work of Voltaire's, *Zadig* *. It constitutes the leading incident of a wretched play, entitled "*Womens' Tears*," printed in Dodsley's collection. It occurs in a work of John of Salisbury, "*De Nugis Curialibus*," book 8th, and, where perhaps one would have least expected it, in Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*. It has also evidently suggested the story of Choang and Hansi, in Goldsmith's *Essays*.

Prior's Tale of Hans Carvel is another of these hereditary stories. We were aware that Prior had borrowed it from Rabelais, and he from the "*Visio Francisci Philelphi*," in Poggio. But it was only on turning over Dr Israeli's *Curiosties* that we became acquainted with the whole

history of its migrations. It appears for the first time in Poggio, though it is probable that, like many others in the *Facetie*, and in our own Joe Miller, it boasts a much more ancient source. Rabelais, who retails it, alters the name of Philelphus to the modern title which Prior had adopted. The tale is the eleventh of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, the eleventh of a collection published at Lyons in 1555, and the eighty-ninth of the 2nd part of Malespini's. It is introduced by Ariosto, very happily, in the conclusion of his 5th *Saïre*. It is prettily versified by La Fontaine, and by an anonymous Latin Anacreontist. And, lastly, it appears in the graceful *badinage* of Prior. When was ever so slight and licentious a fiction dignified by the labours of such genius!

No English reader of taste can be ignorant of the "*Hermit*" of Parnell. But Parnell, though a pleasing poet, was a man of very moderate imagination, and was really quite incapable of inventing the incidents of the popular tale which passes under his name. His merit is confined to a judicious arrangement of other people's materials, and to his having clothed them in the garb of smooth versification. We need hardly particularize the incidents—the meeting of the hermit and the youth—their arrival at the nobleman's house—their hospitable entertainment—the abstraction of the cup—their unwilling reception in the miser's hovel, to whom the youth delivers the cup—the strangulation of their next host's child—the drowning of the servant, and the metamorphosis of the angel. The germ of this religious lecture is to be found in the *Koran*; but the immediate source of Parnell's story seems to have been the *Gesta Romanorum*, the great storehouse of the old Italian novelists, with the 80th chapter of which this story exactly corresponds. It occurs again in *Le Grand's* collection of the *Contes Devots*, in the supplement to the *Fabliaux*, with this

* Nearly one-half of the chapters in *Zadig* are palpable plagiarisms. The story of the horse and dog—the Angel—the combats—and the broken tablets, must be familiar to general readers. Voltaire once wrote an essay to prove that the greater part of our fictions were derived from the East. How easily he might have illustrated his position, by a reference to his own works!

difference, that the strangulation of the infant is omitted; and in place of it, the angel burns a monastery, in which the pair had been rather too luxuriously entertained, as a gentle reproof to the friars for their indulgence. In this edition of the story, one injudicious incident occurs, for the miser is not the person who gives admittance to the travellers, but a servant, and yet the master is rewarded by the transference of the goblet. The story appears also in Howel's Letters, where it is admitted to be taken from Sir Philip Herbert's conceptions; and in this, the burning is omitted, and the angel saves a merchant's purse, by directing him the wrong way. It is then copied into the Dialogues of Henry More, the Platonist; and it forms the chapter in *Zadig*, "*De l'Hermite qu'un ange conduisit.*" Voltaire's, however, is from the *Contes Devots*, for he, characteristically enough, omits the strangling, and burns the monastery: and, on the whole, this seems to be the best edition of the story, for it is difficult for any moral lecture to reconcile us to the propriety of strangling an innocent infant, in order to cure the father of an overweening affection.

How many of the commentators on Shakespeare, with all their antiquarian research, are aware of the antiquity of the plot of *Much Ado About Nothing*? We had piqued ourselves a good deal in tracing the plan by which Don John deceives Claudio into the belief of Hero's infidelity, by inducing a servant to personate her at the window, through *Bandello*, up to *Ariosto*, in the 5th Canto of whose *Orlando*, *Polinesso*, by a similar device, impeaches the character of *Gineura*, the daughter of the King of Scotland: and we certainly stared a little, when we found that the research of Mr Dunlop had traced the incident as far back as the celebrated Romance of *Tirante le blanc*, in which the *Vedova Riposada*, by an imposture of the same kind, makes *Tiran* jealous of *Carmesina*. From *Ariosto*, the story has been copied by *Bandello*, who transfers the scene from St. Andrew's to *Messina*, with the alteration, that, instead of a woman personating the lady on the balcony, a servant merely enters

the room by a rope-ladder. Shakespeare has taken the story from *Bellesforest's Grand Repertory of Tragical Narrations*, published in England in the 16th century; but he must have either seen or heard of the *Orlando*, for the waiting-maid of *Hero* personates her mistress in the same manner as *Dalinda* in *Ariosto*. The tale occurs, with some variation, in the introduction to *Cynthia's Novels*, (from whom Shakespeare has taken the plot of *Othello*), and in the *Fairy Queen* of *Spenser*, where it is related by a Squire to Sir Guyon.

The plot of another tragedy, (the horrors of which, one would suppose, were likely to meet with few imitators,) namely, the *Mysterious Mother* of *Walpole*, is of the highest antiquity, and seems to have been evidently a favourite subject with the Italian Novelists, though even the unnatural combat of *Massinger* is eclipsed by its audacious and accumulated atrocities. *Walpole* himself says he knew nothing of the story's having been given by preceding writers, and that it was related to him of a lady, who had made the horrible disclosure to *Tillotson*, and had received from him the fatal sentence "almost to despair." This seems an evident fabrication, whether of *Walpole* or not we shall not say; but we confess we cannot help thinking that he borrowed directly from the *Novel of Bandello*, (Part II. 35,) or the thirtieth of the *Queen of Navarre*, both of which, without any connection, seem to have been founded on some vague tradition of the time. It is also the twenty-third novel of *Massuccio*. In *Luther's Colloquia Mensalia*, under the head of *Auricular Confession*, the same story is given, and the scene laid at *Erfurt*, in Germany. It is related in the eleventh chapter of *Byshop's Blossoms*, and in *L'Inceste Innocent*, a novel by *Desfontaines*. *Julio de Medrano*, an old Spanish writer of the 16th century, says, that he had heard a similar story when he was in the *Bourbonnais*, where the inhabitants showed him the house in which the parties had lived, and repeated to him this epitaph, which was inscribed on their tomb:—

Cy gist la fille—cy git le pere

Cy gist la soeur—cy git le frere

*Cy gist la femme—et le mari
Et si n'y a que deux corps ici.*

For this curious information we are also indebted to Mr Dunlop.

We mentioned *en passant* Le Sage's plagiarism from Apuleius. He was, on the whole, a remorseless plagiarist. The most of the leading incidents in *Gil Blas* are borrowed, (not from *Gusman d'Alfarache*, as Warton says,) but from an old Spanish novel in the Picaresco style, called *Marcos de Obregon*. The prologue, with the adventure of the two scholars,—the history of the barber Diego,—the device of the Muleteer to disperse the company at *Cacabelos*,—the story of *Don Raphael*,—the imposture of *Camilla*,—the character of *Sangrado*—the incident in the robbers' cave,—the story of *Scipio*,—even the names of many of *Le Sage's* charac-

ters are all to be found in this obsolete publication of *Espinel*. The marriage of *Vengeance*, (*Tancred and Sigismunda*,) and most of the other novels, are transcripts from Spanish plays. The *Force of Friendship* is from the fifty-ninth novel of part 3d of *Bandello*; and many of the best scenes in the *Diabre Boiteux* are from the *Diabre Cojuelo* of *Guevara*. In short, *Le Sage's* whole merit consists in a happy arrangement of incidents invented by others, and in the easy and polished satire which he has infused into the whole. But we must conclude. Were we asked to point out the noblest work of modern invention—the most original, both in its general design, and in the minutest details of its execution, we should undoubtedly name the *Don Quixote* of *Cervantes*.

Poguis Eclogue.

He, looking round on every side, beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.

Milton.

THE sun had left Britannia wrapt in night,
On western worlds to shed his morning light;
His fervid beams shone bright on Darien's shore,
To Scotsmen fatal in the days of yore,
On royal William's name which stamps a blot,
By Caledonia's children unforgot;
Not distant far from this ill-fated land,
Where Nature owns no cultivator's hand,
Where blackening forests cast a lasting shade,
No flowery vale, green field, nor opening glade,
Nor hills with flocks, nor herds in verdant glen,
Nor curling smoke, to mark the haunts of men;
But tangling thickets hide the wily snake,
Foul birds of prey scream nightly in the brake;
From secret lairs comes many a frightful cry,
And burning suns shine in a cloudless sky.
'Twas on that hapless spot, by fraud betray'd,
A group of wretched emigrants were laid,
Decoy'd from Scotia's glens and peopled shore,
And doom'd, too late, their rashness to deplore:
The sun was vertical, his downward ray
Shed on their heads "intolerable day;"
Their limbs were stiff with night-dew's fatal damp,
And painful toil to form their little camp:
There fathers, mothers, youths, and children young,
Grief swell'd each heavy heart, thirst parch'd each tongue;
Each cheek was pale with want and wasting care,
And every look was dismal, dark despair.
With aching brows, stretch'd on the long rank grass,
The languor of their lingering hours to pass,

Two hapless youths the dreary silence broke,
 Of friends, and home, and former days, they spoke ;
 Both seem'd their reckless folly to bemoan
 With bitter tears—one James, the other John :
 A wedded pair, too, mourn'd their sad mishap,
 A meagre child lay on the mother's lap,
 About her heaving breast the infant clung,
 Her drooping head in sad dejection hung ;
 Yet she would raise her dim, desponding eye,
 And gaze upon two little lispers by ;
 In mournful music, hush her babe to sleep—
 Kiss its pale cheek—then turn her head and weep.
 James first to mourn their hapless fate began,
 The others listening—thus the converse ran :

JAMES.

“ Is this the genial clime, the promis'd land,
 The scene display'd by false enchanter's wand ?
 For ever flown the dreams in slumbers shed,
 When bright illusions hover'd o'er my head ;
 When scudding light before the wanton breeze,
 Or struggling hard to stem tempestuous seas ;
 Was it for this that we invok'd the gale,
 On deserts drear our fortunes to bewail ?
 Was it for this I left Edina's shore—
 That happy land my feet shall tread no more—
 Left friends, who long had o'er my follies mourn'd,
 Their griefs despis'd—their wisest counsels scorn'd ?
 The gay companion of a thoughtless train,
 All, like myself, young, idle, pert, and vain ;
 I deem'd that Pleasure's sweets would never cloy
 Her varied scenes of loose, licentious joy ;
 Headstrong and proud—impatient of control,
 The gambler's table and the toper's bowl
 For me had still resistless, winning charms,
 And venal beauty lured me to her arms :
 I knew her purpose was but to beguile,
 Yet sought her wanton glance and syren smile,
 Saw poison sparkle in a gilded cup,
 And revelling o'er the draught, I drank it up ;
 Till steep'd in sin, insensible to shame,
 With empty purse, lost health, and blighted fame ;
 Without a friend with strength and skill to save,
 Or drag me from stern Ruin's whelming wave,
 I bade a long—I fear a last adieu,
 To all erewhile so lovely to my view !
 Methinks I hear my sister's rending sighs,
 And see the tear-drops streaming from her eyes ;
 Still feel the pressure of my brother's hand,
 As my light foot left Lothian's fertile strand ;
 At sea, as on my sleepless couch I turn'd,
 I thought of tender admonition spurn'd ;
 With fix'd resolve to close my wild career,
 On Virtue's stream with struggling oar to steer ;
 And when I long had brav'd the stormy blast,
 Seek friends and home, and soothe them for the past.
 “ Alas ! it was a dream—illusion vain !
 Nor friends nor home shall I behold again !
 Too late I o'er my reckless folly sigh ;
 Though unprepar'd, doom'd in this wild to die ;
 For keen Remorse my anguish'd bosom wrings,
 And Conscience tortures with her scorpion stings !

Would outrag'd Heav'n but condescend to save
A guilty wretch from an untimely grave,
Methinks I would—but ah! my doom is pass'd,
My spirits sink, and death approaches fast,
And I must fall, where none shall heave a sigh,
Above the nameless spot where I forgotten lie!"

JOHN.

"Although no pang of guilt my bosom tears,
Yet in my face egregious Folly stares;
Her laugh exulting, and her sneer of scorn,
Have poignance sharper than the piercing thorn;
For I have been her dupe—her ready tool—
A credulous, unthinking, giddy fool!
Though not with Fortune's gifts profusely bless'd,
Yet pinching Poverty had ne'er oppress'd;
I ne'er with guilt nor care was doom'd to pine,
And youth, and health, and competence were mine;
But lust of wealth had long possess'd my mind,
And I had wish'd some richer shore to find,
Some fairy-land, some El Dorado clime,
Where Nature ever smil'd in virgin prime;
Where wanton Spring and Summer still were seen
Blending their sweets in rich perennial green;
Where golden harvests on the genial soil
A hundred fold rewarded labour's toil.

"Like Satan, seeking whom he might devour,
MACREGOR met me in an evil hour;
His hook was baited with a golden fly,
The shark—ah no!—the simple gudgeon I!
Who, reckless, took no time to think or pause,
And now I writhe, the barb deep in my jaws!"

"Though Hope on tiptoe stood, with anxious eye,
And Expectation in my heart beat high,
A momentary sadness swell'd my heart,
When from my native land and friends to part;
And there was one—ah! dearer than the rest,
Whose image lives within this aching breast,
I press'd her hand—but could not say "farewell!"
While on that trembling hand a tear-drop fell:
On wings of love I only went before,
In search of Eden, on some blissful shore;
For her, in Paradise, to build a home,
Where Love should reign, and Care should never come!
Alas! the spell's dissolv'd—the dream is fled!
With throbbing veins, sick heart, and aching head,
I wish to die—to meet my hapless doom,
While some kind hand is left to dig my tomb."

HUSBAND.

"Ye sad companions in affliction's hour,
Dark are the gathering clouds that round us lower;
Our fate is hard—I've heard you both repine,
Yet are your sufferings light compar'd with mine;
Whate'er your sorrows, they are yours alone,
No better-half re-echoes back your groan!
See her, now seated, sickening, at my side,
Twelve years ago she was my blushing bride;
Her glowing cheek, ripe lip, and melting eye,
Were sweeter far than summer's morning sky;
Both young, our hopes were high, our hearts were warm,
For Love and Plenty bless'd our little farm;

But times soon alter'd, markets still declin'd,
 Our landlord poor, prov'd sordid and unkind ;
 Each year but added to our deep distress,
 And every day still made our little less ; •
 In deeper gloom the gathering darkness spread,
 We sigh'd, and from impending ruin fled.
 Like you, deceiv'd, too rashly dar'd to roam,
 To seek a safe retreat, a shel'ring home.
 See Mary's pallid cheek and wasted form,
 Like primrose blighted in the vernal storm ;
 Behold the infant on her breast that lies,
 And mark the faded lustre of its eyes ;
 These younglings seated round their mother's feet,
 That bloom'd erewhile like opening rosehuds sweet,
 Now weak their limbs, and fled each rising grace,
 Sickness and famine blanches every face !
 No hope remains but here alone to die,
 And on the turf our bones unburied lie !
 But as they bleach beneath a torrid sun,
 May shapes terrific, shades and horrors dun,
 Nightly surround the author of our woes,
 And our pale ghosts still haunt him in repose !
 If to his home he should again return,
 May friends forsake him, and his kinsmen spurn !
 Let him, like me, in lonely desert die,
 And let his bones in dust unhallow'd lie ;
 Above his turf may never heathbell wave,
 Nor dews of morn, nor daisy deck his grave !
 But there may——"

WIFE.

" Hush ! that bitter curse recall !
 Although thy heart now writhes in anguish'd thrall,
 Leave him, the wretched author of our pain,
 To Him who can the wrath of man restrain :
 Or rather, raise your heart and hands to Heav'n,
 In fervent prayer, that he may be forgiv'n ;
 And while you o'er our present sorrows pine,
 Still learn to trust Omnipotence Divine ;
 For He who sits enthron'd above the sky,
 Sees all His creatures with Omniscient eye ;
 The crowded city, and the trackless shore,
 The gorgeous temple, and the desert hoar—
 The dark abyss, the forest's gloomy shades,
 His presence fills, His providence pervades *.
 Our Father may His face and favour hide,
 But not for aye, if we in Him confide ;
 Let us His wisdom, pow'r, and goodness own,
 And look for Mercy where our wants are known !"

Even while she spoke, a sail appear'd in view,
 And as they wistful gaz'd, still nearer drew ;
 A party lands—the victims crowd around—
 Kneeling with lifted hands, and prayers profound ;
 The faltering tongue, parch'd lip, and faded cheek,
 In silent eloquence their sorrows speak !
 Their wretchedness the visitors deplore,
 And lead the wanderers from that dreary shore.

* God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste, as in the city full.

 NUGÆ CAMBRICÆ.

Mores et studia et populos et prœlia dicam.
 In tenui labor, ac tenuis non gloria; si quem
 Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.

Virg. Georg. iv. 5.

 Introduction.

WHILE the customs, manners, and traditions of Scotland and Ireland have been depicted and displayed with masterly vividness, those of Wales have been most culpably neglected. Her ancient literature and poetry, indeed, have met with a better fate; but even these have been confined in their diffusion, and limited in their utility, by the injudicious manner adopted for their dissemination. The two or three works which have been devoted to their preservation are so decidedly and particularly national, that their object has been entirely defeated by their exclusive addiction to subjects of a character merely antiquarian. Had their contents been varied by lively descriptions of scenery and manners, they would have proved infinitely more acceptable to the general reader, and would have answered more abundantly the purpose of their projectors, by conveying to the public at large an adequate idea of the interest and importance of our ancient British literature.

The "reading public," taken in the aggregate, is not willing to bestow much time upon the perusal of old historical records. Few people are powerfully interested respecting the early inhabitants of our island. The antiquarian scholar, indeed, will gloat over the contents of a worm-eaten chronicle, and feast rapturously in the illegibility of an ancient MS. But the antiquary is generally too much wrapt up in the profundity of his harmless recreations, to assist in conveying instruction to others, by converting his studies into a source of public utility. The Welsh antiquary, even when he is inclined to give publicity to his lucubrations, has not always adopted the most judicious method of doing so. A laudable desire—and one which every Cambro-Briton must heartily admire—of pre-

serving uncontaminated the language of his ancestors, has induced more than one learned individual to publish his works in the Welsh tongue; and I need not say how much is lost to the English reader by such a plan. I may instance, as an example of this fashion, that noble work, the *ARCHAEOLOGY OF WALES*, the contents of which are as "a book sealed" to the majority of those persons who would profit by them. I do not mean to censure the learned and excellent Editor of that splendid monument of Cambrian lore for printing the original MSS. in their original language: highly would he have been to blame had he *not* done so. But surely a translation would not have been supererogatory.

But there is one cause, above all others, which has operated thus inimically to the diffusion of Cymric literature; and that is, the shameful apathy with which the natives of Wales itself regard the patriotic labours of their more highly-gifted countrymen. This is an evil which cannot be too severely deprecated. There is something so unworthy,—something so selfish and sensual in this dull and ungenerous indifference, that no pains should be spared to wipe away the odium which it casts upon the country. Something, it is true, has been done to this effect by the proceedings of the *CAMBRIAN METROPOLITAN SOCIETY*,—an institution of great merit, and, I trust, of some influence. But much remains yet to be done, and I question whether this very desirable event will ever be fully accomplished.

As many interesting facts are, by these means, hidden from the English reader, it is my intention in these *NUGÆ*, to present him with a description of such national customs and traditions as may seem worthy of narration. If I do not effect as much as I myself should wish, still,

I may excite in others, who may be better qualified for the task, a laudable desire to do more. And at all events, I may say, in the hackneyed verse of the Roman satirist,

"Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra."

⊙

Cader Idris.

Towering from continent or sea,
Where is the mountain like to thee?
The eagle's darling, and the tempest's
prize,—

Thou! on whose ever-varying side
The shadows and the sunbeams glide
In still or stormy weather.

Wilson.

CADER IDRIS, the celebrated Merionethshire mountain, forms the southern boundary of the county, and is distant from the little town of Dolgelley about six miles. The road leading to it is nearly one continued acclivity, passing through tracks of varied and romantic scenery,—sometimes presenting green valleys, with small patches of fertile pasture land; but more frequently rough defiles, or brown and barren mountains. It has three high points, or pinnacles, which give the summit, when seen at a distance, an undulating appearance: they are called Pen y Cader, Mynydd y Moel, and Craig y Cae. From the first, which is considerably higher than either of the others, the altitude of Cader Idris has been computed, and is calculated to be 2900 feet above the green at Dolgelley. On the northern side of the mountain is an excavation of some magnitude: the surface of the earth is covered with immense columns of rock, scattered about in every direction. These disjointed crags,

To the astonish'd mind, recall
The fabled horrors of demoniac force,
By Lapland wizards wrought, who, borne
upon

The whirlwind's wing,—what time the
vex'd sea dash'd

Against Norwegian cliffs,—to solid mass
Turn'd the swoll'n billows.

Sotheby.

They are composed, Mr Bakewell says, of porphyritic green-stone; and are said to have been first observed here after an unusually violent thunder-storm, which happened some years ago. The earth on that spot appeared recently torn up, and the colour and angular sharpness of the columns proved that their original position had been disturbed by some violent concussion, and that they had been exposed but a short time to the atmosphere, which soon changes the colour of this stone, and renders it considerably lighter*.

Cader Idris is said to be so named, from having been the fort of a *giant* of the "olden time," denominated Idris; Cader, in the Welsh language, signifying a fort, or stronghold. In addition to his gigantic qualifications, Idris is supposed to have possessed those of a prince, poet, philosopher, and astronomer. By the peasantry, however, he is thought to have been a giant *only*; and in corroboration of this opinion, a huge rock on the summit is pointed out as the couch of his giantship. In further proof of the veracity of this tradition, three large pieces of rock, by the side of a deep, dark pool, are shown to those who visit the mountain; and these rocky masses are said to have been cast out of the *shoes* of the giant aforesaid, one morning as he was walking round the fort†. If we are to judge of the size of Idris, from the magnitude of the *pebbles* which he threw out of his shoes, he must have been a monstrous fellow indeed, for the smallest of the masses on the brink of the pool is at least *twenty feet high*! The fact is, Idris was a person of some rank and importance in his day, but the precise era of his existence is uncer-

* Bakewell's Introduction to Geology,—where it is further observed, that this mountain presents objects particularly interesting to the geologist, there being no other situation in South Britain where the columnar structure of the rock is so strikingly displayed on so large a scale.

† This pool is called Llyn y tre Grainwyn, or the Pool of the Three Pebbles:—pebbles are they with a vengeance! "Very troublesome they are not supposed to have been," says Mr Peter Roberts, "as they could only weigh a few tons. They are, however, large enough for a nursery computation of the giant's stature."

tain. He is named in the Welsh Triads as one of the "three sublime astronomers of Britain;" and it may hence be conjectured—as more than one writer has affirmed—that he had chosen the top of Cader Idris for his observatory. But without stopping to discuss this momentous question, it may be necessary to mention, that the appellation of Idris *gawr*, commonly given to this warrior, together with the idea of personal greatness, which, in vulgar minds, is always associated with mental or hereditary qualifications, has been the cause of the absurd fable generally imposed upon strangers. *Gawr*, or more properly *cawr*, certainly signifies, in the modern use of the word, a *giant*; but, by the old British writers, it was frequently meant to designate a prince or champion.

But in order to substantiate still more securely the favourite and fascinating hypothesis of the giantship of Idris, some assert that the true name of the mountain is *Cadair*, and not *Cader* Idris, the former signifying the *chair* of Idris, thereby implying that the "giant" probably deigned to use its highest pinnacle for a seat. But unfortunately for the advocates of this most amusing opinion, there are two other mountains in Merionethshire, which have the word *Cader* prefixed to their more distinguishing appellations, namely, *Cader Berwyn*, and *Cader Penllyn*; and the most cunning antiquary alive could never prove that either *Berwyn* or *Penllyn* had any reference to that tremendous and fearful race of which Idris is supposed to have been so magnanimous a member. Indeed it appears—as an ingenious writer in the *Literary Journal* argues—that these and similar names must have owed their origin to the practice adopted by the Ancient Britons, of selecting the summits of mountains for the sites

of their fortified posts; which is evident, from the remains of several still to be found on some of the highest eminences in North Wales*. A similar custom, observes the writer just alluded to, is noticed by Cæsar and Florus, to have prevailed among the Cantabri, who inhabited that part of Spain now called Biscay. And, upon the final subjugation of that country in the time of Augustus, the Cantabrians were compelled to quit their mountain fortresses for the less secure defences of the plains. We do not recollect that Cæsar alludes particularly to the existence of this mode of fortification among the *Britons*; but his operations were chiefly confined to the coast, and that, too, not the most mountainous part of it. It is probable, therefore, that such of the natives as he encountered must have found the woods a more convenient protection. Tacitus, however, seems to advert to this practice of our Aboriginal ancestors, in the relation he gives of the defeat of Caracacus and Galgacus. Yet the testimony of the Roman Historians is by no means wanting to establish a fact, which is not only proved by the ancient remains already mentioned, but which is also distinctly stated by several of the old British writers; and, if I mistake not, a manuscript preserved in the Hengurt Library, in Merionethshire, gives a particular account of some of the first founders of these ancient *castra*.

I had nearly forgotten to mention, that, on *Pen y Cader*, there is a circular stone enclosure, which, I believe, was the *bed* of the giant; and tradition has assigned to it a power of affecting the imagination at night, far beyond what all the romantic and sublime scenery of the day can aspire to. He who sleeps within this hallowed circle for one night, will, it is said, awake either a madman or a poet,—"*aut insanit homo, aut versus*

* I may instance the well-known aerial fortress on *Penmaenmaur*, which is surrounded by three stone walls, each being about six feet thick. Between the walls, the sites of many round towers are apparent, each about eighteen feet in diameter. The situation of this immense fortress must have been impregnable; for independent of its elevation, the entrance is steep and rocky, and ascends by many turnings. Besides, it was capable of containing 20,000 men. This princely hold was no doubt the great shelter of the Welsh, during the invasion of their country, both before and subsequent to the massacres of Edward the First. See "*CAMBRIAN NOTICES*," by Mr Edward Llwyd, of Chester.

facit,"—as Horace hath it. There is a similar tradition relating to Snowdon; and a rock is shown pretty near the summit, under which, if two persons sleep on a *Midsummer's-Eve*, the one will wake out of his senses, and the other gifted with all the sublimities of poetry. We have heard that that wayward and fervid genius, Evan Evans, author of the "*Dissertatio de Bardis*," &c. &c., once tried the experiment on Cader Idris, but with indifferent success. The adventure was perfectly in unison with those wandering and impetuous fancies which characterized the disposition of this able but eccentric scholar. Poor Evans died soon after this exploit; not, indeed, from the ill success of the trial, but from a sadder and more common cause. His genius soon acquired him reputation, and, as is but too frequently the case, his expectations were raised too highly, and his hopes of estimation and encouragement damped by neglect; having been, perhaps, previously fostered by the proud but empty patronage of some unfeeling son of Fortune. "His disappointments," observes an industrious Welsh writer, "instead of urging him to prudent industry, preyed upon his very vitals: his mind, replete as it was with learning and sensibility, became at intervals inert and languid, till he fell into unworthy negligence of his own great powers. But his favourite pursuits of poetry and Welsh antiquities were continued occasionally to the last, with an ardour deserving of a better fate."

The Hospitality of the Welsh.

A lovely flower is Hospitality!
Blooming so beautifully amid the desert,
The sterile mountain, and the barren
moor.

It cheers the weary wanderer on his way—
It soothes the way-worn pilgrim's toil and
sorrow,

And sheds a glowing radiance all around.
Owein Cywiliog, Prince of Powys.

There is but one opinion respecting the hospitality of the Welsh, namely, that it is profuse, courteous,

and unbounded. This beautiful virtue ways the manners both of the accomplished gentleman and of the untutored cottager, and confers additional lustre upon its possessor, from the wild and dreary sterility amidst which it flourishes. Its influence is particularly powerful in the most retired districts of the principality; and he who has wandered, as I have done, through the secluded dells of Caernarvon and Merioneth, will bear ample testimony to that bounteous liberality which welcomes the stranger to the peasant's fireside, and produces, for his refreshment, the hard-earned pittance of the cottager. The Welsh, indeed, with all their rude and turbulent habits, have been remarkable for their urbanity to strangers, from a very remote period. Giraldus Cambrensis, who travelled through Wales, and minutely noted the particulars of his journey, so early as 1188, has drawn a lively picture of the hospitality of the natives. So universally was it practised in those days, that beggars were unknown in the principality, and the passing traveller was exempted from the necessity of soliciting lodging or refreshment, and had only to signify, by a peculiar ceremony, the nature and duration of his visit. "*Nemo in hac gente mendicus*," writes our traveller; "*omnium enim hospitium omnibus sunt communia, largitatem quippe, et præcipue dapilitatem cunctis virtutibus anteponunt; adeo nempe hospitalis hic gratia communione lætatur, quod itinerantibus ea nec offeratur, nec petatur, tantum etenim domum intrantes protinus arma custodiæ tradunt; deinde statim aquam offerentibus, si pedes ablui promiserint, hospitio suscepti sunt, aquæ nimirum pedibus oblato hospitalis apud hanc gentem est invitatio. Obsequium autem oblatum si fortè recusant, matutinas recreationes, et non hospitium volunt.**" But it is not my intention to imply that this exuberant hospitality was peculiar to the Welsh; it was probably common to all uncivilized nations. Nay, Montesquieu tells us, that it is "most rare in trading countries, and is found in the most admirable perfection among"—oh, that I should

* Cambr. Descript. cap. 10, p. 193. Bulmer's edition.

say so!—"nations of vagabonds"! and Adam Smith has observed, that, before the extension of commerce and manufactures in England, the hospitality of the rich and the great, from the Sovereign down to the smallest baron, exceeded every thing of which we can now form any idea. Westminster-Hall was the dining-room of William Rufus, and might not, observes Hume, have been always too large for his company. Thomas-à-Becket was so profusely munificent, that he even strewed the floor of his banqueting-hall with clean hay and rushes, in order that the gallant knights and squires, who were not able to procure seats at the table, might not spoil their fine clothes when they sat down on the floor to eat their dinner†! Who has not heard of the hospitality of the great Earl of Warwick, who is said to have entertained, every day, at his different manors, no less than 30,000 people! Let us look, also, to the Highlands of Scotland, and to the retired wilds of Ireland. In fact, hospitality is a virtue which flourishes vigorously among all nations, to whom commerce and manufactures are little known. "I have seen," says Dr Pococke, "an Arabian chief dine in the streets of a town, whither he had come to sell his cattle, and invite all passengers, even common beggars, to sit down with him, and partake of his banquet."

St. Paul, and the other inspired writers, insist very frequently on the practice of this virtue, the exercise of which must have been very necessary in the East, where there were formerly none, or but few *caravanserais*; and as there were no other

places of public accommodation, the traveller, unless entertained by the natives, must have been exposed to various evils. In Britain, the case was very similar. There were probably no inns, or houses of public entertainment; and unless the wants of the way-farer could have been thus supplied, he must have slept in the woods, or on the mountains—his only canopy, perhaps, the winter's sky. Nor, indeed, even "*cæteris paribus*," was the mountain peasant so well provided for as the wanderer in Judea; the dress of the latter, as Mr D'Israeli has somewhere remarked, being well calculated for repose—his turban forming a pillow, his pelisse a coverlet.

The Welsh have not, in any degree, lost their ancient partiality for the exercise of this attractive virtue. It is, indeed, the blooming flower which adorns and enlivens the rugged paths of their secluded hills; and rigidly cynical must be that person upon whom it does not make a deep and lasting impression. Frequently has the writer of these imperfect remarks experienced the cordial hospitality of the generous and warm-hearted mountaineer, when it was his lot, during the earlier part of his life, to dwell among the wild but beautiful hills of Merionethshire. Often were the best viands in the cottage, the carefully-buttered *cwrw*‡, the white wheaten cake, the pot of fresh butter, with cheese and milk in abundance, produced to welcome and refresh him; and never did the countenance or actions of the poor cottager betoken unwillingness to oblige, or displeasure at the intrusion.

* Montesq. l. xx. c. 2. *Nugent's Translation.*

† This, by the way, must have been considered a great luxury: for, even so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the palaces and castles of England the floors of the rooms were strewed with *fresh rushes*, only now and then. The guests, who used no forks, threw their bones, gristle, fat, &c. under the table among the rushes, where this filth lay for weeks, nourishing swarms of toads, necots, beetles, earwigs, and fleas. These "golden days," it seems, remained in some of the remote parts of the kingdom till the middle of the last century—if not in the dining-room, at least in the kitchen. See "*Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland*," Vol. I. p. 195. Note.

‡ *Anglicæ*—Welsh Ale.

Convivial Customs.

SUMMER-HOUSES—TERMING.

Sic omnia fatis

In pejus ruere, et retro sublapsa referri.

Virg.

Formerly there was scarcely a mansion of any magnitude in Wales that had not the appendage of a summer-house, generally situated in a pleasant spot, at a short distance from the house. Several of these are yet to be seen, some in ruins, others entire, and still occasionally used. In the neighbourhood of Dalgelley there are two or three of them, but now in a ruinous and neglected condition. They are small, circular buildings, containing only one room, which occupies the whole area of the edifice. The purposes to which they were formerly devoted appear to have been the very reverse of effeminate. The hearty old Welsh Squire, and his boon companions, adjourned thither, after dinner, to enjoy the jolly gratification of a jug of choice *cwrrw**; and, free from all restraint, it may be reasonably imagined that they were not very temperate in their potations. In later years, however, this practice has fallen into disuse, and summer-houses have been converted into tea-rooms, or frequented merely for the purpose of enjoying a plain dessert, and a cheerful, but moderate glass. Mr Pennant, in describing his paternal estate of Bychton, in Flintshire, mentions the summer-house to which his grandfather,

—a complete bon-vivant in his way—was accustomed to “adjourn with his guests,” to regale them with the delicious *cwrrw*, compounded by a famous hand in the neighbourhood—old Shane of Lletty Gonest. “Many years afterwards,” writes our Antiquary, “when I became master of the estate, I also had my adjournments, but it was either to eat shrimps, or to drink tea. An honest vicar of a distant parish, who had been a most intimate friend of my convivial grandfather, inquired whether I ever went to the summer-house? and was answered, ‘Now and then, to drink tea.’ Struck with horror at the degeneracy of the grandson, the good man exclaimed, with indignation, ‘Drink tea! his grandfather would have scorned it!’”

There was another very jolly custom prevalent in some parts of North Wales, not many years ago, which was denominated *Terming*. A party of eight or nine worthies would “club together,” and brew a barrel of ale at some favourite pot-house, where they remained till it was consumed. It was deemed effeminate and highly reprehensible to go to bed during the continuance of the *Term*, even should it last a week, (which, by the way, never happened, as a Welshman knows better than to be sparing of a good top of *cwrrw*;) but they slept as well as they could, on chairs, on the floor, or on benches, as it happened; and when they awoke, their libations were immediately resumed†. At length, when they had emptied their barrel, they wended their way home—

* I understand that a learned and ingenious friend of mine, a Cambro-Briton by birth, has it in contemplation to present to the public an Historical Account of the national beverage of his countrymen, so well known amongst themselves by the invigorating and sonorous name of *Cwrrw*. He has succeeded in tracing its origin to a very remote and barbarous period, and has expended much of his valuable time and labour upon the work—not more, however, than the importance and interest of the subject requires. As some time may elapse before this desideratum in the literature of the Cymry be completed, I transcribe the following summary from my own common-place book: “*Cwrrw* is generally made from barley, dried in a peculiar manner, which gives it a somewhat smoky, or *whiskyish* flavour, and renders it heavy and soporiferous; notwithstanding which, the natives, when they can get it, quaff it in copious quantities. It appears to be a liquor of very ancient date, for Strabo has evidently an allusion to it in the words “*Ligures luctantur potu hordacca*.” Pliny also relates, that the inhabitants of the western countries became intoxicated with a liquor prepared from corn. His words are, “*Est et Occidentis populis sua ebrietas, fruge madida*.”—*Nat. Hist.* l. xiv.

† The ancient Germans, it appears, were somewhat addicted to this sort of conviviality—“*Diem, noctemque continuare potando*,” says Tacitus, “*nulli probum*.”

German, c. 22.

wards as steadily as they could; the one who had sustained the bout more vigorously than the others, always carrying away in triumph the spigot of the cask. "Coursing," says the writer above quoted, "was very frequently the occasion of these *Terms*. Each gentleman brought his greyhound; and often made matches, more for the glory of producing the best dog, than for the value of the bet."

—

*Gwylliad Cochion Mowddwy; or
the Red-headed Banditti of Mowddwy* *.

'Tis true they are a lawless brood,
But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
And every creed, and every race,
With them hath found—may find a
place:

But open speech, and ready hand,
Obedience to their Chief's command,—
A soul for every enterprise
That never sees with terror's eyes,—
Friendship for each, and faith to all,
And vengeance vowed to those who fall,—
Have made them willing instruments
For more than ev'n "their Chief's" in-
tents. Byron.

In the neighbourhood of Dinas Mowddwy, in Merionethshire, there existed, during the early part of the 16th century, a powerful band of robbers, known by the names of the Red-headed Banditti of Mowddwy, (Gwylliad Cochion Mowddwy,) and the Banditti of the Black Wood, (Gwylliad y Dugoed.) This band originally consisted of only one family, living in and near the township of Dugoed, and possessing, as it is said, so many as "eighty hearths." Some flagrant act of oppression, or, as it is sometimes affirmed, the ill usage of a favourite sister, by a more powerful individual, whose name is now lost in oblivion, was the primary cause of their lawless and irregular life; and, having openly avowed their

contempt for the laws of society, they sought the assistance of all the turbulent spirits of the times, and became a numerous and formidable horde; so formidable, indeed, that the neighbourhood of their residence was deserted by nearly all its former inhabitants, and scythes were fixed in the chimneys of the nearest houses, to prevent the nocturnal descent of these plundering ruffians†. It would seem that they were an organized body, subordinate to a chief or leader; and that they acted, in every respect, in concert with each other. Not contented with the robbery of the passing traveller, they levied contributions on the estates of the gentlemen around them, and drove away whole herds of cattle at noon-day, to their almost inaccessible haunts in the deep woods above Dinas Mowddwy.

The Gwylliad were as celebrated in Merionethshire for their skill in archery, as the "merry men" of Robin Hood were in the North; and it is related of one of them, that he shot an arrow from his bow to the distance of nearly a mile. He was standing with some of his comrades on an eminence near their chieftain's house, and saw a party of peasants regaling themselves in a field in the valley below. He mischievously proposed to disturb their repast, and fixing the arrow to his bow, the weapon whistled within a few yards of the spot where the peasants sat, doubtless to their great and manifest discomfort. This story has probably received a due portion of exaggeration during its course downwards to the present day; but its mere existence evinces that the Banditti of Mowddwy were accounted no despicable howmen. They were also remarkable for their swiftness and agility, and one of them, under the protection of a gentleman of some influence—Lloyd of Ceiswyn—exhibited

* An imperfect notice of these ancient marauders appeared in the 1st volume of the *Cambro Briton*, a publication patriotically devoted to the diffusion of Welsh literature. But as this Miscellany is now discontinued, and as its circulation was confined chiefly to the principality, I have not scrupled to transcribe the account of the Gwylliad, more particularly as the kindness of the Rev. Rowland Williams, of Meifod, in Montgomeryshire, has enabled me to add to it many interesting and curious particulars.

† Scythes were to be seen in the chimney of a neighbouring farm-house about thirty years ago, but they have been since removed.

himself as a competitor for the prizes at the different rustic games practised at that time throughout the country; and it is said that he was never beaten in running. We may likewise infer, from the terror with which they were regarded, that they united to the qualifications already specified, others better adapted to their licentious and perilous mode of life; in short, that they were as much dreaded and detested by all honest and quiet people, as the gallant but turbulent clan of a Rob Roy Macgregor, or a Vich Ian Vohr.

The event which led to their subversion displays their boldness and ferocity in a strong and impressive light. It appears that the enormities of the Gwylliaid Cochion Mowddwy had arrived at such a pitch, as to render necessary the interposition of the most prompt and vigorous measures. To this end, a commission was granted to John Wynne ab Meredith, of Gwedir, and Lewis Owen, one of the Barons of the Welsh Exchequer, and Vice-Chamberlain of North Wales. These gentlemen raised a body of men, and, on Christmas Eve 1554, succeeded in securing, after considerable resistance, nearly a hundred of the robbers, on whom they inflicted chastisement the most summary and effectual, hanging them on the spot, and, as their commission authorized, without any previous trial*. There is a remarkable tradition extant, which relates, that the mother of two young men who were executed on this occasion, earnestly besought the stern Judge to spare her children. Her supplications were unheeded, and the Baron con-

tinued firm and inexorable in the performance of his duty. Finding that her entreaties were useless, in an agony of rage and despair, she bared her bosom, and uttered these memorable words, which were formerly in every mouth in the county: "*Mi fagodd y ddwy felten felten yma blant, a olchart eu dwylaw etto yngngwaeddy galon di!*"—These yellow breasts have reared children, who will yet wash their hands in thy heart's blood!

Notwithstanding the number executed by the Baron and his colleague, there still remained several of the banditti unbroke, who resolved to revenge the death of so many of their gallant comrades; and an opportunity soon occurred for the execution of their purpose. They learnt that Baron Owen would pass through a wood near their haunts, and they determined to lie in wait for him. They had previously ascertained the strength of his Lordship's train, which consisted of his kinsman, John Lloyd of Ceiswyn, (the person already mentioned as the patron of the swift-footed outlaw,) with six or seven attendants, all on horseback. To render their vengeance more secure, the robbers had felled some trees, and placed them in the road, so as to blockade the passage†. As soon, therefore, as the Baron came in sight of this barrier, he ordered his attendants to ride forward and remove it, remaining a short distance from the spot with his kinsman Lloyd; but while he halted, a well-aimed arrow, from a thicket on one side, pierced him to the heart, and he fell

* The traditions of the neighbourhood mention nothing respecting a *commission*,—probably because the narrators were ignorant of such a process,—but record that two of the principal outlaws came, in the usual manner, to be tried for their misdeeds at the county assizes, then holden at Dinas Mowddwy, at a place still called "*Lloft y Cwrt*," or the Court-Room; and that the county jail was situated on the spot now occupied by the yard of the Blue Lion. The offenders were justly enough condemned; and when their aged mother had interceded in vain with the unbending Baron, she uttered the words quoted in the text. I have adhered, however, to a statement given by Mr Pennant, as far as relates to the *commission*, although it is somewhat singular that Sir John Wynn, in the History of the Gwedir Family, has taken no notice of a transaction in which his own uncle, John Wynne ab Meredith, acted so honourable and prominent a part.

† There was a gate called *Llidiart y Barwn*, or the Baron's Gate, in this part of the wood, not many years ago; but it was taken away when the present turnpike road was formed. Another gate, leading to a field above the road, is sometimes shown as the original *Llidiart y Barwn*.

from his horse, a helpless and dying man. The robbers then rushed from their ambush, and put the attendants to flight. Lloyd, from his intimacy with the band, escaped uninjured. At the commencement of the fray, he was advised not to interfere*, and to make the best of his way onwards—a caution, it is probable, he did not despise; and, having wreaked their revenge upon the grand object of their vengeance, the robbers returned home. As they were repairing thither, however, one of them—a brother of the young men whose pardon their mother had implored in vain—bethought himself that he had not executed his parent's injunction to the extent she wished. He reminded his comrades of the omission, and they turned back to the spot where the Baron's corpse still lay, cut into it with their daggers, and actually *washed their hands in his heart's blood!* The horror excited by this diabolical act, and the increased activity of the Government, soon after put an end to their more open and extensive depredations. Many, too, were taken, and suffered the penalty incurred by their crimes upon the scaffold; and those who remained became mere pilferers, in comparison with what they once had been. The following fact is related as being one of their last adventures of a daring nature: One winter's night,

a gentleman, the proprietor of a respectable mansion, called Rhiwason, in the parish of Llanbryn-mair, and not far from the upper end of the Vale of Tafolog, (which was opposite the chieftain's house†,) was amusing himself and his lady with his performance on the harp, and some of the Gwylliaid were heard, near the outer-door, imitating the air, by way of ridicule. He instantly summoned his domestics, and, at their head, gallantly sallied forth, and fell upon the robbers, to whom the rencontre proved so fatal, that they never afterwards troubled Rhiwason with their unwelcome and dangerous company. The gentleman was not materially hurt, but his bloody appearance, and his sword stained with gore—added to the tumult of the skirmish—had such an effect upon his wife, that she died of terror.

Soon after this, the remnant of the band became broken in spirit, and gradually dropped away, till the existence of that horde of ruffians which had so long kept this part of the country under contribution was no more. And in after years, the deeds of the Gwylliaid Cochion Mowddwy became the subject of much wonder and admiration to the “untutored peasant, and the listening child,” and served well to beguile the lagging hours of the winter-evening.

* “*Cerdd di i fford, Llwyd fain,*” (Go thy ways, *slim* Lloyd,) is the expression said to have been used by one of the outlaws on this occasion. It may be necessary to add, that the epithet *fain* (*slim*) was one of the greatest and most contemptible effeminacy.

† The Pencenedl, or Head of the Clan, is said to have lived on a part of the present farm of Dugoed Mawr; and the site of his house is still shown about two or three hundred yards above the *Budy*, or cow-house, of Brynmawr, near the hedge of separation between Dugoed Back and Dugoed Mawr. There were formerly some obscure traces of a building upon the spot, which was also distinguished by an elm, a species of tree not very common in that neighbourhood, particularly on so elevated a situation. Higher up on the sheep-walk of Dugoed Mawr, used to be shown a small pit, very similar in size and figure to the common pits of a tan-yard, and about three quarters of a yard in depth. This place is said to have been a favourite resort of the Gwylliaid, which, from its commanding situation, and the extensive prospect it affords, is not improbable; but for what purpose the pit was made, is not known. The whole of the property belonging to the several branches of the clan was forfeited, with the exception of one farm, (Dugoed Issa) the owner of which, though a near relative, was endowed with more prudence or honesty than his fellow-clansmen. This farm was purchased by the late Sir W. W. Wynn, about sixty years ago; and I believe the descendants of the Gwylliaid still reside there—a healthy, honest, and hard-working family.

All-Saints' Eve.

They burn their nits, an' pu' their stocks,
And haud their Hallow-e'en,

Fu' blithe the night !

Burns—altered.

Da ydyw'r gwaith, rhaid d'we yd y gwir,
Ar fryniau Sir Meirionydd ;
Golwg ver o'r gwaela gawn
Mae hi etto yn llawn llawenydd :
Pwy ddys-gwylidi canaf'r gŵg,
Mewn nawnŵg yn y mynydd ?

Penill.*

On Meirion's hills—the truth to speak—
Delight is often found ;
For though the scene be bare and bleak,
Yet mirth and joy abound :
Who would expect the cuckoo's song
To hear the mountain wilds among ?

Translation.

This festival is observed in Wales with as much glee and gladness as it is in Scotland ; and Burns, in his inimitable style and spirit, has most glowingly depicted the happy frolics of " All-Hallow-E'en" in his exquisite poem of that name. The burning of nuts †, the pulling of stocks, and the formidable ceremony of dipping hands in bowls of water, are there specified and described most faithfully and methodically : and the delineation is as applicable to the festivities of the Welsh on this merry eve, as it is to those of his own countrymen. But to the former appertains the custom—and we believe it is now peculiar to them—of kindling bonfires (in their

native tongue, termed " Coelcerthi") soon after sun-set ; and these may be seen, in any of the mountain villages, illuminating for the moment, with their broad bickering flame, the woods and hills around them. The institution of this custom,—for it appears to be of great antiquity,—seems to have puzzled the erudite most provokingly. Some affirm that it is intended as a memorial of the massacre of the Britons by the Saxons at Stonehenge ; others,—which is by far the most probable hypothesis,—that it is the relic of a Druidical rite ; and an ingenious advocate of this opinion thus argues in its favour : " The custom of kindling fires on solemn occasions," he says, " has been universal over the world in all ages ; so that it is difficult to draw any inference from analogy, in the customs of different nations, from this usage. The Druids of Britain had their fires on the four great festivals of the seasons, but more particularly on the two solstices. That at mid-summer, was to celebrate the luxuriant season of vegetation, in which a variety of emblematical ceremonies were used. The most general names for the fire, in honour of this festival, were Tàn Bâl, and Tàn Balânt, that is, the Fire of Budding, and the Fire of Vegetation ; and these appellations are still used for such fires in Ireland, though wildly made to designate the fire of the Babylonian Baal by the Antiquarians of that country. But the term now used in Wales is Co-

* This is one of the many oral Epigrammatic Stanzas, or *Penillion* (Sing. *Penill*) as they are called, which are sung to the harp by the " lads and lasses" of Cambria. It is quite impossible to convey the point and humour of the original through the medium of an English translation, as the idiom, and indeed the very structure of the two languages are so very different. In the original *Penill* which I have quoted above, the words printed in Italics point out the rhythm of the stanza ; for the ancient British poetry is very dissimilar in its construction to the English,—the rhythm occurring at the end, and about the middle of the verse, alternately.

† Burning the nuts is a famous charm. A lad or lass is named to each particular nut, as it is placed in the fire ; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship between the said lad and lass will be predicted. As may be expected,

Some kindle couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly ;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out-owre the chimly,

Fu' higs' that night !

Burns' All-Hallow-E'en

elcerth, or, the signal of Certitude, and which is applied to the fire on All-Saint's-Eve, the mid-summer fire being quite forgotten there, though the system which regulated it is preserved among a few staunch votaries of ancient customs*." But the most amusing notion on this subject is the following, which is contained in a letter from a Mr Thomas Price to a Mr Bahington, and printed in the Cambrian Register. "Of the reason of Coelcerthe," quoth Mr Price, "I am very doubtful; but if conjectures may serve instead of sound reasoning, I am of opinion that they are of a late date, (for I find no mention of them among the ancients,) and took beginning from the severe laws made by Henry the Fourth against the Welsh after Owen Glyndwr's rising; wherehy they were not only interdicted the civil, but also the ecclesiastical rights of their country; no priest being admitted to the rectorship of any parish wherein the people, having finished the harvest, laid their tithes aside, and knowing none that could lay claim to them, set fire to them, as not thinking it fit to make use of what had been so solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God †." Were there no other reason against the inconsistency of the hypothesis, the internal state of Wales, and the utterly licentious manners of the natives in those days, preclude the supposition that the Coelcerthi originated in any religious motive so late as the 15th century. I am inclined to attribute them, as I have already intimated, to some Drúidical ceremony.

The origin of the general festive observance of All-Saints'-Eve may, perhaps, be readily accounted for. In the earlier and more barbarous ages, certain days were set apart by the people for the performance of particular mythological duties, and on

this day it is not improbable that thanksgivings were offered up to the Deity for the kindly fruits of harvest. The predilection the Welsh have ever retained for many of the rude habits of their forefathers, has preserved, amongst other customs, the festivities of All-Saints'-Eve, which is spent in mirth and gladness—

Wi' merry songs an' friendly cracks.

All labour being suspended, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, mingle together in one joyous and rejoicing multitude.

I am well aware that a reason, different from that which I have just advanced, has been assigned for the institution of this festival, and by a gentleman whose antiquarian researches render him peculiarly competent to judge on the subject. The late Mr Peter Roberts, to whom Cymric literature stands so highly indebted, is inclined to attribute its origin to the First of November having been formerly considered the first day of the new year; and, in favour of this opinion, he adduces the general object of the entertainments, which, besides the promotion of mirth, "appears," he says, "to have been to learn the fate of individuals in the following year, and chiefly as to marriage, life, and death, by the omens or apparitions of this eventful night. A circumstance," he continues, "which tends to prove that the First of November was once reckoned to be the Winter solstice, and consequently the beginning of the new year." This is certainly a plausible and an ingenious opinion, and entitled to much consideration. But may not the conclusion of the harvest-season, and the commencement of the new year, have been formerly celebrated with the same festivities?

(To be continued.)

* Works of the late Edward Dayes, artist, p. 81. note.

† Cambrian Register, Vol. I. p. 327.

Elegy

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

The stream of day, smooth from its source,
Through vales of evergreen delight,
Here wandering winds its devious course,
With moonbeams on the lake of night.

Achmed Ardebelli, a Persian Exile.

I, JOYOUS, hail thy crescent's silvery light,
Kind pledge of bounteous Nature's promis'd boon ;
Thy growing lustre soon will gild the night,
And grateful hearts will hail the Harvest Moon.

Though gaudy Summer's gayest flowers are fled,
The fairy tints of sportive Nature's loom,
Yet thou thy mild and mellow light shalt shed
On richer sweets than Summer's fairest bloom :

'Tis thine to shed thy pure, translucent gleam,
Where fragrant fruits hang clustering on the wall ;
The downy peach and juicy pear thy beam
Shall see, in rich and mellow ripeness fall ;

The luscious nectarine, with its purple streak ;
While on yon standard's broadly branching arms
The yellow apple shews its glowing check,
Rich as the blush of rural virgin's charms ;

The husky nut attracts the urchin's eye,
He gathers clustering filberts in the vale ;
The bush nods o'er the stream that murmurs by,
And there the jay, loquacious, tells her tale.

And thou wilt smile on many a heath-clad hill,
Whose purple bells breathe fragrance to the night ;
The rippling wave, clear lake, and bubbling rill,
Reflecting back thy undulating light.

Though elfin feet have now forgot to tread
The fairy-ring, besprent with twilight dew,
Though they no more ambrosial banquets spread,
And quaff their nectar from the harebell blue ;

Or lightly o'er the daisied meadow prance,
When dew-drops twinkle in the midnight ray,
And round the thorn prolong their mazy dance,
Till chanticleer proclaim approaching day :

For ever vanish'd now the tiny throng ;
No moonlight revels in the flowery vale ;
They only serve to grace the minstrel's song,
And live in grandam's legendary tale.

But thou shalt see o'er Scotia's sea-girt isle,
Her fruitful vales with yellow harvest crown'd ;
On every plain see bounteous Nature smile,
And Plenty shed her golden treasure round.

Yes, thou shalt see the poor man's heart rejoice,
As he with gladness gathers in the spoil ;
And hear him raise to Heaven his grateful voice,
Whose ripen'd bounty thus rewards his toil.

Now thou art sinking in the distant west,
And stars shall twinkle in the midnight sky,
Till glowing on the brown-hill's shadowy breast,
The blush of morning blot them from the eye.

He comes—a slender thread of burnish'd gold
Appears above old Ocean's watery bed—
Still brighter—now in glory manifold,
The star of day displays his radiant head.

The fleecy cloud before his presence flies,
And morning mists in thin air melt away ;
On viewless wings the dews of night arise,
And all abroad is pour'd a flood of day.

Now labour's children to their toil repair,
To reap the treasure from the ripen'd field ;
Childhood, old age, young men, and maidens fair,
The sweeping scythe, or reaping-hook, to wield.

The day is warm—fatiguing their employ,
Still cheerful, still untir'd, their task they ply ;
The bloom of health, the glance of love and joy
Glows on each cheek, and gladdens every eye.

The woodlands glow with many-coloured shades,
Now richly blending in the evening sun,
As Summer's verdure from their branches fades,
Green, yellow, flemot, red, brown, and dun.

'Tis night—for vanish'd is the lord of day,
A crimson canopy enshrouds his head ;
And Twilight, robed in gold and purple gay,
Has o'er the west her glowing mantle spread.

And now I gladly hail thy orient glow ;
Full-orb'd and fair, I see thee rise again ;
Thou'rt smiling softly on the green hill's brow,
Thy light is glimmering in the dim wood glen.

Mild orb of light, behold creation fair ;
How beautiful, how varied is the scene !
The shrubby dell, the grey rock, rude and bare,
The streamlet, gliding o'er the meadow green.

No sportsman's thunder echoes on the moor,
No pointer glides among the rustling corn ;
Beneath thy beam the heathcock sleeps secure,
But wakes to terror with returning morn.

The swelling sail that skims along the deep
Is seen afar, white in thy silver light ;
The shepherd hails thee as he folds his sheep ;
The watch-dog hays thy form, at noon of night.

Hark ! the loud laugh—the song of sportive glee—
Glad Echo, from her cave, repeats the strain ;
'Tis joyous reapers, from their labour free,
A blithesome band, slow passing o'er the plain.

The widow'd gleaner bends beneath her load,
Her tiny grand-child prattling by her side ;
To her the bank is steep, and long the road,
And lone the cot, where she her head must hide.

Shine out, bright orb, to light her lonely way ;
For she is weak, and faint, and wearied sore ;
O may no murky cloud obscure thy ray,
Till she in safety reach her cottage door !

And thou wilt see, deep in the shady vale,
Beneath the thorn, a fond and loving pair ;
In whispers soft they breathe Love's tender tale ;
O spare a virgin's shame, and shine not there !

Let not thy light a maiden's blush betray,
Nor shew the glances of her bright black eye ;
And may some whispering zephyr bear away,
Unheard by William's ear, her love-sick sigh.

Though she is guileless as the gentle dove,
Yet bashful modesty and maiden pride,
The constant handmaids of unspotted love,
Constrain her glowing heart that love to hide.

It may not be—her softly-swelling breast,
That heaves and throbs in his enfolding arms,
Her ripe red lip, with raptur'd fondness press'd,
Betray her love—her bosom's soft alarms.

And, haply, thou may'st gild the glistening tear,
That speaks the grief the tongue wants power to tell,
When two fond hearts, close link'd in union dear,
Responsive throb, and take a long farewell.

Smile on the hapless pair—then let thy beam
On yonder bank of blossom'd wild-thyme sleep ;
Or light the swain, who guides his loaded team
Of swelling sheaves, slow down the rugged steep.

And in the barn-yard pour meridian light,
Where swells the stack beneath the builder's knee ;
The master's heart elate with fond delight,
Its towering head and lengthen'd shade to see.

Thy waning beam may, haply, light at morn
A youthful train, arous'd from short repose,
Who, ere the dawn, stoop o'er the bending corn,
The rural labours of the year to close.

And thou may'st see them in the festive dance,
See many a blushing fair and happy swain,
On them, perhaps, bestow a parting glance,
As Tom leads Susan lightly o'er the plain.

And ere thou hast renew'd thy circling horn,
The naked plains, chill fogs, and woodlands sere,
The falling leaf, the brown haw on the thorn,
Will all proclaim that grizzly Winter's near.

Thy growing light and changing form declare
The march of Time—and thou wilt vanish soon ;
Thou art a monitor, that cries, " Prepare !"
Since life is short, improve its Harvest Moon !"

ON SELF-APPRECIATION.

“*Pravittatis est causa ignoratia sui.*”

Lactantius.

IN the lives of most people, some events occur, by which they appear, like carriages at a turnpike, to be placed on the steel-yard, that their weight may be exactly ascertained. The estimation which a man enjoys in society is often very vague and undefined. Accidental circumstances, such as a careless expression, at his outset, from some leading character, renders it, in many cases, either higher or lower than it ought to be; while his neighbours, taking no trouble to correct the error, indolently acquiesce in the impression of it which they had originally received. But when the individual becomes candidate for an office conferred by public favour, when he enters on a profession, when he finds competitors, or when he aspires to a matrimonial connection, suited to the value which he puts upon his claims, he seldom fails to discover, that his consequence has been falsely rated, both by himself, and by those who had never hitherto been compelled to appreciate it with more precision. It is almost always painful to be brought to a test; and as we generally entertain a high opinion of ourselves, and cherish the hope that others agree with us, we are more desirous to secure the continuance of this pleasing uncertainty, than to risk its interruption, by bringing the question of our worth to a rigid scrutiny. To a few, indeed, whom extraordinary diffidence had led to undervalue themselves, the result may be a triumphant surprise; but to by far the greatest number, from the prevalence of vanity, it will be the reverse. To the latter, therefore, the lines may be justly applied,

“When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

A man may go through much, nay, sometimes through the whole of life, without encountering any incident, to check his hypothetical judgment of his own importance, or awaken him from the flattering vision of its greatness. A total escape from such

incidents, however, is so very rare, that we should hold ourselves prepared for them, and I may add, from my own experience, that the longer they are deferred, the harsher will be their operation.

I was verging towards the middle of life before I obtained any *status* in society. I then fixed my residence in a populous town, where I soon found myself on a footing of equality with the most respectable inhabitants. To most of these, indeed, I secretly conceived myself superior, from having previously had the advantage of a more general education, and a wider intercourse with mankind. In this place there was a public association, embracing persons of all ranks, which I thought it my duty to join, as a private member. An office, however, having become vacant, my friends suggested me as the proper person to fill it, assuring me of the impossibility that any other candidate could be preferred. This assurance they meant me to understand as a compliment to my personal pretensions, though, from the tendency to ascribe all we can to our own influence, their expectation probably rested more on my connection with themselves. The result, however, shewed it to be false; as I not only was unsuccessful, but had a very insignificant number of supporters. For so decisive a mortification I was unprepared; and I still remember with what chagrin and confusion of feelings I returned home, not for missing the object, of which, on its own account, I was by no means ambitious, but for having seen my estimation in society put, for the first time, into the balance, and found wanting. I, no doubt, resorted to all that flattering unction, which wounded vanity lays to its soul, by persuading myself that the trial was unfair,—that canvassing and intrigue had been at work,—that of merits like mine the electors were no competent judges,—that they had preferred another, chiefly because he was more upon their own level, and

consequently that his inferiority was the cause of his success. Still, however, the bitter fact could not be disguised, that I had lost somewhat of my former elevation,—that I was not thought and talked of as I supposed,—and that I was pronounced less deserving than several others of a public judgment in my favour. I therefore heartily wished that I had never been put into nomination,—that I might have been suffered to continue in my reverie of self-esteem,—and that the amount of my importance had never been rigorously summed, but had been left to the careless and conjectural partiality of my fellow-citizens.

When vanity meets with such a wholesome discipline as I have been describing, it is sufficiently painful; but far less so, than disappointment of success in a profession for which long and expensive preparation has been made. A young man, who has been flattered (as every one may be who wishes it) into a high opinion of his talents, is, at his entrance on life, for the most part extravagantly sanguine. He cannot bear to subject his hopes to the scrutiny of strict reasoning: the compliments of his young associates float, in a pleasing indistinctness, through his thoughts: he adds his general, to his professional accomplishments, if apprehensive of any defect in the latter, and buoys himself up to a belief, that, when he appears upon the scene, the public favour will be immediately testified, and that he will carry off from his rivals at least an ample share of professional employment. Proportioned to the pleasure of these hasty, and unchastened anticipations, is the pain which arises from finding them unfulfilled, when day after day brings him no orders, if an agent,—no briefs, if a lawyer,—and no calls, if a physician. It is long, indeed, before he abandons his original prospects; but, at last, he is compelled to sift them with more searching severity, and to acknowledge, that, notwithstanding the numerous advantages, on the profession of which he had plumed himself, there are others, whom the public, when brought to the point, by the serious interest at stake, think

more deserving of professional confidence.

Between a case like this, and the one I have stated of myself, there is a difference, which creates a corresponding difference of feeling. In the last, any doubt we may entertain respecting the coincidence of our own and the general estimate of our value, is set at rest by a sudden and final sentence, which leaves no room for the feeble palliatives of suspense and self-deception. In the first, on the contrary, there is no incident of sufficient importance to decide the question; and a long period must elapse before we can bring our mind to infer an unwelcome decision, from the united force of many unimportant incidents. During this period, our hopes, though gradually declining, are not extinct. What has not happened to-day, we think may happen to-morrow. The verdict is not pronounced, but delayed; and we sustain our spirit, by dwelling on the chance that it will at last be to our wish. Some may be apt to think that a disappointment creeping slowly on, in this obscure and equivocal shape, is more easily borne, and less injurious to our peace, than the shorter but severer violence of the other. On a little reflection, however, I think they would change their opinion. Both the body and the mind recover more speedily, and more completely, from the effects of a rude, but single blow, than from the multiplied returns of a less painful disorder. So much am I persuaded of this, with respect to the mind, that I think I should sooner surmount my distress for the loss of a beloved object, by a sudden, or, at least, a rapid death, than by a mild, but dubious and protracted malady. In the first case, I should be stunned at the moment, but if I revived at all, the natural elasticity of the soul would soon restore me to my former state; but in the last, my vigour would be worn and wasted by the agitating alternations of hope and fear, every new failure of the former being equivalent in its effects to a fresh calamity. Instead, therefore, of sustaining a single great shock, my spirits would be permanently impaired by a long succession of small ones; exemplify-

ing the trite quotation, *Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.*

To apply this analogy, the decisive and irremediable defeat of a candidate is soon surmounted, for, after the mind has been made up, as it necessarily must, to bear the disappointment, it is seldom thought of; while the unsuccessful practitioner, whose expectations are constantly revived, and as often blasted, suffers no less from a repetition of the same evil, than he would from a train of dissimilar ones, and never has a pause from mortification of sufficient length to recover tranquillity, and reconcile himself to an alteration of his lot. This remark I can confirm from the history of some of my early friends. Of these, I remember none who sunk irrecoverably under any harsh, but transient stroke of adversity; while several have been undone by the fatal operation of "hope deferred."

I knew a young physician, who began business with an opinion of his endowments which forebade any doubt of success. On the credit of these, he married, and set up his carriage; but month after month went by, without bringing him a tenth part of the employment he had anticipated. He was, by constitution, easily elevated, and easily depressed; and as this, under so severe a trial, became visible in his behaviour, it probably had the effect, though he might not be aware of it, of lessening the disposition to confide in him. Every new call was, in fact, therefore, a new misfortune, since it was the prelude to another long interval of neglect, which it only roused him to feel with more irritating intensity. At length, after several years of concealed embarrassment and chagrin, not without occasional fluctuations of prospect, his power of endurance was exhausted, and the laceration of his spirit terminated in lunacy.

My second example is supplied by one who was the most eminent of all my youthful associates. His talents were so powerful, and so far from being undervalued by himself, that although the law was his profession, he thought himself entitled to prosecute studies, and indulge in pleasures of every description. Others, he knew, notwithstanding similar ec-

centricities, had forced their way to forensic reputation, by abilities not superior to his own. What they had done, he unfortunately argued, might be done by him also; without considering, that, in their case, there must have been lucky incidents to render them exceptions to the general rules, established by experience, for arriving at professional prosperity. The range of literature by which he expected to outshine his brethren, only begot a suspicion that he would take less interest, in conducting a plea, than those who were qualified to do nothing else; and the dissipation by which he hoped to conciliate the favour of convivial attorneys, had a contrary operation, by revealing to them his irregular habits, and consequent defects, as a man of business. Though convivial, they were honest, and would not confide the interests of their clients to one who had forced upon them too many reasons to fear that he might be seduced by the meriment of a club from the merits of their cases, and would much rather prepare himself to charge a bumper, than to charge a jury. After many terms of ineffectual attendance at the Bar, and sufferings known only to himself, his indignant spirit at last gave way, and he, too, closed his career in insanity. Had these unfortunate men, when appreciating their claims, taken every item into account, and struck the balance fairly, they might have arrived at a more correct and sober estimate, and more nearly approaching to that of the public. They would thus have been better prepared for the sentence which it pronounced, and their afflicting destinies might perhaps have been reversed.

A third crisis, which I mentioned as compelling us to a closer and more impartial investigation of our value than we are generally disposed to, is when we think of forming a connection in marriage. In this investigation, our pretensions are weighed with a reference to feelings of a more peculiar and interesting kind than those which are concerned with the two former cases. To stand high in the esteem of our species is the universal wish; but Nature has implanted in each sex a stronger and more instinctive craving to gain, and more

approbation only, but the admiration of the other. The first of these passions is sometimes stifled by a reckless abandonment of character, but the last is scarcely ever extinguished. To be scorned as members of society, is what the vile and the vicious frequently submit to; but to be scorned only in the sexual characters of male and female, is what few can bring their spirit to endure. In proportion to the intensity of such feelings, should be our care to prevent them from betraying us into error; since, by either overrating or underrating our claims, we may expose ourselves to the bitterest of all mortifications—the most unavailing of all regrets. In proportion, also, to the importance which we naturally attach to claims of this delicate description, is our eagerness in asserting them, and our jealous resentment at their depreciation. We kindle at the slightest hint which may be thus interpreted; and so tender is the nature of the interest at stake, that we often feel depreciation implied in remarks by which he who made them had no such intention, but had only forgot, for the moment, how keenly sensitive the mind becomes in guarding the most precious of all its hopes. I knew, for instance, a young lady, whose sweetness of temper was so perfect, that I doubt if she ever felt the emotion of anger in her life, yet who was roused to the appearance of it, by what she felt to be an oblique undervaluing of her matrimonial pretensions. A foolish youth had persisted in joking her with a gentleman whose attractions were not great, and in speaking of a match between them as a thing, at least, sufficiently suitable to justify the supposition of it. In this there was certainly a mixture of vanity with indelicacy, for he seemed to be saying, with a self-complacent triumph, “She is fit enough for him, but must get a hint not to aspire at such gallants as myself.” I traced the progress of her emotions, and saw, that though she felt the whole meaning of his raillery, she thought it most prudent to disguise her feeling, and to get rid of the subject, by gently leading to another. But when her chuckling tormentor persevered, she knew that the degrading standard by which he

so pertinaciously insisted on measuring her, might be adopted by others, if her silence were interpreted into an acknowledgment of its fitness. She therefore assumed that tone of displeasure to which the mildest are sometimes forced in self-defence, that by resenting even a jocular suggestion of her cheapness, she might protect herself from any repetition of a similar insult.

Another instance of the soreness of feeling, connected with all that relates to the present division of my subject, I saw in a gentleman, who had made a match, which he came afterwards to consider as far below his claims, and who was highly incensed, when a lady, with more benevolence of intention than delicacy of tact, began, from a wish to reconcile him to his own deed, to talk of the marriage as one which was generally considered to be extremely proper. Her implied, but undesigned, intimation of his low value in the matrimonial market, which alone caught his attention, cancelled the motive from which it proceeded; and as we generally shun those whom we suspect of thinking meanly of us, he never after could endure her presence. Another gentleman took an indirect, but sufficiently intelligible method, to correct a similar error in a friend, who had been confidentially informing him of his resolution to marry, though he had not yet fixed on the person he meant to address. As he was somewhat awkward and constrained in the company of women, and far from what we mean by a “ladies’-man,” his friend supposing that he would not aspire to any of the distinguished beauties, who had been taught to prize themselves highly by the admiration of men who were themselves admired, suggested to him one whose moderate pretensions made it probable she would not reject him. He answered coolly, but emphatically, “She is not one of whom I had any thoughts. I should prefer such a girl as Miss L.,” naming one of the most desirable of his female acquaintance, and thus obliquely rebuking his friend for the low degree of the scale at which the latter had placed him.

Of all our personal claims, that under consideration being the one

to which we are most feelingly alive, it is essential to our happiness that its extent be computed with fairness and accuracy, since the state of marriage can never be so harmonious as when both parties are satisfied that they have contributed nearly equal advantages to this most delicate and hazardous species of partnership. To find, or to fancy, that our advantages have been thrown away, is a source of constant irritation. It is ruinous to our peace, if we think ourselves overreached by the person whose constant presence prevents us from forgetting the wrong; and doubly ruinous, if we chiefly blame ourselves, as no temper can resist the exacerbations of daily and hourly self-reproach.

The objects of desire, however, are so different, in the different sexes, and in different persons of the same sex, as to render it by no means easy to ascertain the equality of contribution in any particular case. One may be so ambitious of rank or riches, as to think these an equivalent for all which he can offer in return. Another may prefer personal attractions,—a preference which no one who considers the peculiar nature of nuptial communion can justly condemn. The chief object, with a third, may be sweetness of disposition, of which the same consideration will make the necessity be acknowledged. So great, in short, is the variety of opinion with respect to the value of those qualities which are sought, and also of those which are to be forthcoming in return, that, perhaps, no two individuals adjust the balance on the same principle; nor is it possible to propose any satisfactory *tariff* for aiding a barter of this description. There are, notwithstanding, a few rules, the soundness of which can scarcely be questioned. One is, that the party who is about to make so momentous a choice should know, with certainty, his own mind. He should know, not only that the objects he is striving to obtain are valued by him at the present moment, but that they are of such a nature as to maintain their value afterwards. A second rule, or rather a corollary of the first, is, that he should prefer those qualities which are universally, and,

therefore, naturally attractive, to such as have only an adventitious and local value. In addition to youth and beauty, (attractions which the laws of creation have established, and which the spite of the *bes bleus* may, therefore, spare itself the trouble of decrying,) gentle dispositions, kindly affections, cheerful spirits, winning manners, and a just and interesting understanding, are natural motives to marriage. Rank, connection, literature, and extraordinary accomplishments, are artificial ones, created by the particular form which society has assumed. No man, be he sage or savage, Christian or Pagan, will blame himself for having acted on the former. He will find himself deriving daily delight from these amiable attributes of his domestic partner, and even from the remembrance of such of them as are perishable, since it will serve to justify to his own thought the propriety of his choice. When a bride, recommended by such gifts of Nature, has been obtained by one conscious of possessing an adequate proportion of the qualities most valued by the female sex, a union so well adjusted can scarcely fail of producing happiness. *Felices ter et amplius.*

Yet how few well-assorted marriages do we see! And how often does the balance of advantages lie entirely on one side! This may be accounted for, from the incorrect and narrow motives by which women are almost compelled, and by which we too often permit ourselves to be guided. To a man, marriage has only the importance which belongs to itself; but, to a woman, it has, in addition to this, all the importance which men attach to their establishment in a profession, as the means of securing respectability and independence in life. In either case, a resource for subsistence must precede the indulgence of taste. That should be obtained by our sex, anterior to all matrimonial plans, and unassisted by them; but, unfortunately for the other, the constitution of society obliges them to seek this paramount and preliminary resource in marriage itself. The same sort of anxiety, therefore, which prompts a man to embrace the first tolerable offer of employment, lest none bet-

ter should succeed, frequently makes her first suitors be accepted by a woman, to whom the peculiarity of her condition renders marriage as requisite for her *status* in society, as a profession is to men: and this circumstance is generally the cause why we so often see the loveliest females bestow themselves on husbands whose attractive qualities are far inferior to their own. We not unfrequently, also, see the reverse, for which the following considerations may partly account:—A youth, on whom both Nature and Fortune have smiled, either may or may not be fully aware of the advantage he enjoys. In the first case, he is often so gratified by the admiration and flattering attentions of the other sex, as to make him too desirous of prolonging the gratification, and so fearful of not obtaining all he feels to be his due, as to shrink from the irretrievable step of making proposals, till the women who are nearest an equality with himself become weary of his tardiness, and, by disposing of their hands to less-hesitating suitors, leave him only the refuse of the market. Of the second case, where a young man foregoes a fair equivalent for his advantages, from not being fully aware of them, numerous examples are not a-wanting. Nor will this surprise us, if we attend to a very natural process of feeling. Vanity I have observed to be often most powerful in those who have the smallest cause to be vain. An excellence in which we have some ground to suspect ourselves deficient, is far more frequently the subject of our anxious thoughts than one which we are conscious of possessing; and we labour to quiet our anxiety, by persuading ourselves that we get credit for it from others, till at length we sometimes plume ourselves on this very quality more than on any which undeniably belong to us. A person who is of homely appearance, or even partially deformed, is so perpetually pondering his case, and arguing it in his own favour, as to

work himself at last into a belief that his defect must either be unobserved, or that it is overbalanced by some trifling advantage, which his fancy delights to dwell upon, and to exaggerate. The habit, therefore, of meditating, more than others, on his own value, insensibly betrays him into exalting it far beyond that of persons who, from the absence of solitude, seldom think of the subject. We consequently see him the first, and boldest, and, from being so, the most successful, in his advances to females deserving suitors of a much superior description. I knew a little hunchback, who, by constantly pacing before the glass, and practising his most advantageous attitudes, gradually convinced himself, not only that his gibbosity was invisible, but that he was positively handsome; and on the strength of this conviction, he wooed, and won, the prettiest girl in his neighbourhood. On the other hand, the most personable man of my acquaintance contented himself with a very ordinary partner, chiefly because his figure, to which his attention was rarely called, made but a small item in computing his merits. Of such ill-ordered matches every one must have seen instances; and that many, though not all of them, are owing to some of the causes which I have stated, will, I think, not be controverted by close observers of human life.

I shall conclude this paper, by restating, as the subject which it has attempted to illustrate, that, if men were carefully to weigh their claims to consideration, before they come to be re-weighed by public opinion, the results would more nearly agree. There would, therefore, be fewer instances of heart-burning and disappointment; society would present a less rugged and irregular surface; community of sentiment on this critical point would, like community of language, remove many causes of misunderstanding and inquietude; and the happiness of human life would be materially increased.

J. H.

Prince's Street.

THROUGH alleys green the lover steals
to hold

Chat sentimental with his mistress dear,
When Twilight draws her veil o'er wood
and wold,

And dewdrops fall on each leaf like
a tear,

And the flock wanders homeward to the
fold;

To Tap-rooms, Radicals to drink their
beer;

But than such time and place, to me
more sweet

A winter forenoon's stroll in Prince's Street.

"I love not Nature less, but man the
more,"—

(I think that's an improvement of the
line,

At least the sentiment),—to Ocean's roar
Prefer a good horse laugh o'er glass of
wine;

Rather than feast my eyes on mountains'
hoar,

On a red mountain of roast beef would
dine;

And better than blue seas and lonely
isles,

I love young women's blue eyes and sweet
smiles.

On Prince's Street the quill-drive drives
his hack,

And clerk with chapeau tott'ring on
three hairs,

And ladies having *riding-habits* walk,
And Provosts huge and heavy as night-
mares,

And Dowagers with footmen at their
back,

And breechless Celts, choakful of
Highland *airs*,

Upon whose heads, with bonnets, hold a
seat,

Quills from goosetails, which prove *ex-
tremes* may meet.

I love its loungers, ladies, airs, and gra-
ces—

Its well-known dandies and its dau-
dizettes—

Its hackney-coaches and its hackney'd
faces—

Its bookshops, backshops, pictures, and
gazettes;

Each tempting volume glitt'ring through
the cases,

The literary appetite that whets.
I've oft been tempted to put forth my
hand,

And scarce refrain'd to break the Eighth
Command.

I love to see a solemn fop or two,

With swinging walk, and dull, unmean-
ing gaze,

Rolling about, as ship at sea may do,
But not, like her, to sink by missing
stays—

Grinning through collars, as clean shirts
are few,—

And far between each angel visit pays;
But without change of linen, Scottish
thrift,

By turning outside in, can make a shift!

A dandy is a curious work of art;
His waist, an isthmus almost sever'd
through,

Of him makes two peninsulas; his heart
And head so small, they scarce come
into view,—

'Twere hard to say which is his better
part,—

His hands, perhaps of alabaster hue;
But oft with rouge his face is truly hor-
rid, as

A blood-red moon, or native of both *Fla-
ridas*!

I love Montgomery's shop, its jellies,
ices—

Its oyster patés and its pies of mutton;
Each tart and sweetmeat of its kind so
nice is,

One does not know what first his hand
to put on;

Most palatable, too, each soup with spice
is,

Chiefly mock-turtle, which calf-head
is cut on,

And, to crown all, divinest cherry brandy,
Belov'd alike by damsel and by dandy!

Much, too, I love to sit in its hotels,
And sip my negus by the light of
gas;

I love its music bands and evening bells,
That still before the curtain'd windows
pass.

Says Moore, "How many a tale their
music tells!"

I could say something funny, but,
alas!

Lest grave folks shake their head at
harmless mirth,

I choak the pun I'm big with in the birth.

Good puns are good, because they make
us smile;

Bad puns are better, for they make us
laugh,

Promoting the secretion of the bile,
Casting our cares unto the wind like
chaff,

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us smile;

Bad puns are better, for they make us
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Promoting the secretion of the bile,
Casting our cares unto the wind like
chaff,

Promoting the secretion of the bile,
Casting our cares unto the wind like
chaff,

Promoting the secretion of the bile,
Casting our cares unto the wind like
chaff,

To pass away dull hours a harmless wile :
Oh ! not so full of mischief by one half
As bout at brag, or billiards, or broad-
swords,
Is that delightful play, the play on words.

From Prince's Street the view is pleas-
ing still,

Wherever you may turn the wand'ring
eye—

On Nelson's Monument, the Calton-
hill,

The Castle, or the cliffs of Salisbury ;
And ever and anon the heart must
thrill,

As airy forms are gliding brightly by,
Of youth and love awak'ning from the
dead,

The deep and dear delusions long since
 fled !

Would they would sleep for ever ! why
return,

With phantom beauty, still to mock
the breast ?

Why, in the dream of darkness, from the
urn,

Come they, the spectre comrades of
our rest ?

But from these mournful musings let me
turn,

And though I may not think what is,
is best,

'Tis just as well to laugh as weep, and
why ?

Because the end's the same, that is, to die !

Lo ! in the western sky the twilight star
Peeps like a watchman through his
evening cloak ;

The Exquisite comes puffing his cigar
Emblem of his day's work, that ends
in smoke,

Robed in such dark blue mantle as Hussar
Wraps round him when the bugle's
voice hath spoke ;

Peal'd to the setting sun a far farewell,
And to the outpost call'd the sentinel.

" Time mocks and points with iron
laugh," says Byron ;

If poets will personify what's nominal,
And give unto old Time a tongue of iron,
We must suppose his speech will be
ironical ;

But sure am I his song is nothing siren,
And, if he laughs, 'tis any thing but
comical,

No drearier sounds upon the nightwinds
roll,

Than those of vesper bell's funeral toll !

Where is the present moment ? gone, but
where ?

E'en while I write, annihilated—o'er ;—
Argal, you see 'tis neither here nor there ;

But musing on the abstract is a bore :
Enough of this just now, but if I swear

To wander from the beaten path no
more,

Then, certes, I shall ne'er extend my song,
And make it like my subject—a mile
long !

J. M.

LIZARS' PICTURESQUE VIEWS OF EDINBURGH *.

EDINBURGH, from its localities, enjoys many advantages which are denied to most other cities ; and we have often thought, that, had the spot on which it now rears its lofty spires stood unoccupied, its native scenery would have been replete with objects surpassingly rich in all that constitutes the grand and the picturesque.

" You are now within the town of ———," addressed to a stranger on entering a large and populous city, immediately realizes in his mind public buildings, shops, squares, and the endless succession of " town," which, as on entering a prison, shuts out from his view the green fields, the woods, lakes, rocks, and mountains ; while the fresh breeze, and

the glorious face of the sun, are exchanged for a smothering atmosphere, surcharged with the smoke of ten thousand chimnies, and the feeble rays issuing through this mass of unwholesome vapour. Not so our Modern Athens, however her more ancient and endearing appellation of Auld Reekie may augur otherwise. When he first finds himself in Prince's Street, the eye of the stranger is at leisure to survey this magnificent terrace of modern buildings, or to roam over the huge and towering edifice of the Old Town, forming, with the valley between, a contrast so decided, as cannot fail to awaken admiration ; while the bold and projecting precipices of the rock on which the Castle shows her lofty and

* Lizars' Picturesque Views of Edinburgh. D. Lizars, 61, Princes Street, Edinburgh ; Longman & Co., and W. James, London. Nos. I. II. III. and IV., Royal 4to., 5s. each. Published in Monthly Numbers.

embattled front, rendered still more aerial by the broad masses of light and shade gleaming from the level rays of the morning sun, along its varied and rugged outline, leaves the mind wrapt in the enjoyment of a scene not often to be met with in the centre of a populous city.

On passing along George-Street or Queen-Street, the eye is relieved, at every intersecting street, with the freshening view of the sea to the North, and with the wooded landscape between; while this succession of pictures is filled up in the background with the bold shores of the coast of Fife, the Ochills, and the more remote ranges of the Grampian Mountains terminating the distance.

The views from the Castle, or Calton Hill, are such as may be enjoyed, with satisfaction and delight, even by the man who has traversed almost every region of the globe,—if a prosperous city, with its Castle and Royal Palace, rocks, hills, and dales, and a noble arm of the sea, with all the concomitants of the picturesque and romantic, can call forth these sentiments.

It was not our intention, on commencing this article, to give a *Picture of Edinburgh*; but our imagination has been led astray, by our admiration of the series of “*Picturesque Views of Edinburgh*” now before us.

No. I. contains a view of the Castle from the Grassmarket, Holyrood Palace from St. Anthony's Well, and a view of Edinburgh from Canonmills. The view of the Castle is a remarkably faithful representation from the point from which it has been taken, and comprises the whole of the most ancient portion of the building, with the south-eastern part of the Half-moon Battery. This is the only point which, in a near-hand view, keeps the unshapely mass of the New Barracks in unison with the ancient pile; it exhibits all that loftiness which the object possesses in nature; while the rugged precipice on which it stands, together with the picturesque buildings at the bottom of the rock, are in perfect harmony with the masterly disposition of the light and shade of the picture.

The Palace of Holyrood is a sweet little view, and the foreground is

particularly characteristic of the stillness which marks this scene in nature.

Edinburgh from Canonmills appears to have been taken from the “stepping-stones” below the bridge on the Water of Leith. Had we not had the curiosity to visit this scene, we would have been apt to suppose the ungainly mass of the New Barracks to be out of drawing; but the correct perspective of the Artist disappointed us; and, notwithstanding this abortive building, the view before us is most interesting, as it exhibits the town in a new point of view.

No. II. *Edinburgh from the Calton Hill*. To look at this view is positively to look from the Hill itself, as it possesses all the truth of nature. The Castle holds its proud pre-eminence, while the retiring perspective of St. George's Church, the dome of the Register Office, and Hume's Monument from the foreground, are cleverly managed; the North Bridge, the Castle, the Jailor's House, and Bridewell, are also faithfully depicted.

Lawnmarket, &c. This is inferior to no picturesque view of a street-scene we have ever met with; and we may venture to challenge the most fastidious critic, whether this be not as perfect a representation of the scene before him, as though he were ensconced beneath the gateway of the Weigh-House—now no more. It is curious to remark, that we have here a distance of thirty-one miles, as this view gives a peep of North-Berwick Law.

St. Bernard's Well. We have before us a scene delightful to the imagination, and refreshing to the eye to look upon. The town is now far beyond this romantic spot, which we trust may long be preserved in the surpassing beauty with which the artists have depicted it. The little Temple dedicated to Hygeia, by the late Lord Gardenstone, standing on the brink of a picturesque stream, meandering over its rocky bed, and embosomed in a beautiful grove, is highly susceptible of calling forth those emotions we now so ardently feel, while gazing on a scene at once classical and picturesque.

No. III. *Charlotte Square* is treated as roundly as a square will admit

of, and though a handsome object, reared on geometrical principles, will not, from its nature, form a picturesque subject; it nevertheless gives a pleasing variety to the richness of the more antique subjects in which the series already abounds, and does equal credit to the artists.

Edinburgh from near Slateford. This enchanting little picture is one of the most exquisite specimens of the happy combination of drawing and engraving on such a scale, that has hitherto appeared from the joint efforts of our native artists, and does honour to the place. The foreground is richly wooded, and the foliage managed in a very sweet style, while the middle and background is treated so skilfully as to convey the most exact idea of the distance.

View of the Sailor's House from the North-back of Canongate. The bold precipice on which stands this building—in form a Gothic Castle—is highly characteristic of Edinburgh. We have often admired the scene in nature as one of the most extraordinary which is to be met within the precincts of a large town; and since this view was published, we have had the pleasure of surprising several of our fellow-townsmen, who were ignorant of its existence till pointed out. The drawing and engraving of this view are excellent.

No. IV. *Edinburgh from the Dean.* This general view is incomparably the finest we have ever seen of Edinburgh from this point. The foreground is very spirited. The town, rising in a magnificent terrace, forms a bold and imposing line, surmounted by its Castle, which, with Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craggs, combine in a striking and imposing group. This little picture is of itself worthy of a place in the best cabinets.

Holyrood-House from the Calton-Hill.—This view forms an excellent contrast with the view from St. Anthony's Well, as it gives the palace in a light of which it could scarcely be imagined by a stranger to be susceptible. The situation is admirably chosen to display the varied scenery around Edinburgh; the eye is relieved from the mass of houses in the foreground, and reposes with delight on the hill-side, where stand

the ruins of the Chapel, or hermitage, of St. Anthony; while the distant view of Musselburgh-Bay gives expansion and beauty to the picture, by the judicious introduction of the water.

View of Heriot's Hospital. In this view, the artist has successfully overcome one of the greatest difficulties the draftsman has to contend with. We allude to the descent from the point of view to the Grassmarket, and the faithful delineation of the rising-ground, and the noble structure erected on it.

We are informed, in the prospectus, that the "Picturesque Views of Edinburgh" will be completed in seventeen Numbers, one to be published on the 1st of every month till finished;—and if we are to judge by the punctuality with which these Numbers have already appeared, we think we have a sufficient pledge for the fulfilment of the promise of the publishers, as to their regular appearance at the stated intervals. The last Number is to contain a succinct historical account of Edinburgh, without additional charge—a mode much preferable to giving a page of description with each view, considering that the views are general, and not confined to particular individual buildings.

With regard to the groups of figures, and the preservation of costume, both are excellent;—the first are, in some instances, not inferior to Ostade; the second, true and characteristic of the people meant to be represented. Nor have the artists, in order to heighten the effect of scenes naturally picturesque, been induced to wander back to what never existed, or to imitate those individuals who, we are sorry to say, have disfigured, and are disfiguring, a work of intrinsic merit, by introducing, in these views, Highland stone-masons, Highland auctioneers, Highland women in prodigious abundance, and, for ought we know, Highland cavalry! They have not even left our lamented cicerone, the auld wife at Roslin, (better remembered by "this kirk was biggit,") the comforts of calamanco, but have rigged her out in tartan also. But this is not the worst. Tartan skirts are dangling from the "tow and stick" of every

garret-window in the Bow and Lawn-market,—kilts and tartan bolt out at every turning,—and nothing in the shape of plain warp and weft is to be had for love or money. Can we believe all this meant to describe the costume of Auld Reekie at the present day*? Surely they must have been dreaming of a second incursion of the Highland Host.

In dispensing public criticism, it does not often happen that we have

to award almost unqualified praise. It is therefore with peculiar satisfaction we dismiss this work, the examination of which has afforded us real pleasure, and which we beg leave to recommend as one which will afford pleasure to all classes—to the collector, the connoisseur, and amateur, as well as to the lovers of Auld Reekie, and of correct delineations of picturesque scenery in general.

THE FEELINGS AND FORTUNES OF A SCOTCH TUTOR.

No. V.

Oh ! who can say how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud Temple shies afar ?

THEY only, Mr Editor, whose fortunes have been of their own making, who have known what it is to behold seemingly insuperable barriers placed betwixt them and that distinction or independence after which every generous mind naturally and incessantly aspires, can read the beautiful poem from which the above couplet is extracted, as it ought to be read, and feel its meaning, even to tears of sympathy and admiration. I had now continued three years in the humble capacity of a country, or rather village schoolmaster ; and at the time when my school education was finished, even this employment had its exaltation and its pride ; but the mind which, after being imbued with the learning, and inspired by the independence of Greece and of Rome, can sit quietly down without struggle or effort, within the cramping and chilling influence of a country school, which can stoop unreluctantly to a perpetuity of initiatory discipline and instruction,—such a spirit, I say, deserves the fate which it shares, and is manifestly unfit for nobler or more daring aim. I had, indeed, run, as is known to your readers, the gauntlet of folly and of fun,—for inexperience is always restless, and youthful spirits naturally exuberant ; but I had never lost sight entirely of the main chance, my future advancement in life,—and with this view, I had dedicated more time

than the world knew of, to those studies which are twice blest, in the exercise, and in the consequences which result from that exercise. Having now happily regained my strength, and former tone of mind, I found leisure to look around me, and contemplate my present comparatively ignoble office—to look back and reflect upon my past negligence and folly, and to look forward with something like a wish rising into a hope, that, ere long, I should number my name with those which are yearly placed on the College lists, and should imbibe extraordinary and inconceivable instruction, insight, and knowledge, under professorial prelections. But where were the means ? How was all this fairy vision to be realized ? These inquiries led to despondency, and I sometimes almost regretted the humility of my parentage, in consequence of which I was destined, seemingly, to perpetual inferiority and dependence. Many of my school, and some of my class-fellows, had been two, and even three winters at College, and had returned with the spring months, in an astonishing state of improvement, to the delight of their parents, and to the amazement of the whole neighbourhood. They had become objects of inquiry, invitation, and companionship, in genteel families, from which my present employment and acquirements debarred me ; and they

* A fact—*Vide* the Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland.

wore their clothes, and conducted themselves, particularly in female society, so as to excite my envy and imitation. If they attended church, or sat in the front seat of the gallery on Sabbath, the eyes of all seemed to be turned towards them, and after the dismissal of the congregation, invitations to dinner were poured in upon them, from farmer, minister, and laird, in a most flattering manner; whilst I was either entirely overlooked, or only invited with the view of accommodating, and paying a compliment to these principal and more favoured guests. The young ladies in particular, by which I meant farmers' and manufacturers' daughters, with here and there a small sprinkling of a higher order, seemed to consider these young collegians (as they were called) as beaux of no common magnitude; and if there was a party made up to visit Creehope Linn, or Glenwhorgan Craig, or the Gray-Mare's Tail, these favoured swains were sure to have the lead in the business, and to figure out as the great attraction of the fête. This last circumstance, to a man of my temperature and spirit, was the most mortifying, perhaps, of any, and contributed, more than some others of weightier import, in urging me onwards towards that wicket-gate of science, by which alone such honours and privileges seemed to be attainable.

In this state of mind, and whilst I was casting about, on the eve of my vacation weeks, for some plan or method, in pursuance of which I might open up to myself a prospect, however distant, of ultimate success, it occurred to me, that, as a distant relation of my mother's was at that time a distinguished Professor of the University of St. Andrew's, it might be in his power to forward, in one way or another, my views. Having got this notion into my head, in spite of many very serious objections and difficulties, which were up in arms to oppose and banish it, there it continued, not only to remain, but to acquire form and consistency, in other words, purpose and plan, and that, too, by every effort made to extinguish or remove it. St. Andrew's was, in fact, at a great distance, and my relation might receive me with coldness, or regard my suggestions

as the dreams of a youthful imagination, to which insurmountable obstacles were opposed; but still in making this pilgrimage, I should satisfy my own mind that I had left no stones unturned, and run, at least, the chance of loosening myself from my present engagement, which had become at once irksome in itself, and unprofitable in the way of improvement. When I first mentioned this my intention to my mother, she disapproved of it decidedly; but when I seemed bent and resolved upon the measure, her opposition began to give way, and she even favoured me with a letter, addressed, in her own hand-writing, to her old and worthy friend the Professor. With this letter, therefore, and with Virgil in my hand, and a shirt in my pocket, I sallied forth by Enterkin and Leadhills, upon the twenty-fourth day of August 18—. The weather, at that time, was sultry; and as I rested, in the solitude of Nature, by "Kitty-thirst-weel," and beheld the sheep pasturing in peace almost immediately over my head,—I could not help envying that fortune by which they were exempted from all the miseries of ambition. At Leadhills, I repaired directly, not to the Inn, although kept at that time by Mrs Otto herself, and although grievously tempted so to do, on account of the well-known monkish couplet, "*Otto tenet mappam madidam, madidam mappam tenet Otto,*" but directly to the house of a cousin of my own, who acted the part of miner in the lead-works, and whose life was spent, in the proportion of eight hours out of the twenty-four, about a mile and a half immediately below the summit of an adjoining mountain. I had often been puzzled, at school, in what way to apprehend the distinction, in point of effect, betwixt the Latin expressions "*sub monte*" and "*sub montem*;" but here was a palpable and a consistent solution; for whilst I considered my cousin, John Ballantyne, as *sub monte*, the latter form of expression was manifestly applicable to myself, who, without sinking into the depths and perpendicularities of the ablative, was content with the oblique over-heading of the objective case. Yet, the descent of Æneas into hell had taken a fast hold of my imagination,

and after a variety of inquiries and investigations, which all terminated in exciting my curiosity, and removing, in an equal degree, my fears and apprehensions, I at last resolved upon spending "a shift," as it is called, or, in other words, the space of eight hours, in the belly, as it were, of the earth. So, providing myself with a suit of clothes fitted for the purpose of resisting, not only damp, but rain-drop, from the stone-roofing of the mines, and following my guide and companion in this, what appeared to me hazardous enterprise, I found myself somewhat sooner than I wished at the mouth of the pit. "Facilis" thought I, "descensus Averni, sed referre gradum, superasque evadere ad auras, hic labor, hoc opus." My cousin, not having the advantage of any such classical reflections upon the occasion, immediately prepared to slip himself, with his lanthorn, into a bucket, which, carrying double, was waiting to admit me likewise. I gave one wide glance over hill, glen, town, and river, as if taking an everlasting farewell of the sun, and all that he ever succeeds in shining upon, and then, with a heavy heart and trembling hand, I took hold of the rope, and fastening myself like ivy round the neck and shoulders of my guide, was fairly launched, by means of a windlass, into the air, at the distance, as I was kindly informed, of about 120 fathoms from the bottom. As we swung in our descent, pendulous, and from side to side, at intervals, and as the cord lengthened, and the instrument creaked by which we were lowered, and as I beheld the horizon above me contracted to a space certainly not exceeding the three eells of the Mantuan shepherd*, and as even this contracted view of the blessed day and the blue lift became gradually more and more confined in its dimensions, till it looked like the deception of an inverted telescope, or like a blue eye looking down upon us from a front of night and lashes of darkness, my heart sunk, quivered like an aspen leaf, stopped in its pulsation for an instant, and then hurried on through the gamut of vitality with unwonted

rapidity; in short, I was upon the very point of fainting outright, when we alighted with a rebound upon hard flooring, and found ourselves in a level, or lateral mine, of about six feet by five, piloting our way by the help of our now indispensable coadjutor, the lanthorn. "Are we near the end of it yet?" whispered I, in accents which were returned upon me from my cavernous pathway with a kind of stifled echo—"have we far to travel yet?" My guide bade me pluck up courage, for that there was no danger, and that, in the course of less than half an hour, we should gain a more roomy apartment, and I should have leisure to familiarize myself with the features of my new residence. "Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito," he seemed, at least to my classical apprehension, to have said; so I plucked up a little more courage, and involving my self in a kind of Ænean personality, I walked on.

When we had advanced in a horizontal direction, towards the interior of the mountain, for upwards of three hundred yards, my ears were suddenly assailed by the distant rushing together, as it appeared to me, of sand or lead-shot, causing my very flesh to creep and contract together upon my bones. I fancied that the great barriers overhead had given way, and that, with one downward jerk, the mountain itself was fast settling into compactness and solidity, and that in a few instants we should be pent up like enchanted spirits in metallic tombs, against the day of final disclosure. I already seemed to myself to feel the grit of the sand upon my teeth, and the piercing angles of the overhanging rock between my head and shoulders. My guide, my "fidus Achates," saw my fears, and laughed. Nor did he take the trouble of undeceiving me in a matter which a few minutes' experience would, he knew, fully explain. The horrible sound increased as we advanced, accompanied with a clang, or swing, which, combining motion with sound, seemed to shake the eternal barriers of Nature. As the light of the lamp began to penetrate

* *Dic quibus in teris, &c. Virg. Bucolica.*

onwards, and to open up to our view a more elevated roofing, a wider and more ample recess, I could discern, as it were, sparks of liquid and crystallized flame dancing, like fire flies, in the distance. Enchantment itself, with all its wonders, could not have produced a more astonishing revulsion in my frame: by a kind of instinctive and involuntary re-assurance, I was suddenly transported from horror and apprehension, into amazement and rapture—feeling, or fancying myself, in a world of glorious and arresting novelty. Still, as we advanced, the sparks multiplied, and shot out into ten thousand fantastic jets and parabolas, seeming to increase in magnitude, number, and intensity, as well as in variety of colouring, as we approached; nay, ere the delusion had ceased, and wonder had given place to investigation, the power and influence of visible effect, to the truth and simplicity of a hitherto unseen cause, a beautiful and variegated rainbow, like that of lunar creation, came forth into shape and miniature span before us; and we beheld this mimic arch of light and darkness pierced and penetrated in every direction by shafts and scintillations of tiny lightning. At this moment the effect was at the maximum, for, in an instant longer, a water-wheel began to appear, evidently kept in revolution by a subterraneous stream. “The wheel of Ixion!” I exclaimed, with somewhat of the feeling with which a man may be supposed to recognise an old chum, amidst the glories of spiritual and eternal blessedness. But my guide, whose Latinity had never reached Styx, nor Phlegethon, nor Tantalus, nor Ixion, totally misunderstood the exclamation, and responded gravely, that it was a wheel belonging to his lordship the Earl of Hopetoun, and very ingeniously constructed and placed there by the manager of the mines, with the view of relieving the undershaft from water. “It went,” he said, “night and day, Sunday and Saturday; and if at any time, and by any accident, the motion should be obstructed, or cease, the workmen below would run the risk of suffocation from drowning.” This intelligence gave me no great encouragement in prosecuting

my downward route, which had now become necessary; and it was not till I had been assured that accidents were extremely rare, that I ventured to follow my companion in his now still more adventurous course.

Hitherto we had walked on, without encountering any living creature; but here a dog lay recumbent upon a truss of straw, and a pitcher filled with water, in which a burn trout darted about gleesomely, stood beside him. This dog, it appeared upon inquiry, was kept here of purpose, by way of ascertaining the purity of the atmosphere at the mouth of the descending shaft, whilst the pitcher and inmate served to preserve and indicate the salubrity of fresh water, for the purpose of affording draughts to the descending and ascending workmen by the way. So long as the trout continued, not only to live, but to enjoy good health, it was manifest that the water had not been so impregnated with lead as to prove hurtful to animal life. The dog arose at our approach, and seeing a stranger before him, began to give tongue in such a manner, as, had it not been for the swing, and dash, and continuous rushing of the wheel and water, must have been indeed terrific. As it was, I could not help marking the points of coincidence betwixt this *gasometer* and that keeper of hell, that

“Cerberus ingens qui latratu regna trifluui

Personat, adverso recubans immanis in autro;”

and accordingly I proceeded to mix the words of the Mantuan with that horrific din which here prevailed. By this time we stood over the orifice of the downward and perpendicular pit, much narrower in circumference than that by which we had entered, but on that very account so much the more dreadful and alarming to an inexperienced apprehension. Voluntary inhumation seemed to me preferable, as I took the rope, in imitation, and by order of my guide, in my hands; and by placing my feet into niches, or steps, on each side of the narrow chasm, began to descend, by a double process of suspension and support, towards the bottom. My companion went nethermost, so

that if I had, through fear, or from any sudden fit, quitted my hold, and lost my support, I must have come into contact with him in my descent; and by means of his superior experience and presence of mind, been, in all probability, preserved from immediate destruction. We had not descended many fathoms, when a voice, like that of Him who set his one foot upon the land, and the other upon the sea, swearing that time should be no longer, ascended from beneath, and sifted, as it were, its way upwards, with a kind of stunning force and rapidity. I clung to the rope like "grim death," and felt it shake in my hand, whilst my guide proceeded to indicate his presence and situation, by informing the noisy inhabitant of the lower regions, that this passage was already occupied, and that consequently no ascent should be attempted till the way had been cleared. When we reached the bottom, which, after very considerable delay, was effected, we found a fellow-workman returning from the completion of his eight hours' labour, arrayed in corresponding drapery, with the additional advantage, however, of being covered over, almost inch thick, with recent cement, the moistened debris of these rocks through which he had been perforating a passage. Salutations of the ordinary kind were reciprocated, and either party pursued their way, without further intercourse. We had now got into the region of the ore, the disinterring of which had occasioned all this perforation, digging, and mining, and from a thousand aspects, the smooth and clear lead sparkled in upon us, rendering our pathway one continued gallery of light; yet still there was a want of cheerfulness, or rather a sensible presence of oppressive heartlessness in all this; for the roof was low, and the passage narrow, and the moisture continued to ooze in upon us on all sides, even to dripping.

It would only form a repetition of incidents similar to those which have been already mentioned, to proceed through five or six different sinks and levels, till at last we reached a more

spacious and roomy recess, the roof of which was supported by pillars, and across which, at intervals, lights gleamed and glistened like the stars through a haze. We had not advanced many paces into this more inviting retirement, when, upon a signal being given, of which I understood not the import, my guide suddenly grasped me by the arm, and swung, rather than led me, with a sudden and violent jerk, behind one of the pillars. However much disposed I might have been, in other circumstances, to have challenged the courtesy or propriety of this measure, in this case I had no opportunity of expressing either resentment or gratitude, for, with a rebound which seemed to suck the breath from my very lungs, and with a noise to which the voice of thunder is but a feeble approximation, a volume of smoke, mixed with flame, shot past me; and I could hear stones assailing the pillar at which we stood, and reverberating to a considerable distance, from the roof. Had I been ejected from Mount *Ætna*, or tossed up into the air with poor *Darnley*, at *Kirk-of-Field*, I would not have experienced more surprise in finding myself, after all this, capable of experiencing suffocation from sulphur, and of perceiving diæmonic forms walking, talking, and even laughing, in the midst of the smoke. My guide now began quietly, and seemingly quite unconcerned about my fears or apprehensions, to address himself to his pick-axe and shovel, and to co-operate with about some dozen more, in dislodging the useful metal from its submontane abode. I was compelled, in order to avoid all danger from a repetition of blasting, to sit in the shade of a pillar, more massy and Tuscan in its form than that under which King *Belshazzar* reposed on the night of "*Mene upharzin*," memory, and with feelings of alarm little less acute than his when his kingdom's fate was so strikingly and inopportunately announced. To remain in this predicament one instant appeared altogether intolerable; but to count

away the lagging, idle, and dreary moments, till they multiplied into minutes and hours, resembled the doom of eternal destiny. Again and again, whilst sitting in this damp and dreary abode, did I conceive that I saw the roof cracking, bending, and actually sinking over my head; frequently was the rush of the rude ore, upon the mining instruments of the workmen, construed by me into a general and universal crash of perdition; and when I considered,—and I had unfortunately time to consider any thing, every thing, and to deck it out in all the horrors which imagination could muster,—when I reflected upon the immensity of the superincumbent pressure, and the distance at which I was removed from all possibility of egress,—when I added to these considerations, which implied instant and horrible death, the possibility of our being shut up for ever in this mouthless den, by the shooting down of some part of the shaft-way which lay betwixt us and the blessed light of heaven,—when I contrasted with all this, that blue and sublime heaven under which I had so lately breathed, and moved, and thought, in freedom and safety, I could not help wishing again and again to accelerate our return. But duty admitted, unfortunately for me, of no compromise, and I was compelled, in order to make the best of necessity, to divert my attention by reading over the whole sixth *Æneid* of Virgil. But although I could fancy, out of some surrounding ponds of puddle water, the waves and the windings of Acheron,—though the workmen, as they moved about in the performance of their duty, might, without any very egregious misapprehension or misnomer, be assimilated to the inhabitants of Tartarus, of that very Tartarus which

“*Bis putet in præceptis tantum, tendet-
que sub umbras
Quantus ad ætherium coeli suspectus
Olympum—*”

yet where were the “*loci læti*,” the “*amœna vireta*,” the “*fortunatorum nemora sedesque beate*?”—where was the “*largior æther*” and the “*lumen purpureum*,” the “*pars in gramineis excrecentes mem-*

bra palæstris,” the “*pars pedibus plaudentes choreas, et carmina dicentes*?” The only portion of this delightful description which appeared at all applicable on the present occasion, was the “*sol suus*,” and the “*sua sidera*,” and the “*fulva lactantes arena*,” for the light which they enjoyed was altogether incapable of participation, and the whole roof shone down in one blaze of “*Pleiades, Orion, Arcturus, and Aldubaran*,” whilst the inhabitants, from the nature of their employment, were literally and Scotticè “*fighting amidst yellow clay or sand*.” As I perused the beautiful and most interesting detail of the illustrious shades who were about to arise, or who had already arisen into life, and glory, and Roman fame, I felt a kind of travestie pleasure in contrasting, with these mighty names, the rustic and even revolting forms which were about to ascend likewise, “*ævo peracto*,” to the light, and the breath, and the enjoyments of the upper world. This young man, thought I, “*pura qui nititur hasta*,” might well represent “*Silvius*,” were it not that his spear is a spade, and that, instead of leaning over it in a sentimental and prince-like attitude, he is doomed to ply it incessantly!

“*Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis
in armis
Concordes animæ, nunc et dum nocte pre-
mentur,
Heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumi-
na vitæ
Attigerint, quantas acies stragemque
ciebunt!*”

In fact, these “*concordes animæ*,” who are *now* equally prepared for the work in which they are engaged, and who appear to co-operate with so much good nature and friendship, shall, so soon as they have gained Maggy Paton’s *public*, quarrel over a half-mutchkin of whisky, and bloody noses, with blue eyes, shall undoubtedly ensue! These two, who are employed in boring the hard rock, with the view, ere long, of blasting it, “*horeseo referens*,” into shivers, may, without any very great violence of metaphor, be conceived as the “*Gracchi genus*,” the “*duo fulmina belli*,” and whilst the strength of man and of powder is exercised upon

the entire and resenting rock, it is manifest that the splinters and shivers are heaped up in quietude and peace; and thus, too, is exemplified that Roman policy which knew so well, and so long, how—

"*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*"

But whom have we here? a young man of no ordinary promise,—

"*Heu pietas! heu prisca fides, invictaque bello
Dextera!*"

Neither the paying of his father's house-rent, nor the most rigid attention to his public-house score, nor the having twice licked big Sam on the top of the Loddors, can save him in the hour of his approaching destiny.

"*Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera
rumpes
Tu Marcellus eris.*"

Alas, unfortunate youth! had it been destined that you should escape the shooting of that level, and the rushing in of that foul and corrupted air, you had yet been something—a contractor, perhaps, or a master-man, leading where you formerly were led, guiding where you once were guided, and causing others to labour where lately you laboured yourself! But it may not be; fate, and the law of gravitation, have decreed it otherwise; your soul is soon to be snuffed out like the flame of a sheep-smearing taper, and you shall be entombed in this very pit!

"*Manibus date liliis plenis,
Purpureos spargite flores.*"

Ye fellow-workmen, leave your spades and your shovels, your picks and your barrows, and your boring-irons and your hay-trusses, and over the body of him, your brother, your ornament and your boast, fire three rounds of cartridge, in honour of his volunteership,—drink three half-mutchkins of whisky to the memory of his companionship,—and institute three extraordinary "sets-to," in commemoration of his pugilistic dexterity!

"Well, are you ready now?" were the words which, in midst of these somewhat whimsical lucubrations, fell upon my ear, and which, taken in connection with some visible prepa-

rations on the part of my guide for re-ascending into day, instantly advertised me that the eight hours had fled, and that the horrors of my abode had been completely relieved by the Mantuan song. I sprung to my feet with all that alacrity with which my benumbed joints and relaxed nerves would permit me; and whether we were to make our ascent through the "porta cornea," or through that other "candente perfecta elephanto," I did not delay to inquire, but, by following my guide, as I had formerly done, in the regular course of travel and suspension, I found myself, to my infinite joy, once more standing on the hill-side, amidst the debris of mountain excavation, and surrounded on all sides by heath and rocky barrenness. Yet, barren and wild in the extreme as the scene around me appeared, I would not have exchanged one square yard of it, for a whole acre of territory in that lower region from which we had just ascended. Reader, hast thou ever been sick, wretchedly sick, and confined for months to thy bed-room, amidst Doctors' vials and nurses' possets, and all the musty disgusting et cetera of ill-aired rooms and worse-aired closets,—and after all this lingering and heart-sinking delay, hast thou at last, on some fine fresh, elastic spring morning, escaped into the open air, thy blood creeping into health, and thy spirits ascending again into extacy! Then, and in this case, perhaps, exclusively, shalt thou be able to image and realize to thyself that glowing and transporting delight which came over my whole personality, in all its percipient faculties, affections, and feelings, as I stood, and walked, and ran, and skipped, and absolutely tumbled about, a free man in a free air, under a setting sun, and with a mountain under my feet, which might be some two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

In one of my gambols, which absolutely resembled those of the shepherd's dog, who, after a long absence, has again recognized and acknowledged his master, I stumbled upon a pit-mouth, carefully enclosed and surrounded with a stone-and-lime wall, set about with some stunted sprigs of willow and sweet-briar. This naturally led to speculation, and that

again to inquiry, in the course of which I collected the following information, every word of which I have since ascertained to be correct :

At a somewhat distant period, the lead mines happening to be exhausted, several unsuccessful efforts were made, on the part of the proprietor, (Hope,) with the view of falling in with a new vein. This unproductive labour naturally incurred not only disappointment, but loss so considerable, that at last the proprietor was reduced to the necessity of ordering the workmen to be dismissed, and all further attempts to be relinquished. When this ungrateful intelligence was communicated to the miners, they agreed amongst themselves, after some deliberation, to continue their efforts for one week *gratis*, in testimony of their gratitude for the support which they and their families had received, even at a time when their labour had been entirely unproductive. Accordingly, during this week of grace, the pick and the spade went almost incessantly, by night and by day, and more work was accomplished in this short period than had been effected for weeks before. But Saturday at last arrived, and yet no metallic vein had made its appearance, to reward their labour of gratitude, and to gladden the heart of the proprietor. When they assembled to dinner on Saturday, to eat the last meal they should in all probability ever enjoy together, in the capacity of miners, there was a drooping, and a silence, and a heartlessness, which presided over their repast. Some were of opinion that this effort in which they had so long been engaged should never have been made, whilst others thought that they had already gone far enough, and might now honourably give up all further search. One man alone stood steady to his original resolution, declaring, that whatever might be the opinion or conduct of his associates, he, for his part, would see the Saturday out, and not desert from working, till his watch, by indicating the hour of Twelve, should compel him to retire. His resolution, however, was laughed at, and he was left to find his way, alone, to the extremity of the sink in which they had been working. He had yet upwards of six hours to work ; but

how inadequate were both time and labour to the securing of that object which he had in view ! To proceed in the same direction of mining in which they had been hitherto advancing, seemed altogether propitious ; yet to commence, at this late hour, new plans and proceedings, was perhaps equally unpromising. To it, however, he fell, "*vi et armis*," in a transverse direction, and ere Twelve o'clock had succeeded in making a lodgement sufficient to admit himself and barrow in the lateral rock. Frequently, as the hour approached, did he pull out his watch, and all but resolve to arrest or to put back the hands ; but then the blank and promiseless rock would stare him in the face, and seem to urge his departure, rather than invite perseverance. "Nought," however, "can tether time or tide ;" the two hands of his watch had at last come into conjunction, and he behoved, at the risk of sacrilege, to desist from his attempt. So taking up the pick in his hand, after it had descended, for the last time, in all its swing, upon the splintering rock, he retired to a convenient distance, and eyeing the recess, as one would his worst enemy, placed beyond the reach of assail or revenge, he swung the instrument freely round his head, and plump against the breast of the mine, ejaculating, at the same time, these words—"The di'el burn the hand and wither the arm that lifts thee again, for it shall never be mine !" The words had not left his lips, when the pick, having come into contact with the rock, brought down a rush of loosened stones, and disclosed to view the clear and glancing surface of a *lead vein*. It is scarcely necessary to add, that these men, and this fortunate and persevering individual in particular, (whose name was Ballantyne,) were suitably rewarded, and that the very identical piece of ore which on this occasion conducted to a supply that has not yet been exhausted, is now suspended from the roof, by a chain, in one of the apartments of Hopetoun House, where it is still to be seen.

Having satisfied myself respecting the secrets of the nether, I now began to look about me on the upper world, and to inquire after that

noted Pactolus, in particular, from which, at various times, had been collected gold-dust even to the amount of coinage. My cousin informed me, that, about forty years before, an Englishman had arrived with a prepared staff in his hand, to which, by thrusting it, from time to time, into the sand and channel of the mountain-stream, the gold dust, as it is termed, adhered, and supplied him with the means of enriching himself to a very considerable extent. As there had been a recent flood, and a quantity of new sand must, from that circumstance, have descended from the mountain, it was judged expedient to begin our search after riches, at the mouth or bottom of the rivulet, where it emptied itself into the Leadhills water. In the course, therefore, of a two-miles' walk along the windings of that wild and uncultivated glen, at the upper extremity of which the town or village of Leadhills is situated, an old ash tree, with the almost obliterated remains of a steddung of cottages, arrested my attention. The situation was at once striking and romantic, for a small rapid stream, having just escaped over many a precipitous descent, and having brawled out its limited course in foam, and wuel, and jet, had come, at the bottom of the mountain, upon more level ground. Here the debris of ages had formed a bed of sand, converted, however, by time, into a green and daisy-ornamented carpet; and delighted, as it were, by the change of circumstances, the rivulet was conducting its winding and sparkling waters, in all the beauty of verdant bank and clear stream, into the larger stream beneath. I stopped immediately, and began, as usual, to question my guide, when I learnt, that this was indeed the very rivulet in quest of which we had set out, and that these ruins and other evidences of former habitations were all that now remained to mark the spot where Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, first drew breath. We had set out in quest of dust, of mere earth, which perishes and passes away in the using, the mutual tendency of which is to set man at enmity with man—to make the father deny the son, and the son forget the father; we had now in-

advertently encountered recollections and associations of a very different description and tendency. Allan, who is well known over all Scotland, not less by his imperishable genius than by the familiar and kindly appellation of "canty callan," lived in glee and good fellowship—and the natural bent of his genius was to diffuse the same good humour and happiness which he himself possessed—amongst his countrymen. Had I stumbled upon the identical piece of gold which led King James the Sixth to waste so much treasure in digging for more, I could not have been so much interested and pleased by the discovery as I was by that which I had actually made. "And so," said I to myself, as I walked backwards and forwards, casting my eyes upwards and downwards, right and left, and in every possible direction; "and so this is the very heaven which over-canopied our national bard, during the period of his boyish years; and these rent clouds, and that intervening deep blue sky, and that trailing and fleecy mist, were all familiar to him, who knew, in after life, so well how to describe them! And these bleak and heathy mountains, cut and intersected at intervals by brawling torrents and rocky glens, which strike their summits into the heavens and their foundations into the eternal stability of nature—these are the prototypes of that scenery which the author of the Gentle Shepherd has impressed indelibly upon the imagination of every man and mother's son in the South of Scotland. And thou, little traveller of the precipice and the mountain brow, in thee, and in thy fresh and murmuring waters, I behold Habbie's How, and linn, and pool, with all their ever-living accompaniments of rural beauty and rustic simplicity. Here, even beneath this very solitary ash, all twisted, knotted, withered, and decayed as it is, has the boy sat and eyed the passing stream till his head ached, or reposed supine, intermingling the spreading branches of the tree with the varied and motled aspect of the cloud and the sky. On that very green he has chased the blue and tiny butterfly of the field, or hunted the wild-bee into his winter's retreat and storehouse;

or chased, from leaf to leaf, and from spray to spray, the long-armed grasshopper, as he sung or sunk into silence, at intervals. Within the compass of that narrow dwelling, did the active, misdeedly, and enterprising urchin, play off his exuberant sports in trick, and game, and gleesome frolic; and by that window has he often sat, perusing the adventures of Wallace, of redoubted Jack of giant-killing memory, or the more congenial pages of Davie Lindsay. Perhaps, on the very swell of green and foggy-turf where I am now resting, has he sat, at a time when the great purpose and the buoyant feeling began to ferment in his bosom, when he said to himself, without articulation or expression of language, "I shall yet rise from obscurity,—I shall yet be known in this large world,—I shall assert my superiority over clown, shepherd, and villager." In reflections such as these I was totally lost and absorbed when my guide proposed the prosecution of our morning's purpose, and began to sift out small and almost imperceptible grains of gold from the sandy deposition of the stream. But my whole inward man had suffered a revulsion, and I could no more stoop, in my present state of feeling, to such comparatively ignoble pursuits, than could the soul, exalted to paradise, to the littleness and grossièreté of a former state.

On our way homewards from this planned excursion and accidental rencontre, I found, in discoursing with my guide, that there was an excellent library, founded and supported by the Earl of Hopetoun, in the village, and that the works of Allan Ramsay, who had once actually laboured, whilst a boy, at the lead-working, or cleaning, had obtained a suitable pre-eminence in this repository. Next day, being quarter-day; on which books were given out and taken in, and regulations were proposed and discussed in a public meeting, held for that purpose in the library, I attended, in company with my cousin, and was exceedingly struck and gratified by what was going forward. At one end of a very handsome room, or hall, around the walls of which the books were carefully arranged in

shelves, there sat ensconced, behind a desk, the president, or preses of the meeting, very respectably attired, and indicating, from the nature of his inquiries and observations, no contemptible acquaintance with general literature, science, and even philosophy. Beneath him, and in front, was placed the clerk, with pen in hand, and all the suitable accompaniments of office, ready to delete or insert, to record or register, according to directions given from above. Around the room were seated, on benches, the workmen in general, all of whom have a right to, and an interest in, the books of the library, most decently clothed, and evincing deep reflection and intelligence. It required nothing short of ocular testimony and personal knowledge to convince me that these well-dressed, and highly-respectable-looking people, with whom I was here associated, actually composed the very combination of demoniac presences, who flitted before me in the infernal regions, habited in garments of the coarsest and most deforming description, and dwelling, seemingly, in fire, and smoke, and sulphureous exhalation, as their native element. One of the members having arisen to propose the purchase of some new works, I listened with anxiety to learn the particulars of his choice, and was exceedingly gratified to find "Lord Selkirk's Emigration," "Burns's Poems," and "Logan's Sermons," in the number. When the hour of delivery arrived, I found Hume, Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, Thomson, Adam Smith, and Lord Bacon, travelling away under arms, which, in a few hours, would be exercised in the wielding of the pick, and the elevation of the hammer. From the library we adjourned to Mrs Otto's, where a suitable, if not a sumptuous dinner awaited us, and I have seldom spent an evening in greater good humour and hilarity than I did on this occasion. The toast which was first proposed after dinner was "the health" of the Earl of Hopetoun, the beneficent proprietor of the mines; and seldom, even in more gifted and elevated meetings, have I listened to more neatly-turned, or more hearty and sincere compliments, than were,

on this occasion, paid to his Lordship's spirit, integrity, liberality, and humanity. This, indeed, thought I; is true nobility. Thus the hearts of the many are made to rejoice in the welfare of the few, and society is kept together and cemented by confidence and gratitude, by the smile of condescension and the respiration of dependence. Whilst this industrious, intelligent, and happy people, were spending their quarter, or pay-day, in innocent glee and well-timed hilarity, and whilst, with the cup of exhilaration, they were mixing the incense of gratitude to a noble and a liberal-minded master, their wives were employed in domestic and culinary offices at home, and, with their children, awaited their return, to participate in the narrative of the evening's frolic, and to join in that sentiment of gratitude which a comfortable dwelling and a competence of provision were so well calculated to excite. In all my experience—and I have had, as you will yet learn, my share—of this world, and its inhabitants, and interests, I have never yet met with a more favourable instance of comfort, content, and intellectual acquisition, than that over which my memory still reposes with delight, and which, my conscience informs me, I have in no instance willingly exaggerated.

Of all the calamities to which our frail, mortal, and erring nature is subject, the loss of reason, or insanity, has been deemed the greatest. I know not, however, whether the retention of reason, together with the loss of all relief for existence, nay, even an intolerable loathing and abhorrence of it, may not be reckoned a calamity of a still more revolting and horrifying aspect. The fatuous, or insane person, may be either altogether insensible to the evils and the sorrows of thought and reflection, or may absolutely enjoy, in an imaginary world peopled with fanciful images and events, much real and exquisite happiness. The French philosopher, whom the kindness of his friends, and the skill of the Faculty, had restored, to what is termed his right senses, and had brought back from a state of fancied bliss, to one of real disquietude and anxiety, is an apposite illus-

tration of this latter observation. But the individual whose soul has been sickened with suffering, and who, out of disappointment and distrust, has erected an insuperable barrier to all hope, and promise, and reliance—who has known what it is to anticipate good, and to experience evil—to grasp the phantom Enjoyment, and to find the piercing and the tearing of anguish, in the innermost recesses of life; this individual is, in my apprehension, placed amongst the number of those who have attained the summit, and insuperable reach of misery allotted or permitted to man. And accordingly we find idiots every day, living on contentedly in their idiocy, whilst suicide is the habitual and ordinary refuge of disappointed and miserable rationality. Instead, therefore, of joining in the general cry which is raised against such as have lifted their hand, and exercised their reason, against their own lives, I confess truly, that I have ever been disposed to regard their conduct rather with commiseration than with horror or contempt. They have been thrown upon a deserted and a barren shore, and in their search of food and raiment, they have found nothing but hunger and nakedness; the wild beasts of the desert have been up in voice, in assail, and in menacing aspect against them, whilst the presence of any protecting power has been concealed from their apprehension; and they have boldly put their hand to the oar and launched the boat, and put off at random into the ocean of futurity, in search of a more fortunate residence, of a happier destiny! And who art thou, O man, that judgest, and, with a gravitating burden on thine own shoulders, wouldst hang a millstone on the neck of another, merely because his sorrows have not been as thy sorrows, nor the sensibility of his soul like thine. There is, at least, an indecency, not to call it an act of inhumanity, in those means and methods of disgrace and disrespect, which are adopted by the living, in order to testify their sentiments respecting the conduct of the dead. The body is sunk into the high-way, and transixed, even to disgust, with a spike; or stake of wood; or it is

carried out into some lonely mountain retreat, where the line of demarcation of property is but ill-defined, and there, with but a scanty covering of earth, left to the ravages of every bird, and every beast of prey. Surely the world is now too old to be humbugged (so to speak) with the notion of example and intimidation, and so forth; for when the innate love of life, that powerful restraint which God has imposed upon all, shall cease to operate, all the petty regulations of man must prove as wisps of straw, over the awakened strength of Samson.

I have been led to these reflections by a melancholy event which I witnessed, and in which I could not help feeling, and taking no ordinary degree of interest, whilst I remained at Leadhills. The story is neither particularly interesting nor uncommon, but it is one which, whilst it, in some measure, illustrates, or rather accounts for the reflections which have just been made, may perhaps serve to inform the minds of some, who are ignorant of such customs and inflections. Nell Paton, commonly known through the village of Leadhills by the prepossessing appellation of "bonny Nelly Paton," and to whom much village song had been dedicated and addressed, under this designation, was the daughter of a widow woman, who kept a small grocery shop, and sold, though without advertising the Excise-Office, an occasional gill, or half-matchkin, to the neighbouring villagers. Truth compels me to state, though at the expense of that effect which your sentimental historians so habitually study, that neither mother nor daughter were of the first class of respectability, the one having been long suspected of an evil eye, and the other, from her intercommunings with idle and disorderly customers, having lost that freshness and healthiness of character which is so indispensable at her age, and to her sex. Yet the prying eye of suspicion itself could never discover, nor the slanderous voice of malevolence assert, that either mother or daughter had acted inconsistently with the duties laid down in the Decalogue. Nell was young, buxom, and blue eyed, whilst her smile

was altogether irresistible; and whilst she permitted herself to be jeered, and even courted, by nearly as many lovers as followed in the train of the redoubted "Tibby Fowler," no one individual was ever known to boast of any improper admissions on her part, or of any thing but game and frolic in the way of marriage promises. In a word, Nell had the art which was not, and is not limited to her alone, of keeping what is termed the "bridle fu'," and whilst she sung, all day long,

I'm in love with twenty,
I'm in love with twenty,
And I adore as many more,
There's nothing like a plenty!

her conduct exemplified, meanwhile, the burden of her song, and her various admirers had not reason to cut one another's throats, or what, in their own circumstances, was more probable, to knock one another down, on account of Nell's partiality. At last, however, "young Strephon sighed,"—and, lest I should get sentimental upon my readers here, I must advertise them, once for all, that this Strephon was a young man who acted as carrier betwixt Thornhill and Edinburgh, and who was in the habit of lodging, in passing and returning, in her mother's house. Love is blind,—so be it,—for Sandie Laidlaw became the favoured lover, and, under a promise of immediate marriage, so soon as he had returned from Edinburgh, accomplished his ungenerous and inhuman purposes. This put a period to bonny Nelly Paton's power and happiness at the same time. Sandy was, in fact, a married man; and when this became known to Nelly, in a fit of despair she drank laudanum, and died.

I was sent for, on account of my scholarship, to endeavour to decypher a bad scrawl of a letter which she had written whilst the poison was working, and which letter was, in fact, still unfinished. But I could make little out of it. The words, "God forgive my soul!" were traceable at the bottom, and here and there, amidst much blotting and many tears, "Forgive me, Sandy, I now forgive thee," were legibly and frequently written. From the nature of the poison, her death was peaceful; I saw her breathe her last

as I entered, and there was nothing either revolting or uncommonly arresting in her appearance; her hand, which had been raised as if in prayer, or to cover her face, dropt gently by her side, her head reclined towards her shoulder, and, with a slight sigh, she was still. Her mother held her in her arms, and seemed stupid, and almost insensible, for it required violence to separate her from the body, even after the very citadel of life was cold as lead.

Preparations were made, on the following evening, after dark, and by moon-light, to carry the body out to the top of the Lodders, or Lauther Hills, there to be interred on a ground which usage had appropriated, from time immemorial, to the purpose. I easily obtained permission to be of the party, which consisted almost of relatives exclusively. And the body of "bonny Nelly Paton" was borne along, for upwards of three miles, on a large barrow, prepared, and entirely appropriated, as I afterwards learnt, to this unhallowed purpose. The coffin was merely a deal chest, unpainted, and consequently white, clumsily constructed, and shewing the dress, and almost the body of the dead, at various slits and joinings. The moon was bright, and exhibited the whole form and outline of the mountain as we persevered, relieving each other of the burden alternately, towards the place allotted. A person had been sent forward to dig a hasty grave, or pit; but he had returned, scared either by his own imaginary fears, or by some unexpected appear-

ance of life and motion at "the very spot." My flesh actually crept and contracted, when I overheard whisperings, and half-articulated inquiries and answers, upon this subject. However, there was clear moon-light, an open heaven above, and a wide stretch of horizon around us, and twelve of us together, and what had we to fear? But then, again, ours was no ordinary, or perhaps sanctified duty, and we were approaching a place peopled, as it were, with revolting images and recollections. Onwards, however, we behaved to advance; and when we came within sight of the object of apprehension, found a couple of dogs employed in unearthing a body which had been previously, and somewhat recently deposited. The sight was horrible! I still shudder at the recollection of it; and to forget it, either amidst merriment or during the deepest sorrow, has been hitherto, to me, impossible. I almost wish I had not mentioned it in this public manner, were it not that I entertain some faint hopes, that such an occurrence, of which there are at least five living witnesses, may tend to awaken people's eyes to the inhumanity and brutality of such interments. We buried poor unfortunate "Nelly Paton" at least three feet below the surface—covered up the grave which had been so prematurely opened—looked around us over hill and dale, from the summit of Hylvellen to the Heights of Bennevis—from the top of Queensberry to the peaks of Arran—and then returned leisurely and soberly home.

To a Drowning Fly.

THY wayward fate is an epitome,
Of what I fear, in future, *mine* must be;
I am thy fellow-sufferer, poor fly!
Thy woes, alas! are mine by sympathy;
Left desolate—through life's rough, troubled stream,
I strive in vain, as thou do'st in the cream;
My hopes for ever wreck'd, my *pilot* gone,
'Gainst fate and toil I still must struggle on;
No rescue near, 'twill be my destiny
To sink at last, poor passenger, like thee!

JOURNAL OF THE PRIVATE LIFE AND CONVERSATIONS OF THE EMPEROR
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, AT ST. HELENA. BY THE COUNT DE LAS
CASES LONDON. 1832.

THESE two volumes conclude the narrative given by Las Cases of the transactions at St. Helena, and of the conversations and political views of that illustrious man, who, from the loftiest height of glory and power, fell, by an awful revolution of fortune, into the abject state of a captive and an exile; whose evil star delivered him, bound hand and foot, into the power of his bitterest enemies, to endure from them whatever treatment they might please to give him; of him, who, at one time, scattered around him, by his smile, wealth and glory, but who was destined to close his days amid the deepest humiliations. The present volumes appear to possess the same interest with those which preceded them. They are replete with interesting information; the conversation of Napoleon is given with equal point and vigour; the sketches of his character are lively and striking, mingled, indeed, with details of a more melancholy cast, which press upon the mind more and more heavily, as the tragedy which was acting at St. Helena approaches to its close. Many interesting topics are, however, handled, in all of which Napoleon, as usual, develops his views with his characteristic boldness and energy. The subject discussed is the last Russian war, of which we have the following spirited and plausible defence:

“That war (said Buonaparte) should have been the most popular of any in modern times. It was a war of good sense and true interests; a war for the repose and security of all; it was purely pacific and preservative; entirely European and continental. Its success would have established a balance of power, and would have introduced new combinations, by which the dangers of the time present, would have been succeeded by future tranquillity. In this case, ambition had no share in my views. In raising Poland, which was the key-stone of the whole arch, I would have permitted a King of Prussia, an Archduke of Austria, or any other to occupy the throne. I had no wish to obtain any new acquisition; and I reserved to myself only the glory of

doing good, and the blessings of posterity. Yet this undertaking failed, and proved my ruin, though I never acted more disinterestedly, and never better merited success. As if popular opinion had been seized with contagion, in a moment, a general outcry, a general sentiment, arose against me. I was proclaimed to be the destroyer of kings; I, who had created them! I was denounced as the subverter of the rights of nations; I, who was about to risk all to secure them! And people and kings, those irreconcilable enemies, leagued together and conspired against me! All the acts of my past life were now forgotten. I said truly, that popular favour would return to me with victory; but victory escaped me, and I was ruined. Such is mankind, and such is my history; but both people and kings will have cause to regret me; and my memory will be sufficiently avenged for the injustice committed upon me: that is certain.”

In order to illustrate and enforce these sentiments of Napoleon, Las Cases gives a copy of instructions sent to one of the French ministers, with a view to that war. The object to be attained is there stated to be the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland; a most complicated system of political power is laid down, with a view to the future repose of Europe, of which France is to be the head, and which is to be ushered in by the Russian war; and many speculative advantages are held forth as likely to arise out of this scheme. We may state an objection, however, *in limine*, to all schemes of which force is the ground-work. They do not tend to peace; and, in such vast projects, compounded of such various and contradictory interests, and depending on so many remote and complicated springs, unforeseen accidents are always occurring to derange the fine and delicate mechanism, to disturb the regularity of its movements, and eventually to throw every thing into disorder. We cannot take down and put together again the moral elements of which the European system is composed, as if it were some mechanical contrivance we were working with, and on which

we could always calculate with the utmost precision. In comprehending, in our contrivances, such an extended train of political causes and consequences, and in looking forward, with such a distant forecast, into futurity, how are we sure that our plans may not misgive in many points? how are we sure that we can controul the course of events, and mould them to our wishes? In casting the powers of Europe into such an extensive system of confederate alliance, how can any human prudence guard against discontent and dissension among its different members? Mutual jealousy, and envy of each other's power, are the seeds of destruction sown in the very bosom of such a system; and just when we imagine we have succeeded, war breaks out, and we find that we have been labouring at an impracticable chimera. The re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland would have been a just punishment to the original destroyers of that independent state. But to commence a war at present, for such an object, seems a very doubtful policy. There is great wisdom in not disturbing what is already settled, as we are not sure, if we persist in shaking to their foundations all existing institutions and settlements, on what new basis they may ultimately fix. In rushing upon the wild and uncertain chances of commotion and war, we throw down all fixed rules,—we place ourselves under the empire of chance,—we unsettle every thing, but we are not sure of settling any thing; and, after years of confusion, we find ourselves as far as ever from the object we have been aiming at. In entering into the Russian war, to say nothing of the miseries which he was inflicting on the world, Buonaparte was setting in motion a vast machine, of which he could have no adequate command. He himself says, that it was “a war for the repose and security of all.” This, however, was a distant prospect; and, in the mean time, the repose and security, which all were actually enjoying, was disturbed, while it was quite uncertain whether the halcyon era of peace, which he contemplated, would ever arrive. Those who sincerely desire peace, will take the direct road

to it. They will seek peace in the spirit of peace, and will not pursue it through the doubtful chances of war. Las Cases, of whom Napoleon is the idol, observes, “that the vulgar were certainly far from comprehending or rendering justice to his intentions;” but he adds, “among statesmen, and men of foresight and extended views, the Russian war was very popular.” We are totally at a loss to conceive the grounds of this popularity, or how the war with Russia, which had for its object to trample down that power by mere force of arms, could be justified by men of sense or moderation. No peace, which is founded on the complete prostration of one power under the feet of another, can be lasting. The humbled state may be broken down under the weight of superior power, but there can be no contentment in such a situation; rancour and rebellion of heart must be the ruling feeling in such circumstances, and the first opportunity will be eagerly embraced to throw off the hated yoke. Thus will the flames of war be rekindled at no distant period, and thus will vanish all the plausible chimeras of security and peace, to realize which the world was involved in new troubles. Have we not seen these truths exemplified in the recent history of Europe? Did not France prove victorious in each successive struggle which took place? She triumphed over all her enemies, and imposed on them, as a conqueror, suitable conditions of peace. But did any of these treaties prove binding on the conquered party? The moment a favourable opportunity offered, the game of war was renewed by the losing party; and, though fresh losses were incurred, still new wars were begun, and new coalitions formed, to oppose the overgrown power of France. None of the states which were overthrown in the struggle ever submitted contentedly to their fate; they never rested under the injuries and humiliations which they suffered from France; there was no real peace, but a mere breathing interval of precarious repose, as a prelude to new and more fearful struggles. The war with Russia was therefore impolitic and unjust, on the part of

France, setting aside the perils inseparable from the transportation of her powerful armies to such a distance from home;—and if, as Las Cases assures us, many men of foresight were in favour of the war, many opposed it. General Rapp expressed his opinion to Buonaparte against it. Berthier, also, and the King of Naples, were against the enterprise, as too hazardous. They were against renewing the troubles of war for any contingent objects, however specious. France had, no doubt, a powerful and well-appointed army, burning with enthusiasm, and glorying in its hitherto victorious chief. But, in traversing the wild and desert wastes of Russia, who could tell what untold perils might occur to overthrow their constancy? The very distance of the French armies from their home was most inexpedient, considering that the whole system of European policy, which had been reared up, stood on force as its only solid foundation. Policy would, no doubt, in time, have perfected what arms had begun, and would have gradually improved and strengthened the new ties of the European commonwealth. But the work was too new and too fresh to admit of having the prop of the French armies so soon withdrawn. It was too soon left to its own strength. The experiment was highly dangerous; and though no one could exactly foresee the signal overthrow which befel the French armies, yet the danger of conveying them so far from home was manifest, and was strongly pointed out to their headstrong and imperious chief. It is in vain, therefore, to defend the Russian war on the grounds of policy; and if we come to the question of justice, we are assailed, in every point, by a multitude of objections, every one stronger than another.

During this latter part of Las Cases' sojourn in St Helena, Buonaparte was so often ill that there were serious interruptions to their usual conversations. There was a want, also, of the comfortable food that would have been necessary for a sick man, and even medicines were not to be had. The complaints of the prisoner of St. Helena increased under all these circumstances; and it

was only at intervals that he was enabled, through the vigour of his mind, which never lost its tone, to pour forth, as usual, the stream of his intellect. One interesting topic he discussed is the treatment of the prisoners during the last war, involving, of course, the unhappy controversy which took place between the two parties, and which prevented the exchange of prisoners during the whole contest.

It is well known, that, on the ground of our cruisers capturing French ships at sea, without any declaration of war, which, it appears, had been done in former wars, Buonaparte, by way of retaliation, detained all those peaceful travellers, the subjects of Great Britain, who were on a visit to France on the breaking out of hostilities, and refused to give them up, except in exchange for prisoners of war. Here commenced the dispute; the British Government, however, at length conceded this, and other points; and Buonaparte, who had not so many English in France as we had of French in England, but who, taking all the prisoners in the aggregate, English, Spanish, Prussians, Russians, &c., had a balance in his favour, proposed to exchange all for all. This proposition was, however, discussed and rejected by Britain; after which, we have, from Buonaparte, the following account of what took place:

As soon as the latter should be secured, pretences would be found for breaking off the business, and the old evasions would be resumed; for the English prisoners in France did not amount to one-third of the French in England. To obviate any misunderstanding on either side, I therefore proposed that we should exchange by transports of only three thousand at a time; that three thousand Frenchman should be returned to me, and that I would send back one thousand English, and two thousand Hanoverians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and others. Thus, if any misunderstanding arose, and put a stop to the exchange, we should still stand in the same relative proportions as before, and without having practised any deception upon each other; but if, on the contrary, the affair should proceed uninterruptedly to a conclusion, I promised to surrender up, gratuitously, all the prison-

ers that might ultimately remain in my hands. My conjectures respecting the real designs of the English Government proved to be correct: these conditions, which were really so reasonable, and the principle of which had already been adopted, were rejected, and the whole business was broken off. Whether the English Ministers really sympathized in the situation of their countrymen, or whether they were convinced of my firm determination not to be duped, I know not; but it would appear, that they were at length inclined to come to a conclusion, when I subsequently introduced the subject by an indirect channel. However, our disasters in Russia at once revived their hopes, and defeated my intentions.

On this question it may be observed, that the views of both parties appear to have been greatly perverted, by the hatred and inveterate distrust of each other, which had now sprung up as one of the natural fruits of the long protracted contest. None of them also, and Buonaparte the least of the two, appear to have seen, in the transaction alluded to, where their true glory lay; and that it consisted, not in standing out, but in yielding. If they themselves had been the only sufferers by their obstinacy, it would have been a different question. But when it was considered who paid the forfeit—who it was that were the unhappy victims in this foolish quarrel,—that they consisted, in France, of persons, many of them accidentally from home, and cruelly separated from those who were dear to them—lingering away their lives in hopeless captivity, and in vain longing after their homes and their friends: of others, again, soldiers or sailors, condemned to waste the flower of their days in inglorious sloth—all their visions of glory overcast by one disastrous stroke—and the hardships of their perilous life thereby greatly increased, and to no purpose;—all these circumstances being duly considered, we do not think that this was a favourable question on which to pitch the standard of national honour. Concession was here called for, from both parties, on the ground of humanity. In such a case, it was scarcely possible to commit the national dignity. There was magnanimity in submission, which never

could have been imputed to meanness, but to the most generous spirit of humanity, that could not bear the idea of inflicting unnecessary suffering on such multitudes of brave men. In the negotiations which took place on this subject, Great Britain, even according to Buonaparte's own account, had clearly the advantage; only that we do not see any ground for rejecting his proposition, to make a general clearance on both sides. All the other important points were, however, humanely conceded by our Government; and the negotiation was broken off on the most absurd jealousies. Buonaparte, far from blaming himself in this transaction, seems to take credit for his penetration in seeing through the duplicity of the British Government. We are convinced that no duplicity was intended,—that a fair exchange was all that we were intent upon. If, besides, we had resorted to the trick which the French ruler suspected, who would have been the losers in the transaction? We might, by a most unworthy piece of chicanery, have retained some French prisoners in our possession; but we would have deeply wounded our character in the face of all Europe, and would have, in proportion, lost our influence. The settlement of this important, and, we may say, sacred business—for a business may be well called sacred, of which the object is to give liberty to the captive—was evidently obstructed by the most absurd and groundless jealousies; and we are convinced, that had either party sent over a sentinel with 1000 prisoners, and left the other party to make a suitable return, the exchange would have been most speedily and satisfactorily accomplished. The great error of Napoleon consisted in his attempting to carry every thing by the mere effect of his power—in his improving on the illegal measures of his enemies—and in returning them on their hands with interest; thus irritating and kindling them to new and more outrageous acts of retaliation; and thus, at every throw, increasing the stake of vengeance, which could only be carried off by the party who could most perfectly extinguish every generous sympathy within his heart.

In this contest, it was not the palm of glory, but of malignity, which was to be won; and whether such a prize was worth contending for, we leave our readers to judge.

We have a long account, also, from Napoleon, of the ill treatment of his French subjects in the hulks, into which they were confined, by the order of the British Government; at which he is justly incensed, if the matter be as he represents it. But the remedy he proposes completely illustrates his character, and entirely corresponds with the view given of it in the preceding observations. In place of remonstrating to the English Government, and of bringing under their attention, as an argument for the good treatment of the French prisoners, the manner in which the English prisoners were treated in France—or, in place of considering this new grievance as a weighty reason for conceding some of his pretensions as to the *detenus*, and thus facilitating an exchange of prisoners; he regrets that he did not, by way of retaliation, assemble an equal number of English prisoners, and deal out to them the same measure of hardship and injustice which the French were suffering in Britain. By such means, it is evident that the breach might have been widened, but never healed; besides the useless misery that would have been brought upon so many innocent persons. Retaliation of mischief ought to be the last resort, because it is generally inefficient, and gives a sanction to what we condemn, and are anxious to abolish. If our enemy acts cruelly, is it the best way to check him, to imitate his example? This is like Shylock in the play, who boasts that the cruelty which the Christians teach him, he will practise; and that it shall go hard with him, but he shall better their instructions. In general, a temperate and steady disapprobation, and a solemn appeal to the enlightened tribunal of public opinion, against all unlawful acts, would have more effect in bringing back the erring party within the pale of humanity, than any retaliations, however determined and cruel; and we would avoid, in this case, the risk of that flame of contention, which it is easy to

kindle, but so difficult to extinguish. Buonaparte alleges, as one reason for the measure, which he admits to have been an act of violence, of detaining the English who were in France at the breaking out of the war, the sudden rupture of the peace of Amiens, on such false pretences, and with so much bad faith. This is no doubt true; Great Britain had not a shadow of reason for breaking that treaty; and the story of armaments fitting out in the ports of Holland, which was supposed to be an argument of the First Consul's hostile intentions, is well known to have been false; a pure invention of evil-minded persons, greedily swallowed at that time by the British Ministers, who seem to have repented of the peace they had made, but were at a loss for some pretence to renew the war. We do not wonder at the resentment of Buonaparte, then First Consul, on this account. He was, besides, grossly and foully insulted, with unceasing slanders, by the English press, inasmuch, that, with such a spirit of malignity in this country, peace seemed impossible. All these circumstances had naturally irritated the mind of Buonaparte, and this, joined to the unjust seizure of several French merchant-ships, even before a declaration of war, had induced him, as he himself expresses it, to "revenge one act of violence by another still greater." But the policy of the proceeding, and of all similar proceedings, may, we think, be justly called in question, until, at least, every other means be unsuccessfully tried.

The Emperor continued at intervals to discuss with Las Cases and others the various events of his extraordinary career; and it is astonishing with what brilliant and vigorous illustrations his conversation is adorned. His ideas seem to pour upon him from all points; they are so rapid and so various, that he cannot afford them many words; and they succeed each other so quickly, that we are kept perpetually alive with those continual sallies of thought. His views of the power and resources of Russia are thrown out with admirable point and liveliness. After describing the physical circumstances of Russia, he proceeds:

To these physical circumstances, continued the Emperor, may be added the advantage of an immense population, brave, hardy, devoted and passive, including those numerous uncivilized hordes, to whom privation and wandering are the natural state of existence. Who can avoid shuddering, said he, at the thought of such a vast mass, unassailable either on the flanks or in the rear, descending upon us with impunity! if triumphant, overwhelming every thing in its course; or if defeated, retiring amidst the cold and desolation that may be called its forces of reserve, and possessing every facility of issuing forth again at a future opportunity. Is not this the head of the Hydra, the Antæus of fable, which can only be subdued by seizing it bodily, and stifling it in the embrace? But where is the Hercules to be found? France alone could think of such an achievement, and it must be confessed we made but an awkward attempt at it.

The Emperor was of opinion, that, in the new political combination of Europe, the fate of that portion of the world depended entirely on the capacity and disposition of a single man. "Should there arise," said he, "an Emperor of Russia, valiant, impetuous, and intelligent; in a word, a Czar with a beard on his chin, (this he pronounced very emphatically,) Europe is his own. He may commence his operations on the German territory, at 100 leagues from the two capitals, Berlin and Vienna, whose sovereigns are his only obstacles. He secures the alliance of the one by force, and with his aid subdues the other, by a single stroke. He then finds himself in the heart of Germany, amidst the princes of the second rank, most of whom are either his relations or dependants. In the meanwhile, he may, should he think it necessary, throw a few firebrands across the Alps, on the soil of Italy, ripe for explosion, and he may then march triumphantly to Paris, to proclaim himself the new liberator. I know, if I were in such a situation, I would undertake to reach Calais in a given time, and by regular marching stations, there to become the master and arbiter of Europe."

After this, he asked about the English East India Company, of Las Cases, who, for his instruction, went through a regular narrative of its great transactions, concluding with Mr Fox and Mr Pitt's India Bills. The mention of these two celebrated names called him forth, and he pronounced an animated condemnation of Pitt's policy, while he praised the

character of Fox. Discussing, generally, the expediency of commercial companies, he condemned all monopolies; from this he diverged to various other points of political economy, and concluded with the following luminous illustrations of the existing state of the world:

"It is," said he, "because men will not acknowledge this great revolution in property, because they persist in closing their eyes on these truths, that so many acts of folly are now committed, and that nations are exposed to so many disorders. The world has sustained a great shock, and it now seeks to return to a settled state. The whole cause of the universal agitation that at present prevails, may be explained in a few words: the ship's cargo has been shifted, her ballast has been removed from the stem to the stern; hence are produced those violent oscillations which may occasion a wreck in the first storm, if obstinate efforts are made to work the vessel according to the usual method, and without obtaining a new balance."

Among other subjects, he enters into the nature of the imperial system, and of the various channels through which the supreme power was spread out from him, the centre, to the extremities. "The prefects," he said, "were emperors on a small scale;" and he goes on, in the following terms, to illustrate and explain this his original idea:

"It was necessary to create this power," continued the Emperor, "for the force of circumstances had placed me in the situation of a dictator. It was requisite that all the filaments issuing from me should be in harmony with the first cause, or my system would have failed in its result. The network which I spread over the French territory, required a violent tension and prodigious power of elasticity, in order to make the terrible blows that were constantly levelled at us, rebound to distant points. Thus most of the springs of my machinery were merely institutions connected with dictatorship, and measures for warlike defence. When the moment should have arrived for slackening the reins, all my connecting filaments would have relaxed sympathetically, and we should then have proceeded to our peace establishment and local institutions."

The war of La Vendée afforded another interesting topic; and from

thence, ranging into the fields of literature, the character of the ancient and modern drama was contrasted. The Emperor expressed his regret that he had not ordered the *Œdipus of Sophocles* to be performed at St. Cloud. "Talma," he observed, "had always opposed the idea." He then expressed his surprise that the Romans should have had no tragedies, of which fact he gives the following singular and striking solution :

Tragedy, in dramatic representation, would have been ill calculated to rouse the feelings of the Romans, since they performed real tragedy in their circuses. "The combats of the gladiators," said he, "the sight of men consigned to the fury of wild beasts, were far more terrible than all our dramatic horrors put together. These, in fact, were the only tragedies suited to the iron nerves of the Romans."

During his lucid intervals of health, the Emperor always continued to converse in his usual animated strain. He touches, without reserve, on all the most delicate points of his singular story. He enters into all the particulars of his first abdication, and grievously complains of the conduct of his marshals, and other great military officers, who all advised the abdication; being glutted with wealth and honour, wearied of war, and wanting only peace to enjoy their hard-earned rewards. The unsuccessful wars which Napoleon had ultimately waged—the services which he had required from the people, both of men and money—and the miseries which the country suffered by the presence of hostile armies—were quite sufficient to indispose men to his measures. By separating the country from him, they saw that they could procure peace; and the question being, therefore, whether they should hold by him and continue the war, or purchase peace by sacrificing him, they decided in favour of the latter alternative; and the evils his rash and warlike counsels had brought on the country, gave them but too plausible grounds for their conduct.

The subject of ancient and modern warfare was discussed at length by the Emperor, and many new and striking ideas were thrown out on this comprehensive topic. The cha-

acters of the most celebrated Generals, Alexander, Cesar, Hannibal, Gustavus, Eugene, Marlborough, Vendome, Frederick the Great, were all severally passed in review, and their merits considered by this great military critic, who had shewn, as Johnson observes of Dryden, his title to criticise by his power of performance. The discussion was then extended to military operations in general, and the following are the opinions expressed by Napoleon :

In the present mode of military operations, he thought it advisable that greater consistency should be given to the third rank of infantry, or, that it should be suppressed; and he explained his reasons for this.

He was of opinion, that infantry charged by cavalry should fire from a distance, instead of firing closely, according to the present practice. He proved the advantage of this method.

He observed, that infantry and cavalry left to themselves, without artillery, could procure no decisive result; but that, with the aid of artillery, all things else being equal, cavalry might destroy infantry. He clearly explained these facts, and many others besides.

He added, that artillery really decided the fate of armies and nations; that men now fought with blows of cannon balls, as they fought with blows of fists; for in battle, as in a siege, the art consisted in making numerous discharges converge on one and the same point; that amidst the conflict, he who had sufficient address to direct a mass of artillery suddenly and unexpectedly on any particular point of the enemy's force, was sure of the victory. This, he said, had been his grand secret, and his grand plan of tactics.

The mind of Napoleon was ever active, and ever bent on some scheme of improvement. An army, he observed, could not move about with lightness and rapidity, encumbered as it was with all the modern apparatus for the supply of its wants; and he had a plan in contemplation, for enabling the soldiers to bake their own flour, to carry every thing along with them, and not to be so dependent as they were on the services of others. His ideas were too military. He also pressed on the Senate the necessity of extending the conscription to all classes indiscriminately; and, finally, though he was accused of being too fond of war between na-

tions, he did not extend his partiality to litigation, the war of civil society, for he was very intent on abolishing law-suits, which he called an absolute cancer, a social leprosy; and the plan which he suggested for this purpose was, with some modifications, to pay nothing except to the successful counsel. This we consider to be quite chimerical. The best way of preventing litigation is to give speedy and just decisions, so that he who unjustly stirs a quarrel may feel the scath of it. His notions on the duties of the ministers of religion were pure and enlightened; and we cannot forbear extracting the following excellent remarks:

I recollect (says Las Cases) having heard the Emperor, in the Council of State, declaim against the perquisites of ministers of the Gospel, and point out the indecorum of their bartering, as he said, for sacred, and, frequently, indispensable objects. He therefore proposed putting an end to this practice. "By rendering the acts of religion gratuitous," he observed, "we shall elevate their dignity, beneficence, and charity, and confer a great benefit on the poor. Nothing would be easier than substitute legal imposts for these perquisites. Every one is born, many marry, and all die; and yet births, marriages, and deaths, are three great subjects of religious jobbing, which, in my opinion, are particularly objectionable, and which I would wish to abolish. Since these are matters which concern all equally, why not place them under a special impost, or include them among the subjects of general taxation?"

On another important subject, Las Cases gives us, at great length, the sentiments of Napoleon. We mean the condemnation and death of the Duke d'Enghien; and it is evident that he heartily repented, as well he might, of that harsh act. Many apologies may, no doubt, be made for him, in the critical circumstances in which he was placed; and we are well aware, also, that many of those who raised so great an outcry on this occasion, would have had no objection that he himself should have been taken off in any manner the most expeditious. At the very time, indeed, plots were every where contrived against his life by the agents of the Bourbon family; and, according to the morality of most politicians, the

execution of the Duke d'Enghien might have passed current as a bold and necessary act of self-defence. The following is the account given by Buonaparte of the progress of this unfortunate affair:

"I was one day alone," said he; "I recollect it well; I was taking my coffee, half seated on the table at which I had just dined, when sudden information is brought to me, that a new conspiracy has been discovered. I am warmly urged to put an end to these enormities; they represent to me that it is time at last to give a lesson to those who have been day after day conspiring against my life; that this end can only be attained by shedding the blood of one of them; and that the Duke d'Enghien, who might now be convicted of forming part of this new conspiracy, and taken in the very act, should be that one. It was added, that he had been seen at Strasburg; that it was even believed that he had been in Paris; and that the plan was, that he should enter France by the east, at the moment of the explosion, whilst the Duke of Berry was disembarking in the west. I should tell you," observed the Emperor, "that I did not even know precisely who the Duke d'Enghien was (the Revolution having taken place when I was yet a very young man,) and I having never been at court; and that I was quite in the dark as to where he was at that moment. Having been informed on those points, I exclaimed, that if such were the case, the Duke ought to be arrested, and that orders should be given to that effect. Every thing had been foreseen and prepared; the different orders were already drawn up, nothing remained to be done but to sign them, and the fate of the young Prince was thus decided."

It is an admirable remark of Mr Fox, that statesmen are seldom aware how much true wisdom there is in humanity, and never was this maxim more forcibly illustrated than in the present case. No act which Napoleon ever sanctioned occasioned more prejudice to his cause than the execution of this unfortunate young prince, which immediately consecrated him a martyr, and excited a deep sensation of grief and horror among his friends, whose outcry for his loss found an echo of sympathy in every breast. It was precisely one of these acts which was calculated to recoil on the heads of its authors: A young prince, scarcely twenty-five

years of age, residing on a neutral territory, violently set upon by a lawless irruption of soldiers, dragged from his asylum, hurried to Paris, and, after a brief trial and condemnation by his enemies, taken out and shot by torch-light. Speaking of it in the mildest terms, it was a cruel and unrelenting act, and it was impolitic in the highest degree. We do not believe that it had much effect in checking the plots against the First Consul's life; while it was taken as an index to his character, by his enemies, who set it forth in all its worst colours, and raised, throughout Europe, a prejudice against him, which is even now scarcely abated. This act gave a colour to all the slanders which were circulated about him, and though many of those who were thus vehement in their reprobation of him, defended similar acts of vengeance by their own party, few stooped to unveil their hypocrisy, but all joined in one unanimous outcry against Buonaparte, who, from henceforth, became the standing mark of slander, no one attempting to defend him, while new calumnies were every day poured forth against him. Had he generously spared this unhappy, and, we believe, to a certain extent, criminal young man, after he was in his power, how different would have been the feeling! such an act of generosity could not have been denied. Here slander must have been silent—those who were not the bigotted enemies of Napoleon had here a powerful fact in his favour. Here was something tangible to appeal to—a weapon of argument to fight with. A few such facts would have outweighed the load of calumny which pressed so heavily in the opposite scale—its mists could not have gathered so thick about him, nor have remained so long to obscure his true character. From what Las Cases mentions of his conversation, it is manifest, though he was too proud openly to avow it, that he repented at heart of this harsh measure. He had felt its evil effects, and he had been cut by the reproaches which it occasioned: “Undoubtedly, (he observed,) if I had been informed in time of certain circumstances respecting the opinions of the prince, and his disposition; and if, above all,

I had seen the letter which he wrote to me, and which, God knows for what reason, was not delivered till after his death, I should certainly have forgiven him.” Las Cases, on another occasion, gives the same account of his feelings:

In the unreserved moments of familiar intercourse, he shewed himself not indifferent to the fate of the unfortunate Prince; but, if his conversation had reference to public concerns, it was altogether quite a different thing. One day, having spoken to me of the youth, and the untimely end of this ill-fated Prince, he concluded by saying, “And I have since learnt, my dear Las Cases, that he was favourable to me. I have been assured, that he used to speak of me with some degree of admiration; such is retributive justice in this world!” These last words were pronounced with such an expression, every feature of his face was so much in harmony with that expression, that I have no doubt, that if the individual whom Napoleon pitied had been at that moment in his power, he would have been eagerly forgiven, whatever his acts or intentions might have been.

The work contains many other amusing anecdotes and interesting statements. But we have no room for further extracts. The author's narrative is cut short by his arrest, under the directions of Sir Hudson Lowe, for having attempted a secret correspondence, contrary to the regulations under which the state-prisoner was detained. A black, who had formerly been with Las Cases, and who had been taken from him by Sir Hudson Lowe, suddenly made his appearance at his habitation, having escaped all the guards by which it was surrounded, and as he was to set off for London in a few days, he offered the Count his services to carry any letter for him. Las Cases resolved to avail himself of this opportunity to make their sufferings known in Europe, and he caused his son to trace, on a piece of satin, a copy of his former letter to Prince Lucien. The letter was sewed into the servant's clothes, and twenty-four hours after, Las Cases was arrested and sent off to the Cape of Good Hope, where, strange to tell, he was still detained a prisoner, by the persons in authority in that colony. He was afterwards sent to England, where the

same vigilance pursued him. He was not suffered to land, but was sent to Ostend, where the most inveterate persecutions still awaited him; and it was not till he addressed a letter to the Austrian minister, that, by his powerful influence, he was sheltered from further vexations.

Of the treatment which Napoleon suffered at St. Helena, from that prince of jailors, Sir Hudson Lowe, we fully expressed our opinion in a former Number. He held, as Buonaparte expressed it, a bad office, and executed it badly. Under the plea of secure detention, he seems to have accumulated on the devoted head of his prisoner every sort of useless cruelty and insult. If this plea be admitted as an excuse for severities which threaten life and health, we ought to put our prisoner to death at once. The grave is the securest prison, and there we ought to lodge him, without making him pass through the useless ordeal of a tedious imprisonment. We find that Buonaparte was continually harrassed by vexatious restraints and threatened insults, until he was confined to his room as surely as if the physical impediments of bolts and bars had been raised up against him: we find his

health beginning to be seriously affected by this confinement—the fact is stated to his jailor, and duly notified to the British Government. No relaxation is observed in the rigours of his captivity. He grows worse—serious and alarming complaints attack him. His situation is made known from time to time, to those who have the power of granting the indulgences required by sickness. He is badly lodged—in want of comfortable food—in want of medicines. His malady daily gains ground. His death is announced to be approaching, and his removal to another climate is requested, for the sake of humanity. His complaints are unheeded—his latter end approaches, and he sinks at last into the grave—unpitied and unrelieved. On the other hand, it is stated by those who had the charge of detaining him, and the statement is signed by the physician appointed by Government to attend him, that he died of a hereditary cancer in his stomach, and that his death would have been equally certain, though he had gone to the United States, and enjoyed his freedom, with the privilege of free air and exercise. Between those opposite statements, we leave our readers to make their election.

A REPLY BY MR. C. MACLAREN, TO THE OBSERVATIONS ON HIS WORK ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE PLAIN OF TROY, IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW.

AN outline of my Theory of the Plain of Troy was published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for March 1820, and by turning back to that Number, the reader will find a map, which, though not very accurate, will render the following remarks intelligible:

I have but a short account to settle with my reviewer, who has followed a practice not very flattering to an author, but too common to be made a matter of serious complaint. Instead of examining my book, he has merely made it a peg to hang a system of his own upon; and as his system is very different from mine, and we cannot, of course, both be in the right, he roundly asserts that I am wrong. He has, in fact, left my conclusions unassailed, in every funda-

mental point, except in so far as he has endeavoured to establish others almost diametrically opposite, and the merits of which, I humbly think, may be very soon disposed of. The *dictum* of an intelligent man, I own, is worth something; but its value depends on his exemption from prepossessions, and his competence to decide upon the subject. I feel no great inclination to defer to the reviewer's authority, either on the one ground or the other.

To put the reader in possession of the grounds of the controversy, I may mention, that the leading object of my book is to prove that the *Mendere* and *Dombrik* of the present day, are the *Scamander* and *Simois* of *Strabo* and *Homer*; that the Greek camp was on the site of the village of

Koum Kale, and that the Troy of Homer occupied the same site with New Ilium. I cannot say the reviewer has controverted these conclusions; but he has denied their accuracy, and advanced others, which I shall presently explain. To save time and space, I shall leave several minor topics untouched, and, among others, the question of the importance or unimportance of the discussion, taking it for granted, that when so many books and articles are written upon one subject, some persons think it worth their while to read them.

I make no pretensions to more than a superficial knowledge of Greek, and readily concede to my reviewer, that I have mistaken the sense of the expression *ἐπὶ τῇ ἑκτοῦ Ἑλλήσποντου θαλάττῃ*, applied by Strabo, to Colone, which certainly does not mean "without the Hellespont," as I hastily supposed. I am not, however, prepared to subscribe to the translation of the reviewer, who understands the sense to be, that Colone was a maritime city, or was "on the sea, at the Hellespont," (in opposition to another Colone inland.) Strabo could scarcely think it necessary to tell us that a city at the "Hellespontine Sea" was a "maritime city. Perhaps the sense is better expressed by the French translator, "at the Hellespont, without the straits," meaning the straits of Abydos. The passage is cited as bearing upon the question, whether Strabo included a part of the *Ægean* sea, under the name of the Hellespont, as Messrs Bryant and Hobhouse contend, and certainly goes to support the affirmative. To make out this point, however, the reviewer relies more upon another passage, the sense of which he garbles to answer his purpose, but which, literally translated, is as follows: "The western sea" (that is, the sea on the western side of the Troad) "is the Hellespont in which is the *Ægean*." (*Strabo*, l. 13., p. 583.) The Latin translators, very reasonably suspecting an error in the text, when they find the Hellespont represented as "comprehending the *Ægean* sea," gave another turn to the expression; but our reviewer swallows the absurdity, in his zeal for an argument. As

the discussion of this point would lead me to encroach too far upon your columns, I shall confine myself to a few observations. First, as Herodotus, Pliny, Mela, Ptolemy, and a crowd of other writers before and after Strabo, plainly restricted the name of Hellespont to the narrow canal, their distinct testimony ought not to be set aside on the vague, doubtful, or contradictory statements of a single writer. Now, Strabo's statements respecting the *Ægean* Sea and the Hellespont, have neither accuracy, clearness, nor consistency. For instance, he makes Sunium extend as far south as Tenarus, though it is one degree farther north, (*l. 2., p. 92.*): he describes the Myrtoan sea as lying between Crete, Argolis, and Attica, yet gives it a breadth which makes it extend to Asia Minor, and include the Icarian, (*p. 124.*): he speaks of the *Ægean* as a distinct sea from the Myrtoan, yet assigns dimensions to the former, which plainly comprehend the latter, (*p. 125.*). The passage formerly cited makes the Hellespont include the whole *Ægean*; but who ever heard of Lemnos, Chios, Samos, Andros, as isles in the Hellespont! The absurdity was too glaring to pass. Admit, however, that Strabo meant only to include a part of the *Ægean*, that part must evidently have consisted of the sea which surrounds Lemnos and Imbros. Now, it will be found (*l. 1., p. 28.*) that this geographer considers the Thracian Sea and Gulf of Melas, including the waters which flow round Lemnos and Imbros, not as part of the Hellespont, but of the *Ægean*. Where, then, is the Hellespontine Sea, beyond the canal, to be found? Homer, too, though he does not use the name of the *Ægean*, because, like the name of Greece, it did not exist in his age, had a name for the sea round Lemnos and Imbros, distinct from that of the Hellespont, for he calls it the *Thracian Sea*, (*Il. xxiii., 230.*) The French translators have probably hit upon the true source of the confusion in Strabo's statements. He was not guilty of the error of making the Hellespont comprehend the *Ægean*; but he did what was equally wrong, though less absurd; he extended, as they observe, the name of the latter

sea far beyond its usual boundaries, and made it comprehend, not only the Hellespont, but the Propontis, and even a part of Euxine. (*French Strabo*, vol. 1., p. 347, note.) I shall only add further, by way of explanation, that the cause of Strabo's error, when he speaks of a town opposite Tenedos, (Colonnæ,) as being at the Hellespont, was probably this:—He knew that Herodotus assigns a length of 400 stadia to this canal, which is very correct. But Strabo having erroneously made the Hellespont begin at Abydos, instead of Callipolis, and thus cut off one half from its northern extremity, to make up the length named by the historian, he was necessarily obliged to add as much on the south, and having, probably, no map before him, he was thus led to consider every place on the coast of Troas, if within 400 stadia of Abydos, as situated upon the Hellespont.

Let it be kept in mind, that, though I were to grant all the reviewer here contends for, it would not shake one single position of my system. For the argument merely affects the question, whether the plain of the Menderes is the Trojan plain of Homer? and this I conceived to be established beyond dispute, by evidence resting on separate grounds. (*See my Dissertation*, p. 36.) It is admitted by Strabo, whose evidence is here brought forward to invalidate his own conclusions. Nay, what is still more extraordinary, it is admitted, without question, by the reviewer himself, who, after labouring the point so much, rejects the sole conclusion to which the argument was meant to lead, by those who first employed it.

I find I have the misfortune to differ from my reviewer at the very threshold of the discussion. He censures me for taking Homer for my guide, rather than Strabo. I grant, that, generally speaking, a poet is a worse authority for facts than a geographer, though Homer is perhaps entitled to rank in both characters. But in this case we must not forget, that Strabo lived 900 years after Homer; and what was matter of personal knowledge to the one, was only matter of conjecture and investigation to the other. It is not correct to say, that I follow the testi-

mony of the poet in preference to that of the geographer. I take each, as an authority for the topography, as it stood in his own age, and am only guilty of preferring Homer's facts to Strabo's speculations. If in this I have erred, Strabo himself has set me the example. So far from pretending to fix the localities upon grounds independent of Homer's testimony, his main object, throughout a great part of the 13th Book, is to ascertain to what objects and places the poet's descriptions or allusions apply. He follows his text minutely, discusses the import of his expressions, and admits or rejects the opinions of recent writers, according as they agree or disagree with the poet's details. Why, then, should not we use the same freedom with Strabo's statements which Strabo used with those of Hellanicus and Demetrius, who lived before him, and had, what he wanted, a local knowledge of the district? If Strabo follows Demetrius generally, as to the Troad, it is not because he considers him a better authority than Homer, but for a reason directly contrary—because he finds his conclusions more consistent than those of any other writer, with the poet's statements, to which, as an infallible standard, he always refers. In fact, the question, whether we should follow Homer or Strabo, when analyzed, amounts to this—whether we should take Homer's words as they stand before us in his text, or take Strabo's conjectures, as to what the poet meant to say. It is amusing enough, after this avowal of an extreme deference to Strabo's authority, that the reviewer's theory is more directly at variance with the Greek geographer's opinions than any other hitherto published.

The reviewer's theory, which he assures us is the result of long and painful meditation, is this: the Dombrik (or Thymbrik) is the Scamander—the Kimair, or Kalefat Osmak, when flowing in its summer channel, is the Simois—the site of Troy was at Chiblak—and the Greek camp and harbour, somewhere between the mouth of the Menderes and En Tepe. The Menderes the only large river—I may say, the only river in the district—is left out of his system

entirely, and is presumed to be not once named by Homer, though he celebrates the beauty, depth, breadth, rapidity, and *grandeur*, of the brooks Kimair and Dombrik! With every wish to speak of my reviewer candidly, I must assure him, that I can scarcely muster patience to bestow a moment's consideration on a system, which presents the appearance of a paradox on a first view, and which is a chaos of incongruities when examined.

If the reviewer was determined to find the Scamander in the Dombrik, he should, at least, have gone to some other authority than Strabo, whose testimony is too explicit to leave a doubt upon the subject. Even Barbie de Bocage and Mr Morritt, though they hold the Kirkjoss to be the Scamander of Homer, admit, reluctantly, that the Mendere is the Scamander of Strabo. How, indeed, can any man, who has the most moderate knowledge of the localities, think otherwise? The Greek geographer tells us distinctly, that the Scamander rose in the same hill, or summit, of Mount Ida, (Cotylus) with the Granicus and the Esepus, and within twenty stadia (two miles) of the sources of these two rivers. (L. 13, p. 602.) I am not aware that any modern traveller has followed the channel of the Esepus, nor is it of any consequence; the courses of the Granicus and the Mendere, which have been traced, fully confirm Strabo's statement, and shew, beyond a doubt, that the latter river is the Scamander of that writer. With this text staring the reviewer in the face, how could he possibly print and publish that the Dombrik was the Scamander of Strabo? Against a statement so plain and decisive, a hundred minor arguments would not avail. He hints, indeed, that when the localities are more completely explored, the Dombrik may be found to have the characteristics of Strabo's Scamander. I am sorry to deprive him of this consolation; for I must tell him, that the channels of the Dombrik and Mendere are known to their sources, and that no future discoveries, and no ingenuity of explanation, can bring the springs, of what he calls the Scamander, within twenty-four miles of

the point where Strabo placed them. Before the reviewer can bring the heads of the Esepus and Granicus within twenty stadia of the Dombrik, he must work a miracle, by removing mountains. If he had ever seen Kauffer's map, published by Clarke and Cripps in 1803, (the foundation of all the other maps of the Troad, from that of Chevalier, downwards,) he would have avoided this error, with all the absurdities in which it has involved him: if he has not seen it, let me remind him, that though a knowledge of Greek is very convenient for one who speculates on such subjects, it is but an indifferent substitute for a knowledge of facts.

I have a few words more to say on this branch of the subject, though any thing farther, in the shape of argument, might be dispensed with. The objection to the identity of the Mendere, with Strabo's Scamander, grounded on the course of the two rivers, with reference to Sigeum and Rhæteum, vanishes when *πλησιαζω* is translated "approach to," instead of "flow towards;" and the reviewer, who is a Grecian scholar, knows that this is no forced interpretation. Some others of his statements I scarcely know how to deal with. When he indulges, for instance, in such hardy assertions, as that the plain of the Dombrik is broader than that of the Mendere, and that the epithet of the "great vortiginous river" is equally applicable to the first of these rivers as to the last, I certainly find reason to admire his boldness, if not his ingenuity. It requires some courage to convert those very circumstances, which make against a hypothesis, into arguments for its truth; but, providing the reader is in a convenient state of ignorance, it is generally a shorter process to make fact bend to theory, than to adjust theory to fact. Allow me the same latitude of assumption which the reviewer has practised, and I do not despair of proving that the Garden of Eden was in Lapland, and that the Tower of Babel stood on the great plain of the Mississippi!

It would be a waste of time to examine his reasonings respecting the Simois. He professes to follow Stra-

bo; and when Strabo's Scamander is known, his Sinois can scarcely be mistaken. In fact, the proofs of its identity with the Dombrik amount to nothing short of demonstration.

The reviewer objects that the site I have chosen for the Greek camp must be overflowed by the winter floods. This is very hard. It is incontestable that the fleet must have been drawn up somewhere on the level surface between the Capes. In this surface, there is but one small area of dry beach; on that area I have placed the Greek camp; and yet the reviewer is not satisfied. But since he rejects the only dry ground ever discovered there by any traveller, on what miraculous spot does he suppose the Greeks were posted? Certainly it would puzzle Strabo, and Demetrius too, to conjecture. He places the camp on the low ground, eastward of the mouth of the Menderes, which Mr Hobhouse calls "a sandy marsh," and a "line of reedy swamps," (p. 710-711); which is described by Major Rennell, in his map, as "marshy land;" by Choiseul Gouffier, as "marais sablonneux;" and by Mr L. Foster, as "marshes overflowed by the Hellespont." On this spot, which was a marsh in the time of Demetrius, 2000 years ago, as it is at this day, he places the Greek army, and, what is still more surprising, he finds, that, in such a situation, "they would have no marshes near them to spread pestilence through their ranks," and they would possess "a fine beach for the reception of their ships." Really, with a speculator like this, who converts dry land into quagmires, and quagmires into dry land, there is nothing impossible. Perhaps, however, he would have us to understand, that what is marsh now, may have been firm ground formerly. But I have already observed, that there were marshes at the shore in the time of Demetrius, and it will puzzle the critic to find any other situation for them than the space between the present mouth of the Menderes and the brook of Gheulu Sou. Even admitting what is really inadmissible, that a bay occupied the place of the marsh in the time of the Trojan war, from what we know of the accretion of soil

upon the coast, since Strabo's days, we are morally certain that the firm ground, in Homer's time, could not extend above two or three hundred yards beyond the banks of the Dombrik. On this narrow stripe of ground, resembling, in breadth, those dykes with which the Dutch confine their rivers and canals, it would certainly require more than all Nestor's skill, in castrametation, to encamp two armies, of 50,000 men each, with an interval of half a mile, or a mile, between! (Il. viii. 490.) How the reviewer means to escape from these difficulties, he does not say. He wisely avoids particulars, and leaves the problem to the reader's ingenuity.

After the reviewer had found a dry beach among mud and reeds, and a healthy camp in a quagmire, perhaps I had no right to be surprised, when I found him boldly asserting, that there is "no hill whatever" at the promontory of Rhæteum. What tempted him to make a statement so directly in the face,—not of a part, but of all the evidence we have on the subject, it is impossible to conjecture. The most charitable conclusion would be, that he had never seen a single map of the ground, and was speculating in utter ignorance of the localities. I shall not meet him in his own way, by asking him to admit the existence of a hill at En Tepe on my authority. I refer him to the maps of Kauffer, Gell, Rennell, Chevalier, Hobhouse, Olivier, Choiseul Gouffier, and Foster; and if he finds the hill wanting in any one of these, I shall not only yield up this point, but every other he contends for. In those days of flourishing criticism, it is mortifying to a writer to think with what a small handful of ideas a reviewer shall sit in judgment on his works, and decide with confidence against him.

I have little to say here with regard to the reviewer's site of Troy. His theory is, in substance, that of Dr Clarke, whose conclusions as to the position of the town I have considered in my book. I shall only observe, that the reviewer accuses me of placing Troy and the Greek camp too near each other; and yet it turns out strangely enough, that the interval between his own city and camp is not greater; and that the objec-

tions he urges against me are equally valid against himself. Of this he would have been convinced, had he consulted any other map than Dr Clarke's trifling vignette, where only a few objects are set down to illustrate his peculiar views, and where the true distances are sometimes doubled or trebled. He says further, that some of my arguments, as to the time and distance, are founded on a misapprehension of the poet's words; and that, in other cases, I have interpreted his expressions too literally. Perhaps I have erred both ways. I have certainly given an opinion on some points that are open to discussion. But I will not admit the existence of such mistakes, upon the mere assertion of my dogmatical and very fallible critic. As he took the trouble to point out a wrong translation I had fallen into, which neither strengthened his own theory, nor weakened mine, I may be permitted to doubt whether he would have spared other errors, the exposure of which would, in his own opinion, have given him some real advantage. To the charge of construing the poet's expressions literally, I plead guilty. I have generally assumed, that he adapted the recital of the deeds of his heroes and soldiers, to the ordinary laws of human action. I reason on this ground in the first place; but when the conclusions are drawn, I would always allow a certain latitude in their application. This principle may be acted on too rigorously; but if it is abandoned, what other shall we follow?

I have only a few words more to add, respecting a passage in Pliny. This writer having named the Scamander thrice, has been absurdly supposed to indicate the existence of three distinct rivers in the Trojan plain of that name, though all other writers mention no more than one. Not having room to enter fully into this subject, I shall only observe,

that, from a comparison of circumstances, I think it could be shewn, that the Nee of Pliny, is the *Ænea* of Strabo, (*Iné* in our present maps,) and of course the "*Scamander amnis navigabilis*," is no other than the *Mendere*; that the mention of *Sigeum*, and the port of Greeks, naturally led Pliny to name the river again; and that his *Palæ Scamander*, which formed a marsh, was the *τυφλὸν στόμα*, the "*blind mouth*" of Strabo, a deserted channel of the river, which the latter also tells us was among marshes. Pliny's statement is only another proof that the Scamander had changed its bed near the sea. Strabo's testimony renders it clear that the *Dombrik* was the *Simois*, which Pliny unites with *Xanthus*, and which could not, therefore, be at once *Simois* and *Palæ Scamander*. Neither could the *Kimair* be *Palæ Scamander*, for as its course lies between the two other rivers, which Pliny says joined, it could not fall into the "*Port of the Greeks*" by a separate mouth.

But I have now done with the reviewer, who has pronounced my theory untenable, though he has not sapped even one of its outworks, and still less has he erected a more solid structure in its place. I might therefore congratulate myself on passing once, at least, through the ordeal of criticism, without injury; but the reviewer, I am sorry to say, has gone little into detail, has urged few objections, and has done almost nothing to bring the accuracy of my conclusions to the test. In minor matters, I have probably made mistakes, but I feel a strong conviction that my system, in its leading propositions, is invulnerable; and as discussion and inquiry are always favourable to truth, nothing will gratify me more than to see it subjected to the most rigorous examination, and to the most unsparing criticism, by an unprejudiced person.

C. M.

HINTS TO THE REVIEWER OF HUNTER'S LIVY.

" * * * Et fragili quarens illidere dentem
Offendet solido."

Hor. Sat. Lib. ii. Sat. 1.

ALTHOUGH I am by no means prepared to enter, at present, upon any very critical examination of the review, as, for the sake of courtesy, I shall call it, of Dr Hunter's Livy, which appeared in your last Number, yet I feel disposed, thus early, to interpose my dissent from almost every word of criticism which it contains, and to assure the critic, that I am willing, should he so wish it, to discuss the subject with him more fully and more closely hereafter. His conduct reminds me much of that of a young simple lad of my acquaintance, who is ever bepraising his associates—for friends he has none—as persons of the most distinguished talents and acquirements, and who yet, in the course of conversation, fails not to advertise you of some decided victory which he, by the mere dint of learning or reasoning, obtained over them: "My friend," says he, "is six feet high, an amazing fellow as you will see in a summer day, or in a weekly market—only I am full two inches taller than he!" In this manner, does the person (of whose talents, however, from this specimen, I am disposed to think rather favourably, upon the whole,) who undertakes the getting up of your last month's article on Hunter, speak of the Doctor, and estimate of himself. He gives you full two pages of downright and well-merited praise, setting forth that originality of thought, and soundness of views, by which the Professor is so unequivocally distinguished, but then, at every turn, he meets him directly in the teeth with some theory of his own, or some observation made long ago by one "Perizonius," behind which, as an entrenchment, he very coolly and deliberately endeavours to level the whole of the Doctor's superstructure with the ground. But it is time that a bird of such

song should be permitted to entertain us with its own NOTES.

"If there is any thing" (says the reviewer) "in this admirable note (on the ablative absolute) from which we should be inclined to dissent, it is the paragraph respecting what the Doctor is in the habit of calling the 'inverse use of the adjective.'" And then there follows a long story about "sole oriente," *reges exactos*, "*urbem conditam*," et pleraque similia. The answer to all of which waste of observation is simply this: Dr Hunter asserts, that the meaning of such phrases as "*longa acies*," "*formosa puella*," and "*horrida bella*," is to be understood differently, or by a different mental process, from that through which the meaning of "*reges ejectos*," "*sole oriente*," and "*urbem captam*," comes to our apprehension. In the first instances, it is not the length of the line, but the line considered as long—not the beauty of the girl, but the girl considered as beautiful—not the horrors of the wars, but the wars considered as horrible, which come into consideration; whereas, in the second set of instances, it is the abstraction of the adjective which, under a substantive aspect, arrests our attention, and becomes the prominent or leading notion in the phrase. "*Post reges ejectos*," "*post urbem captam*," is not, "after the kings banished," "after the city taken," but after the "banishment of the kings," and "after the taking of the city," the order of the apprehension being thus, as it were, inverted*.

A little further on, we have a valuable piece of hap-hazard-work upon the word "*peto*," as used in composition with the preposition *ex*, in Livy, Book I., Chap. xxiii., from which, in plain English, (we do not here quote the language of the re-

* In the same manner do we apprehend the meaning of "*summus mons*," "*media nox*," "*prima lux*," &c. which mean, not the "highest mountain," "the middle night," or the "first light or morning;" but the "summit of the mountain," the "middle of the night," and the "first of the light," or day-break.

viewer,) it appears that *peto*, contrary to all known authority whatever, is to be apprehended, not as signifying "to seek," but as "causing another to seek;" a degree of daring assumption to which, we will be bold enough to assert, few, even of the youngest and least experienced critics, have hitherto reached; "*sed non omnia possumus omnes*,"—Rome was not built in a day,—"*fabricando fimus fabri*:" we shall have *amo*, by-and-by, causing to love, and *doceo* compelling to teach, *lego* instructing to read, and *audio* conferring the sense of hearing. Oh! what a disinterested family the whole conjugations will become!

We come now, passing over a deal of fudge, upon the relative, Horne Tooke, and the substantive verb*, as merely marking time, and nothing more, to the *grand discovery*! That of Watt or Perkins was nothing to this. We are indebted to the Doctor's long and most satisfactory note upon "Non modo," and "non modo non," for a display, we cannot help thinking, of as complete misapprehension, to say nothing worse, as Mr Ruthven, your intelligent printer, ever put to press. To enter fully upon this discussion would occupy too much of our time, and more letterpress than, I am afraid, you will be willing to assign to it. I shall only, therefore, observe, that the whole force of the criticism depends upon one assumption, namely, that "non modo," and "modo non," are, in fact, and may be construed as similar. But admit we the critic himself. "*Non modo inter patres, sed ne inter consules quidem, satis conveniebat.*" "The words (continues the critic) seem to us evidently to consist of two negative clauses, followed by an affirmative clause, which, being equally detached from both, and standing to both in exactly the same relation in respect of position, will naturally exert upon both an equal influence;" and the whole, literally translated into English, will run somewhat as follows:—"There existed sufficient harmony, not among the senators in degree, in measure, in extent; but not even between the consuls themselves!!" And according to this

method, as he afterwards observes, "no supply of a negative, in the first part, is requisite," that duty being already done, by what he terms a "negative clause." Now, this is really so full of every species and variety of inadvertency and hasty conclusion, that we know not well where to begin first—we feel, in fact, almost ashamed to begin at all, without entering into a more detailed and particular investigation than we can at present afford:—"Non modo inter patres" is to be considered, it seems, as a negative clause, and this, too, in the same sense in which the corresponding "*sed ne inter consules*," is viewed as such: "Non modo," in other words, is to be apprehended as if it were written "*modo non*," the "non" modifying the assertion of "*satis conveniebat*," or "*inter patres*," and not the "*modo*," according to universal usage and custom. Now, let us try the thing in English: in the first place, "Not only (non modo) you, but all your family are fools." Is this a negative of the assertion made, or, in other words, is "*not only you*," an equivalent to "*only not you*?" In the one case, the sense is directly the reverse of the other. Suppose I was to write "*non modo tu, sed frater, et pater, et soror, atque uxor, estis insani*;" who is there who does not at once apprehend that there is as much of the assertive power of positive addition in "*non modo*," as in "*sed*," or "*et*," or "*atque*?" Again, let us take the sentence in question, only making the latter clause affirmative, and we shall easily apprehend the corresponding affirmative force of the prior clause; thus, "*Non modo inter patres sed et (or etiam) inter consules, satis conveniebat.*" Who is there who can miss to perceive, at once, the affirmative effect of both clauses, which, were the first clause a negative, could not be the case?

"Upon this principle, (videlicet the Doctor's,) what (says the reviewer) are we to make of the following sentence, whether we express it in Latin or in English? '*Inter consules, sed nequaquam inter patres, satis conveniebat.*'" Between the consuls, but not among the senators, there existed sufficient harmo-

* "*I am that I am*," think of that, Mr Critic!

ny. "Why, according," continues he, "to the reasoning before us, it should imply, what we will be bold to say it neither does nor can, that there was no agreement, *either among senators or consuls.*"

Now, will any person, capable of feeling the force, (we do not say of judging critically,) of the sense of any expression whatever, assert that the sentence here quoted, or rather adduced upon supposition, is at all in *pari casu* with those which commence with "*non modo*," or "*non modo non*," the subject and matter under discussion, and no other whatever? When I say "*non modo inter consules*," I immediately create an expectation of something to follow; the sense is not complete; the sentence is standing upon one of its legs, and you immediately look out for the other, which accordingly follows in the corresponding clause, "*sed nequaquam inter patres*," and whatever modification applies to the one part, or division of this unity, may apply, or, if the sense demand it, must apply likewise to the other. As, for example, when I say, "Not only amongst children, but not even amongst seniors, is there any cordiality,"—I suspect even our grammarian himself will have little difficulty in apprehending the true meaning. But, on the other hand, when I enunciate "*inter consules*," there is no corresponding clause expected; if it comes, it comes "*præter*

speciem," for I might finish with "*satis conveniebat*" at once, which I could not do were I to begin with "*non modo inter consules*." I have only to add, in parting with this dashing contributor, that if the first "*non*," in "*non modo*," actually negatives, as he asserts, the clause where it is found, what becomes of the second "*non*," which likewise oftentimes occurs? This must go far to undo all that the former "*non*" has been doing, and, like the "*negation*," combined with the word "*unseen*," nearly reverse the whole effect. I say nearly, because I am well aware that, in Latin, as well as in English, two negatives do not always make an affirmative. "*Not unseen*," e. g. is not the reverse of "*unseen*;" nor is "*nonnunquam*" the exact opposite of "*nunquam*;" but this will afford subject, perhaps, for a future speculation. In the meantime, I take leave of our critic, in perfectly good temper. I admire that air of thinking for himself, which pervades his strictures—that "*nullius addictus*" character;—and I shall rejoice, if these hasty strictures, which I have ventured to risk upon his criticisms, shall call forth from him a full and fair establishment of the various bold and hazardous assertions which he has made—

"Come on, thou brave Macduff,
And scorn'd be he who first cries, hold!
enough!"

X.

SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH REPORTS OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE
AFRICAN INSTITUTION, READ AT THE GENERAL ANNUAL MEETINGS
HELD IN MAY 1822-3.

IN our anxiety to redeem the pledge which we made sometime ago, to bring the subject of the Slave Trade distinctly before our readers, we had, accordingly, prepared an article upon the Sixteenth Report now before us; but as sanguine hopes were entertained at the time, by the friends of abolition, that the Congress of Verona would be prevailed upon, by the representations of our Ambassador, to adopt some measure which would effectually abolish the traffic, we judged it wiser to postpone our design until the Seventeenth Report made its appearance.

The Reports before us contain

much valuable information, communicated in a dispassionate tone, and placed in the most striking lights. While they state much that is consolatory, and, with great truth, much that is honourable to the character of this country, they reveal the dreadful fact, that the Slave Trade, which has cost us so many great exertions to abolish, has enormously increased, and is still increasing. It appears that, during the year preceding the publication of the Sixteenth Report, "the whole line of Western Africa, from the river Senegal to Benguela, that is to say, from about the latitude of 15° north, to the latitude of

13° south, has swarmed with slave vessels, and that an active and increasing Slave-trade has also been carried on upon the eastern shores of that continent, particularly from the island of Zanzibar." In a memoir brought forward by the Duke of Wellington, at a conference of the Plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers, held at Verona on the 24th November last, on the subject of the Slave-trade, his Grace observes, that "he has the means of proving, that this traffic has been, since the year 1813, and is at this moment, carried on to a greater extent than it had been at any former period; that in seven months of the year 1821, not less than 38,000 human beings had been carried off from the coast of Africa, into hopeless and irremediable slavery; and that not less than 352 vessels entered the rivers and ports of Africa, north of the Equator, to purchase slaves, between July 1820 and October 1821, each of which was calculated to carry off from five to six hundred slaves."

From these facts, some idea may be formed of the dreadful aggregate of misery inflicted, during one year only, upon the African race. In addition to the misery which is inseparable from this inhuman traffic, there is much that is gratuitously inflicted, through the improvident arrangements and capricious cruelty of those who are immediately engaged in it. The truth is, (and it is agonizing to dwell upon it,) that our abolition laws have not merely failed in communicating, as yet, to the people of Africa, the slightest permanent benefit, but have had the effect of aggravating the horrors of the Slave-trade, by throwing it entirely into the hands of foreign nations, who pursue it, unfettered by any of the legislative regulations which protected negroes on board British ships, against unfeeling ignorance and brutal ferocity. We are far from regretting the enactment of those laws. They established a principle of the deepest importance to the interests of mankind, and laid the foundation of great and most salutary changes;

and though they were as futile as we believe they will eventually be beneficial, the legislature of this country was imperiously called upon to put a stop, so far as we were concerned, to a crime of the deepest dye, and most pernicious influence upon the public morals. Still the advantages of these laws are chiefly prospective; and many obstacles have yet to be surmounted, before Africa is relieved of that scourge with which, for centuries, it has been afflicted. That we may form a correct estimate of these obstacles, it is proper to take a review of the Slave-trade as it now exists, and as it is sanctioned, connived at, or discouraged, by the different European Governments.

In the prosecution of this detestable traffic, France continues to maintain, over other countries, her guilty pre-eminence. It is notorious that her Government has most scandalously evaded her engagements with this country; and that, not only is the penalty which her laws denounce against the crime manifestly inadequate to its suppression, but these laws are seldom, if ever, enforced. The whole amount of the penalty is confiscation of the vessel engaged in the trade, which, compared with the enormous profits realised by the trader, would, even if *invariably exacted*, be little more than a tolerable duty paid to the State. It appears from the papers found on board *Le Succès**, that 248 slaves, which she landed on the Isle of Bourbon, in her first voyage, cost only 9,943 dollars, and that the proceeds of their sale amounted to 29,564 dollars; that 344 slaves, which she took on board on her second voyage, cost only 10,214 dollars, and would have yielded upwards of 40,000 dollars. In like manner, the authentic prospectus of a slave voyage, which was publicly circulated at Nantes, estimates the cost of 250 negroes at 35,000 francs, or 140 francs each, and the selling price at 2000 francs each. "I find," observes the Duc de Broglie, in his admirable speech delivered to the Chamber of Peers, "from a statement inserted in the new *Annales des Voyages*, that the

* In a subsequent voyage, this vessel was detained by H. M. ship *Menai*, and carried into the Isle of France, where, no claim of property or possession being preferred, she was condemned, and the slaves liberated.

cost of each negro delivered at Senegal, may be estimated at from 200 to 300 francs; and the various accounts which I have received from well-informed persons, make the price of adult slaves, sold in our West-India colonies, from 1400 to 2000." This eloquent philanthropist proceeds to observe, that, "according to the most advantageous calculation, the profits of this trade may be estimated at upwards of 13 to 1 on the capital employed: according to the most moderate, they may be estimated at nearly 5 to 1, or 400 per cent. for the capital." He then allows certain deductions from this last calculation of profits, one of which is a commission of 10 per cent. to the Captain, which is sufficient to insure to him an ample indemnification, in case of his incurring the penalty of the law. "Thus, then," he observes, "if we deduct from profits estimated at 200 per cent., 20 per cent. for the premium of insurance, 10 per cent. at most, for commission to the Captain, and the food of the negroes up to the period of sale,—and if we, moreover, subtract the losses incurred on the passage, there will remain a profit of upwards of 160 per cent. to be shared among the owners—a profit which is not counterbalanced by any chance of loss, since, in the case of confiscation, the capital is reimbursed by the insurers." It is thus evident, that the Slave-trade, though nominally prohibited, is virtually sanctioned by the law of France.

That the law should be suffered to exist in such a state, argues apathy, at least, upon the part of the French Government. But we apprehend, that there are facts upon record, which demonstrate, that the Slave-trade is regarded by that Government even with favour and indulgence. In Havre, Nantes, and Bordeaux particularly, this trade is openly engaged in by the merchants, who appear to entertain no dread of the consequences. At one time, no less than 13 slave-ships were fitted out at Nantes; and how is it possible to conceive, that the destination of these vessels, furnished with tiers of water-casks, boilers, irons, and gratings,—the whole dreadful apparatus, in short, of slavery,—and also heavily armed,

could have escaped the observation of the public authorities? It is true, that a French squadron has for some time been stationed on the coast of Africa, for the express purpose of suppressing the Slave-trade; but it is no less true, that the French cruisers have not, so far as is known, made a single capture, though the coast literally swarms with slave-ships, under the flag of France. They have even met with such ships; and, after exchanging civilities with them, have left them unmolested, to pursue their traffic. Nay, it is affirmed, apparently upon most satisfactory grounds, that they are without any instructions whatever, from their Government, to seize French ships engaged in slaving. There is evidence embodied in the Appendix to the Sixteenth Report, which leaves no room to doubt, that many individuals employed as public functionaries in the French colonies, particularly at Senegal, are extensively engaged in the purchase and sale of their fellow-beings; and it is pretty evident, that no Governor, who is a sincere abolitionist, is able long to withstand the cabals which his policy is sure to engender against him among the colonists. For example, Baron Mylius, the Governor of the Isle of Bourbon, who is described in the correspondence of the supercargo of *Le Succès* as the scourge of the colony, because infected with "Anglomania and philanthropy," is superseded, apparently for no other reason, by another person of rather opposite qualities. It is no doubt true, that four subaltern Agents, employed at Senegal, who had engaged in the Slave-trade, were obliged to retire upon pensions,—that is to say, as M. Benjamin Constant observes, "instead of enforcing against them the already too-indulgent laws, the punishment inflicted consisted in removing them, with a pension, from a pestilential climate, to the fine climate of France."

The facilities with which the laws are evaded in the French colonies is curiously illustrated by the papers found on board *Le Succès*, which consist principally of letters from her supercargo to his employer in Europe. It appears, that this ship arrived at the Isle of Bourbon in Oc-

tober 1820, with a cargo of slaves, which she landed without any difficulty. Before her arrival, four or five vessels had also landed their cargoes. Afterwards, *Le Succès* was put under an indefinite quarantine, by order of the Governor, in consequence of his having received information of the debarkation of negroes. Fifteen of these wretched beings, whom a planter was conducting home, were seized by the gendarmes, and conveyed to St. Dennis. "But," it is observed by the supercargo, "they must be restored to the proprietor, the negroes in the vessel being only subject to seizure at the time of debarkation, or within the *Pas Géométriques* *." According to this exposition of the law, it will be observed, the completion of the crime secures impunity to those who commit it. The supercargo, officers, and crew, were next conducted before a Justice of the Peace, by whom they were examined upon oath. "But," says this ruffian, "the crew had been previously tutored, and they all answered *very properly*:" in plain English, they deliberately perjured themselves. A prosecution, however, is instituted; but the supercargo is "perfectly easy" notwithstanding, for "*all the Judges are colonists, who have themselves purchased negroes belonging to our cargo*." The result may be anticipated;—*Le Succès* was pronounced guiltless, both by the Court of First Instance and by that of Review.

Such being the imperfect state of the law of France, as respects the Slave-trade, and such the spirit of its Government, it is not to be wondered at that the trade is carried on, at the present time, under the French flag, with unprecedented vigour and activity. Of the truth of this proposition no reasonable doubt can be entertained. In January 1822, at the Gallinas, three French ships were engaged in purchasing slaves—a large ship of the same nation, laden with a human cargo, having just

sailed. Captain Leake, of the *Myrmidon*, visited, in the course of a few weeks, in the Bights of Biafra, sixteen slave-ships, many of them French. In October 1821, Lieutenant Wright of the *Snapper*, during a cruise of only ten days in the neighbourhood of Cape-Mount, fell in with nine slave-ships, fully laden, eight of which were French. In December, four French ships were visited by Lieutenant Hagan of the *Thistle*. "They had been visited a few days before by his most Christian Majesty's ship *Le Huron*, Capitaine Maduit Duplessis, from whom they appear to have received no disturbance." But it is unnecessary to consume time with these details respecting the French Slave-trade. Its extensiveness is fully attested by a great variety of documents, especially by the communications of Sir George Collier, late Commodore on the African station. In truth, France possesses almost a monopoly of the trade, and her flag serves to protect the traders of all other nations. Nay more,—her colony of Martinique has become the great intermediate mart at which the colonies of other nations are supplied with negroes. Such is the increased audacity of her slavers, that, not confining themselves, as formerly, to the Western shores of the African continent, the Eastern coast, and especially the Island of Zanzibar †, have recently attracted their cupidity; and an extensive traffic has been carried on thence, for the supply, not only of the Isle of Bourbon, but even of the Island of Cuba.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, it is proper to advert to another instance of the Jesuitical policy pursued by the French Government. It is already known, that a treaty was entered into by Governor Farquhar, with the King of Madagascar, for the abolition of the Slave-trade, which had long ravaged that fine and fertile Island. This treaty has hitherto been maintained inviolate

* This is a name given to a narrow strip of land bordering on the sea, and surrounding the whole Island, which is unappropriated, and reserved for public purposes, and for the use of the inhabitants.

† It is most gratifying to learn, that a treaty has been finally arranged by Sir R. T. Farquhar, the Governor of the Isle of France, with the Imaum of Muscat, to whom this Island belongs, for the entire suppression of the Slave-trade within its limits.

by honest Radama, and every attempt to evade its provisions has been defeated. This act of British benevolence, it would seem, immediately suggested to the Ministers of Louis the scheme of establishing a colony upon the Island of St. Marie, situated close to the Eastern shores of Madagascar, professedly upon the same principles which gave birth to the settlement of Sierra Leone. A transport was employed to carry out the Governor and settlers, with stores and provisions. At Goree, where the transport touched, the Governor presented an order from the Minister of Marine, in France, to the local Government, to permit him to purchase eighty slaves, and remove them to St. Marie. This permission was given; but, as he refused to purchase any but men of a certain age and height, it became necessary to offer for them nearly four times the usual price. This temptation is said to have led various persons to sell, and force on board, some of their domestics, long domiciled in the settlement. Now, we do think, that, had the French Government been sincerely desirous of founding a colony upon abolition principles, they would naturally have chosen, for the site of it, some district upon the African coast, and would have anxiously rejected the notion of domestic slavery as utterly incompatible with their plan;—and we implicitly agree with the Directors, in opinion, that “an establishment, commencing with a violation of every principle of humanity, does not hold out a very flattering promise of good to the negro-population of Madagascar, in whose vicinity it is placed.”

We regret to find, that Portugal continues to maintain the disgraceful distinction of being the only European power by whom the Slave-trade is, to a certain extent, legalized. She engaged, at the Congress of Vienna, to limit her Slave-trade to her own possessions, south of the Equator, and held out a qualified expectation, that, in 1823, it should cease entirely, and for ever. Her restrictive stipulations, however, have continued to be most grossly and extensively violated by her subjects, nay, by some of her public functionaries, the Governors of African Co-

lonies, who set at nought the laws which they are bound to execute. An active Slave-trade has been unceasingly carried on between the adjoining Continent, and the Islands of Bissao, and Cape de Verd. These islands are used as depôts for the slaves taken thither in canoes and small vessels, with the view of being transported to the Havannah, or to the French West-India Islands. In the rivers which run into the Bights of Benin and Biafra, many Portuguese slave-ships have been found by the British cruisers, completely furnished with all the implements of their criminal traffic. The traffic, however, has been but slightly checked by these discoveries, for it is only when slaves are actually embarked that they are subject to seizure. But such is the number of vessels engaged in this commerce, that, notwithstanding the great facilities of escape, several Portuguese ships, loaded with slaves, were seized in the year 1821, and condemned by the mixed Commission Courts.

In Spain, before the daring attempt made by the Bourbons to restore the reign of despotism and bigotry in that country, the cause of humanity had finally triumphed over the prejudices and selfish interests which so long resisted its progress. In January 1822, an article was, on the motion of the Count de Toreno, introduced by the Cortes into their criminal code, of the following purport:—that all owners and fitters-out, captains, masters, and officers of Spanish vessels, which shall purchase Negroes on the African Coast, or shall be captured with slaves on board, shall forfeit the vessels; besides which, the offending persons shall be condemned to ten years hard labour on the public works;—that the same penalties and forfeitures shall attach to all owners, captains, masters, and officers of vessels, who shall introduce slaves into any of the ports of the monarchy;—that the negroes so found on board, or introduced, shall be declared free;—and of the produce arising from the sale of the ships, one part shall be distributed among the negroes, that they may be re-conveyed to their own country, or be enabled to form establishments in the country where

they are introduced. In the present condition of Spain, however, the whole code of legislation, formed by her free and independent Government, must be looked upon as a *tabula rasa*, at least for a period.

Considering the load of obligations which his Majesty the King of the Netherlands lays under to this country, it was to be expected, that he, of all others, would be scrupulously observant of the treaties which he had contracted with its Government. Yet, his disregard of those treaties, and of the wishes of our Government, seems to have been in exact proportion to the services rendered to him. In consequence of large importations of slaves into Surinam, which were openly permitted by the local authorities, our Government felt itself called upon to remonstrate against so flagrant a breach of faith. The Dutch Monarch, appearing to yield to these remonstrances, issued, on 21st April 1821, a new decree on the subject, "which, though it professed to prohibit and punish the importation of slaves into Surinam, did, in fact, only open the ports of that colony more widely for their admission, diminishing, at the same time, instead of raising the penalties attached to such importations as might still be deemed illicit." This decree, from the details of which we turn aside with disgust, is one of the most outrageous instances of chicanery to be met with in the annals of legislation; and, accordingly, it is noways surprising, that thousands of new negroes still continue to be imported into Surinam, as formerly.

In short, the only measure, either of a legislative or diplomatic nature, by which the cause of abolition has been advanced in Europe, consists in certain amendments agreed to by the King of the Netherlands, to the convention for suppressing the Slave-trade. The first declares, that if there shall be clear proof that a slave has been put on board a vessel for illegal traffic, in the particular voyage on which she shall be captured, condemnation shall follow, though no slave has been found on board at the time of capture. The second provides for the supplying the places of such members of the Mixed Commission as may be temporarily ab-

sent. The third provides, that any vessel found hovering upon the African Coast, which, in her outfit and equipments, shall fall within certain designations, shall be deemed, *prima facie*, a slaver, unless such presumption be rebutted by satisfactory evidence. An explanatory and additional article, to the treaty of Madrid of 1817, to the effect of the first two amendments agreed to by the King of the Netherlands, were adopted by his Britannic Majesty and the King of Spain, and signed at Madrid on 10th December last. Portugal, by her plenipotentiary, duly authorised, had also acceded to an amendment to the Convention, declaring that the fact of a slave having been on board a captured vessel on the voyage in which she was captured, though none was found in her, should infer forfeiture: but her Government has peremptorily refused to ratify the article.

The only countries which, besides Great Britain and Spain, appear to have adopted, in good faith, strong, repressive measures against the Slave-trade, are the United States of America, and the Southern Provinces of the same Continent, formerly under the dominion of Spain. "The Government and Legislature of the United States have continued to manifest the same anxious desire to put an end to the Slave-trade which has always distinguished them." Their cruisers on the African Coast have well seconded their wishes; and five slave-ships, detained as American, though disguised under foreign flags, had already been condemned, in their Vice-Admiralty Courts, previously to January 1821. Several others had been captured, but were retaken by their crews. An elaborate opinion, pronounced by Judge Van Ness, in one of these cases, is given in the Appendix to the Sixteenth Report, which we consider peculiarly valuable, as affording a most luminous exposition of international law, with reference to the Slave-trade. He held, that though the ship had been really Spanish, there would have been a bar to the claim of restitution, on the ground, that the trade being pronounced criminal by the laws of Spain, and the property being liable to confiscation in the courts of his

own country, no Spanish subject would have a right to maintain the claim in the Courts of the United States. He even went so far as to suggest, whether this trade ought not now to be regarded as *contra jus gentium*, and therefore entitled to no protection. This we, who are no jurisconsults, apprehend to be an obvious dictum of common sense, though national policy may stand opposed to the practical application of it. It is already known, that the American Legislature has passed an act, declaring Slave-trading by American ships, or American subjects, to be piracy, and, as such, punishable with death; which is going a step beyond Great Britain herself, in measures of suppression. It is also known, that a Committee of the House of Representatives made a Report, relative to the mutual exercise of the right of search by Great Britain and America, which contains a clear and decided opinion in favour of the exercise of such a right, as the only effectual means of suppressing the Slave-trade.

We have perused, with infinite satisfaction, the Fourth Report of the American Society for colonizing, on the Coast of Africa, the Free People of Colour of the United States. The Society have experienced severe discouragements, but not greater than have been actually encountered and overcome, not only in founding the colony of Sierra Leone, but also in founding some of those very colonies which now form the most powerful members of their own gigantic union. The good sense and exalted benevolence which are conspicuous in the Report, afford the happiest presage of the success of the undertaking of this admirable Society; and sure we are, that the national pride of Great Britain would not be seriously afflicted, were the new colony at Sherbro' hereafter to rival, in prosperity, our own colony of Sierra Leone. With much pleasure we quote the following passage in the Report:—"They have also to express their thanks to the former and present Governor of Sierra Leone, for the interest they have manifested in the views of this Institution, and the aid they have kindly proffered to the agents and people at Sherbro."

In this acknowledgment, we discover proofs of a growing contention between the two countries for pre-eminence in magnanimity, which is likely to afford to the historian more matter for gratifying reflection, than is derived from the more imposing feuds which have hitherto distracted and devastated the world.

The Reports are more succinct than we could have wished, regarding the measures adopted by the South American Republics, for the abolition, not of the Slave-trade only, but of slavery itself, within their respective territories. However, the detailed information which has been withheld from the Reports, has been communicated in the speech of Mr Stephen, delivered at the meeting of the Institution in 1822. Our own limits should confine us to the summary of facts contained in the Reports; but, since the surest test of the spirit of a Government is the personal character of those who influence, if not determine, its measures, we cannot refrain from noticing the circumstance, that the illustrious Bolivar began the good work in Venezuela, by the enfranchisement of his own slaves, 700 or 800 in number. The Directors, in their Report, observe, "that throughout the whole range of Spanish America, now become independent, not only has the Slave-trade been actually prohibited, but the very incentive to this crime has been removed, by providing for the early and gradual abolition of slavery itself. All persons, of every colour, born subjects of the Independent States, have been declared free from their births." (It might have been added, that, by a fiscal operation, effectual means are provided for the enfranchisement of those persons already in the condition of slavery.) "And whatever other variations may appear, in the plan of the Constitutions, to be adopted by the several Independent Governments, all have agreed, that difference of colour shall not produce any difference in the civil condition of their subjects. Even in Mexico, the Indians and Africans are entitled to the same civil and political privileges as the Whites."

The sketch of the Slave-trade which we have presented does not,

we confess, hold out a satisfactory prospect of its speedy and entire abolition. On the contrary, it is too evident that it has, prescriptively, in some measure, obtained the sanction of those Governments which are under the most solemn obligations to discourage and repress it. Nor do we clearly see how the traffic is to be abolished, by mere diplomatic or political arrangements, so long as the nations of Europe do not concur in denouncing it as a crime against society, and depriving it, as such, of all protection.

There had never occurred, in the history of the world, a crisis more favourable to the best interests of mankind than that which the year 1814 presented. It was reasonably expected, that the Monarchs of Europe, in gratitude to that indestructible principle of human nature—a hatred of oppression—which had wrought out the deliverance of nations, and, by consequence, restored themselves to the plenitude of power, would have laboured to ameliorate the condition of mankind in every country and in every clime, over which their power or their influence extended. But even then, when a stroke of the pen, denouncing the Slave-trade as piracy, would have suppressed it for ever, the influence of Great Britain, placed, as she was, in “a commanding attitude,” could extort no more from the assembled Monarchs, than a reprobation of its guilty principle. In the scramble which then took place for the *disjecta membra* of States, whose independence had been wantonly confiscated, that simple but decisive measure, which analogies, furnished by the law of nations, would most amply have justified, was reserved for future consideration. How the pledge then made by the powers of Europe has been redeemed, is matter of notoriety to an indignant world. Since that period, they have met in Congress, again and again; but the question of the Slave-trade, if pressed at all upon their attention, has been put fairly aside, as impertinent to the subject of their deliberations. The cause of humanity in one hemisphere, it is true, and of despotism in another, have no conceivable affinity; indeed; in

some particulars, they stand so directly opposed, that we cannot sufficiently admire the confidence which, by an excess of charity, the friends of abolition so long reposed in the abstract benevolence of the Holy Alliance. They seemed to have imagined, that, acted upon by the remonstrances of Great Britain, the members of that alliance might be stirred up to a sense of the obligation imposed upon them by their own promises, and a desire to discharge it. It was forgotten, that their whole career had been one of unexampled perfidy towards their own subjects; that the object which engrossed their entire attention was to extinguish every liberal feeling, and to subject the human mind once more to the absurd dogmas and grovelling prejudices, which it was the proud boast of philosophy to have overturned; that they have denounced every change, no matter how peacefully accomplished, which does not emanate from the will of a despot, as the most deadly of crimes; and have confederated for the purpose of chastising those nations which, assuming the right which the God of Nature has conferred on all mankind, have ventured to rid themselves of intolerable oppression. But the remonstrances of Great Britain! We do not mean to say, that the feelings of this country may yet be openly insulted with impunity. But, assuredly, its feelings and the wishes of its Government have hitherto been treated with the most provoking indifference. The condemnation, by our Government, of the principles avowed in the declaration issued at Laybach, failed to produce a retraction of those principles; on the contrary, these have, ever since, been most flagrantly and perseveringly acted upon. The disapprobation expressed in the British Parliament by men of all parties, of the unprincipled policy pursued by the Holy Alliance, did not stay for a moment the doom pronounced against unoffending Naples; and it is too well known, that the remonstrances of our Cabinet, seconded by the universal voice of the nation, has been unable to avert the fate prepared for guiltless and too passive Spain. It is not our purpose to enter into an exami-

nation of the maxims of the Allied Despots, farther than is necessary to expose the futility of hopes, rested upon their generosity and justice. With that object in view, we cannot overlook the conduct observed by them towards Greece. If there are circumstances in the condition of a people, which will justify a revolt against their rulers, those circumstances are to be found in the case of the Greek nation. Their Government was, beyond all example, the most inexorable and oppressive that ever existed upon the face of the earth. As a nation, they were oppressed by the state; and, singly, they were exposed to every indignity and injustice, at the hands of each individual of that fanatical, blood-thirsty race, to whose yoke they were subject. That they had so long endured that yoke was their only reproach; that they had still to endure it was the reproach of Christendom. They resolved, at length, to emancipate themselves by a gallant effort; and aware that their existence, as a people, was staked upon the issue, they appealed, with confidence, to the sympathies of Europe, by their common faith, and by those ancient recollections which are associated with the Greek name. Here was an insurrection truly national, truly religious, and free, beyond all exception, of a Jacobinical taint. It was an insurrection by a people, against a Government, pre-eminently wicked and cruel, to which, as it afforded them no protection, they owed no allegiance,—an insurrection which promised to extend the limits of Christianity, and to inflict a mortal stab upon the Mahometan imposture. But even in that insurrection, the spirit of Jacobinism (which has been defined to be both anti-national and atheistical) was discovered to lurk; and, accordingly, it has been branded by the Holy Alliance as a most criminal enterprise.

Now, we ask, was it reasonable to suppose, that a band of despots, who thus feel and reason on matters which concern a Christian people, could view, with serious regret, the enormous wrongs which are inflicted upon the negro race; or that they could feel at all desirous of extending to that race the blessings of civilization and

a pure religion? Was it conceivable that they, the masters of slaves, would regard slavery as a moral crime of that horrid turpitude which required to be put down by their united efforts? Was it not more logical to conclude, that they had feelings in common with the *legitimates* of Africa, and would consider any restriction of the right possessed by those sable potentates, to dispose of the live carcasses of their subjects, as a covert attack upon the monarchical principle;—that the deposition of *Mumbo Jumbo*, and other members of the Pagan Hierarchy, would be deemed an outrage upon the *National Church*, not less to be deplored by Alexander and Frederick, than the downfall of the Inquisition and Monastic Institutions in Catholic Spain;—and that they would view the dawning of knowledge on the African coast, as an auxiliary which those fiendish and invisible persons called Jacobins, would not fail to employ in dissolving the bonds of social order? Of what avail would it be to them, to plunge Europe in the worse than Cimmerian gloom of superstition and ignorance, if they, at the same time, established in Africa an order of things founded upon true religion, virtue, and knowledge? We do think it was extravagantly foolish to expect, that the cause of abolition would ever be forwarded one step by the continental Sovereigns; and that any lingering hope of the kind must have tended to relax the vigour of those efforts in support of the cause which ought to be made by the British Government.

We are glad to find, that the result of the *Congress of Verona* has at length dispossessed the Directors of the notion, that the Holy Alliance might be prevailed on to become the abettors of the great cause of humanity. It would be unprofitably disgusting to take a minute review of the proceedings held at this Congress on the subject of the Slave-trade. The Duke of Wellington was authorised, by the British Government, to propose, “1st, An engagement, on the part of the Continental Sovereigns, to mark their abhorrence of this accursed traffic, by refusing admission, into their dominions, of the produce of colonies

belonging to Powers who have not abolished, or who notoriously continue the Slave-trade, applying entirely to Portugal and the Brazils. 2d, A declaration in the names, if possible, of the whole Alliance; but, if France should decline being a party to it, in the names of the three other Powers, renewing the denunciation of the Slave-trade issued by the Congress of Vienna, and exhorting the maritime Powers who have abolished it, to concert measures among themselves for proclaiming it, and treating it as piracy, with a view to founding, upon the aggregate of such separate engagements between state and state, a general engagement to be incorporated into the public laws of the civilized world." His Grace was farther authorised to propose, that the different Governments should join with his Majesty in in-treating the King of France to adopt some of the measures for putting down the Slave-trade, which had been found effectual in other countries, particularly the establishment, in the colonies, of a strict registry of slaves—a measure which had actually been suggested at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, but had yet been prescribed by no ordonnance. These propositions were obstinately contested by the French Minister, upon pretences the most vague and fallacious. The replies made to them by the other Ministers, present a tissue of the most hypocritical cant of which we have any example. The note given in on behalf of the Russian Emperor, that great master of *fudge*, overflows, of course, with all the milk of human kindness. He, like the other great Powers, is prepared to sign a declaration, (as they had before done at the Congress of Vienna,) announcing to Europe, that all the Powers continue in the firm resolution to prevent this culpable traffic; but like them, also, he perceives so many difficulties besetting the question, that he can resolve upon nothing specific. The result of the discussions was, a renewal of the declaration issued by the Allied Sovereigns at Vienna, upon the subject of the Slave-trade; and a resolution that they, respectively, "will eagerly enter into the examination of any measure, com-

patible with their rights and the interests of their subjects, to produce a result that may prove to the world the sincerity of their wishes, &c."

Well might the Directors "anticipate the concurrence of the general meeting, when they ventured to express their bitter disappointment at the result of these conferences;" and with great truth do they affirm, "that the prospect of a total suppression of the increased and increasing horrors of that odious traffic seems, indeed, more distant than ever."

In admitting the many gross prejudices which the cause has still to struggle with abroad, the Directors express great confidence that, by enlightening the public mind upon the continent, with respect to the atrocious character of the Slave-trade, a change must ultimately be effected in the conduct of its different Governments. This proposition assumes the very natural hypothesis, that the Governments in question are much under the influence of public opinion. Now, it has long been a trite and vulgar complaint, that, in the only country of Europe which possesses a settled system of freedom, there exists a habitual dispathy between the people and their rulers; and, in particular, with respect to the Slave-trade, it has been often remarked, that those rulers, for the long period of twenty-two years, remained inexorable to public opinion; and that it was not until a statesman, who was a sincere friend to the measure, got into power, that the trade was finally abolished. But, certainly, the idea of public opinion, in a country governed as France, for example, is, being an engine of any potency, is almost amusing. We all know, that the policy of most continental Governments runs directly counter to public opinion;—that it is their main object to stifle that opinion, or at least to coerce it into an approbation of maxims and measures which are obnoxious to every man of sense, and which find favour only with those who, by their slavish idolatry of whatever is obsolete and foolish, have outdone Baron Klostz himself in political extravagance. Still, no one can, with reason, object to the diffusion of humane and equitable sentiments among people but imperfectly

enlightened, though for an unattainable object ;—and we do hope and trust, that, when a more propitious era dawns upon Europe, the instruction which has been communicated will produce the most happy results. With this conviction in our minds, there is no part of the Report which gives us more satisfaction than that which relates to this subject. We are informed, that, besides the speeches of the Duc de Broglie, and M. Constant, many excellent Pamphlets, descriptive of the true character of the Slave-trade, particularly one by the celebrated Gregoire, and two by our own countrymen, Mr Clarkson and Mr Bowring, have been published and extensively circulated in France and in the Peninsula. We find, also, that a Society, which already comprehends many of the most distinguished public characters in France, has been established in Paris, having the same objects with the African Institution in this country.

While we cannot disguise our apprehension, that the complete abolition of the Slave-trade, by means of political arrangements, is as distant as ever, we exult in the assurance, that this event is one which is ultimately certain ; and that, from particular causes, which are now in operation, the evil will soon be greatly circumscribed in its range. That the Brazils will eventually pursue the liberal policy of the other South-American States, is not to be doubted. What *they* did from an impulse of humanity, *she* will be compelled to do by the most imperative considerations. And when this happens, the Slave-trade will be fairly proscribed from the whole of the great American continent. Could we suppose that the engagements entered into by Spain, with this country, will be faithfully executed, the only parts which may be considered as remaining open to the importation of slaves, are the colonial possessions of France and of Holland—if we put out of view the small insular territories upon the coast of Africa, which still adhere to the Crown of Portugal. All, therefore, that remains to be done by Great Britain, in the prosecution of the honourable task which she has assumed—namely, the abolition of the Slave-trade—may be summed up in a few words. She

must continue to urge, if not compel, the Governments of France and Holland, to a faithful fulfilment of their engagements, and to exercise, as she is entitled by treaty to do, a vigilant superintendence over the abolition-laws, which have been enacted by the Spanish Government. She ought to concur in the principle, that slave-trading is piracy, which has been recognised by the Legislature of the United States, and to employ her influence in obtaining from that Government a concurrence with her in the principle of a right of search. Lastly, she ought vigorously to enforce the existing laws against such of her own subjects as dare to engage in the detested traffic.

Though so little can be done, by this country, to abolish the inhuman traffic, it is consolatory to know, that it can do much in the way of atonement for the incalculable wrongs which it has inflicted upon unhappy Africa. The interest which is now taken by the people of Great Britain, in the condition of the slave population of her colonies, affords a sure presage, that their emancipation will be ultimately accomplished. The conduct of our colonists, as contrasted with the liberal policy pursued by the free people of Spanish America, reflects disgrace upon the national character. Since the abolition of the Slave-trade, sixteen years ago, no effective measures have been adopted for ameliorating the condition of the slave, or paving the way to his future emancipation. In many of the colonies, in some even where the Crown is the sole legislator, voluntary manumissions by the master still continue loaded with heavy imposts. In all, the slave is inadmissible as a witness in any cause, whether civil or criminal, which concerns free persons ; and, even in questions affecting the freedom of a negro, and that of his posterity for ever, the *onus* rests upon him to prove that he is free, and not upon the person denying his freedom, to prove that he is a slave. In none, is the marriage of the slave made legal, or guarded by any legal sanctions ; and, with partial exceptions, his instruction in Christianity is left to the fortuitous efforts of Missionaries. The Registration Acts, which the Colonial Legislatures reluctantly

passed, are uniformly defective and inefficient. In some of the colonies, it is true, these Acts have undergone amendments; but in Jamaica, the colony, above all others, in which an effective Registry is most requisite, no change has been made in its Act, although it has been shown to be peculiarly objectionable. But this is not all. Some of the Registry Acts are limited in their operation to a few years, and, of course, are altogether nugatory. And, in Grenada, an Act was lately passed, cancelling the then existing Register, and directing new returns; thus enabling every proprietor of slaves, illegally acquired, to establish a legal title to them.

With these facts before us, we think it impossible to avoid the painful conclusion, that our colonists, so far from being convinced of the enormous iniquity of the Slave-trade, are disposed factiously to resist every measure which might imply their high sanction of the cause of abolition. It would seem, almost, as if the colonists imagined, that the cause, though fortified by law, has but imperfectly triumphed in public opinion; and that, by some sudden moral revolution, which will displace every sentiment of humanity and justice, slaving may yet be revived in all its original horrors. Nor can it be said that our Government has shown that uniform anxiety to mitigate the severities of slavery which might have been expected. We are loth to suspect the sincerity of the eloquent denunciations which, from time to time, have proceeded from Ministers; yet we can scarcely avoid entertaining a suspicion of the kind, when we see it stated by Mr Stephen, once a strenuous supporter in the House of Commons of the measures of Government, that, finding, at the period of the peace, it had shrunk from the principle to which it was pledged, "he then regarded the administration, to which he was, by general political principles, and personal connexion, attached, as having failed in its duties to the great cause of the Abolition of the Slave-trade; and, in consequence of the painful situation in which he found himself, there was an end of his Parliamentary life." Ten years ago, the two Houses of Parliament pledged themselves to

adopt measures for correcting the evils of slavery, in the event of the colonists continuing to shut their ears to the calls of humanity. Since that period, not one step has been adopted by the Colonial Legislatures to better the condition of the slave population, which, even in the colonies where the power of the Crown is despotic, remains the same as it was. In the course of last Session, Parliament was urged to redeem its solemn pledge, in an eloquent speech by Mr Buxton; and that gentleman, it is probable, would have carried his motion, had not Ministers come forward with a distinct assurance, that their whole influence would be exerted to persuade the Colonial Legislatures of the necessity of those measures which Mr Buxton recommended. With this assurance, a confiding House of Commons was pleased to declare itself satisfied.

We confess that we do not see even the expediency of courting the concurrence of the Colonial Governments in those remedial measures which have originated in Parliament. On the contrary, we think, that the adoption of such measures by Parliament itself would afford the best security against their fraudulent evasion, and, at the same time, would have a beneficial influence far beyond the direct results which they are calculated to produce. The most serious obstacle to the improvement of the black population, is the prejudice entertained by the Colonial body, that, as the absolute proprietors of their slaves, they alone have the right to mitigate the severity of their condition. Every boon conceded by that body, or extorted from them by fear, may be recalled at pleasure; and, even in the comforts which some slaves may enjoy, by the sufferance of their owners, there is nothing to elevate their minds above the degrading sense of positive bondage. It is this which forms an impassable gulph between them and the rest of mankind, and perpetuates their debasement. But were that people in possession of privileges, however trivial, which their task-masters were bound to respect, that circumstance alone would raise them many grades in the scale of humanity. They would, doubtless, still be *adscripti glebæ*—in a state of villainage—as the great

body of our own ancestors were in the earlier stages of society. But when it is recollected, how rapidly that order of men in this country, even during the dark ages, rose to consideration and importance, can it be doubted, that, in this enlightened age, when the interests of mankind are so well understood, a similar class of men would soon come to cast off the loathsome slough of slavery, and master and bondsman would conventionally and peaceably exchange their present mutual relations for those of landlord and tenant; relations certainly more harmonious and equitable, and, to the former especially, vastly more lucrative? Indeed, provided that the vain prejudices of the Colonists are not fostered by Parliamentary indulgence, every thing in the aspect of the times points distinctly to that consummation. When Spanish America consolidates her independence, the planters of that amazingly fertile country will infallibly drive those of the West Indies out of the Colonial market. We ground this opinion upon a fact asserted by Humboldt, that, in the former country, the labour of the free Indian is found to be more lucrative than that of the negro. It will be attended to, that, from the abundance of provisions in Spanish America, the expence of supporting a slave-establishment must be considerably less than in our West Indian possessions*. That the bright era which we have been contemplating may not be unduly retarded, it is the bounden duty of Parliament to remove every artificial obstacle which may have been created by the mistaken policy of the colonists.

There is one other topic connected with this branch of the subject, which we shall briefly advert to. The great increase of the native black population of our colonies, and certain events of a modern date, have conspired to establish in the West Indies what may not inaptly be termed a *negro interest*. The infant republic of St. Domingo is unquestionably the great palladium of this new interest; and no one who is cognisant of the capabilities of that flourishing coun-

try, can doubt, that it is no longer safe, and soon it will be no longer practicable, to withhold the reparation which is due for the atrocious wrongs which Europe has inflicted upon unhappy Africa. We are aware that the Abbé De Pradt has described the Government of St Domingo as a common nuisance, which the law of vicinage authorises us to put down. We are aware, also, that a noted Treasury Print, with reference to a late transaction in Porto Rico, has more than insinuated the same argument. Without inquiring, whether a reasonable apprehension of the danger of example in every case justly calls this law into operation, or whether Great Britain might not, at this time, with more honour to herself, and equal economy, resist the practical application of this law to the case of Spain, as enforce it against St. Domingo, we shall only observe, that the tranquillity of our colonies will be more effectually preserved by the adoption of a policy by which we gain much, and can lose nothing—the adoption of those maxims which have the assent of every reasonable man, than by waging war against the Hispaniolan Republic.

It gives us pleasure to observe, that in all the considerable towns of Great Britain, Societies have been formed, to promote the gradual emancipation of the slaves in our colonies. As was to be expected, the friends of that measure have been assailed with the most rancorous abuse by journals, whose abuse infallibly confers honourable distinction upon the objects of it. For our parts, we have no doubt that the agitation of such a measure must tend to increase the impatience of the negroes under their remorseless yoke. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that insurrection is an evil naturally incident to the state of slavery—an evil which our colonies had often experienced before abolition was even talked of. And are the British public to be deterred from repairing a cruel wrong, because, from the operation of the remedy, some of those evils may happen to flow which have often been produced by the wrong itself?

* We observed, from a Report of the Frederick County Virginia Auxiliary Society, that a great change has already taken place in the United States, in the relative value of the industry of free labourers and negroes. The Society award the preference to the former, even upon the score of economy.

SCOTCH NOVELS OF THE SECOND CLASS.

No. II.

Hogg's Brownie of Bodysbeck—Winter Tales—Three Perils of Man—Three Perils of Woman.

THE Roman Tyrant, we are told, used often to wish, that the people had but one neck, that he might cut it off at a blow. We have been sometimes tempted to apply this sally of Nero, "with a difference" to the case of authors, and to wish, that, by some lucky process of condensation, we could dispatch the whole body in a single article. But knowing, by experience, that this is a consummation rather devoutly to be wished than expected, we must content ourselves with approximating to a solution of the problem, and endeavouring at once to give some notion of the ten formidable volumes, with which the industry of that "frugal swain," Mr Hogg, has favoured the novel-reading public.

In approaching the task, we feel a sort of presentiment, that our opinions, on the whole, may appear not a little inconsistent or contradictory, and that the alternations of praise and censure, which we anticipate, may startle by their abruptness, or the violence of their opposition. But where the literary character of the author is itself a compound of the most opposite qualities, and where that character is so visibly stamped on every page of his works,—where some sweet and natural picture, some stroke of real feeling or humour, is continually followed up by some revolting and gross absurdity, the criticism which deals with such incongruities must partake of their paradoxical nature, in blending, in the same breath, the extreme of praise with the very superlative of condemnation. We have no fear, therefore, that those who are acquainted with the works of Mr Hogg, will conceive our remarks unfounded, because they happen to appear, at first sight, a little inconsistent. That he possesses a powerful imagination, every one who has read his *Queen's Wake* will readily admit; that he is dreadfully deficient in taste

and common sense, no one, we believe, feels the least inclination to deny: and the farrago which lies before us, abounding in beauties and absurdities, presents a picture at once melancholy and ludicrous of the strange effects of this unfortunate combination.

Of the vigour of his imagination, and his powers of impressing vividly, on the mind of the reader, the scenes which he describes, even the worst of these volumes furnishes ample proofs. Yet his invention is not of the highest class. He seems to be sufficiently endowed with that faculty which enables a person to call up a multitude of striking scenes and incidents, while they are unconnected; but he is deficient in that equally necessary department of invention, which consists in their harmonious and natural arrangement. Cause and effect are set at naught, and he seems to have no idea of sequence beyond accidental connection. Accordingly, when he has completed the comparatively easy task of perplexing a story, being unable to effect a *denouement* by natural means, he invariably breaks the commandment of "his friend Horace," and calls in the assistance of the supernatural on all occasions*. In this respect, perhaps, he acts wisely, for we verily believe he knows more of the next world than of this. The world of spirits is his familiar range. He can point out every demon or witch as easily as the sheep at Altrive; and is personally acquainted with every spectre of the least consideration in Ettrick. The great charm of his supernatural descriptions is the deep air of conviction that pervades them all. He seems, from his childhood, to have drunk in, with avidity, all those tales of goblins and chimeras dire, which are the offspring of a mountainous and romantic country, and uncertain climate, and the amusement of an idle

* Hogg, *passim*.

and listless life. Rocks and caves, in whose obscurity there is room for a thousand vague creations; woods —The nodding horror of whose sable brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;—

glens covered by mountain mists, and traversed by streams whose sources are unknown, are, to the minds of the ignorant inhabitants, surrounded and overshadowed by an inviolable atmosphere of terror; and these feelings, strong enough in every weak mind, are deepened by the dreamy indolence of the shepherd's life, which, like the idleness of the Mahometans, requires the excitement of traditional legends, and the stimulus of the marvellous. The influence of these early feelings, and deep-rooted associations, has given to the supernatural machinery of Hogg a vividness and truth, (if we may use such a term,) which could be the result only of intense belief in the narrator, and which, even on minds less credulous and more philosophical, is not without its effect. He is undoubtedly the first ghost-seer of his day, and should his books be unsuccessful under the title of Novels, we would recommend to his publishers to dispose of them to the collectors of magical facetiæ, as companions to "Satan's Invisible World," and Reginald Scott's "Discoverie of Witchecraftes."

But if, in this particular, he has found his advantage in an imperfect and superstitious education, he has gained it, we fear, at the expence of much, which must be always necessary to a novel-writer, but is doubly indispensable in a state of society which may be said to be of almost nervous refinement on the points of taste and delicacy. Men of coarse and uninformed intellect delight in the marvellous, only as it furnishes them with an easy and constant source of excitement; and the same reason leads them to revel in all those scenes of atrocity and horror which are necessary to stimulate minds, on which the more quiet and familiar occurrences of common life produce no impression. Hence those horrible incidents, which, from time to time, break through the order of human affairs, and convulse the

frame of society, and from which the generality of men turn with disgust, lay hold at once of their attention, and measuring the capacity of public intellect and the delicacy of public feeling by their own, they communicate to their works all that grossness and exaggeration which, to their diseased imaginations, are the very "pabulum vitæ," the elixir of intellectual life. We have seldom met with a more striking example of this remark than Mr Hogg. In his works, every thing is pitched *all' ottava*. Every incident is exaggerated,—every character in extremes,—every variety of horror is introduced and exhausted. Of natural feelings and gentler emotions he seems to have no knowledge. They are beneath his consideration. Like the schoolmaster in Gil Blas, he generally massacres his dramatis personæ, even to the prompter; and, like Mr Puff in the Critic, he knows the full value of antithesis.

Puff.—"Have you any more cannon to fire?"

Prompt.—"No, Sir."

Puff.—"Now, then, for soft music."

This is exactly James Hogg's system; always cannons or soft music—love or madness—ecstasy or despair—bowling or horse-laughter.

But the evil goes deeper; for this coarseness of feeling is but too closely connected with a certain tone of libertinism, or, at least, of indifference to morality and good feeling, and an audacity of expression, which, at the least, betray great want of sense in the author. We have nothing to do with the question how far this delicacy is or is not a fair index of the feelings of the heart, or how far "*la pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs, pour se réfugier dans les lèvres.*" We are willing to give the shepherd all the benefit of the common apology, "*lasciva nobis, &c.*;" but this much is clear, that, in an age when it is admitted this delicacy exists, no author is entitled to set up his own ideas in opposition to those of the public, merely because, to him, these expressions have become familiar by early habits, or harmless by repetition. "Want of decency" must always be "want of sense," even if it shall not be held to argue want of principle.

We are sorry to observe how generally this defect pervades the works of Mr Hogg,—how frequently his best passages are injured by some gross interpolation, or a natural and striking idea ruined by the vulgarity of its expression. This is the more to be regretted, as the earlier work, on which his fame rests, was in a great measure free from this stain. But the difference is not difficult to be accounted for. His poetical vocabulary he has acquired from books; there is even something in poetry which purifies ideas, and “voluntary moves harmonious numbers” and appropriate expression. But his prose style is a mere transcript of the *conversazioni* of a shepherd’s bothy, (though stiffened a little, occasionally, by a pedantic or technical expression, or garnished with the tag-end of a Latin quotation,) and redolent of early ignorance and early vulgarity. We have frequently seen verses, in which the most critical eye could hardly have detected the traces of imperfect education, but we have never yet met with a prose work of the same kind, where we could not have said at once—“This is the work of an uncultivated man.”

Indeed it generally happens, in these cases, that the very means by which an author labours to conceal the defects of which he is conscious, are the causes of his detection. Proud of having, in some sally or other, laid his hands on a few Latin or Greek words, he is eternally parading his unfortunate captives: ignorant of the very elements of the sciences, he presses into his service every term in Crabb’s *Technological Dictionary*, and confounds them all; “diruit, edificat, mutat quadrata rotundis:” or conceiving that the best manner of writing must be that which is the most remote from the style of conversation, he spoils, as Whistlecraft says,

—“the language of the nation
With long-tail’d words in *osity* and *ation*.”

All these *indicia* are to be found in every work of Hogg’s; with this addition, that he seems exceedingly anxious, throughout, to be the Rochefoucault of his day—a profound inquirer into motives—a lecturer on

manners and morals—a dealer in aphorisms. He seems to possess a large fund of smart sayings and proverbs, applicable to any given situation, and to consider his narrative works as a vehicle for conveying to the public every crude speculation which may happen to haunt his brain for the time: and these are generally introduced with a pompous array of images, which do not illustrate—comparisons which have no resemblance—and arguments which prove nothing but the folly of their author.

His humour, we must confess, is not to our taste. Not that he does not make a very successful hit now and then, but that, in general, it is either strained and far-fetched, or terminates in indecency or *double entendre*. We would also recommend to him, when he wishes to borrow a joke without detection, to consult some more recondite Encyclopædia of Anecdote than the work of that much injured and never-enough-to-be-plundered gentleman, Mr Joseph Miller, on whose compositions he levies the most unwarrantable contributions. When a young tragedian was once reading over his tragedy to Peron, he observed the satirical poet frequently lifting his hat at different passages, and asked him the reason. “It’s a habit I have,” said Peron; “I always do so when I meet an old acquaintance.” Had he read the Shepherd’s novels, his beaver would have been in constant requisition.

What, then, it may be asked, is the merit of these novels? We answer, the vigorous conception of individual incidents, the bustle and variety that pervades them all. If there be any truth in Boileau’s remark, “Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux,” James Hogg has nothing to fear from this last, for, assuredly, he is seldom tiresome. We may deplore his want of taste, we may be enraged at his want of sense, we may frequently be unable to analyse our emotions, so far as to say whether we laugh with him or at him; but still we are amused; still we read on, wondering what bloody scene Roscius has next to act; and really to those who are not given minutely to criticise the component parts of a tale, or to demand much coherence in its incidents, there must be some-

thing very captivating in the rapidity and bustle with which the author hurries them along. He seldom withdraws, or endeavours to make the most of a subject, but, confident in an exhaustless exchequer of invention, he scatters about his treasures with more liberality than discretion. He sometimes contrives, too, to give an air of truth even to the most improbable narratives, by the perfect air of *bonhomie* with which they are related, or by anticipating the inquiry of the reader, and protesting—"that, for his part, he is quite unable to account for the matter. All he knows, is that such is the fact;" and as he is always ready to back his assertion by the affidavit of *half-a-dozen shepherds, or some Gaelic sooth-sayer—his mark X—scepticism itself must be dumb before such proofs of authenticity.*

So much for the *coup d'ail*, and as there are few traits of difference among these novels, our particular notices shall be exceedingly brief. In the first place, it is rather mortifying, that, both in poetry and prose, the Shepherd's first work should have been the best. The *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, and the other tales in that collection, appear to us decidedly superior to any he has published since; more polished in style, and more free from the grievous outrages against taste and common sense which deform the latter. The reason of this we believe to be, that, whether the Shepherd was conscious of it or not, the work was little better than a mere cento from the novels of the Author of *Waverley*, save that it was embellished, like every thing Hogg has written, with more episodes about rams, tups, crooks, and "fulsome ewes," than that courtly personage is generally conversant with. Catharine, however, is the only tolerable female he has ever delineated, and the management of the tale displays more dramatic art than we should have imagined. The little tale of the *Wool-gatherer* is a pretty pastoral, and some of the descriptions it contains are eminently poetical. The *Hunt of Eildon*, with which these volumes conclude,

is the best tale of humour Hogg has ever attempted. The *Magical Scenes* have much of the sprightly absurdity of Count Antoine Hamilton, though Hogg, more probably, drew the hint of his machinery from *Tamlyn*, or some of the romantic ballads of the *Minstrel of the Border*.

Hogg was ill advised when he published his *Winter Evening Tales*. Gross and indelicate in their conception,—slovenly in their execution,—told with a tone of libertinism and *sang froid* for which fictitious names and incidents afford but an imperfect apology, and deficient even in those transitory flashes of genius or pathos by which the worst of his pieces are generally illuminated,—they must have tended to injure the author in every point of view. The three tales on which the greatest colour seems to have been bestowed, are *Basil Lee*, *The Love Adventures of George Cochrane*, and *The Bridal of Polmood*. The first is the uninteresting history of a man who begins by being a fool, and is transmuted, by a few campaigns in America, into a rascal; and the only part which rises in the least above mediocrity, is the conclusion, in which some scenes of supernatural terror in the lonely Hebrides are powerfully described. *The Love Adventures* is, with the exception of the *Liber Amoris*, the most licentious story that has been published for years; and of the admirable keeping and grace of the *Bridal of Polmood*, let our readers judge, when they are told that the Earl of Hume, on being denied admittance to his wife, "*spit in his fists, and squared at the porters!*"

What shall we say of his next production, the *Three Perils of Man*? "Where, in the Devil's name," as Hippolyto d'Este said to Ariosto, "could the man collect all these absurdities?"—*Horrescimus referentes*. This monstrous book, of which it would be impossible for any analysis to give the least idea, consists of two separate plots: the principal, the attempt of Douglas to take the Castle of Roxburgh from the English, on the issue of which the hand of the

* We do not mention the "*Mountain Bard*," which is unworthy of notice, except with reference to the situation of the author.

Princess Margaret of Scotland, or the forfeiture of his own estates depend; and the other, the adventures of some subordinate characters, whose connection with the main plot we have never yet been fortunate enough to discover. All we know of the matter is, that they are sent by an old Border Knight, who, like Hotspur's correspondent, was willing to assist his friends, but had an eye to his own interest at the same time, on a visit of espionage to the Castle of the renowned Wizard, Michael Scott, to endeavour to ascertain from him the issue of Douglas's enterprise. The party consist of a Friar, who turns out to be no less a personage than Friar Roger Bacon—a Herculean Borderer, who, like the waiter in the parody on the German Drama, turns out to be "a Knight Templar in disguise"—a Poet, who turns out to be the Hero of Neville—a very equivocal young Lady, who turns out to be the daughter of the Friar—and a disgusting beef-eating serving-man, who ought to be turned out himself, and who is, beyond all question, the most intolerable wretch we ever encountered. This second edition of the "Pilgrimage to Canterbury" gives the author an opportunity of introducing some half dozen tales, each of them worse than the former, and one of them told in Scripture language, and regularly divided into chapter and verse. If Hogg wished to prove himself the author of the Chaldee Manuscript, we doubt if he will make out his case, *comparative literarum*. It is not always prudent to produce too many witnesses. The arrival of the Friar at the Castle of the Wizard is, of course, the signal for a series of encounters between these two great professors of the art magic, and the star of the mountain-splitting Michael declines before that of the *opus majus*. These magical scenes are at first sufficiently amusing, but they soon become intolerably tiresome and monotonous. They are all too long for quotation, and we must, therefore, content ourselves by extracting a stanza from an "Ode to the Devil," sung by the subordinate Devils, in full chorus, in the Castle of Aikwood. It seems to contain a severe satire on radicalism:

VOL. XIII.

"Hail, patriot spirit! thy labours be blest,
For of all great reformers thyself wert
the first;
Thou wert the first with discernment
strong
To perceive that all rights divine were
wrong;
And long hast thou spent thy Sovereign
breath
In heaven above, and in earth beneath;
And roared it from thy burning throne,
The glory of independence alone,
Proclaiming to all with fervour and irony,
That kingly dominion's all humbug and
tyranny;
And whoso listeneth may be free,
For freedom, full freedom's the word with
thee,
That life has its pleasures—the rest is a
sham,
And all that comes after a flim and a
flam."

"Ah! Corydon, Corydon, quæ se dementia cepit?"

Last, come "The Three Perils of Woman"—the pendant to the former—consisting of two tales; the first entitled "Love," the other "Leasing" (which we suppose to mean lying,) and "Jealousy." Of the last, we may just say at once, that it is worthy of all vituperation. But the first is really, in some points, a superior story, containing some scenes of genuine pathos and true humour. The interest arises from the love of the heroine, Miss Bell, for M'lon; and the noble conduct of her cousin, who, after receiving the promise of his hand, resigns it in her favour, but dies soon after the sacrifice. The character of the work, which is light and humorous in the first volume, deepens in the second; and the death of Miss Elliot, which is given without the Shepherd's customary exaggeration, is touching and beautiful. But one death is not enough. The health of the heroine also declines; animated by some prophetic presentiment, she predicts the hour of her departure; and assembling her friends around her bed, the following strange scene takes place, which affords no bad specimen of James's powers in the horrible:

It being now about that hour of the morning on which she had foretold that her death should happen, they were all plunged in the deepest distress, as well as seized with benumbing consternation

*3 P

save M'Ion himself, who never doubted the success of his potion; and perhaps on that ground asked too unqualifiedly of the Almighty, what he believed his own ingenuity had provided for in a way altogether natural. She lifted her languid and drowsy eyes towards her father's face; her lips moved as if in the act of speaking, and perhaps she believed she was speaking, but no sound was heard. The old man was drowned in tears, and convulsed with weeping; and as he laid down his ear, endeavouring to catch the half-modulated aspirations, the cock crew. It was a still, dark morning, and the shrill clarion note rang through every apartment of the house, although it came from a distance, across a small court. Every one started at the sound, as if touched by electricity, and every eye watched the motion of all the others. "Is that the first or second crowing?" whispered Mrs Johnson. None of them knew; but none of them could say they had heard the bird's note before. The sound also struck on Gatty's ear, all faint and motionless as she lay. She gave a gentle shiver, spread both her hands, and again lifting her eyes to her father's face, she pointed to the Bible, and articulated the monosyllable, "Now," in a whisper scarcely audible. "O, my child! my child!" cried Daniel, as he took the Bible on his knee—"my dutiful, my loving, my angelic child! must I indeed lose thee! O Lord! why art thou thus laying thy hand upon us in thy hot displeasure? Can they who descend into the darksome grave praise thy name, or do thee honour?"

"Be calm, dear sir," said M'Ion; "be calm and composed, for our darling only slumbers, and will awake refreshed in the morning."

"Ay! on the morning of the resurrection-day, she will awake," said Daniel. "That is not a face of earthly alumber."

"The lovely visage is strangely altered," said Mrs Johnson. "O God! O God! I fear that the great and last change is indeed going on!"

"No, I tell you no," said M'Ion; "believe me, I know better; therefore be composed, and proceed to sing the verse of the psalm that you, sir, know of; for she charged me that we should all join in singing it at this time of the morning!"

Daniel, with many sobs and tears, sought out the place; for there was a mark laid at it, so that it was easily found, else it had not been found by him; and when he beheld the single verse marked round with red ink, and on the margin, written with her hand, "the last," he burst out in weeping anew. As was said before, it was the 5th verse of the 31st psalm.

"Into thine hands I do commit
My soul; for thou art he,
O thou Jehovah, God of truth!
Who hast redeemed me."

Daniel read it over, and then the group joined in singing it, which they did in low and plaintive strains; but she over whose couch it was sung took no share in the sacred strain. She lay silent and composed, without breath or motion, and every feature of the late lovely face appeared to be gradually undergoing a singular metamorphosis. When the strain ceased, all their faces instantly hung over her's. "Is there any life remaining?" said Daniel.

"Alas, the conflict is over!" said Mrs Johnson. "Thence has fled the most elevated soul that ever animated frame so young!"

Her husband who had left the room, still cherishing some hopes of her revival, is, after some debate, re-admitted:

The moment M'Ion entered the room, so mighty was that undefined power of sympathy between his frame and the body of the deceased, that the latter started with a muscular motion so violent, that it seemed like one attempting to rise. No one perceived this momentary phenomenon save Mrs Bell, who at the instant chanced to be arranging something about the body. She was struck motionless, and sunk back speechless on the seat. The two men entered; and, unapprized that any thing was the matter with the good dame, went straight forward to the bed. M'Ion, in the eagerness of hope and anxiety, laid his hand hastily on the breast, to feel if there were yet any motion of the heart. The body, from the same cause as before, started and shrunk, though not so violently, on which he raised his hands in ecstasy, and exclaimed, "Thanks be to the Almighty! the spark of life remains in her dear breast, and she may yet be restored to our prayers without any violation of the laws of nature!"

"Alas, alas! I cannot believe it," said Daniel, laying his hand also on the body. "It is only an illusion of your distempered fancy; all is cold here now! The spirit of my beirn is gone to its unkind place of residence."

M'Ion again laid his hand on the breast of the deceased, (if that term be proper,) and still there was a slight muscular motion, though at that time hardly perceptible. Daniel, however, felt it, and lifting up his hands and eyes, he cried out in ecstasy, "Yes, yes! Blessed be his name, there are certainly some remains of life!"

O let us pray to God ! Let us pray to God ! for no other hand can now do any thing for us but his."

With that he prostrated himself on the bed, with his brow leaning on his dear child's peaceful bosom, and cried to the Almighty to restore her, with so much fervency and bitterness of spirit, that even the hearers trembled, and durst hardly say Amen in their hearts. Poor man ! He neither knew for what he asked, nor in what manner his prayer was to be answered. Let the issue be a warning to all human race, cautioning them to bow with humble submission to the awards of the Most High. While in the midst of his vehement and unrestrained supplication, behold the corpse sat up in the bed in one moment ! The body sprung up with a power resembling that produced by electricity. It did not rise up like one wakening out of a sleep, but with a jerk so violent that it struck the old man on the cheek, almost stupifying him ; and there sat the corpse, dressed as it was in its dead-cloathes, a most appalling sight as man ever beheld. The whole frame appeared to be convulsed, and, as it were, struggling to get free of its bandages. It continued, moreover, a sort of hobbling motion, as if it moved on springs. The women shrieked and hid their faces, and both the men retreated a few steps, and stood like fixed statues, gazing in terror at seeing the accomplishment of their frantic petitions. At length M'Jon had the presence of mind to unbind the napkin from the face. But what a face was there exhibited ! It was a face of death still ; but that was not all. The most extraordinary circumstance was, that there was not, in one feature, the slightest resemblance to the same face only a few hours before, when the apparent change took place from life into death. It was now like the dead countenance of an idiot,—the eyes were large, and rolled in their sockets, but it was apparent that they saw nothing, nor threw any reflection inward on an existing mind. There was also a voice, and a tongue, but between them they uttered no intelligible word, only a few indistinct sounds, like the babble of a running brook. No human heart could stand this ; for though the body seemed to have life, it was altogether an unnatural life ; or rather, the frame seemed as if agitated by some demon that knew not how to exercise or act upon any one of the human powers or faculties. The women shrieked, and both of them fell into fits on the floor. M'Jon stood leaning against a bed-post, shading his face with his hand, and uttering groans so prolonged, and in a voice so hollow and tremulous, that it

was frightful to hear him ; in all that terrible scene there was nothing so truly awful as these cries of the distracted husband, for cries they certainly were, rather than groans, though modulated in the same manner. To have heard these cries alone from an adjoining apartment would almost have been enough to have put any ordinary person out of their right mind. Daniel, when her face was first exposed to view, staggered backward like one stunned, until he came to a seat beside the entrance door, on which he sunk down, still keeping his eyes fixed on the animated corpse. He was the first to utter words, which were these :—" Oh, sirs, it's no her ! It's no her ! It's no her ! They ha'e looten my bairn be changed. Oh God, forgie us ! What's to come o' us a' now wi' that being ?"

Death would now have been a welcome visitor indeed, and would have relieved the family from a horror not to be described ; but now there was no remedy ; there the creature sat struggling and writhing, using contortions both in body and feature that were truly terrific. No one knew what to do or say : but as they were all together in the same room, so they clung together, and neither sent for divine nor physician, unwilling that the deplorable condition of the family, and the nakedness of their resources, should be exposed to the blare of the public voice.

In this dreadful state the lady continues for three years, when by one of those miracles, which occur only in the works of James Hogg, or in the hands of Prince Hohenlohe, she is at once restored to health and sanity. We have no time to particularize several happy traits in the character of Old Bell, as well as some spirited scenes in the Edinburgh Police-Office, which are given with all the minuteness of old acquaintance.

And now, having toiled through these closely-printed tomes, we certainly do not feel ourselves entitled to say that we should have any inclination to repeat a similar task, or to hold out any recommendation to Mr Hogg to continue his labours. We sincerely think he would be more usefully employed, both for himself and the public, by becoming, in future, the Cincinnatus of Altrive, and we therefore conclude with the recommendation of Virgil,—

Ducite, ut ante, boves pueri, submitte tauros.

POETICAL SKETCHES: THE PROFESSION; THE BROKEN HEART, &c.; WITH STANZAS FOR MUSIC, AND OTHER POEMS. BY ALARIC A. WATTS. LONDON. 1823.

IF an estimate of these "Sketches" were to be made from the modest and unpretending form in which they are now presented to the public, great injustice would be done to their elegant and accomplished author, whose little volume contains not a few of the sweetest and brightest gems of genuine poetry. Mr Watts is one of the comparatively small number of poets or writers who have escaped the infection of the prevailing taste for extravagance, exaggeration, and elaborate eccentricity, and whose study it is to reflect back to the mind of the reader, images of simple nature and unsophisticated sentiment. Hence it is, that his compositions are distinguished by a delicate simplicity, a winning tenderness, and a purity of sentiment, as rare as they are delightful. His taste is correct, even to fastidiousness; his judgment vigilant and severe; his simplicity never degenerates into silliness, nor his tenderness into whineing: his descriptions are vivid, full, and impressive, presenting to the mind a distinct and faithful picture, but wholly free from any straining after effect, or any symptoms of painful and curious elaboration. In a word, he has succeeded in conveying to the minds of others the sentiments and feelings which influenced his own, and in breathing over his pages a spirit of refined sensibility, and of deep sympathy with the beauties of nature, and the destinies of man, which can hardly fail to render his little volume extremely interesting to almost every class of readers, and to secure for its author a distinguished and permanent rank among the best poets of the day.

These "Sketches" are already in some measure, known to the public. About a year and a half ago a limited edition was printed for private distribution, and was very favourably noticed in a number of the monthly, weekly, and daily journals; and it is to the flattering mention thus made of them that, as the author informs us, we are chiefly in-

debted for their publication in their present form. Not having had the good fortune to be favoured, or to fall in, with one of the copies thus "privately distributed," we avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity in our power to add our mite of honest and hearty approbation to the well-merited praises already bestowed on this highly creditable production of the author's muse, and to lay before our readers a few specimens, which, we are convinced, will fully justify all that we have said in favour of these "Poetical Sketches."

The first we do not greatly admire. The second is entitled "The Broken Heart," and contains the following exquisite lines, descriptive of the feelings of a young poet and unfortunate lover:

Still there was one regret, one deep regret,
Which haunted his young spirit—*two*
that he,
The unknown'd breathings of whose lyre had
wrought
Favour with those who knew him not,
should speed
To his eternal home, nor leave behind
A wreath of sweet remembrance for his
name;—
And so he garlanded the wilding flowers
His youthful muse had gather'd from the
mount
Of time-hallowed Aonia, and deem'd,
Most fondly deem'd, his chaplet would
find grace
(Even for the sake of him who cul'd its
blooms)
With one sweet breast at least; since
pride might now
No longer interpose its chilling chain
Between him and the load-star of his love!
It was an idle thought:—*those simple*
strains
(The only incense he could offer then)
Which he had breathed for her in earlier
years,
Had perish'd from her memory; and even
His name was unremember'd now, who
never
Had parted with a tender thought of her!

The verses "To Octavia," which have been so much admired, originally appeared in this Magazine. Their subsequent history is curious enough, and shall be given in the

author's own words. "In most of the journals, daily, weekly, and monthly, for July 1818, these verses were ascribed, with very flattering eulogiums, to the pen of no less distinguished a poet than Lord Byron; although they had been published a month before, *with the author's name*, in the *EDINBURGH MAGAZINE*. Their extended circulation (for which they were, of course, entirely indebted to this circumstance) affords a striking proof of the omnipotence of a NAME! The trifle which, with my own undignified patronymic, might have slumbered unmolested in the pages of a Scotch Magazine until Doomsday, aided by its factitious appendage, was forthwith ushered into life, light, and popularity. Well may we say, (with a slight variation of Pope's couplet,)

"Ascribe but to a Lord the happy lines,
How the wit brightens—how the sense
refines!"

It is now admitted, on all hands, that some of the most precious gems of modern poetry are to be found in the pages of periodical publications, particularly Magazines; and we have the vanity to think, that, in this department, our own has been peculiarly rich. But while such is our opinion, which, were this a fitting occasion, we could justify, by reference to numerous specimens of poetry of the first excellence, it is impossible, sometimes, not to feel indignant at the system of unacknowledged plunder carried on by the editors of certain publications, who, to screen themselves from the charge of direct appropriation, have recourse to such fictions as that to which Mr Watts alludes in his Note, and thus crown an act of downright dishonesty by direct and wilful falsehood. We do not agree with our author, that these lines required any such "factitious appendage" to render them popular with the lovers of genuine poetry, although it may have added to their currency in certain channels, where "a name" is "omnipotent," and, in fact, the only criterion by which merit is estimated; but we must protest against an unfair and disreputable practice, as mean as it is dishonest, and as unworthy as it is unjust, which deprives

a Journal, at once, of its undoubted property, and of the credit (whatever it may be) which is due to the labours of those by whom it is supported. This is only one of a great number of instances of a similar kind, in which we have had reason to complain of this disgraceful and contemptible proceeding.

But to return to our author. The "Sketch from Real Life," perhaps the most finished of the whole, we give entire. With the exception of a few lines enfeebled by an injudicious allocation of the pauses, or by being terminated with a conjunction, or an auxiliary verb, it is not easy to conceive any thing of its kind more perfect, striking, or characteristic:

'Tis said she once was beautiful;—and still

(For 'tis not years that can have wrought her ill)

Deep rays of loveliness around her form
Beam, as the rainbow that succeeds the storm,

Brightens a glorious ruin. In her face,
Though something touch'd by sorrow,
you may trace

The all she was, when first in life's young
spring,

Like the gay bee-bird on delighted wing,
She stoop'd to cull the honey from each
flow'r

That bares its breast in joy's luxuriant
bow'r!

O'er her pure forehead, pale as moonlit
snow,

Her ebony locks are parted,—and her brow
Stands forth like morning from the shades
of night,

Serene, though clouds hang over it. The
bright

And searching glance of her Ithuriel eye
Might even the sternest hypocrite defy
To meet it unappall'd;—'twould almost
seem,

As though, epitomized in one deep beam,
Her full collected soul upon the heart,
Whate'er its mask, she strove at once to
dart:

And few may brave the talisman that's
hid

'Neath the dark fringes of her drooping
lid.

Patient in suffering, she has learn'd
the art

To bleed in silence and conceal the smart,
And thence, though quick of feeling, hath
been deem'd

Almost as cold and loveless as she
seem'd;

Because to fools she never would reveal
Wounds they would probe—without the
power to heal.

No,—Whatso'er the visions that disturb
The fountain of her thoughts, she knows
to curb

Each outward sign of sorrow, and suppress—

Even to a sigh—all tokens of distress.

Yet some, perhaps, with keener vision
than

The crowd, that pass her by unnoted, can,
Through well dissembled smiles, at times,
discern

A settled anguish that would seem to
burn

The very brain it feeds upon; and when
This mood of pain is on her, then, oh!
then,

A more than wonted paleness of the
cheek,—

And, it may be, a sitting hectic streak,—

A tremulous motion of the lip or eye,—

Are all that anxious friendship may
decry.

Reserve and womanly pride are in her
look,

Though temper'd into meekness: she
can brook

Unkindness and neglect from those she
loves,

Because she feels it undeserv'd; which
proves,

That firm and conscious rectitude hath
pow'r

To blunt Fate's darts in sorrow's darkest
hour.

Ay, unprovok'd, injustice she can bear
Without a sigh—almost without a tear,
Save such as hearts internally will weep,
And they ne'er rise the burning lids to
steep:

But to those petty wrongs which half
defy

Human forbearance, she can make reply
With a proud lip, and a contemptuous
eye.

There is a speaking sadness in her air,
A hue of languor o'er her features fair,
Born of no common grief; as though
Despair

Had wrestled with her spirit—been o'er-
thrown,—

And these the trophies of the strife alone.
A resignation of the will, a calm

Deriv'd from pure religion (that sweet
balm

For wounded breasts) is seated on her
brow,

And ever to the tempest bends she now,
Even as a drooping lily, which the wind
Sways as it lists. The sweet affections
bind

Her sympathies to earth; her peaceful
soul

Has long aspired to that immortal goal,
Where pain and anguish cease to be bur-
lot,

And the world's cares and frailties are
forgot!

The lines on

That strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep,

are singularly sweet and touching.
We can only afford room for the fol-
lowing:

Harp of the winds! thy ever tuneful
chords,

In language far more eloquent than words
Of earth's best skill'd philosophers, do
teach

A deep and heav'nly lesson! Could it
reach,

With its impressive truths, the heart of
man,

Then were he bless'd indeed; and he
might scan

His coming miseries with delight! The
storm

Of keen adversity would then deform
No more the calm stream of his thoughts,

nor bring
Its wonted "grisly train;" but, rather

wring
Sweetness from out his grief,—till even
the string

On which his sorrows hung, should make
reply,

However rudely swept, in tones of me-
lody!

The "Sonnets" are, many of them,
good; and from the "Stanzas for
Music," we might select some speci-
mens highly creditable to the au-
thor's lyric powers; but we have ap-
proached our limits, and must desist.
From these few extracts, however,
our readers will be enabled to judge
for themselves as to the merit of the
"Poetical Sketches," and we greatly
deceive ourselves indeed if their con-
clusion be not that these poems indi-
cate powers of no common kind, and
give promise of much future excel-
lence. We should be sorry were Mr
Watts to suffer other, and more lu-
crative avocations to seduce him
from cultivating that particular vein
of poetry in which he is obviously
fitted, if he chuses, to attain a de-
gree of eminence which might satisfy
any ordinary ambition.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Sir J. E. Smith, president of the Linnean Society, &c. has nearly ready for publication the first portion of his *English Flora*.

Speedily will be published, *Telyn Deffu*, the Poetical Works of the Rev. D. Davis, of Castle-Howel, Cardiganshire, chiefly in the Welsh Language, including translations from Gray, Cowper, Addison, Barbauld, &c. with a portrait of the author.

An Essay on Human Liberty, by the late Dean Milner, is in the press.

Mr Godwin has for some time been engaged on a work, to be entitled, the History of the Commonwealth of England.

A new work, from the pen of Miss Porter, author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," &c. will shortly appear, in three volumes, entitled Duke Christian of Lunenberg, or Traditions from the Hartz.

A Geognostical Essay on the Superposition of Rocks in both Hemispheres, by M. de Humboldt, translated into English under his immediate inspection, will be published next month.

Mr Sharpe is preparing Engravings from Mr Westall's designs, for the British Anthology, or Poetical Present, designed, with considerable variation of materials and arrangement, as an exemplar of the once popular "Doddsley's Collection."

The author of the "Peurage and Baronetage Charts," "the Secretary's Assistant," &c. is preparing a Dictionary of English Quotations, in three parts. Part the First, containing Quotations from Shakespeare, will appear in a few days.

A Treatise on the Law of Libel is preparing for publication, by Richard Mence, Esq. barrister-at-law, in which the general doctrines will be minutely examined, and logically discussed.

The eighth volume of the Annual Biography and Obituary, comprehending memoirs of most of the celebrated persons whose decease has taken place, or may take place, within the present year, is in preparation, and will be published on the 1st of January 1824.

The Star in the East, with other Poems, by J. Corder, is printing.

Mr Charles Westmacott is about to publish a humorous work, called *Points of Misery*, with designs by the ingenious Cruickshank.

Dr Conquest will soon publish *Out-*

lines of Midwifery, for the use of Students.

Mr Shiel, the Irish dramatist, is printing an Epic Poem.

Dr Ure is preparing a new and revised edition of *Berthollet on Dyeing*.

Mr Lambert is engaged on a Supplement to his splendid work on *Pines*.

Mr Bristocke is preparing the *Life of Howell Harries, Esq.*, founder of the establishment of Trevecka; and Mrs Bristocke is about to publish a translation of the *Athaliah of Racine*.

An edition of the *Entire Works of Demosthenes and Archines*, from the text of Reiske, collated with other editions, is printing in London.

The Rev. D. Warr is printing a Course of Lectures on *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, illustrating its original characters, &c.

Mr Cottle, of Bristol, will soon publish, *Observations on the Orestor Caves*, with engravings of the fossil remains of fourteen different animals.

Memoirs are printing of the late Captain J. Neale, by the Rev. G. Barclay.

Mrs J. Townley is printing a Letter to the Council of Ten.

A Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Sentences, Phrases, &c. which occur in *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and also in the notes of Christian, Archbald, and Williams, is in the press.

Speedily will be published, *Extracts from various Greek Authors*, with English notes and lexicon, for the use of the junior Greek class in the University of Glasgow.

A new edition of *Shirley's Works*, by Mr Gifford, is in forwardness. All the Plays are printed, and a portion of the Poems.

The *Night before the Bridal*, and other Poems, by Miss Garnett, is about to appear in an octavo volume.

An interesting tale will appear shortly, entitled the *Stranger's Grave*.

James L. Drummond, M.D., surgeon, professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Belfast Academical Institution, has in the press a duodecimo volume, entitled, *First Steps to Botany*, intended as popular illustrations of the science leading to its study as a branch of general education, illustrated with numerous woodcuts.

Hurstwood, a tale of the year 1815, is in the press.

EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.

*. In concluding the Nineteenth Volume of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, before the publication of the ensuing year is commenced, the Editors deem it proper to announce their intention of enlarging the Quarterly Numbers from Ten to Fourteen Sheets. The reasons of this change will be obvious to all the Members of the Profession, who are interested in its Periodical Literature, and who know any thing of the recent progress and present state of the Medical Sciences. The great number of Correspondents renders it requisite to provide sufficient space for the communications which are daily transmitted to them; and the rapid progress of many branches of Medicine, and the increase of Authors, require a greater space for the Analysis of new and interesting Publications, than has been hitherto allotted. For a considerable time, indeed, the Editors have experienced much inconvenience, from the limited space which each Number necessarily allots to the examination of new works; and they have been reluctantly compelled, in several instances, to defer till a late period, mention very shortly, or omit entirely, the notice of many works, which their merits entitled to more early and more particular consideration. One of the chief objects of the Enlargement of the Number, is to obviate this evil as effectually as possible; and the Editors trust that, by assigning to the Analytical Department a greater space than that which it has hitherto occupied, they will be enabled to give such early and complete notices of new and important Publications, as shall at once do justice to the Authors, and afford useful information to their Readers.

In the July Number, the Editors enlarged considerably the extent of the third department—that of Medical Intelligence; and as they have every reason to believe, that the change then made trial of will add much to the value and interest of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, as a concentrating vehicle of new information, it is their intention to continue this department on the same principle.

Under these circumstances, the Editors will commence the ensuing year of 1824 with the First of an enlarged Series of Quarterly Numbers, published at the usual periods, but consisting of Fourteen Sheets each; and a Title-page, Table of Contents, and Index, will accompany each Second Number, those of April and October, instead of every fourth Number, as at present. This increase in size will

occasion a necessary increase in price from Four to Six Shillings each Number.

It is also proper on this occasion to say, that as the Nineteenth Volume of the Medical and Surgical Journal is now completed, it is intended to publish, without delay, a General Index to the whole Work; of which it will make the Twentieth Volume, and thus form a complete and entire work of the First and Second Series of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal.

Clara Chester, a Poem, by the Author of "Rome," and the "Vale of Chamouni," will be published in a few weeks.

The Gallovidian Encyclopædia, or the Natural, Original, and Antiquated Curiosities of the South of Scotland, arranged Alphabetically, by John McTaggart, is about to be published in one large 8vo. volume, by subscription, price 12s.

"The Forerunners," by the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

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A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Children; by John Caird, Fellow of the College of Surgeons, &c. &c.

The Farmer's Magazine, No. 96; to contain a Complete and General Index to the Twenty-four Volumes of that Work already published.

An Introduction to the Study of Geography, History, Chronology, and Astronomy; by James Welsh, Teacher of Mathematics in the Aberdeen Academy. Comprehending an Interrogatory System of each of these Branches—Tables of Latitudes and Longitudes, arranged for the construction of Maps of the different Kingdoms of the World—a large Chronological Table, from the Creation of the World to the present time—a Catalogue of the Constellations, containing all the Stars, of the first, second, third, and fourth Magnitudes, &c. &c.

A Third Edition of the Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey. By John Galt, Esq. In post 8vo.

A Grammar of Infinite Forms; or the Mathematical Elements of ancient Philosophy and Mythology. By William Howison, Esq.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Baron de Koili, relative to the secret Mission on which he was employed by the British Government in 1810, for the purpose of effecting the liberation of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, from Captivity at Valençay. Written by himself. To which are added, Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria. Written by herself. With a Portrait and Vignette. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.—The great object of the invasion of Spain by France, namely the restoration of Ferdinand to his sovereign and absolute power, is at length accomplished. The Spanish Monarch and his family were set free on the 28th September, and arrived at the headquarters of the Duke of Angoulême on the 1st instant. Of the circumstance which immediately preceded this event, the following account has been given, and is probably tolerably authentic:—On the 25th September, it is said, General Alava was dispatched from the Cortes to the headquarters of the Duke of Angoulême, with propositions that the King should be set at liberty, but that the city of Cadiz, the Isle of Leon, and all the strong places still in the power of the Constitutionalists, should remain under the dominion of the Constitutionalists for two months, during which time they should be permitted to traffic and hold communication with the rest of Spain and all other countries. These propositions were indignantly rejected, without examination, and General Alava forbidden to present himself again, unless he brought the pure and unconditional surrender of Cadiz. The return of Alava to Cadiz, without having attained the object of his mission, produced universal consternation; and feuds and dissensions, attended with plunder, and every possible outrage, convulsed the unfortunate city. Under these circumstances, and convinced of the impossibility of organizing any adequate means of defence, the Cortes held a secret sitting on the 27th, at which it came to the resolution of dissolving itself, and of resigning the island and city to a state of perfect anarchy. While matters were in this confusion, and all authority relaxed,

the King, presuming that there would be no obstacle to his removal, wrote a letter to the Duke of Angoulême, stating that he was free, and would come to his headquarters; but, on the 28th, when the Royalist regiment of San Martial made an effort to enable his Majesty to put his proposed journey in execution, they were successfully opposed by the militia of Madrid, who, having been the first to offer violence to the Royal authority, having attended the King as his gaolers from the capital to Cadiz, and having used every kind of severity to compel the garrison to protract the defence of the latter city, had no hope of pardon. This movement, of course, prevented the expected appearance of the King at Port St. Mary's, and was the occasion of a telegraphic dispatch from the Duke d'Angoulême, stating that negotiations were broken off, and Cadiz would be bombarded on the following day. After the secret sitting, the Cortes are said to have held two public ones, and from each sent messages to the King, supplicating him to open negotiations with the French General "on whatever terms he pleased." On his Majesty refusing to enter into any negotiation, the Cortes, alarmed at the increasing agitation of the people, and the disposition of the troops assembled to recognise the supreme authority of the King, then dissolved themselves.

After these events, the city of Cadiz submitted unconditionally, and was entered by the French troops on the 3d instant.

Pampeluna and Santona had previously capitulated, and the fortress of Santi Petri had been carried by assault. This, together with the early defection of the Generals in command of the Constitutional armies, must no doubt have had

great influence on the minds of the Cortes, as there remained no longer any hope of a diversion being made in their favour. Riego, who had left Cadiz early in September, had failed in an attempt to bring back the troops of Ballasteros to the government of the Cortes, and was himself taken prisoner, and carried to Madrid.

It is stated, that, in a letter which Ferdinand addressed to the Duke d'Angoulême, he said, "he had promised not to persecute any one on account of political opinions, but nothing more; and that he should not engage in the affairs of Government till after his return to Madrid."

A letter from Paris, of the 11th October, received by express, states, on the other hand, that there had been received, by the French Ministers, the copy of a proclamation issued by the King of Spain previous to his leaving Cadiz. In this it is said his Majesty promises a general amnesty, without qualification or exception. The officers and soldiers who led him from Seville to Cadiz are not only to partake of this amnesty, but are to preserve their commissions and their rank, and, if dismissed, are to receive the half of their pay. The same indulgence is extended to all the members of the Cortes, and the military engaged in the defence of Cadiz. He, moreover, declares he is actuated by the sincerest opinion of the necessity of free institutions, and that he will always be prepared to co-operate with his advisers in securing public liberty. Towards the beginning of the proclamation, he uses the expression, that he was called by his duty to the *enemy's camp*, which is supposed to have given so much offence to the French Ministry, that the proclamation will not be inserted in the French papers. They were known in Paris to have received a copy of it three days before, but they certainly concealed its contents. Great doubts may, however, be with propriety entertained respecting the sincerity of the King of Spain in issuing his proclamation, since it was done before he quitted Cadiz, and where every artifice would be resorted to, to prevent any excesses on the part of the populace.

PORTUGAL.—The Lisbon papers, of the 28th ult. are filled with details of the ceremony of investing the King of Portugal with the Order of the Garter, on the 23d, which took place at the Royal Palace of Ajuda. The castle of St. George, and the ships of war in the harbour, fired royal salutes at the termination of the ceremony. His Majesty had ordered a splendid repast to be prepared in honour of the Ambassador, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir George Naylor, and other persons charged by the British Monarch with this

solemn investiture, in the Palace das Necessidades, to which his Majesty's Ministers, the Diplomatic Body, and other persons of distinction, were invited.

SWITZERLAND.—*Lausanne, Sept. 29.*—The Representative Council of Geneva has, by a majority of two-thirds, passed a law to suspend the liberty of the press for a year. All writings on every subject will be liable to a previous censorship. New measures are also spoken of as about to be adopted in the same Canton, to render it still more difficult for foreigners to take refuge and settle there. It is also in agitation to repeal their marriage law, which, having been imprudently suppressed at the period of the restoration, was re-enacted two years ago by the unanimous votes of the two Councils.

ITALY.—The Cardinal Della Genga (Annibal) has been elected Pope, and taken the title of Leo XII. His Holiness was born on the 2d August 1760, at the Castle de la Genga, situated between the Duchy of Urbino, and the March of Ancona. At the moment of his nomination, he was Cardinal Vicar, that is, administrator, as regards spiritual affairs, of the diocese of Rome.

Naples, Sept. 16.—The high tribunal of the higher-most principality has just condemned to death Antoine Giannone, of Naples; Jean, of Orta; Clement Prota, of Salerno; Frederic Cimino, of Montepertoso; and Felix Tafuri—found guilty of being members of the Carbonari, and of having worn the tri-coloured cockade on the 17th of June, 1820, and of having conspired against the Government. The Court declared them excluded from the amnesty of the 28th of September 1822, and they were executed on the 12th inst.

GREECE.—By intelligence from Leghorn, of the 8th, we learn that the Captains of several vessels, arrived from the Archipelago, have stated that the greatest joy prevails in all the Greek islands. News had been received that Colcontrion had gained a signal victory over the Turks, who were about to enter the Peloponnese. The carnage was terrible, and the Turkish army may be looked on as annihilated; on the other hand, the Turkish fleet is in a situation of great embarrassment; for the Greek fleet, numerous and well appointed, has taken its station at the entrance of the Ionian sea, and cuts off the communication of the Captain Pacha with the Dardanelles. The Greek fleet is to remain in this position as much as as possible, in order to prevent the Turks from leaving the Ionian sea, and going into the Archipelago. Favourable news has also been received from Candia. The Greeks in that island amount to

34,000 fighting men, without including a number of countrymen, who act as guerrillas. The strong places are occupied by the Turks, but they have not been able to supply them with provisions. The plague commits great ravages among them, and they are closely blockaded. A Greek squadron, detached from the main fleet, has gone towards Alexandria, to watch the remains of the Egyptian fleet.

AMERICA.

BUENOS AYRES.—According to late accounts from Buenos Ayres, it appears that the independence of the Government of Buenos Ayres has been recognised by Commissioners sent out by Ferdinand for that purpose. A preliminary convention was formally concluded between these Commissioners and the Buenos Ayres Government on the 4th July, and, by a subsequent act, the Government was authorized to ratify this convention, and also to negotiate, pursuant to one of the articles therein contained, the accession thereto of the Governments of Chili, Peru, &c.

COLOMBIA.—*St. Thomas's, Aug. 26.*—“Just arrived from Lagaira very important news. The Royalist General Morales surrendered by capitulation on the 3d inst. to the Colombian forces. All the Spanish vessels of war on the Lake of Maracaybo were given up to the Patriots. The troops have liberty to go to Cuba, and Morales himself, with his Staff, &c. have already sailed for the Havannah.”

Subsequent accounts from Lagaira state that an express had arrived there, with the information that the Spanish garrison, after Morales' defeat, had proceeded to blow up the fortifications of Porto Cabello, preparatory to its final abandonment.

PERU.—Advices have been received from Peru, by the Thames, whaler, which sailed from Callao on the 30th June, that on the 18th of that month, the city of Lima was re-taken by the Spanish Royalists under General Canterac, without any fighting, the Patriots having retired to the fortress of Callao. On the 26th, the Royalists pushed forward a reconnoitring force almost to the walls of Callao, and drove in the out-posts, but made no attempt upon the place. The Independent Government had retired, first to Callao, and afterwards, from want of room in that fortress, to Truxillo. The movement made by the Royalists upon Lima was effected in complete ignorance of the operations of the Patriots, who had detached, several weeks previously, an expedition of 6000 men, under General Santa Cruz, to Arica, which they were preparing to rein-

force from Callao with a further detachment of 3000 men, for whose embarkation the transports were all ready when the Thames sailed. These troops would be joined by a force of 3000 Chilians, whose embarkation had been delayed by a storm at Valparaiso, which had wrecked some of the transports ready for them. The landing of the Patriot General Santa Cruz, at Arica, on the 18th June, was known at Lima before the Thames sailed. The country had risen in his favour, and the few remaining Spanish troops in the neighbourhood had been disarmed by the inhabitants. There was nothing to oppose the advance of that army towards Cuzco, by which means the Spaniards in Lima would be taken between two fires, and have scarcely a chance of escape. The Royalists had concentrated their forces for this advance upon Lima, and had no other force in the field, in any part of Peru. Their army in Lima is represented variously, from 5000 to 6000 men. The Patriots had 20,000 men in their pay, of whom 9000 were at and near Arica, 6000 in Callao, and the rest at Truxillo, Pisco, and other places, in detachments of 1000 to 1500 men.

BRAZILS.—Differences have already arisen between the Brazilians and their new Emperor. The struggle for power has shifted its grounds, and superseded the question of national sovereignty, by one of the prerogative: the *veto* is the specific point of dispute; his Imperial Majesty insisting on its immediate exercise, and the Legislative Assembly on the suspension or postponement of it, until after the dissolution of that body. The Emperor has declared, that, notwithstanding this vote of the Assembly, he will sanction and execute such acts only as meet with his approbation. It is added, that the Emperor had been very assiduous in his attentions to the military, and it is conjectured that he will attempt to establish an absolute *veto* by military force.

DEMERARA.—By accounts from this settlement, it appears that a serious insurrection broke out there among the negroes on the 18th and 19th August last, which, however, had been put down, and the colony restored to tranquillity, after a few of the whites, and several hundreds of the blacks, had been killed in the contest. A number of the negroes had been subsequently tried by Courts-martial, and executed as ringleaders in the insurrection. Two Methodist Ministers, and an Englishman named Hamilton, are in custody, charged as accessories of the insurgents.

CUBA.—A very serious plot has been

discovered at Havannah, having for its object the massacre of the Governor and all Europeans not attached to the party of the conspirators, and the plunder of the property. Many persons were arrested in consequence, composed of whites, negroes, and mulattoes. He who was to have been made Governor escaped, as did also the intended Generalissimo of their forces, a Lieutenant-Colonel from the Spanish Main. There were also seized a

quantity of flags, cockades, and upwards of 5000 proclamations of the most seditious nature, together with a great quantity of arms, &c. The flags were the French tri-colour, upon which appeared a rising sun, with diverging rays. The cockades were green and red. Report stated, that there were yet above 200 persons to be arrested; and that full 40,000 people, without the gates, had sworn to the independence.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—July 19.—Parliament was this day Prorogued by Commission, with the usual ceremonies.

The Commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Harrowby, Earl of Liverpool, and Earl of Westmorland.

The House of Commons were summoned to the Bar at two o'clock precisely. The Commission for giving the Royal Assent to certain Bills, and for Proroguing the Parliament, was then read, and the several Bills having received the Royal Assent, the Lord Chancellor proceeded to deliver the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"We are commanded by his Majesty, in releasing you from your attendance in Parliament, to express to you his Majesty's acknowledgments for the zeal and assiduity wherewith you have applied yourselves to the several objects which his Majesty recommended to your attention, at the opening of the Session.

"His Majesty entertains a confident expectation, that the provisions of internal regulation, which you have adopted with respect to Ireland, will, when carried into effect, tend to remove some of the evils which have so long afflicted that part of the United Kingdom.

"We are commanded to assure you, that you may depend upon the firm, but temperate exercise, of those powers which you have entrusted to his Majesty, for the suppression of violence and outrage in that country, and for the protection of the lives and properties of his Majesty's loyal subjects.

"It is with the greatest satisfaction that his Majesty is enabled to contemplate the flourishing condition of all branches of our commerce and manufactures, and the greatest abatement of those difficulties which the Agricultural Interest has so long and so severely suffered."

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"We have it in command from his Majesty to thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year, and to assure you that he has received the sincerest pleasure from the relief which you have been enabled to afford his people, by a large reduction of taxes."

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"His Majesty has commanded us to inform you, that he continues to receive from all foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this Country.

"Deeply as his Majesty still regrets the failure of his earnest endeavours to prevent the interruption of the peace of Europe, it affords him the greatest consolation, that the principles upon which he has acted, and the policy which he has determined to pursue, have been marked with your warm and cordial concurrence, as consonant with the interests, and satisfactory to the feelings of his people.

Parliament was then prorogued in the usual form.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—June 26.—

Mr Brougham moved that the Petition from the Catholic Association, complaining of the mal-administration of justice in Ireland should be referred to the General Committee on Courts of Justice. The Honourable Member spoke at great length, and with more than his usual vehemence, recapitulating all the general complaints of abuses in Ireland which have been lately so profusely offered to the public. Mr Goulburn resisted the motion, and denied all the charges, of the vague and indefinite description of which he complained. Sir H. Parnell and Mr C. Hutchinson supported Mr Brougham. Col. Barry opposed the motion, and quoted from the speech of Mr Baron Smith, in 1815, at

the Donegal Assizes, a passage to show that the administration of justice by Protestants in Ireland was untainted by any party feeling. Mr J. Daly, who described himself as a warm friend to Catholic emancipation, and a representative of the greatest Catholic county in Ireland, reprobated the petition as a foul calumny upon Catholics and Protestants. Mr Martin, member for the same county, (Galway,) also opposed the motion, as did likewise Mr Peel. Mr Abercromby supported it; and Mr Brougham replied in a speech of some length, and of unabated warmth. On a division, however, the motion was rejected by a majority of 139 to 59.

June 30.—Mr Kennedy's Scots Jury Bill was read a third time, and passed, by the small majority of 4, there being 60 for and 56 against it. The Scots Commissary Courts' Bill was read a third time, and passed. On the motion of the Lord Advocate, the Scots Sheriffs' Courts' Bill was ordered to be read a third time that day three months.

July 1.—After a conversation of some length, in which a lively, but by no means angry, altercation occurred between Sir C. Long and Mr Croker, an amendment, proposed by the latter Gentleman, placing the £40,000 granted for a building to receive the King's Library under the controul of the Lords of the Treasury, (instead of the Trustees of the British Museum, as originally proposed,) was carried by a majority of 80 to 26.

Mr Brougham brought forward again the petition of Mr Rowan, charging Colonel Crosbie, Member for the county of Kerry in Ireland, with selling an office. The petition was rejected, on the ground that it alleged an offence punishable in the ordinary course of the law.

Mr Hume then presented a very long petition against prosecutions for blasphemy, from a number of dissenting Ministers, of various denominations, which he enforced in a speech of appropriate length, concluding with a motion for a resolution affirming the doctrines of the petition. Mr Wilberforce opposed the resolution. While he was willing to concede the utmost latitude of opinion, he was not prepared to say that every insult to religion must be passed over. Mr Ricardo supported the petition in a speech of some length; but neither in his nor in Mr Hume's speech was there any argument which has not been long rendered familiar to the public by the defences of Carline and other persons. Mr W. Smith also supported the resolution. Mr Twiss and Mr Peel warmly opposed it, and, finally, it was rejected without a division.

July 2.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer made the usual annual statement of the Finance of the country; the Right Hon. Gentleman presented his exposition, which was of a very gratifying description, in a very able speech. We have not space for giving the particulars of this statement, but the result is, that, notwithstanding the repeal of seven millions and a half of taxes, three millions of debt were discharged last year; yet leaving a surplus of the consolidated debt for the first time during many years, exhibits such an unequivocal proof of the progressive financial prosperity of the country, as fully to justify the congratulation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Right Hon. Gentleman sat down amid loud cheers. Mr Maberly and Mr Hume confessed the truth of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement, and Mr Sheriff Thompson observed, that by keeping clear of continental politics, this country must, in a few years, arrive at a degree of prosperity unexampled in the history of the world—a truth that we trust may be deeply impressed upon the minds of statesmen and legislators.

The House then went into the case of Mr Chief Baron O'Grady, and agreed to three preliminary resolutions.

July 3.—The resolutions agreed to on the preceding evening, in the case of Mr Chief Baron O'Grady, were reported, after a conversation between Messrs. Rice, Hume, Wetherell, Canning, Hutchinson, and O'Grady. The general feeling of the House seemed to be, that the facts alleged against Mr O'Grady were too frivolous for a serious charge; but that having been received, they must, in justice to the object of Mr Rice's accusation, be formally investigated.

July 4.—The Irish Tithes Composition Bill was read a third time, and passed, with an amendment introduced by Mr Goulburn, empowering the Lord Lieutenant to refer the adjustment of disputed compositions to the going Judge of Assize.

The Reciprocity of Duties Bill was then proposed to be read a third time, when Mr Robinson warmly opposed it, as likely to operate injuriously against the shipping interest, and therefore to impair the naval power of the empire. Mr Wallace defended the measure as indisputably well calculated to extend the commerce of Great Britain, and argued that a measure having that effect could not be ultimately injurious to the shipping interest. Mr T. Wilson, Mr Bright, and Mr Marryat, opposed the Bill, which was, however, supported by Messrs Hume, Ricardo, and several other Members, and carried, on a division, by a majority of 75 to 51.

July 7.—The East-India Trade Bill was read a third time, and passed, notwithstanding a slight opposition on the part of Mr Money, Mr Forbes, and Mr Hume.

The Lords' amendments to the Prison Bill were next taken into consideration, when Mr Grey Bennet proposed to reject the clause, authorising the corporal chastisement of refractory prisoners. On a division, Mr Bennet's proposition was negatived by a majority of 36 to 22.

Mr Wilmut Horton then moved the Order of the Day for the recommitment of the New South Wales Jurisdiction Bill, and explained the principal provisions of the bill, which went to provide a place of ulterior penal transportation for convicts, and separate more effectually the places of residence of convicts within the colony. Mr Horton explained, that trials by jury were not contemplated by the bill, which referred criminal charges against a commission of seven officers. Mr Bright strongly condemned the refusal of the jury trial, and moved that the bill should be read that day six months. Mr G. Bennet thought that the population of New South Wales, consisting, as it did, of one half convicts, was not in a state to receive the jury trial. Sir James Macintosh cited the example of Virginia, to which the trial by jury had been conceded, at a time when it was at least as much a colony of convicts as New South Wales could be said to be. Mr Bright withdrew his amendment, and the House went into a Committee, when Sir J. Macintosh proposed a clause to establish the trial by jury, which, on a division, was rejected by a majority of 41 to 30.

In the course of the evening, several petitions were presented. Among others, Mr Brougham presented one from a person named Quinn, complaining of the administration of justice in Ireland. The petition stated, that the petitioner, a Catholic surgeon, had brought an action against a Protestant Clergyman for an assault, in threatening "to knock his head off," if he persisted in remaining covered during the performance of "God save the King;" that a special jury having been refused at first, was afterwards granted upon the prayer of the Sheriff's returning officer; that the special jurors were all suspected or avowed Orangemen; that at the trial, the Judge, Mr Baron McClelland, charged the jury, that "though the letter of the law was against the defendant, the jury might find for him, in honour of our good old King, who might be justly called the father of his people;" that the jury found accordingly against the petitioner, condemning

him in costs, which produced his complete ruin. The petition added, that the petitioner had in vain applied to the Court of Exchequer in Ireland for a new trial, and concluded with a prayer to the House to grant a new trial to be had at Westminster.

July 8.—Sir J. Mackintosh presented a petition from the emancipated convicts of New South Wales, complaining that after having been long in the enjoyment of the rights of freemen, they had suddenly, and without any pretence of fault on their part, been placed under many grievous disqualifications by the decision of the Supreme Court. The Baronet suggested that some clause of relief for these persons might be introduced into the pending New South Wales Bill.

Mr G. Bennet presented the report of the Committee on the Milbank Penitentiary. The report acquitted the officers of that Prison of all blame on account of the late mortality there, which it ascribed to the inclemency of the last winter.

The Distillery Bill was read a third time, and passed, with some amendments. Mr Hutchinson and Mr S. Rice unsuccessfully opposed the measure, as injurious to the interests of brewers and large distillers.

Mr Hume then called the attention of the House to several abuses in the management and collection of the land-tax. He detailed the abuses of which he complained in a long speech; but they were nearly all denied in substance by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr Hume, in consequence of the proved inaccuracy of some, withdrew the Resolution which he had founded upon them.

On the bringing up of the report of the Committee of the whole House, on the charges preferred against Mr Chief Baron O'Grady, the Solicitor General moved an exculpatory resolution. Mr Scarlett proposed another resolution to the same effect, though in other words. Mr S. Rice, who had moved the prosecution, complained that he was taken by surprise, and the subject was adjourned.

July 9.—Mr Brougham abandoned the further prosecution of the Beer Bill, and complained that on this, as on the Education Bill, he had been defeated by those whose interests and opinions he had undertaken to advocate. In the present case, he complained of the defection of the country gentlemen, and the opposition of the brewers.

Mr Scarlett renewed his motion for a resolution exculpating Mr Chief Baron O'Grady from the charge preferred against him, which, after a conversation of some length, was carried by a majority of 38 to 16.

July 10.—Mr Abercromby gave notice, that, early in the next Session, he would bring in a Bill to alter the Representation of the City of Edinburgh.

The Attorney-General moved the third reading of the Scots Law Commission Bill.—Mr Brougham addressed the House at very great length upon the subject of the general measure, of which this Bill was understood to be a part. He professed his approbation of the Commission, and of the persons named originally as Commissioners; but he complained of every other part of the proposed new arrangement of the appellate jurisdiction. In the first place, he complained of the mode in which it was proposed to effect the principal change, namely, by resolutions of the House of Lords, instead of a Bill which would give to the representatives of the people an opportunity of expressing their opinions upon so important a modification of the supreme tribunal of the kingdom. He objected to the proposed appointment of a Vice-prolocutor in the House of Lords, as likely to convert the custody of the Seals into a sinecure, which might be conferred upon any worthless favourite. He objected to the removal of Lord Eldon from his station in the House of Lords, in which he gave universal satisfaction; and to the appointment of an intermediate court of appeal in Scotland, with which, he said, the people of that kingdom would never be contented. The Hon. Member seasoned his speech with many sarcastic allusions to Lord Eldon, whose merits as a Judge he confessed; but who, he said, was, in fact, Prime Minister, as well as Lord Chancellor—the Earl of Liverpool being, in many instances, defeated by him,

both in the Cabinet and in Parliament. Mr Brougham also suggested, that it would not be unbecoming in the Noble and Learned Lord to commence his course of reformation in his own Court, before he extended the benefit of his care to Scotland. The Attorney-General explained, that the proposed arrangement was merely a temporary expedient to get rid of the arrears of appeals. Mr Canning treated the measure merely as an experiment upon the result of which no one was called upon to pronounce an absolute opinion. Mr Peel and Mr Wetherell defended the proposed measure, as the most eligible in a choice of difficulties. No opposition was offered to the Bill, which was read a third time, and passed.

July 18.—The House adjourned on the 10th till this evening, to give time to the Lords to take up the business, preparatory to the prorogation of Parliament.

Mr Huskisson said, that, in consideration of the mutilations which the Silk-Manufacturers Bill had suffered in the other House, which, in his opinion, would render it worse than useless, he would urge it no farther. The Bill is therefore lost.

July 19.—The Speaker entered the House at five minutes past two o'clock. Prayers having been read, the Usher of the Black Rod summoned this House to the House of Lords, to hear the Royal assent given by Commission to certain Bills; and also to hear his Majesty's speech, and the prorogation of Parliament by Commission. The Speaker then left the House, and returned in about a quarter of an hour, when he read the King's speech, and informed the members present that the Parliament was prorogued.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

AUGUST.

1.—*University of Edinburgh.*—This day, the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on the following gentlemen, viz :—

OF SCOTLAND.

Matthew Baillie,	De Apoplexia Sanguinea
Francis Farquharson,	— Enteritide
George Innes Gunn,	— Angina Pectoris
Andrew Henderson,	— Vulneribus
Robert Johnston,	— Hydrocephalo
Robert Lorimer,	{ Frigoris Effectibus in
	Corpus Humanum
Patrick J. Macfarlane,	— Febre Puerperali
John Macredie,	— Varietibus Pulsus
Patrick Miller,	— Hydrope
John M. Pagan,	— Syncope Anginosa
James Russell,	— Otorrhoea
George Sonner Seton,	— Phthis Pulmonali
William Sharpey,	— Ventric. Carcinomate
Martin Sinclair,	— Dyspepsia
John Smith,	— Insania

William Warden,	De Hepatitide
Alexander Webster,	— Febre Puerperarum
John Wilson,	{ Dysenteriae Pathologia et Cura
James Wilson,	— Febre Flava

FROM ENGLAND.

George F. Albert,	De Morbis Aetatum
Andrew Wood Baird,	— Erysipellate
James Lomax Bardsley,	— Rabie Canina
William Bell,	— Arthritide
William Millet Boase,	— Phrenitide
John Bourchier,	— Haemur. Pulmonum
John Brown,	— Febris Intermitt.
Joseph Bunney,	— Venerum Inflam.
Vincent Burgess,	— Syphilidis Origine
Darwin Chawner,	— Tetano Traumatico
Henry G. C. Clarke,	— Sanguinis Circuitu
Charles Cordesaux,	— Scariatina
Thomas Cox,	— Enteritide
James Dunlop,	— Fracturis Simplexibus
Henry Anderson Dyer,	— Syncope Anginosa
Robert Ferguson,	— Vita Sanguinis
Aug. Fred. Goodridge,	— Erysipellate
John Greaves,	— Hydrope

Alex. John Hannay,	{ De Tartarici Antimonii
Godfrey Higgins,	— Usu Externo
Thomas Houghton,	— Sanguinis Circulu
William Kent,	— Absorbendi Functione
George Lubbock,	— Ambulationibus
John Manley,	— Pneumonia
J. Kensington Matthews,	— Catarrhea
William Holbrook Peat,	— Enteritide
William Hawes,	— Inflamm. Jecinis
Henry Ryley,	— Rheumatismo Acuto
William Rolfe,	— Contextu Generis Hu-
Samuel Henry Smith,	— mani Cutaneo
Richard Waring,	— Pertusi
John Whitley,	— Dysenteria
John Whitsea,	— Inflammatione
William Whitworth,	— Hepatitide
William Thos. Williams,	— Fabrica Cordis Vit.
	— Podagra
	— Febre Continua

FROM WALES.

Robert Brisco Owen,	De Pneumonia
Ludovic Powell,	— Rheumatismo

FROM IRELAND.

John William Barry,	De Hydrocephalo Acuto
Edward Weekes Bennett,	— Febre Puerperarum
Wm. B. Bingham,	— Venesectione in Fe-
George Buchanan,	— bribus Continuis
Dionysius B. Bullen,	— Apoplexia
Julius Casement,	— Pathematum Ratione
William H. Crawford,	— Rheumatismo
Michael Gilligan,	— Apoplexia
E. Bevershamus Harman,	— Stricture Uethre
John Heron,	— Ascite
John Hyde,	— Peritonitide
	— Dysenteria
Gordon Jackson,	— Frigida Affusione, in
	— Febribus, cum Obser-
	— vationibus de Com-
	— tatus Meath Epilep-
	— mia, apud Navan
	— annis 1816-1817
Samuel Miller,	— Erysipelate
William Nugent,	— Rheumatis mo Acuto
Daniel O'Donovan,	— Enteritide
Thomas O'Maley,	— Febre Continua
George Pearse,	— Scarlatina et ejus Se-
	— qualis
Patrick Pope,	— Dyspepsia
Francis Powell,	— Assimilati Ciborum
Thomas Power,	— Gonorrhoea
James Roe,	— Vermibus Intestina
John Ryan,	— Dysenteria
Charles St John,	— Dysenteria Indis Oc-
	— dentalis
William James Shiell,	— Pneumonia
	— Mucosa Membrane
Matthew Stewart,	— Intestinorum Inflam-
	— matione
Thomas Ward,	— Hepatitide

FROM THE WEST INDIES.

Philip Anglin,	De Ciborum Concoctione
J. H. Fitzpatrick Boter,	— Menorrhagia
Andrew Lewis Davy,	— Erysipelate
Andrew Dunn,	— Iridide
John Falconer,	— Scarlatina
Alexander G. Home,	— Scrofula
Gilbert Lyon,	— Pneumonia
Thomas Murray,	— Enteritide
Jas. Edward Ash Sedler,	— Phthisi Pulmonali
Alexander Urquhart,	— Aeris in Morb. Effect.

FROM AMERICA.

Samuel George Morton,	De Corporis Dolor.
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11.—*Brighton Chain Bridge.*—The hanging of the chains of the pier is now completed, the whole of the suspension rods being fixed up, and the workmen are employed in laying down the platform for the road. At the outer extremity the steps for embarkation are constructed. The stone for covering the deck of the outer head is also laid down; it was brought in a vessel from Purbeck, which unshipped her cargo on the pier. The ralling at the extremity of the pier is putting up,

and the whole of the temporary bridges, with the exception of the first, have been removed. Planks are laid along the platform for the accommodation of the workmen and visitors, and the pier is daily visited by great numbers of persons. The foundation of the toll-house, at the entrance of the Esplanade, is digging out: it will be a small and handsome building, on a design uniform with the iron towers over which the chains are passed.

16.—*Anniversary of the King's visit to Scotland.*—Yesterday the anniversary of his Majesty's landing at Leith was celebrated there with great festivity. The ships in the harbour were decorated with flags, which were also seen streaming on the steeples and the signal-tower. In the forenoon, two cast metal-plates, with suitable inscriptions, were fixed on the pier, at the spot where the King first touched the ground in Scotland. One of the plates was placed on the top, and the other on the front of the pier, inscribed as follows:

ON THE TOP.

(A crown.)

GEORGE IV. REX.

O Felicem Diem.

ON THE FRONT OF THE PIER.

Here

Our most Gracious Sovereign

GEORGE IV.

First touched Scottish ground,

On Thursday, 15th August 1822.

William Child, Admiral of Leith.

John McFie, James Reoch, and Abram Newton,

Magistrates.

Hugh Veitch, Town Clerk.

A grand dinner was given in the Assembly Rooms in the evening, at which about 200 gentlemen were present. James Reoch, chief magistrate, was in the chair, supported by Admirals J. P. Beresford and Sir Philip Durham. John Mackie, Esq. Bailie, croupier. After dinner, "the King" was given from the chair, and drank with great applause. The children attending the Leith Charity School were then introduced, and sang the King's Anthem with great effect. Many loyal and patriotic toasts were afterwards given, and the company were enlivened by the band of the 1st dragoon guards, and by the vocal exertions of Messrs Temption, Aitkinson, &c.

SEPTEMBER.

Glasgow, Sept. 9.—It was mentioned on Saturday, that the proprietors of the power-loom factories intended to set on their works on Monday. Having engaged a number of new tenters and dressers, they began yesterday morning, at seven o'clock. During the breakfast-hour, a crowd of several thousands assembled in Hutchesontown, and the confidence of the evil-disposed increasing with the number of spectators, from hissing and

hooting, they began to throw stones, and several of the new workers were roughly handled. The Gorbals' police proceeded instantly to the spot, but the crowd was so large, they did not effect its dispersion. Shortly afterwards, the Sheriff and a strong party of officers appeared, and some persons continuing to throw stones, and manifesting every disposition to proceed to extremities, a strong detachment of the Enniskillen dragoons was procured from the new barracks. Thus overawed, the mischievous portion of the crowd no longer prevented the passage of the workers. A party of dragoons was kept in readiness during the day, and although the streets were thronged, all was quiet, till about seven o'clock, when the work stopt. As the new hands made their appearance, they were forthwith assailed with the usual symptoms of disapprobation, but they were protected from personal injury by the soldiers, and a guard that had been previously marshalled for the purpose, and the greater part were escorted. Observing the streets so thronged, the new hands in one of the factories, along with one of the patrols, remained some time after the machinery was stopped, with the view of going home unperceived. It was so far fortunate they did so, for the belligerents repaired to this factory, and demolished between twenty and thirty panes of glass. While the work of destruction was going forward, the new hands sallied out in a body, and being mostly provided with pistols, for their own protection, fired several of them among the mob. Not expecting such a reception, the terrified delinquents fled in all directions, and the streets soon afterwards became as quiet as usual. This morning no opposition was offered at any of the mills.

18.—The King's printers in Scotland have applied to the Court of Session for an interdict against the members of Bible Societies importing Bibles into Scotland, and have issued summonses accordingly to all the individual members. The action is intitled "Bill of Suspension and Interdict, His Majesty's Printers against the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntly and others." His Lordship has not been singled out on this occasion for the excess of his zeal in that cause, but the societies are charged alphabetically, and the Aberdeen Auxiliary comes first, of which the Noble Marquis is President.

OCTOBER.

2.—*Election of a Scots Representative.*—This day, the election of a Peer, to sit in Parliament as one of the sixteen Representatives of the Scottish Nobility, in room of Francis Lord Napier, deceased,

took place at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Their Lordships were attended by the Lord Provost and Magistrates of this city; Sir Robert Dundas, Bart. and Colin Mackenzie, Esq. two of the principal Clerks of Session, as deputies of the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland; the Rev. Dr Macfarlane of Drymen, one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal, and Dr Bryce of Aberdeen, one of his Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. The business was opened with prayer by Dr Macfarlane; the clerks then called over the Union Roll of the Scots Parliament, when eight Peers present answered to their names; subsequently, three more noblemen entered the room. The whole of the Peers present voted for the Earl of Errol. Sixteen absent Peers sent signed lists, which, upon examination, were found to be also in favour of the same noble Earl, who thus obtained an unanimous election.

13.—*Public Revenue.*—A Statement of the Net Produce of the Quarter's Revenue, ending on the 10th inst. has been published this day. It exhibits a decrease, compared to that of the same period last year, of only £158,259, notwithstanding the very large reduction of taxation had induced an expectation of a much greater deficiency. The great increase in the Revenue of Customs, exceeding, in amount, £400,000, indicates, in a very decisive manner, the prosperity of the commercial interests of the country; and with respect to the Revenue of Excise, in which branch very large reductions have taken place, the decrease does not amount to £500,000, whereas a deficiency of upwards of £700,000 might have been anticipated from those reductions. Although there is a decrease on the Revenue of Stamps of about £60,000 on the quarter, the deficiency of the year is little more than £2000. The Post-Office exhibits a small increase, both in the annual and quarterly accounts.

16.—*Return of Captain Parry, with the North-west Expedition.*—The gratifying intelligence of the arrival of Captain Parry was received at Leith yesterday afternoon. The discovery-ships, *Fury* and *Hecla*, anchored safe in Brassy Sound, Shetland, on the 10th instant, after an absence of two years and a half, and with the loss of only five men. It appears Captain Parry was not able, on account of ice, to proceed so far as he had done on the former voyage. A letter from Lerwick states, that he proceeded up Hudson's Straits, but was unable to penetrate farther than 69 degrees North Latitude, and 87 degrees West Longitude. The ships were only disengaged from the ice on the 17th ultimo.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Sept. 2.—The King has been pleased to appoint Henry Lord Montagu to be Lieutenant and Sheriff Principal of the shire of Selkirk, in the room of Francis Lord Napier, deceased.

5.—Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart. to be Lieutenant-Governor of the province of New Brunswick.

12.—Lord Maryborough to be master of his Majesty's Buck Hounds.

27.—The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint Lord George Seymour, Francis Hastings Doyle, Esq. John Earl of Carhampton, the Hon. Augustus Phipps, Alexander Campbell and William Manly, Esqrs. Sir John Cheetham Mortlock, Bart. the Hon. Charles Rodolph Trefusis, Richard Dawkins, James Hewitt, Woodbine Parish, William Plunkett, and John Backhouse, Esqrs. to be Commissioners of the Excise for the United Kingdom; and Abraham Cutto, Patrick Perse Fitzpatrick, Samuel Rose, and James Cornwall, Esqrs. to be Assistant Commissioners of the Excise in Ireland and Scotland.

—The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint Richard Betenson Dean, Wm. Boothby, Gloucester Wilson, James Williams, and Henry Rhinmond, Esqrs. the Hon. James Henry Keith Stewart, William Thomas Roe, Edward Earl, Abraham Hely Hutchinson, Hulton Smith King, Francis Seymour Larpent, Frederick Beilby Watson, and Henry James Bouverie, Esqrs. to be Commissioners of the Customs for the United Kingdom; and the Hon. William Le Poer Trench, James Smith, Louis Henry Ferrier, and Thomas Bruce, Esqrs. to be Assistant Commissioners of the Customs in Ireland and Scotland.

—The King has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for granting the dignity of a Baronet of the said United Kingdom to the following Gentlemen, and to the heirs male of their bodies lawfully begotten, viz. —

Charles Forbes, of New and Edinglassie, in the county of Aberdeen, Esq.

Thomas Reid, of Ewell Grove, in the county of Surrey, and of Graystone Park, in the county of Dumfries, Esq.

George Abercrombie Robinson, of Batt's House, in the county of Somerset, Esq.

William Baillie, of Polkemmet, in the county of Linlithgow, Esq.

30.—The King has been pleased to appoint Henry Canning, Esq. to be his Majesty's Agent and Consul in the Circle of the Lower Saxony, and the free cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

August 28.—The Rev. John Craig, late of Kin' keil, was admitted to the pastoral charge of the first Congregation in Brechin, in connection with the United Associate Synod.

—The Rev. James Smith was ordained to the pastoral charge of the Church and Parish of Enderick, in the Presbytery of Selkirk.

Sept. 2.—The Rev. John Mitchell was formally installed into the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Congregation of Newry, Ireland.

4.—The Rev. Mr Paul of Straiton was admitted Minister of Maybole.

6.—His Grace the Duke of Gordon has been pleased to present the Rev. Robert Copland, Minister at Enzie Chapel, to the Church and Parish of Durris, in the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and County of Kincardine, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Strachan.

—The Town Council of Dundee have elected the Rev. David Murray, one of the Ministers of Dysart, to be Minister of St David's Church, Dundee.

—The Rev. Dr Buist has been presented to the chair of Church History in St Andrew's, and that of Oriental Languages has been conferred upon the Rev. Mr Baird.

18.—The Presbytery of Meigle ordained the Rev. James Martin to be Minister of Glenisla.

Oct. 1.—The Rev. Gavin Parker, ordained to the charge of St. Andrew's Chapel, Dundee.

2.—The Rev. Mr Sutherland ordained by the Presbytery of Glasgow, to be Minister of the Calvinistic Church, Cape of Good Hope.

4.—His Grace the Duke of Gordon has been pleased to present the Rev. Robert Stirling of Kilmarnock, to the Church of Galsion, vacant by the death of the late Dr Smith.

—The Rev. Duncan McCaig, Minister of the Gaelic Chapel in Edinburgh, having declined accepting the Crown presentation, some time ago issued in his favour, to the Church and Parish of Uig, in the Island of Lewis, his Majesty has been since pleased (on the recommendation of Mr and Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth) to appoint the Rev. Alex. McLeod, Minister of the Gaelic Chapel at Cromarty, to the vacancy.

III. MILITARY.

2 Life Gds. Hon. J. Dutton, Cornet & Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Hamilton, ret. 7 Aug. 1855.

1 Dr. Gds. Capt. Sweny, Maj. by purch. vice Turner, ret. 23 do.

Lieut. Polhill, Capt. by purch. do.

Cornet Henviside, Lieut. by purch. do.

Gent. Cardet H. Wilson, from R. M. do.

Coll. Cornet by purch. do.

7 Dr. J. J. White, Cornet by purch. vice Phillips, prom. 21 do.

9 Thomas J. F. Viscount Kirkwall, Cornet by purch. vice Lascelles, 67 F. 18 Sept.

15 Lieut. Collins, from h. p. 21 Dr. Lieut. vice Nash, exch. rec. diff. do.

G. J. Christie, Cornet, vice Elton, prom. do.

Cornet Elton, Lieut. by purch. vice Foster, prom. Cape Corps Cav. 28 Aug.

17 Lieut. Dungan, from h. p. 19 Dr. Lieut. (Riding Master) 31 do.

2 F. Lieut. Warring, Capt. by purch. vice Power, ret. 25 do.

Ens. Munday, Lieut. by purch. do.

Serj. Maj. Littlejohn, from 72 F. Ens. and to act as Adj. vice Munday, prom. 18 Sept.

9 Hosp. Assist. Burt, Assist. Surg. vice Dent, 21 F. 4 do.

10 Lieut. Blane, Capt. by purch. vice Raddell, prom. 31 July

Ens. Goode, Lieut. by purch. vice Blane, do.

Robert Dampier, Halifax, Ens. by purch. vice Goode do.

13 A. Shaw, Ens. vice Slacke, 28 F. 4 Sept.

15 M. K. Atherley, Ens. by purch. vice Browne, 70 F. 28 Aug.

Ens. Beatty, from h. p. 44 F. Ens. vice Atherley, 70 F. 4 Sept.

18 Bt. Maj. Percival, Maj. vice M'Neill, dead do.

Lieut. Cowper, Capt. do.

Ens. Grattan, Lieut. do.

Genl. Cadet, E. K. Young, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.

21 Assist. Surg. Dent, from 9 F. Surg. vice Carey, dead do.

23 Lieut. Holmes, Capt. by purch. vice England, 49 F. do.

2d Lieut. Ellis, 1st Lieut. by purch. do.

W. Le M. Tupper, 2d Lieut. by purch. do.

28 Ens. Shawe, Lieut. do.

Ens. Slacke, from 13 F. Ens. do.

Lieut. Wheeler, Adj. vice Bridgeland dead do.

35 Capt. Hay, from 67 F. Capt. vice R. Major Wilder, removed from the service 11 June

42 M. Gen. Sir G. Murray, G.C.B. from 72 F. Colonel, vice Gen. Earl of Hope- town, dead 6 Sept.

49 Capt. England, from 23 F. Maj. by purch. vice Hutchinson, prom. 4 do.

51 Thomas Irving, Ens. 10 do.

52 Capt. Levinge, from h. p. 10 F. Capt. vice Douglas, cancelled 14 Aug.

53 Capt. Pencker, from h. p. 56 F. vice F. G. Pencker, exch. 10 Sept.

- 57 F. Ena. Gore, from h. p. 82 F. Ena. (paying diff.) vice Bower, 61 F. 28 Aug. 1823.
- 60 Gent. Cadet, F. Coghlan, from R. Mil. Coll. Ena. vice Crough, 81 F. 25 Sept.
- 61 Ena. Bower, from 57 F. Ena. vice Lieut. Berkeley, h. p. 82 F. rec. diff. 14 Aug.
- 64 Lieut. Jull, Capt. by purch. vice Elliot, ret. 18 Sept.
- Ena. M'Pherson, Lieut. by purch. do. B. D. Speke, Ena. by purch. do.
- 67 Lieut. Vaughan, Capt. by purch. vice Hay, 35 F. 4 do.
- Cornet Hon. F. Lascelles, from 9 Dr. Lieut. by purch. 11 do.
- 70 Ena. Reed, from h. p. 4 W. 1. R. Ena. vice Blake, exch. rec. diff. 18 do.
- Ena. Hon. G. A. Browne, from 15 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Hunter, prom. 28 Aug.
- Ena. Atherley, from 15 F. Ena. vice Clarke, h. p. 14 F. 4 Sept.
- 72 Lieut. Gen. Sir J. Hope, G.C.H. from 92 F. Col. vice M. Gen. Sir G. Murray, 42 F. 6 do.
- 73 C. Primrose, Ena. vice O'Brien, dead 4 do.
- Lieut. Williamson, Capt. by purch. vice Watts, ret. 18 do.
- Ena. Primrose, Lieut. by purch. do. 11 Seymour, Ena. by purch. do.
- 75 Lieut. Hon. G. A. Browne, from h. p. 70 F. Lieut. vice Cockburn, exch. rec. diff. do.
- 77 Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. MacLaurin, from h. p. Paym. vice Hancock, dead do.
- 81 Lieut. Montgomery, Capt. vice Pilkington, dead do.
- Ensign Brown, Lieut. do.
- 86 Ensign Crough, from 60 F. Ena. do.
- Lieut. Holland, from 89 F. Lieut. vice Carroll, h. p. 1 F. do.
- 90 Lieut. Williamson, from h. p. 1 F. Lieut. vice Holland, 86 F. do.
- 92 Lieut. Gen. Alex. Duff, Col. vice Lieut. Gen. Sir J. Hope, 72 F. 6 do.
- Hosp. Assist. Thompson, Assist. Surg. vice Lemon, dismissed 25 June
- 1 W. 1. R. Bt. Maj. Gilland, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Kenney, h. p. 12 F. 4 Sept.
- 2 Capt. Bullock, from h. p. 103 F. vice Maclean, exch. 18 do.
- Assist. Staff Surg. Tedlie, Surg. vice Duigan, dead do.
- Cape Cor. } Lieut. Foster, from 15 Dr. Adj. and Cav. } Lieut. 28 Aug.
- 1 R. V. Bt. Bt. Maj. Poppleton, from h. p. 12 F. Capt. vice Gilland, 1 W. 1. R. 4 Sept.
- † Lieut. Hartley, from h. p. York Rang. Lieut. vice O'Connell, h. p. 21 Aug.
- 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. de Barralier, from h. p. 101 F. Capt. vice Poppleton, cancelled 18 Sept.
- 2 V. Comp. Lieut. Wilson, from h. p. 84 F. Lieut. vice Burgess, ret. list. 11 do.

Unattached.

- Maj. H. Hely Hutchinson, from 49 F. Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purch. vice Col. Wright, ret. 4 Sept. 1823.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

- 24 Lieut. Dyson, 1st Lieut. 11 Aug. 1823.
- Gent. Cadet V. Robinson, 2d Lieut. do.
- 1st Lieut. Slater, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
- Bt. Col. and Lieut. Col. Viney, Col. vice Wright, ret. 4 Sept.
- Et. Lieut. Col. and Maj. Brough, Lieut. Col. do.
- Bt. Maj. and Capt. R. Macdonald, Major do.
- 2d Capt. Browne, Capt. do.

Hospital Staff.

- Assist. Surg. Tedlie, from h. p. 85 F. Assist. Surg. to the Forces 4 Sept. 1823.

Garrisons.

- Lieut. Gen. Martin Hunter, Governor of Penden-
nis Castle, vice General Buckley, dead 27 do.

Exchanges.

- Major Hon. T. S. Bathurst, Cape Corps, with
Major Forbes, h. p. 56 F.
- Bt. Maj. Hall, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Cor-
revent, h. p. 60 F.

- Capt. Williams, from 82 F. rec. diff. with Capt.
Hon. H. R. Molyneux, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg.
- Robertson, from 88 F. with Capt. Le Me-
surier, h. p. 24 F.
- Lieut. Westera, from 1 Dr. Gds. with Adj. and
Lieut. Stammers, 8 Dr.
- Stammers, from 1 Dr. Gds. with Lieut.
Master, 40 F.
- T. Wood, from 40 Dr. with Lieut. W.
Wood, h. p. 7 F.
- G. E. Jolliffe, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with
Lieut. Phillips, h. p. 8 F.
- Curtaigne, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Clarke, h. p. 8 Dr.
- Blake, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Robbins, h. p. 8 Dr.
- Smith, from Royal Waggon Train, with
Lieut. M'Dowal, h. p.
- Roe, from 50 F. with Lieut. Ousley, h. p.
56 F.
- Wilkinson, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Hartley, h. p. 24 F.
- Power, from 38 F. with Lieut. Boyes, 85 F.
- Walford, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Gammel, h. p. 72 F.
- Pook, from 73 F. with Lieut. Reynolds, h.
p. Rifle Brig.
- Hammond, from Ceylon Regt. with Lieut.
Robertson, h. p. 94 F.
- Ensign Shewell, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Ensign
Ferguson, h. p. 60 F.
- Paym. Dive, from 10 F. with Capt. Bloomfield, h. p.
- Paym. Campbell, from 46 F. with Capt. Anderson,
h. p. 6 W. 1. R.
- Assist. Surg. Richardson, from 18 F. with Staff
Assist. Surg. Davies.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Wright, Royal Artillery.

Major Turner, 1 Dr. Gds.

Capt. Power, 2 F.

Lieut. Hamilton, 2 Life Gds.

Appointment Cancelled.

Capt. Douglas, 52 F.

Deaths.

- General Buckley, late of 2 Life Gds. Gov. of Pen-
den-
nis Castle, Cobham, Surrey 14 Sept. 1823.
- Earl of Hopetoun, G.C.B. Colonel 42 F.
Paris 27 Aug.
- Major M'Neil, 18 F. Malta 31 July
- Capt. Pilkington, 81 F. Isle of Wight 9 Sept.
- Hackett, 3 Vet. Bn. Berce, Ireland 17 do.
- Davies, h. p. Royal Artillery, Acton, Bur-
nel, near Shrewsbury 30 Aug.
- Witts, h. p. Royal Art. on passage from
Malta 8 do.
- Baile, h. p. 22 F. 21 April
- Blaskowitz, h. p. Newfoundland Fencibles,
Lambeth 4 Aug.
- Zehedder, h. p. Watteville's Reg. Berne 30 April
- Lieut. Robinson, 20 F. drowned on passage from
Surat to Bombay 21 Jan.
- Maxwell, 26 F. Gibraltar
- Miller, 51 F. Edinburgh 5 Sept.
- Muirson, 67 F. Sholapore, Bombay 4 March
- Burke, Ceylon Regt. Ceylon
- Maclean, h. p. 11 F. Isle of Man 30 July
- Fraser, h. p. 27 F. Inverness June
- Kater, h. p. 27 F. Guernsey 18 July
- Reeve, h. p. 82 F. Hamilton, North Brit. 19 Aug.
- Cannon, h. p. 85 F. Dublin do.
- Vickers, h. p. 121 F. 23 Feb.
- Ensign Hon. G. Finch, 15 F. Dublin 16 Sept.
- O'Brien, 73 F.
- Maclean, h. p. 27 F. 24 May
- Adjutant Lieut. Bridgeland, 28 F. Malta 5 July
- Quart. Mast. Tongue, h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. drowned 5 Aug.

Medical Department.

- Staff Surg. Walter, h. p. 13 Sept. 1823.
- Assist. Surg. Inglis, 57 F. Macroom, Ireland 20 Aug.
- Quill, 1 Vet. Bn. Cork 13 do.
- Dep. Purv. Surtees, h. p. Sept.
- Hosp. Assist. Macleod, h. p. Canada May

Commissariat.

- Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Charles Barrett, Sierra
Leone 21 July 1823.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock after-noon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1853.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1853.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Sept. 1	M. 41 A. 60	29.716 .590	M. 61 A. 60	SW.	Dull, with showers	Sept. 16	M. 46 A. 54	29.235 .450	M. 57 A. 56	W.	Rain morn. dull day.
2	M. 45 A. 59	.504 .560	M. 61 A. 59	W.	Rain morn. fair after.	17	M. 48 A. 54	.246 .600	M. 58 A. 58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
3	M. 45 A. 55	.435 .700	M. 58 A. 58	W.	Rain morn. fair day.	18	M. 42 A. 51	.980 30.108	M. 57 A. 56	W.	Fair, but dull.
4	M. 49 A. 58	.588 .696	M. 60 A. 59	W.	Dull, with slight shes.	19	M. 42 A. 57	29.730 .682	M. 58 A. 55	W.	Heavy sh. mid. of day.
5	M. 49 A. 56	.634 .815	M. 58 A. 57	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	20	M. 43 A. 51	.698 .520	M. 55 A. 55	W.	Fair, but dull.
6	M. 45 A. 52	.890 .912	M. 57 A. 58	W.	Foren. sun. aftern. rain.	21	M. 46 A. 51	.298 28.924	M. 54 A. 54	Chie.	Foren. rain. aftern. fair.
7	M. 47 A. 50	.999 .998	M. 56 A. 57	Chie.	Dull, but fair.	22	M. 39 A. 48	.907 29.346	M. 57 A. 50	Chie.	Foren. dull. rain. aft. fair.
8	M. 40 A. 50	.998 .910	M. 55 A. 54	W.	Ditto.	23	M. 36 A. 46	.586 .226	M. 48 A. 47	Chie.	Foren. h. m. aftern. fair.
9	M. 45 A. 52	.930 .990	M. 54 A. 55	W.	Frost. morn. dull day.	24	M. 48 A. 46	.226 .505	M. 47 A. 57	NW.	Fair for the day.
10	M. 44 A. 53	.998 .998	M. 59 A. 59	Chie.	Frost morn. day warm.	25	M. 49 A. 59	.425 .298	M. 59 A. 58	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
11	M. 40 A. 58	.997 .786	M. 61 A. 61	W.	Dull, but fair.	26	M. 40 A. 48	.350 .375	M. 55 A. 51	W.	Foren. sh. aft. fair.
12	M. 47 A. 60	.702 .560	M. 62 A. 60	Chie.	Foren. sun. dull aftern.	27	M. 57 A. 47	.345 .492	M. 55 A. 51	W.	Heavy sh. (hail) at noon.
13	M. 45 A. 54	.504 .344	M. 59 A. 57	W.	Dull, but fair.	28	M. 33 A. 41	.350 .910	M. 50 A. 50	Calm.	Fair, with sunshine.
14	M. 41 A. 53	.344 .137	M. 56 A. 61	Chie.	Foren. dull. h. rain. aftern.	29	M. 30 A. 44	.689 .364	M. 48 A. 51	SW.	Frost morn. foren. sun. h. rain morn.
15	M. 50 A. 56	28.768 .990	M. 60 A. 59	Chie.	Morn. rain. day showery.	30	M. 38 A. 48	28.978 .826	M. 50 A. 52	W.	Rain morn. fair day.

Average of Rain, 1.480 Inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SOON after the date of our last, rains became more frequent than in the preceding month, and these rains were uniformly followed by loud westerly winds. The rain that has fallen this day, in the space of twelve hours, amounts to nearly two inches, a fall seldom equalled in so short a space. The rain ceased towards evening, and the wind is now (eight o'clock, P. M.) boisterous, and may prove hurtful to standing corn on high grounds. The mercury in the barometer fell uncommonly low during the rain, and is now rising too rapidly to indicate a settled state of weather. The temperature becomes low as the season advances; the mean, since the commencement of the present month, being only 46°, or 4° lower than during the same period last year. In the early districts, the whole crop is cut down, but a few fields under pease are not yet cleared. Some oats are also still in the stook, and, where the ground is low, the surface is in many instances covered with water among the stooks. In the higher districts, harvest is only about half-way; little has been secured; a great breadth remains uncut; and, in many instances, not nearly ripe: the produce, in such cases, cannot be abundant; the quality must also be deficient. Wheat does not come up to general expectation; the colour is dark, and the grain light and shrivelled. On dry, light lands, the sample is bolder coloured, but the produce is deficient. A considerable breadth has been sown with wheat, after fallow and clover: beans are not yet all off the ground, and it will now be some time before the soil can be in proper condition for receiving the seed. Few potatoes are as yet taken up, and turnips do not swell freely. Prices begin gradually to fall, and it is believed they will be as low next winter as they were last season. A deficiency of oats, in the late districts, where they will not now ripen well, may counterbalance the extra crops of that species of grain in more favourable situations.

Cattle bring low prices, and the full stock will likely be kept on hand, as fodder appears to be plenty.

Perthshire, 11th October.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck	1823.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal							
	Bls.	Prices.								Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.						
		s. d.	s. d.											s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Sept. 17	389	26 0	37 6	31 8	21 6	26 6	—	23 0	20 0	22 6	10	8	10	8					
24	389	21 6	29 0	32 7	—	—	—	20 0	21 6	20 0	22 0	10	8	10	8				
Oct. 1	529	21 0	38 0	28 10	19 0	25 6	19 0	22 0	20 0	22 0	9 1	6	30	43 1					
8	506	18 0	37 0	24 5	19 0	25 6	19 0	22 0	18 0	22 0	9	8	7	44 3					
15	534	18 0	34 0	27 5	18 6	24 0	17 6	19 0	18 0	19 0	9	8	14	40 1					

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.			Barley, 320 lbs.			Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 160 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dumfrie.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.				
Sept. 18	s.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	
23	50	—	31 0 32 0	17 0 21 0	19 0 24 0	—	28 0 31 0	25 6 26 0	19 0 22 8	50 52 0	—	
Oct. 2	30	—	29 0 31 0	17 0 24 0	19 0 24 0	—	26 0 31 6	25 0 25 6	18 6 22 6	50 52 0	—	
9	50	—	29 0 31 0	16 0 25 0	19 0 23 0	—	25 0 30 0	23 0 25 0	18 6 22 6	50 52 0	—	
15	30	—	29 0 31 0	16 0 21 0	19 0 21 0	—	25 0 30 0	25 0 24 0	18 6 22 0	50 52 0	—	
				15 6 20 6	19 9 21 0	27 0 28 6	25 0 27 0	20 0 21 0	17 0 21 0	49 50 0		

Haddington.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1823.	Oatmeal.		
	Bolls.	Prices.							Av. pr.	Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.
		s. d.	s. d.								
Sept. 19	390	23 0	35 0	29 1	—	28 0	19 0	22 0	19 0	20 6	1 4
26	489	19 6	34 6	28 3	23 0	27 0	16 0	24 0	22 18	19 6	1 3
Oct. 3	584	18 6	35 0	26 9	20 0	25 0	15 0	23 0	29 18	19 6	1 3
10	628	17 6	31 0	25 3	19 0	24 0	15 0	25 0	6 16	28 0	1 2
17	536	17 0	30 6	25 3	19 0	25 6	14 0	21 0	13 16	17 0	1 2

Dulkeith.

1823.	Wheat.				Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1823.	Oatmeal.			
	Bolls.	Prices.		Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.		
		s. d.	s. d.										
Sept. 19	390	23 0	35 0	29 1	—	28 0	19 0	22 0	Sept. 13	19 0	20 6	1 4	
26	489	19 6	34 6	28 3	23 0	27 0	16 0	24 0	22	18 0	19 6	1 3	
Oct. 3	584	18 6	35 0	26 9	20 0	25 0	15 0	23 0	29	18 5	19 6	1 3	
10	628	17 6	31 0	25 3	19 0	24 0	15 0	25 0	Oct. 6	16 0	28 0	1 2	
17	536	17 0	30 6	25 3	19 0	25 6	14 0	21 0	13	16 8	17 0	1 2	

London.

1823.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.			Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.				Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.				
Sept. 15	38 55	32 34	23 34	18 25	22 29	53 57	50 34	36 30	33 27	45 50	38 44	— 9 1			
22	40 34	32 34	24 32	17 24	21 28	51 36	28 32	36 39	30 32	45 50	38 44	— 9 1			
29	40 34	30 34	22 30	17 24	20 27	51 36	28 32	36 40	28 29	45 50	38 44	— 9 1			
Oct. 6	40 34	30 34	22 29	17 24	20 28	51 36	28 32	36 41	28 29	45 50	38 44	— 9 1			
15	40 34	30 34	22 31	17 24	20 28	52 37	29 35	36 41	29 30	45 50	38 44	— 9 1			

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat, 70 lb.	Oats, 45 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatmeal, 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
Sept. 10	4 6 8 9	2 8 5 0	4 0 4 9	36 40	51 36	28 48	36 44	34 43	28 32	26 29	21 25
25	4 0 8 6	2 8 5 0	—	34 35	51 35	30 48	38 44	35 43	28 32	26 29	21 25
30	4 0 8 6	2 8 5 0	—	35 35	52 36	30 48	38 44	35 43	28 32	26 29	21 25
Oct. 3	4 0 9 0	2 9 3 2	—	4 6 31	52 36	30 48	38 44	35 43	28 32	26 29	21 24
14	4 0 9 5	2 0 8 0	—	4 6 34	52 36	30 48	38 44	35 43	28 32	27 30	22 25

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Sept. 6	58 6	38 6	33 10	26 4	57 6	35 10	—
13	57 5	34 11	32 8	25 10	57 7	36 5	—
20	51 9	32 5	30 0	27 5	55 9	35 1	—
27	47 7	29 6	27 7	21 6	54 7	34 3	—
Oct. 4	46 4	27 4	26 0	20 11	52 10	30 10	—

Course of Exchange, London, Oct. 23.—Amsterdam, 12 : 10. Ditto at sight, 12 : 8. Rotterdam, 12 : 11. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburg, 38 : 2. Altona, 38 : 3. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 90. Bourdeaux, 26 : 10. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 158½. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Lisbon, 53. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 49. Dublin, 9½ ½ cent. Cork, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £.0.0.0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3.17.6.—New Doubleloons, £.3.15.6.—New Dollars, £.0.4.9.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0.4.11.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. a 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. a 30s.—Belfast, 25s. a 30s.—Hambro', 20s. a 30s.—Madeira, 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. a 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from Sept. 17th to Oct. 15th 1823.

	Sept. 17.	Sept. 24.	Oct. 1.	Oct. 8.	Oct. 15.
Bank Stock.....	—	—	—	—	255½
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	—	—	—	—	82½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½
3½ ½ cent. do.....	—	—	—	—	96½
4 ½ cent. do.....	—	—	—	—	99½
Ditto New do.....	102½	102½	102½	103½	103½
India Stock.....	266	265½	—	—	—
— Bonds.....	59	64	64	68	73
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	36	36	39	40	41
Consols for account.....	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½
French 5 ½ cents.....	91 fr. 50 c.	90 fr. — c.	—	—	90 fr. 50 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of August and the 20th Sept. 1823 : extracted from the London Gazette.

Aldersey, B. Liverpool, grocer.
 Andrew, P. R. Brighton, grocer.
 Atkinson, A. Ludgate-hill, cabinet-maker.
 Barnes, W. Newhall, Worcestershire, cattle-dealer.
 Batterbee, P. F. Norton, Suffolk, brandy-merchant.
 Biles, J. Cranbourne, Dorsetshire, blacksmith.
 Bish, D. Shirehampton, Gloucestershire, dealer.
 Broughall, R. Little Ness, Shropshire, farmer.
 Caton, H. Bannister, Dorsetshire, draper.
 Cogger, T. Haymarket, glassman.
 Cooper, J. Leicester, linen-draper.
 Cone, J. Crutched-frars, victualler.
 Critchley, J. and T. Walker, Bolton, liquor-merchants.
 Dighton, G. Rochester, draper.
 Fleming, R. Yarmouth, wine-merchant.
 Fox, T. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars'-road, woollen-draper.
 Funston, R. Cambridge, dealer.
 Garside, J. High-street, Whitechapel, butcher.
 Grange, J. Piccadilly, nurseryman.
 Graves, J. and H. S. Langbourn-chambers, merchants.
 Greatham, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
 Hasford, J. Trowbridge, victualler.
 Hartwright, T. Kolver, Staffordshire, victualler.
 Hill, R. Stafford, silversmith.
 Holman, R. Crown-street, Finsbury-square, hatter.
 Hons, J. W. Brixton, draper.
 Howell, J. Lisnally, Carmarthenshire, linen-draper.
 Hoen, H. Cherry-garden street, Rotherhithe, merchant.
 Hunter, J. Halifax, dealer.
 Jenkins, J. Tewkesbury, wine-merchant.
 Jennings, J. Keynsham, Somersetshire, saddler.
 Johnson, W. Liverpool, merchant.

Kirkpatrick, W. E. Lime-street, merchant.
 Knowles, G. Brighton, stable-keeper.
 Lee, H. T. Gravel-lane, Ratcliffe-highway, slop-seller.
 Lowndes, J. H. Liverpool, merchant.
 Marchant, J. Freshford, Somersetshire, innkeeper.
 Maddy, W. Leeds, linen-draper.
 Martin, J. Bolton, manufacturer.
 Maunders, J. Upper Ground-street, Christchurch, victualler.
 Maxwell, J. Boston, tea-dealer.
 Meilhelm, L. J. de, Arundel-street, Strand, merchant.
 Mitchell, W. Norwich, silversmith.
 Myers, A. Haymarket, tailor.
 Oldriere, L. Dartmouth, tallow-chandler.
 Ferrell, J. King-street, Cheap-side, silk-manufacturer.
 Phillips, D. Cold Blow, Pembroke-shire, victualler.
 Rigg, R. and A. Whitehaven, brewers.
 Roche, G. Liverpool, tobacconist.
 Ryder, R. Edele, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.
 Skiller, E. Rochester, victualler.
 Smith, J. Doncaster, grocer.
 Smith, T. Manor-row, Tower-hill, earthenware-man.
 Sutton, W. Sunbury, brewer.
 Telford, J. and W. Arundell, Liverpool, drapers.
 Underwood, C. Cheltenham, builder.
 Watt, C. Sidney-street, Goswell-street-road, pen-manufacturer.
 Watt, C. Spencer-street, Goswell-street-road, merchant.
 Watson, T. Longsight, Lancashire, dealer.
 Wilson, R. and F. Oxford-street, linen-draper.
 Wool, J. Cardiff, banker.
 Worth, J. and J. Trump-street, warehouseman.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced September 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Campbell, Jas. & Co. spirit-merchants in Glasgow.
Dinning, John, writer, &c. Burnside, near Glasgow.
Dryden, William, skinner, dealer in wool, and glover in Jedburgh.
Guthrie, Robert, merchant in Cupar-Fife.
Lansdale, John, & Co. merchants in Glasgow.
Lansdale, John & Thomas, & Co., late merchants in Edinburgh, now in Leith.
Pickard, George, & Co. merchants and agents in Edinburgh.
Ritchie, Alex. late banker in Brechin.
Shaw, Wm. grain-dealer, Townhead Mile, Kilsyth.
Steel, William, merchant in Glasgow.
White, Robert, wright and builder in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Fraser, Alex. manufacturer in Inverness; by W. Clark, merchant there.
Hutton, John, late chemist, Water of Leith; by D. Patinson, accountant in Edinburgh.
McCallum, Duncan, late merchant in Tarbet; by D. Cuthbertson, accountant in Glasgow.
Mylne, William, merchant and insurance-broker in Leith; by the trustee there.
Riddell, William, glue-manufacturer in Glasgow; by G. Sanders, accountant there.
Scott, Thomas, jun. late merchant in Edinburgh; by William Scott, accountant there.
Young & Gordon, drapers and merchants in Dundee; by George Duncan, merchant there.

Obituary.

THE LATE EARL OF HOPETOUN.

This respected nobleman, who died at Paris on the 27th of August, was Viscount Airthrie, Lord Hope, (Lord Hopetoun 1805, and Lord Niddry 1814, British titles), Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, a General in the army, Colonel of the 2d foot (Royal Highlanders).

His Lordship succeeded James, the last Earl, his half brother, in 1816, and was the only son of John Earl of Hopetoun, by his second marriage with Jane, daughter of Robert Oliphant of Rosse, Esq., and was born on the 17th of August 1763. He married—first, Elizabeth, daughter of the Honourable Charles Hope Weir of Craigiehall, in 1798, who died in 1801, without issue. He married, second, Louisa Dorothea, third daughter of Sir John Wedderburn of Ballendean, Bart., by whom he has left John, now Earl of Hopetoun, born November 13, 1803, eight other sons, and two daughters.

His Lordship entered when young into the army, in which he served with distinction. He was appointed Adjutant-General to the forces serving under the late Sir Ralph Abercromby, in the Leeward Islands, in 1794; had the rank of Brigadier-General in the West Indies, where he was actively employed in the campaigns of 1794, 1795, 1796, and 1797, being particularly mentioned in general orders, and in the public dispatches of the Commander in Chief, as having, "on all occasions, most willingly come forward and exerted himself in times of danger, to which he was not called from his situation of Adjutant-General." He served in Holland in 1799, as Deputy Adjutant-General, but was so severely wounded at the landing at the Heider, on the 27th of that month, that he was sent to this country. On his recovery, he was appointed Adjutant-General to the army serving under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, October 19, 1799. In 1800, he accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby as Adjutant-General on the memorable expedition to Egypt, and at the battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801, he was wounded in the hand. He afterwards accompanied the British army to Spain and Portugal in 1808. At the battle of Corunna, January 16, 1809, after Sir John Moore and Sir David Baird were wounded, the command devolved on his Lordship, (then Lieutenant-General Honourable John Hope) "to whose abilities and exertions (said the dispatches,) in the direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy at every point of attack." On the 26th of April 1809, he was invested with the Order of the Bath, and was afterwards appointed Commander in Chief in Ireland, where he remained a considerable time. When he left Ireland, he again joined the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. He distinguished himself greatly in this war by his brilliant valour, which carried him every where into the post of danger. He in the British, and Soult in the French army, were reckoned the counterpart of each other for the free exposure of their persons on all occasions to the enemy's fire. On the 14th April 1811, in a sortie made by the garrison of Bayonne, he was very severely wounded, and was

taken prisoner by his horse falling with him, in consequence of which he was lame for a considerable time. This was his last service previous to the conclusion of the war.

To these heroic qualities of a soldier he added all those milder virtues which endear the man in social life. He was generous and liberal, a warm friend, and a kind landlord. He was sincerely attached to the principles and character of Mr Pitt; but no bitterness mingled with his political sentiments. He freely and cheerfully associated with men of all parties, and never allowed his public sentiments to trench in the least degree on private friendship. It is needless to add, that, with so many great qualities, and most amiable dispositions, he was a popular character.

The Earl of Hopetoun was Lord Lieutenant of Linthgowshire, Governor of the Bank of Scotland, Captain-General of the Royal Company of Archers, &c. &c.

THE LATE ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Died at Melfort House, on the 14th August, Archibald Campbell, Esq. of Melfort. At the crowded funeral of this respected and most estimable gentleman, there occurred one of those ancient and hereditary customs by which the friendships of Highland families and the ties of kindred were in use to be confirmed and perpetuated. Although followed to the grave by two sons and two brothers, the place of chief mourner was, with much propriety of feeling, ceded to the nearest representative then in Argyleshire of the family of Dunstaffnage. It was an ancient compact, and has been "a uniform practice in the families of the Campbells of Melfort, Dunstaffnage, and Duntroon, that when the head of either family died, the chief mourners should be the two other lairds, one of whom supported the head to the grave, while the other walked before the corpse. The first progenitors of these families were three sons of the family of Argyle, who took this method of preserving the friendship and securing the support of their posterity to one another. Such is the origin ascribed to this interesting remnant of feudal manners by Colonel Stewart of Garth, in his recent valuable publication. A similar custom is noticed by the ingenious author of "Reginald Dalton," as occurring in the sister kingdom. It is ascribed to the two English families of Dalton and Ward, whose founders were brothers in arms during the wars of John of Gaunt in Spain. "It was," he remarks "by such ties as these, that, in many instances, the noble benevolence of the old English gentry among themselves was sustained and nourished. It was the influence of such remembrances that often tempered the asperities of political conflict, and softened and refined the character even of civil war itself. Thus, for example, the heads of these very races had happened to embrace different sides in the time of Charles the First. They fought against each other at Edgehill; and yet when Sir Marmaduke Dalton was slain before Newark Castle, Colonel Ward asked and obtained permission to accompany the corpse to Lancashire, and stern republican though he was, rendered the last honour to the young cavalier."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823, March 11. At Calcutta, Mrs George Ballard, a son.

April 7. At Sidney Cove, the Lady of General Sir Thomas Brisbane, K.C.B. Governor of New South Wales, a daughter.

Aug. 7. At Stirling, the Lady of J. G. Rogers, Esq., a son.

10. The Hon. Mrs Sinclair, wife of George Sinclair, Esq. (late M.P. for Caithness), a daughter.

11. At Geneva, the Lady of Henry Iverson, Esq. of Blackbank, near Leeds, a son and heir.

17. Mary Pines, a poor woman residing at Bristol, was safely delivered of three children, two girls and a boy.

— The wife of Timothy Daly, a poor labouring man, residing at Gortnalaby, in the parish of Dumbollig, county of Cork, was delivered of three female children, who were all of them baptised, and doing well.

19. At Florence, the Lady of William Davidson, Esq. younger of Muirhouse, a son.

21. At Brinkburn Abbey, Northumberland, the wife of Major Gray, Royal Scots Greys, a daughter.

23. At Dyart, Fifeshire, the Lady of John R. Black, Esq. royal navy, a daughter.

— At Cumberwell, Surrey, Mrs Dudgeon, a daughter.

25. At Westridge, Isle of Wight, Mrs John Young, a son.

— At the College, Glasgow, Mrs Dr Melkham, a son.

— At Linlathen, the Lady of Captain James Paterson, a daughter.

— At Pirn, the Lady of Capt. Tait, R. N. a son.

29. At Oldfield, the Lady of Captain D. Henderson, younger of Sternfer, a son.

30. At Edenside, Mrs Tait, a daughter.

— At Renshaw, the Lady of Sir George Sitwell, Bart. a daughter.

31. At Dunfermline, the Lady of the Rev. G. H. Brand, a son.

Sept. 1. At Culduthel House, Mrs Fraser, of Culduthel, a daughter.

3. At Milton, in Northamptonshire, the Right Hon. Lady Milton, a son.

— At Teldington, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Mercer, 5d guards, a son.

— At Kilbryde Castle, Lady Campbell, a son.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Thomas Carruthers, Esq. of Dormonth, a son and heir.

4. At Pinkie House, Lady Hope, of Craighall, a son.

5. The Marchioness of Tweeddale was safely delivered of a daughter at Yester House.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Young Herries, Esq. of Spottes, a daughter.

— At Musselburgh, Mrs Langhorne, a daughter.

— At his Lordship's house in Grosvenor Square, London, the Right Hon. Lady Foley, a son.

— At Newcastle, Mary Blakey, wife of James Blakey, a son, being the fourth child she has born within twelve months, having had three sons at a birth on the 8th September 1822.

7. At the Rectory-house, Burghish, Sussex, the Lady of the Rev. William Mackenzie, A. M. Rector and Vicar of that parish, a son and heir.

9. In Gardiner's Place, Dublin, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, 4th royal Irish dragoon guards, a son.

— At Ednam Cottage, county of Roxburgh, the Lady of Capt. Loch, R. N. a son.

— At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Megget, a daughter.

— At North Berwick, Mrs Dr Fogo, a daughter.

10. At London, the Marchioness of昌los, a son and heir.

11. At Edinburgh, Mrs Scott Moncrieff, a daughter.

— In Great-King-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs P. Robertson, a son.

12. At Mount Melville, Fifeshire, the Lady Catherine Whyte Melville, a daughter.

14. At York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Boyd, of Broadmeadows, a son.

— At Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Crawford of Carlsburn, a daughter.

14. Mrs Hopkirk, Northumberland-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Arctam-house, the Lady of Capt. Adam, R. N. a son.

16. At Stockbridge, the Lady of Henry Walter Meredith, Esq. Pentrebyhan Hall, Denbysire, a daughter.

— At Leith, Mrs Searth, St Bernard's-Street, a son.

— At Mousebank, Lanarkshire, the Lady of Deputy Commissary General Mackenzie, a son.

17. At Roehampton, the Lady of the Attorney-General, a daughter.

— At Great-King-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs L. Cathcart, a daughter.

19. At Ditchley House, in Oxfordshire, the Countess of Normanton, a son.

— At Viewfield, near Selkirk, Mrs Robert Henderson, a son.

20. At North Charlotte-Street, Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Tennant, a daughter.

— At Bath Circus, No. 19, the Lady of Colonel M. White, a son.

21. At Monymusk, the Lady of Robert Grant, Esq. of Tiltiehouse, a son.

23. At Linkfield, the Lady of William Aitchison, Esq. a daughter.

— In Great-King-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Boswall, R. N. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 17. At Leghorn, Captain Edward William Henry Shemley, of the Rifle Brigade, to Catherine Anne, eldest daughter of William Inglis, Esq. of Middleton.

19. At London, Capt. Franklin, R. N., the celebrated traveller, to Eleanor Anne, youngest daughter of the late William Purdon, Esq. of Berners-Street.

— At Dunfermline, Mr James Arnot, merchant, to Miss Scotland.

23. At Stonehouse Chapel, Devon, Captain B. Kent, R.N. son of John Kent, Esq. Royal Hospital, Plymouth, to Penelope Percival Kent, youngest daughter of the late Henry Kent, Esq. commander of his Majesty's ship Dover.

— At London, Captain Woodley Lowack, R.N. to Mary, widow of Captain E. L. Crofton, royal navy, C. B.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Redshaw, bookseller, London, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr John Carfrae, bookseller, Edinburgh.

28. At Dulkeith, the Rev. Andrew Elliot Ford, to Isabella, youngest daughter of Mr John Gray, merchant, Dalkeith.

29. At Edinburgh, George Brodie, Esq. advocate, to Rachel, youngest daughter of the late Major David Robertson, assistant Barrackmaster-General, N. B.

Sept. 1. At Greenhead, Glasgow, Capt. Thomas David Stewart, of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal establishment, to Mary, eldest daughter of George Pinkerton, Esq.

2. At Berth, the Rev. James Dobson, of Ammon, to Jane, only daughter of Mr James Foulis, merchant, Berth.

— At London, A. H. C. Plowden, Esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of Lieutenant-General John Cuppage, York-Street, Portman Square.

— At Walcot Church, Joseph Martinson, Esq. to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Dr Parry, of Bath.

4. At Woodhouselee, Jas. Baillie Fraser, younger of Ruleck, Esq. to Miss Jane Fraser Tytler, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee.

— At the manse of Prestonspar, Dr John Warroch Purcell, physician in Edinburgh, to Janet, third daughter of the Rev. Peter Primrose.

— At Leith, the Rev. William Rutherford, of Newton, Roxburghshire, to Jessie, daughter of the late Rev. William Elder, of Newton.

— At Stoke Church, James Stirling, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy, fifth son of the late Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Drumpeffer, to Ellen, fourth daughter of James Mangles, Esq. of Woodbridge, near Guildford.

Sept. 6. At Edinburgh, John Horsley, Esq., of the civil service of the East India Company, Madras establishment, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Capt. George Story, of the 8th light dragoons.

— At George Place, Leith Walk, Philip Hill, Esq. Greek-Street, Soho, London, to Helen, eldest daughter of the late John Stewart, Esq. of Skelmuir, Aberdeenshire.

— At London, the Hon. Thomas Dundas, eldest son of Lord Dundas, to Sophia Jane, daughter of the late and sister to the present Sir David William, Bart.

8. At Kirkcudbright, the Rev. Dr Hamilton, of Kirkcudbright, to Jane, daughter of Robert Gordon, Esq. of Largslee.

— At Alton, Mr John Murdoch, merchant, Glasgow, to Miss Jane, eldest daughter of Ebenezer Morrison, Esq. Milbank.

— The Rev. Richard Nivison of Middlebie, to Miss Davidson of Cushtill.

9. Andrew Fyfe, M. D. to Margaret, daughter of John Johnston, Esq. of Southfield.

— At Brechin, Monsieur L'Appollinaire Pellerin, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late John Stewart, Esq.

11. At London, Colonel Archibald MacLaine, 17th infantry, C. B. Knight Commander of the Orders of St Ferdinand, &c. to Elizabeth Bridges, grand-daughter of the late General Bridges, of the Hon. Company's service.

12. At Aberdeen, Lieut-Colonel W. A. Gordon, late of the 50th regiment, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late James Gordon, Esq. of Roseburn.

13. At Park, Mr Thos. Thomson, West Binny, to Jessie Jane, eldest daughter of Christopher Veitch, Esq. Park, Linlithgowshire.

— At Kilbride, in Arran, Robert Wallace, Esq. youngest son of the late Thomas Wallace, Esq. of Stockbridge, to Miss Catherine Crawford, eldest daughter of the late William Crawford, of Doonside, Esq.

16. At Bromley Church, William Saunders, Esq. Captain in the Regiment of Royal Horse Artillery, to Eliza Louise, second daughter of Walter Boyd, of Plaistow Lodge, Esq. M. P.—and Chas. Harry Baldwin, of the Inner Temple, Esq. Secretary to the Commission for Claims on France, to Frances Lydia, third daughter of the said Walter Boyd.

— At Ellerton House, Captain Scott, of Stone of Morphy, to Miss Anna Maria Tulloch, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Tulloch, Esq. of Ellerton.

— At Biantyre, George Gardner, Esq. Springfield, to Miss Agnes Gardner, youngest daughter of the late John Gardner, Esq. Brownpark.

— At Glasgow, Mr William Jackson, jun. merchant, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Mr Walter Mackinlay, Glasgow.

— At Auchaber, the Rev. George Garioch, minister of Meldrum, to Margaret, youngest daughter of James Will, Esq. of Auchaber.

18. At Lyndhurst, John Morant, Esq. of Brokenshure, Hanau, to Lady Caroline Augusta Hay, daughter of the late Earl of Errol.

19. At Rochester, John Schank Grant, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Military Engineers, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Francis Barrow, Esq.

20. At Stonecraggan, near Fort William, Mr John Marquis, merchant, Glasgow, to Miss Margaret McIntosh, youngest daughter of the late Alexander McIntosh, Esq. merchant, Inverness.

22. At Carrie, Nicol Dunsaville, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Christina Haile, daughter of the late Mr James Haile, Carrie.

— At Leith, Wm. Glover, Esq. W. S. to Jane, daughter of the late Mr James Cumming, shipmaster there.

— At Manchester, Mr J. Gumprecht, merchant, Glasgow, to Miss Dorothy Schlesinger, third daughter of P. M. Schlesinger, Esq. of Hamburg.

25. At Dalryell Lodge, Pifeshire, William Berry, of Tayfield, Esq. to Miss Henderson, daughter of Sir Robert Henderson of Earl's Hall, Bart.

— At Craigton, Montgomerie Hamilton, Esq. youngest son of the late John Hamilton, Esq. of Sundrum, to Frances, daughter of the late Hugh Wallace, Esq. of Blacany, in the Island of Jamaica.

— At Warstead, George Blair Hall, Esq. only son of the late John Hall, Esq. Postmaster-General of Bengal, to Laura, youngest daughter of Sir W. Plomer, deceased.

24. At Denmuir, David Scott, M.D. Cupar-Fife, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr Alex. Todd, Denmuir.

Lately. At Northwood Church, Isle of Wight, Captain William Augustus Montagu, royal navy, C.B. to Anne, third daughter of Sir George Leeds, Bart. of Croxton Park, Cambridgeshire, and West Hill-House, near Cowes.

— At Sutton Colfield, the Rev. William Riband Bedford, to Grace Campbell, youngest daughter of the late Charles Sharpe, Esq. of Roddam.

DEATHS.

1822. Dec. 22. At Calcutta, on board the Elizabeth, one of the country ships, of which he was first officer, Mr George Holland, aged 21, third son of Patrick Rolland, Esq. late of Newton.

1823. April 23. At Batavia, Mr William Muir Wilson, second son of the late John Wilson, Esq. surgeon in Kilmarnock.

May 7. At Cape Vincent, America, Mr George Leslie, aged 80, late merchant, Edinburgh.

July 7. At London, in the 80th year of his age, Mr Robt. Allan, merchant there; a man of piety and worth, and sincerely regretted by all who knew him.—He was a native of Dalry, but had for the last fifty years of his life been residing in London.

13. At Augusta, North America, Mr Jas. Anderson, jun. merchant, Fortes.

20. At George Town, Demerara, John Buchanan, Esq. younger of Auchmar.

22. At Savannah, Georgia, Mr Robert Dregghorn, merchant, Augusta, second son of Mr Allan Dregghorn, Govan.

29. At Bahia, on board his Majesty's ship Tartar, in the 15th year of his age, William Alexander Ogilvie, son of Alexander Ogilvie, Esq. Bengal, and nephew of Sir Wm Ogilvie of Inverquhar, Bart.

Aug. 8. At Kingsbarns, Mrs Janet Bell, widow of the late Thomas Carstairs, Esq. of Kingsbarns.

— At Chiswick, the Rev. Cornelius Neale, M.A. aged 34, formerly fellow of St John's College, Cambridge.

15. At London, the celebrated philosophical chemist, and mineralogist, Mr Matthew Vallet, aged 91, a native of France. He was the first who manufactured fictitious alum at Javel, near Paris; also the first in this country who made oxymuriatic acid gas for the purposes of bleaching.

16. At his house, in Wheatley Place, Margate, in the 81st year of his age, Mr William Hurst.—He was taken in a fit, while he was sitting at tea, at his nephew's, and never afterwards spoke. He had been a famed pedestrian, having visited most parts of England and Scotland, on foot, nor did he confine his walks to his own country only, but visited many parts of the Continent, such as Flanders, France, Portugal, Gibraltar, Malta, &c.

17. At Rumpenheim, the Landgravine of Hesse Rumpenheim, mother of the Duchess of Cambridge.

19. At Macroom, Ireland, George Inglis, Esq. assistant-surgeon 57th regiment.

20. At his palace in Rome, Gregory Barnabi Charamonti, Pope Pius VII. in the 82d year of his age, and 24th of his Pontificate.

— At Bogs, Aberdeenshire, Miss Barbara Stuart, aged 85 years.

21. At his seat at Broomham, Essex, Sir William Ashburnham, Bart. aged 87.

25. At Weston Green, Thames Ditton, Surrey, John Kaye, Esq. late Accountant-General to the Hon. East India Company at Bombay.

25. Mr James Thomson, preacher of the Gospel, son of the Rev. James Thomson, Minister of Prestonkirk.

— At Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, Mrs Grisel Sprott, relict of the late Robert Sprutt, Esq. Edinburgh.

24. At Arbroath, Mr Patrick Anderson.

— At Leith, Mr Robert Brown, late of Alton glassworks.

25. At Kindrochit, in Athole, James Robertson, Esq. of Kindrochit, in the 82d year of his age.

— At Stoneyfield, Thomas Warrand, Esq.

26. At Edinburgh, Marion, daughter of the late Mr Robert Menzies, merchant in Ayr.

27. At Kilmarnock, John Came, Esq. of Orchard hill.

— At Karkady, Sir George Douglas, shipowner there.

Aug. 27. At London, Wm. Campbell, Esq. of Cranie.

— At Ayr, Helen McCormick, youngest daughter of William Eaton, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Ayrshire.

27. At Paris, after a few days illness, the Right Hon. the Earl of Hopetoun, G.C.B.

— At Colbingsburgh, Fifeshire, Jenn, eldest daughter of the late James Walker, Esq. of Falkfield.

28. At Aberdeen, the Rev. Alexander Browne, minister of Coull.

— At Forth-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Pest, wife of John Pest, Esq.

— At Gayfield Place, Edinburgh, William Arthur, Esq.

— At Orwell manse, Kinross-shire, the Rev. Mr Patrick Spence.

29. At the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Col. M'Lean, of the royal artillery.

30. At James's Court, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Henderson, merchant.

— At Deanbank, Miss Jean Matthew, youngest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Matthew, principal clerk of the Post-Office, much and justly regretted.

— At Leven-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Clark, relict of Mr Thomas Smith, wood merchant in Fishrow.

— At sea, on her passage from Quebec to Leith, Miss Janet Brydon, aged 75.

— At Tulibody, Mr Alex. Paterson, senior, tanner, aged 74.

31. At Freebles, Giles Templeman, Esq. late a Bench of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, London, aged 69.

Sept. 1. At Cullachy, Inverness-shire, Mr Robert Oliver, farmer.

— At Thornbank, near Glasgow, David Denny, Esq. late secretary to the Glasgow Water Works.

2. At Inverness, William Scott, of Sennack, in the 79th year of his age.

— The Rev. Thomas Winstanley, D. D. Principal of St Alban's Hall, Camden, Professor of Ancient History, and Laureate Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, London.

— At Alton, Mr Alexander Bald, senior, aged 79.

— At Montrose, Mr Alex. Morrison, late of the Excise, in the 86th year of his age.

3. At Merchant-Street, Edinburgh, William Cadell, youngest son of Thomas Edmonston.

— At Primulies, Forfarshire, James Mudie, jun. Esq. in the 21st year of his age.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Gilmour.

5. At Gloucester, in the 86th year of his age, the Rev. Richard Raikes, Treasurer and Canon of St. David's, Prebendary of Hereford, and Perpetual Curate of Malsmore, in the county of Gloucester.

— At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Matthew Miller, King's Own Light Infantry, son of Sir William Miller of Glenlee, Bart. one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Bryce, jun. architect.

— In Charlotte-Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Joanna Buille, wife of John Horner, Esq.

— At Stockbridge, Major William Forrester of Culmore.

7. At Addinston, Berwickshire, Jessy, eldest daughter of John Simon, Esq. of Blainside.

— At Glasgow, Mr Alex. Campbell, manufacturer, aged 44 years.

— At London, the Rev. George Stone, son of J. Graham Stone, Esq. Jamaica.

8. At Forgan, Fifeshire, Mr William Jones, parochial schoolmaster, in the 76th year of his age.

— At Greenock, William Fullerton, Esq. in the 79th year of his age.

— At Warrenton, Oliver S. Kendall, mariner, at the advanced age of 92 years. A man who fought under Admiral Rodney in his engagement with De Grasse, and also circumnavigated the globe three times.

9. At Glasgow, Capt. Duncan Stewart, aged 74, late of the 78th regiment.

— At Greenock, David, eldest son of Mr George Kerr, merchant.

— At Mainsland of Terregles, Thos. Herbertson, Esq. of Gargro.

10. At Jedburgh, Lieutenant William Aitken, of the 5d Royal veteran battalion.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Lamb, upholsterer, in the 84th year of his age.

11. At Edinburgh, James Stodart, Esq. of Russell Square, London, F.R.S.L.

— The Hon. Lady Hare, of Stow-hall, in Norfolk.

11. At his seat in Gloucestershire, of an abscess in the head, David Ricardo, Esq. M. P. for Portarlington.

12. At Gayfield Place, Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Hutchinson.

13. Mr Henry Rayner, a pupil in the Bath City Infirmary and Dispensary,—his death was occasioned by the absorption of matter through a wound in his finger, when assisting in the dissection of a diseased body.

— At Gateside of Carrostone, Mr Alex. Mitchell, formerly tenant at Nether Carrostone, in the 87th year of his age.

— At Edinburgh, Dr John Smith, physician, in the 36th year of his age.

14. At Edinburgh, Alexander Skene, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship Britannia.

— General Felix Buckley. He was the oldest officer in the British army. He entered the service in the reign of George I., and expired at the great age of 114 years.

15. At Ayr, Mrs Smith of Dronagan.

16. At Glasgow, Mrs Jane Logan, relict of Alex. Buchanan, Esq. late of Newport, St. Mary's, Jamaica.

— In Dublin, the Hon. George Finch, brother to the Earl of Aylesford.

17. At Portobello, Alex. Laing, Esq. architect.

— By an accident, while shooting on his own grounds, Samuel Fenton, Esq. of Underbank, near Penistone. While in the act of sealing a wall, with a gun in his hand in an incautious manner, the piece discharged its contents, thereby inflicting an wound, which caused his immediate death.

— At Luthrie, in the 79th year of her age, Mrs Euphemia Hamilton, of Luthrie, widow of Col. Alex. Baillie, Inspector-General of Barracks, N.B.

— At Perth, Mr Duncan Spottiswood, many years Cashier to the Perth Bank. He was much esteemed, as well for his private virtues as his gentlemanly conduct in public life; and, as a mark of respect, his remains were attended to their resting-place in the Grey Friars, by almost all the respectable gentlemen in Perth, and the neighbourhood. The shops on the street through which the funeral procession passed were all shut.

18. At Edinburgh, Thomas Campbell, Esq. late Assistant Surveyor-General of Taxes.

18. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant James Doig, late of the 57th regiment.

— At Stirling, Mrs Hamilton Dunbar, wife of John Tovey, Esq.

Lately. At Dublin, J. Jameson, Esq. one of the Barons of the Irish Exchequer.

— At Wallace Hall, in the parish of Glenmair, James Wallace, Esq. Mr Wallace possessed an extraordinary genius for mechanical invention, and could execute his conceptions with wood or metal equal to any artist. When Lord Malm, now the Marquis of Hastings, was Commander-in-Chief of Scotland, Mr Wallace submitted to him models of certain improvements in fire-arms, of which his Lordship, and other gentlemen appointed to judge of them, highly approved.

— On his passage to the East Indies, along with the ship, and every person on board, John Bely Hutchinson, youngest son of the late Hon. and Rev. Lorenzo Hely Hutchinson, and nephew of the Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Hutchinson.

— In Dublin, at the advanced age of 84, the Rev. Dr Dedwich, author of the "Antiquities of Ireland," and other literary works, and member of many of the learned Societies of Europe.

— At Magdeburg, where he had taken refuge since 1815, the celebrated Carnot, at the age of 76, after a painful illness.

— At Florence, John King, Esq. well known under the designation of "Jew King," and who married the Countess of Lanesborough.

— At Grenada, in his 45d year, A. F. Webster, Esq. His corpse weighed 555 pounds, nearly 40 stone.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

NOVEMBER 1823.

"THE HERMITS" OF JOUY*.

Our friends the French seem disposed, at the present day, to adopt our cast-off literary suits, with as servile a spirit of imitation as ever we have displayed in copying *La Mode de Paris*. The spirit of Mrs Radcliffe is mighty yet, in the castles, abbeys, caves, robbers, and *revenans*, with which the Parisian press daily labours. M. Le Vicompte d'Arincourt pours forth his "Solitaires," "Sbogars," and "Ipsi-boes," in emulation of the Author of *Waverley*, under whose great name even the fabrications of Mr Fearman find translators and readers. The lucubrations of Geoffrey Crayon, under the whimsical title of "*Voyage d'un Americain a Londres*," have turned the brains of the French reading public; and here is M. Jouy, Member of the Institute, and Author of *Sylla*, labouring to unsphere the spirit of Addison, and to communicate to his countrymen some idea of that light and graceful style of periodical writing, in which, strange as it may appear, one of the gravest and least mercurial of European nations has been the most successful. Till the works of Jouy appeared, the French can scarcely be said to have been in possession of any of those light sketches of national character, those moral lessons insinuated in the shape of a twopenny pamphlet, and that good-natured ridicule of the extravagances of fashion with which we

are familiar in the works of the Spectator and his school. Those of their great essayist, Montaigne, are as different from the lively trifles of the Hermit of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, as the concentration and profundity of Bacon from the delicate and anxiously-repeated touches of Addison. Montaigne was an egotist, a sceptic, and a pedant, but a man of acute and vigorous intellect, and lively imagination; and his works, in which the anomalies of his strangely-constituted mind are faithfully reflected, present, alternately, the most insignificant, and, we are inclined to think, incautious details of his personal habits and domestic economy†, and the most profound disquisitions on lofty questions of metaphysics, or speculative morality, which are canvassed with a discursive and paradoxical ingenuity, and illustrated, or *darkened*, by a display of classical quotation, more remarkable for its range than its selection. Reasoning, in fact, was considered by Montaigne rather as the end than as the means. To establish any certain conclusion suited not his purpose. He delighted to lose himself in a wilderness of conjectures, to discover shadowy distinctions and remote analogies, to neutralize one argument by another, and to leave his mind, poised, like the tomb of the prophet, in an equilibrium of uncertainties. He had read mankind only in his own breast.

* L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin—Le Franc-Parleur—L'Hermite de la Guiane—Les Hermites en Prison.

† For this folly he was severely laughed at by the younger Scaliger, who, after endeavouring to lower the pride of the old Gascon, by mentioning that his father sold herriings, adds,—"Montaigne a écrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc. Que diable a-ton a faire, a sçavoir ce qu'il aime."

He had no taste for painting the manners of the day, or approving or censuring the conduct of any individual save himself; so that, if we learn any thing of the peculiarities of the 16th century from these *Essays*, it is only in so far as the character of the age is epitomized in the excellences, the oddities, and the weaknesses of the *Sieur Michel de Montaigne*.

Jouv saw clearly that this system would never do. The little imperfections of *Montaigne's* egotism would have been as intolerable in the hands of another, as the acuteness of his remarks, the extent of his reading, and the venerable simplicity of his style, would have been unattainable. He has wisely directed his attention to the events of the day, and attempted to embody the features of the most fantastic and changeable of nations, at a period of unexampled revolutions. For this task, he has prepared himself, by a diligent study of our English Essayists, of whom he speaks with a degree of reverence which many of these prophets do not enjoy in their own country; and if he has not equalled the greatest of his models, we can venture to assure him, that he has very far surpassed the common-places of *Messrs Adam Fitzadam**, and the other worthies whom he delighteth to honour.

We believe, indeed, that, now-a-days, when the *prestige*, which at first hung over these periodicals, is in a great measure dissipated, few are disposed to doubt that the merits, even of the *Spectator* itself, unquestionably the first in talent, if not in date, have been greatly overrated. The wit of *Steele*, the mellifluous style and exquisite taste of *Addison*, will always, it is true, render the work a popular and a classical one; but we think it is impossible not to perceive and to admit, how vastly the proportion of wit and elegance is overbalanced in these eight volumes, by dullness, flippancy, pretension, and common-place. With the exception (*perhaps*) of *Addison's* papers

on *Milton*,—who appeals to the critical opinions of the *Spectator*, as to the merits of any one author, ancient or modern? Who feels any anxiety to know what "*Monsieur Despréaux*," or "*Monsieur Du Bos*," or *Messieurs Fontenelle*, or *Dacier*, or *St Evremont*, may have thought, or said, or sung, or printed, regarding their betters, or what such mouth-pieces as *Messrs Budgell*, *Tickell*, *Eusden*, *Hughes*, &c., may have thought proper to repeat after them? Who ever attempts to open any of their lumbering moral essays, without special wonder at the strong constitutions of the "*wits*" and "*fine geniuses*" of the time, which could enable them to swallow such indigestible articles along with their breakfasts, without injury? In short, in all that concerns criticism or reasoning, the *Spectator* is, with a very few exceptions, utterly contemptible. Its real merits consist in its lively portraits of the manners of the time, and the exquisite painting of some individual characters, which are brought out with a degree of spirit and vivacity, and sustained with a consistency, which are rarely to be found even in works of a professedly dramatic nature. Perhaps the present time, however, is the most unfavourable that could be chosen for doing justice to the merits of the *Spectator*. The interest of papers on the changes of fashion, and the little peculiarities of the day, expires with the modes which they describe or satirize, or rather they lose their interest for a time, to recover it again in the eyes of the antiquarian or the novelist, when the dust of a century or two has descended on laces and fardinales, and the secrets of the toilet have become matters of doubt, and research, and curiosity. The manners described in the *Spectator* are placed, at present, in the unfortunate interval between these periods. We have no longer any interest in the changes so carefully recorded in the diary of *John Sly's* observatory. It is matter of indifference to us whether patches have

* Jouv quotes, with great gravity, some dictum of *Mr Adam Fitzadam*, whom he seems to consider as a real personage. He is just as much so as *Geoffrey Crayon*, or any other *nom de guerre*. The name is given to the supposed editor of that pompous piece of inanity entitled "*The World*," to which *Chesterfield* was one of the principal contributors.

increased, or hoops diminished. Flavia practices the fan-exercise, and Charles Lillie gives lessons on the snuff-box, in vain. The day will come, indeed, when bags and huckles shall become romantic,—when the lap-dog shall be as poetical an accompaniment as the falcon on the wrist,—and when *chapeaux à trois cornes*, and Steenkirk cravats, shall be placed side by side with scarfs, and helmets, and crosses of St. John. But the time is not yet. At present, they have lost the gloss of novelty, without acquiring the rust of antiquity.

But let us not be unjust. Some things there are in these volumes which cannot die—which shall endure as monuments of taste and delicacy while the language exists. The exquisite sketches of all the members of the club, the elaborately-finished portraits of Sir Roger and Will Honeycomb, render the papers which relate to these subjects among the most fascinating in the annals of English literature. Many of the dreams and allegories, too, such as the Vision of Public Credit, and the Mountain of Human Misery, are also exceedingly ingenious and striking. The subject was not then hackneyed and worn out as it is now, when all our young men see visions, and our old men dream dreams. But the finest paper in the *Spectator*, and, perhaps, of its kind, in the world, is the much-quoted Vision of Mirza, the idea of which seems to have been taken from the "Eros" of Plato, though it has been altered and expanded by Addison with a degree of talent which confers on him the whole merit of this delightful fable. Allegory was his forte, and he has availed himself of it here with singular success. A tone of pensive repose breathes over the Vision, and the language flows melodiously, as those enchanting strains that proceeded from the pipe of the Genius. Both the allegorical and the natural scenery is described with remarkable vividness and truth. We ascend, with Mirza, the high hills of

Bagdat,—we hear the warblings of the heavenly music,—the ocean of time, the bridge of human life, are spread beneath our eyes. We see the busy crowds that cover the bridge,—the broken arches and the pitfalls through which the thoughtless star-gazers are precipitated* ;—our eyes wander away with those of Mirza over those happy islands that lay beyond the valley, covered with fruits and flowers, and bright with a thousand shining streams that flow between them. We see those persons in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and, like him, we wish for the wings of an eagle, that we might fly to those happy seats, and be at rest. And when, at last, this magnificent vision fades into air—when the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands disappear,—do we not actually gaze on that long, hollow, valley of Bagdat, with the oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it?

The Rambler and Idler, of a more grave and sententious character, possess nothing, perhaps, which will bear a comparison with particular papers in the *Spectator*; but it must be owned that they are free from many defects with which it is chargeable. The raillery of Johnson, if it does not equal the delicacy of Steele or Addison, at least never sinks into their flippancy. His criticisms are more comprehensive and profound; his moral reasonings more convincing and impressive. He speaks as one having authority, in all the dignity of virtue, and the consciousness of great talents. We suspect, too, that it would be difficult to produce from the *Spectator* a specimen of the tender style equal to Johnson's Anningait and Ajut, which, without any striking feature of invention, has always possessed for us a power of fascination which we find it difficult to account for; his allegories, however, are less happy, and his

* If there is any thing objectionable in this exquisite Vision, it is the sneer at the Physicians, who are represented as flying about, with urinals in their hands, thrusting the passengers on trap-doors which they might otherwise have escaped. The sarcasm is just, perhaps, but the ludicrous nature of the incident breaks in upon the solemnity of the rest.

powers of characteristic delineation very limited.

Of the immense variety of periodicals which succeeded these, we say nothing, for it is impossible to say any thing satisfactory. One or two papers by Mackenzie, in the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, deserve to be singled out from the mass of dullness; but the rest have abundantly merited that oblivion to which they appear, by general consent, to have been consigned. In fact, we can easily believe that Jouy is at this moment better acquainted with these authors, than one half of those who are in the daily habit of seeing them staring them in the face in every bookseller's window, under the title of the *British Essayists*.

It must be admitted that Jouy possesses, in a very considerable degree, the qualities requisite for the successful imitation of his models. Without excelling in any one, there is none in which he can fairly be said to be altogether deficient. He has a strong perception of the humorous—a peculiar happiness of expression, by which he frequently contrives to give point to very common observations—sufficient taste and imagination to enable him to appreciate with correctness the merit of poetry, and works of art—a considerable familiarity with the literature of other countries, an extensive acquaintance with that of his own, and a large fund of strong sense, candour, and honourable feeling.

The quality in which he seems to be most deficient is invention. Great want of art appears in every attempt at narrative, and even in the framework, which serves as a bond of connexion among the scattered Essays. A Hermit, who spends some thousand francs on a baptismal present—who dines, at forty francs a head, at the *Frères Provençaux*—who spends his days at the *Palais Royal*, and his nights at the *Francias* or the *Opera*—is a solecism in the annals of seclusion. The addition of a second Hermit, who, at the age of eighty, leaves South America merely to continue the Editorship of the *Hermits*, at the desire of the first, does not mend the matter; not to mention the strangeness of training one's self for the observation of

the little details of French manners, by a forty years' rustication on the banks of the Orinoco. The idea of introducing a savage, or an inhabitant of some distant country, commenting on the habits and usages of our own, is, in the last degree, hackneyed and threadbare. It is fairly run down in the *Citizen* of the *World*, and Goldsmith had been long anticipated by the *Turkish Spy*. Still less can we admire the truly French method by which these old fellows procure their secret intelligence; namely, by listening at a door, or availing themselves of the good offices of a window or a ladder. This piece of meanness comes with a very bad grace from censors of public manners, and preachers of morality. No doubt, the idea is originally taken from the *Diable Boiteux*, but the supernatural agency by which the information is there obtained, removes the disagreeable impression inseparable from the perusal of such incidents in the *Hermits* of Jouy.

M. Jouy, withal, is a little given to prosing. Like Joseph Surface, he is too moral by half—too fond of those common-places about avarice, duelling, self-love, &c., which Voltaire used to call *des Suisses*—fellows ready to enter into any one's service at a moment's warning. One of the most intolerable of these is an affected preference of a savage to a civilized state of society—a thing which, in the mouth of a Frenchman, every one knows to be absurd. It was an easy matter for Rousseau to panegyrize solitude, while he conceived the forests of the Iroquois resembled the woods of Montmorency or Ermenonville, and to declaim against luxury in the brilliant halls of the Luxembourg; but set any one of these antisocialists of the *Encyclopédie* fairly down, for a week, in a savannah, with brother Morris, in the Illinois, and ten to one but he would be found dead in his bed before the end of it, for want of somebody to admire or persecute him. After the complete refutation of the paradoxes of the philosopher of Geneva, we should scarcely have expected that a man of Jouy's good sense would have even hinted at the revival of a controversy, which ought to be consigned, like the great ques-

tion about the death of Julius Cæsar, to the undisputed possession of spouting-clubs and debating-societies.

We have only one more remark to make, before proceeding to lay before our readers some specimens of his manner—and that is, let him stick to *French* manners. With English literature, notwithstanding some blunders, he is very tolerably acquainted; but of *English manners*, he really knows absolutely nothing, when he can descend to talk of an English Baronet beginning the day by drinking off a pocket flask of rum in a French diligence. This, we will venture to say, he has learned from no higher authority than the caricatures at the *Variétés*, or the libels of Pillet.

Our first quotation shall be from the first of his works, the *Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin*. There seems to us something very amiable about this paper, entitled

LA VIE DU CHATEAU.

Boileau may say as he pleases

"Paris est pour un riche un pays de Cocagne—
Sans sortir de la ville, il trouve la campagne."

Reduced to its true value, this poetical exaggeration only means, that, in Paris, you may contrive, with the assistance of a large fortune, to shut up between two streets or four walls, half-a-dozen stunted trees, a few square yards of grass-plot, or sickly flower-beds, refreshing them once a-week with a meagre sprinkling of water purchased at the street-door. Such is the country that is to be met with in town. That which consists of wide-spreading plains, meadows covered with flocks, forests watered by rills, mountains furrowed by torrents, pure air, rural labours, and woodland pleasures—the wealth of Cæsar could not purchase within the barriers, or even within the atmosphere of the capital. I have never been more alive to their pleasures than during the short visit which I have just been paying to my farm; (I remember when I used to call it my estate;) and as people generally talk best on these matters while they are under their influence, I beg permission of my readers, before resuming my note-book in Paris, to make the most of these fine days, and descant a little on the pleasures of the country.

The buildings on my farm had been struck by lightning, and I left town to repair the damage, although I might reasonably enough have turned the matter

over to the tenant himself, who had taken it upon him, contrary to my positive orders, to remove the conductor which I had placed over the principal building. To be sure, he told me, "that it was not the custom of the place; that all his neighbours laughed at him, on account of the great iron spit which he had stuck up in front of his house;" but I did not feel the more convinced by this reasoning, and should certainly have gone to law with the fellow, if I had been young enough to begin an action in Normandy.

The Chateau de P. was so close at hand, that I could not avoid paying a visit to the possessor of this venerable domain, who received me as an old friend of his father. He would insist on my remaining at the Chateau. Madame de P. seconded his entreaties, and found some answer to every objection I started. "Well, madam," said I, smiling, "I have one more confession to make, which, I think, will be too much, even for your politeness. I passed the first part of my life at sea, where I learned a great many bad habits—I have spent the last in solitude, where one does not learn to correct them. In short, to speak it with all humility, I *smoke*." "Oh! if that is all," said she, "we have a cabinet of smokers in the house, and you shall keep my uncle, the Admiral, in countenance, who smokes like a volcano, and swears a little too, sometimes." There are some invitations which are irresistible. That very evening I saw myself regularly established at the Chateau. The life we lead is delightful, and as our pleasures are the result less of opulence than of the union of amiable dispositions with talent and taste, some traits of this family picture deserve to be copied.

If I were writing a romance, with time and space at my command, I might, at the expence of my reader's patience, give him a most elaborate and drowsy description of this picturesque and beautiful retreat; but as I have neither the one nor the other, I must content myself with observing, that the *tout ensemble* of the Chateau is such as to leave nothing for even the most fertile imagination to desire. We may not possess that extreme liberty, which people now-a-days pretend to offer and to find in the country; but every individual enjoys all the liberty that is consistent with the pleasure of others. Our party consists of twelve, five of whom belong to the P. family; and among the strangers are some of the most distinguished artists of the capital. The gentlemen rise early; some to hunt, some to fish, some with pencils in hand, to study effects for landscapes; and we

poor invalids to see the majestic sun rise once more. At ten, we meet at the breakfast table. It is then the ladies appear. Some of them rise earlier, but, in general, they come down together. After breakfast, every one amuses himself as he pleases, in a large saloon, only separated from the billiard-room by a range of pillars. While some are engaged at this game, Madame de P. generally embroiders. The young people, round the piano, listen to some of the tender airs in Dido or Armida, and Mlle. Pauline works at the portrait of the Admiral, who grumbles sadly at being kept so long upon the canvas.

From one o'clock till five, no one is obliged to give any account of his movements. It is a part of the day which is devoted by the family to the affairs of the household and the interests of the villagers, who still look upon themselves as their vassals.

The dinner-bell recalls the stragglers to the saloon. Madame de P. always dresses with a degree of neatness which obliges others to do so, but in that, as in every thing else, she sets the example of a tasteful and elegant simplicity. It would be easy to find, even in the country, more splendid tables than that of M. de P., but it would be a difficult matter to meet with any more delightful; to find four beautiful women without rivalry,—men of genius without vanity,—old men without peevishness,—and young men whose gaiety is at once exalted by high spirits, and tempered by propriety. After dinner, we prepare for a ramble. The adventurous part of the community embark on the river; the solitary wanderers take to the mountains; the lazy people saunter up and down the long alleys of the park; but the greater number generally accompany the mistress of the house, sure that her footsteps are always directed where there is consolation to be given, or blessings to be received.

We generally contrive to return just as the post comes in. The letters and newspapers which we find waiting us—the intelligence which we receive and communicate, commonly give the tone to the conversation of the evening. The last evening I spent at P. nothing was talked of but the Comet. The children's tutor, who is nearly as deep an astronomer as Trissotin, was beginning to terrify the ladies, by demonstrating to them, in his way, that one day or other our earth could not fail to be knocked to pieces by an encounter with some of these gadabout stars, when Madam Saint C. told us she would read to us the postscript of a letter which her waiting-maid had just received from her

mother. The old lady wrote to her daughter, as follows:—"Your mistress and you have chosen a very bad time for going to the country. You can't think what a fine Comet *they are exhibiting* at Paris. I have been to see it myself, three times, from the Pont-des-Arts, and as it won't happen again, they tell me, for three thousand years, I am very sorry you should have lost so fine an opportunity." The simplicity of this good woman, who thought the Comet was only to be seen at Paris, threw us all into a fit of laughter, and entirely disconcerted the Abbé, who found it impossible to bring back the conversation to a proper pitch of solemnity during the remainder of the evening.

A little concert generally concludes a day, every moment of which has been either usefully or agreeably employed. When the evening is fine, it takes place in the open air; and when I hear the enchanting voice of Madame de St. C. and the deep harmony of M. de La Mare, under the clear azure of a summer moonlight, in the silence of night and of the woods, I feel as if it were only then that I understood the full power of an art which can thus lend double charms to the beauties of nature.

In a French periodical, it will easily be supposed, politics occupy a very considerable share of attention. Jouy, who is, on the whole, a moderate and candid man, treats the subject, in general, with great good sense. His political opinions, in fact, seem to hang very loosely about him,—so much so, indeed, that we must confess we are quite unable to perceive any difference between the enthusiasm with which he praises the military despotism of Buonaparte, and that with which he celebrates the return of Louis le Desiré. He indulges, occasionally, therefore, in a "sly, impartial laugh" at all parties,—liberal, ministerial, and central; and the following paper, written immediately after the restoration of the Bourbons, affords a very favourable specimen of his satirical vein:

THE GREAT STAIRCASE.

I have contracted, during a long residence in warm countries, a bad habit of indulging in a siesta after dinner. I generally prepare myself for it by a course of reading, and I have observed, that the length of my nap mainly depends upon the nature of the volume which I have employed as my sleeping-draught. Yes—

terday, I thought I should never fall asleep at all. I had laid my hands on one of those confounded volumes of Voltaire, which it is impossible for any one to lay down when he has once opened it. I read over *Candide* for the twentieth time, and laughed so outrageously, that my wife came into the room to learn what could be the meaning of such extravagant gaiety. She scolded me heartily when she knew the cause, and began to prove to me, that Pangloss, Paquette, and Frère Giroflée, were people of very indifferent life and conversation. Her sermon produced the proper effect. I fell asleep. My slumbers were influenced by the romance I had been reading, and accordingly I dreamed a dream.

I found myself transported, all at once, into the strangest-looking country in the world. The men had heads like weather-cocks, and eyes so strangely placed in their heads, that they could only contemplate the heavens, and could not catch a glimpse of their feet; a circumstance which rendered their walk very hobbling and unsteady. The women, who at first appeared like superior beings, were employed in leading them into holes and corners, and then laughing at them when they tripped or tumbled. At the time of my arrival in the capital of this singular kingdom, the inhabitants were giving way to transports of joy which I felt quite at a loss to account for, particularly as I saw on all sides the traces of some immense fire, the ashes of which were scarcely extinguished.

The crowd was moving towards the centre of the city, and I allowed myself to be carried along by the current. It landed me at last in a square, at the extremity of which stood two ancient monuments newly restored, the sight of which actually worked a miracle, for all these heads whose inconceivable mobility had astonished me an hour before, were now gazing like fixtures on one of those edifices, on the top of which floated a flag of dazzling whiteness.

I made several attempts to question my neighbours on the meaning of what I saw,—but some wept for joy, and could not answer,—some laughed in my face, and would not answer,—and others, more complaisant, replied to me in a string of incoherences of which I could make nothing.

At last I observed, in one corner of the square, an old man seated on the base of a column, his chin resting on his cane, and who was looking about him with a smile of sarcastic intelligence. He saw my embarrassment, and seemed to invite the questions I was disposed to put to

him. I begged of him to inform me where I was, and what was the cause of the extraordinary uproar I had remarked in the city.

"You are in the country of the Sequanians," replied the old man; "the gayest, the best, and bravest people upon the earth. Unfortunately they are subject to an endemic malady of the brain, during which the whole nation goes mad, and the disorder generally occurs once or twice in every century. The Sequanians are just recovering, at this moment, from one of the longest and most severe attacks they have ever experienced. In fact, Sir, it was a thousand to one they got over it.

"The palace which you see is that of our King Astrea. Heaven, which restores him to us after a long absence, has itself re-established the throne which the nation had overturned one day, in the delirium of the late attack. Every one wished for this happy event, but two or three only have been fortunate enough to be prominent in the affair, and yet, by some lurking tinge of insanity that still hangs about them, every one seems to think himself the author of this revolution. But if you are curious to know more of the matter, follow the crowd to the palace, and observe what passes."

I thanked the old man, and walked towards the palace, passing under a triumphal arch, which appeared to me to have been built for the very purpose of rendering the want of uniformity in the two buildings more glaring. I concluded that this monument must have been built during the epidemic, and that the artist had not escaped its influence.

When I reached the vestibule at the foot of the great stair-case, I amused myself for a moment with the spectacle before me. Good Heavens! what a crowd! what jostling!—what variety of dresses, figures, countenances! Every one grew more haughty with each additional step he mounted. Every one gazed on his neighbour with looks of respect, or envy, or disdain, according to the fashion of his garments, and I perceived that it was principally by an inspection of the breast and shoulders that their opinion was formed.

Hearing the words "yesterday" and "to-day" eternally repeated, in ascending the stair, I found they were used to denote two classes of aspirants. But one circumstance puzzled me a good deal, viz. that the people of "yesterday" were almost all younger than those of "to-day," and yet the old fellows walked up stairs with ten times more ease and alacrity.

I entered a large hall, ornamented with a variety of portraits of warriors, armed with little blue batons: and without attempting to penetrate into the apartments beyond, which were open only to the privileged, I fell into conversation with some of my companions, who, like myself, had halted at the threshold.

Almost all of them held in their hands some petition which they came to present, and the object of which was to prove that each of them had been a principal agent in the return of Astreos, and the restoration of his throne.

The first person I addressed was a little withered-looking man, in an old court-suit, with new steel buttons, some of them still wrapped in their original paper coverings. He came to ask the reward of his services, which consisted in dining *en famille*, on the King's birthday, and drinking the King's health after dinner, when the servants were out of the room. He petitioned to be restored to his situation of Receiver of Taxes.

"Can any thing be more absurd?" (whispered a tall fellow, whose head, enshrouded in an enormous neckcloth, appeared to be stuck in the pillory:) "what would that little fellow demand, if, like me, he had been the death of four horses, in flying from barrier to barrier, to discover which would afford the best opportunity for entrance or escape? Sir, I was actually omnipresent, and I think the least thing I can expect is to be made an Ambassador."

One fellow founded his petition on a letter, the contents of which he was ignorant of, which he had carried from somebody he did not know, to somebody he could not find; but he had been told the contents were of a most important nature, and thought Government could not do less than reward his zeal by a place in the Post-office, for which he had so clearly proved himself qualified.

Another, by a petition in the form of a thesis, demonstrated that he had most effectually served the cause of the King, by declaiming, with shut doors, against tyranny, and shewed that he had prepared the minds of the people, by forming that of his own servant. He modestly demanded a Professorship of Public Law.

A third had been so strongly affected by the misfortunes of the Royal Family, that he had never recovered the shock. He wished to be made Governor of the Invalids.

A fourth had written a pamphlet against the tyrant the day before his fall, and had been bold enough to advise him to commit suicide. He thought himself

entitled to have the post of Lieutenant-Civil revived on his account.

One of the oddest demands was that of an officer who claimed the reward of the services which he had not rendered. He stated, as a proof of his devotion, the great care he had taken to confine his campaigns to the barracks, or the military hospital, that no one might impute to him the least share in those victories the objects of which he disapproved. He prayed to be put in motion in time of peace, as the reward of his inactivity in time of war.

An old commodore, who had never left his room, or changed his uniform, during the absence of Astreos, petitioned for his arrears of pay and interest for twenty-five years. His claim amounted to 216,000 francs—errors excepted.

As a specimen of the rest, I shall quote word for word, one of the petitions which happened to fall into my hands:—

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty:

"SIRE,

"The most faithful and zealous of your devoted subjects begs humbly to state to your Majesty, that he, the Petitioner, has figured successively in every party, in order the better to understand their purposes, and disappoint them.

"That he has been active in all excesses—that he has stirred up the most desperate measures, and professed the most antisocial principles; with the sole view of convincing your Majesty's subjects of the blessings of your Majesty's Government, and bringing them back to their obedience.

"That he has served tyranny with an appearance of devotion, only to accelerate the fall of a system which he has sought to render odious by every method which the most refined ingenuity, and the most inviolable fidelity, could suggest.

"That he has done every thing in his power to procure for himself places, pensions, and emoluments of all kinds, in the hope of exhausting the public funds, the ruin of which would necessarily draw along with it that of the aforesaid detested Government.

"That the Petitioner has exhausted every form and exaggeration of flattery, in addressing the head of the aforesaid detested Government, in order that the fumes of that gross incense might the sooner mount into his head, and that the vertigos thereby caused might render his fall the more speedy and inevitable.

"That the Petitioner's conduct, the nobleness of which was beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals, has caused him many enemies, and involved him

in many persecutions; that he has been five times imprisoned at different periods, for causes which he does not think it necessary to mention, and villanously calumniated by that short-sighted class of people who are apt to judge of a man only by his actions.

"That, in consideration of the aforesaid loyal services which he has rendered, and is ready at all times to render, the Petitioner humbly begs that your Majesty will be pleased to revive in his favour the post of Superintendent of the Finances, the duties of which he undertakes to discharge with his accustomed fidelity and honour.

"And your Petitioner shall ever pray."

This petition, which I spouted aloud during my sleep, made my wife, who was working near the sofa, laugh so immoderately, that I awoke; and that I might forget nothing of this extraordinary scene, I wrote down my dream.

This is undoubtedly a clever paper, but we confess we should think more highly of the latter part of it, had we not detected its source in No. 629 of the *Spectator*, Vol. VIII. The happiest strokes in the different petitions are all borrowed from similar memorials, said to have been presented by the Cavaliers on the restoration of Charles II.

We shall now give our readers a peep into the Courts of France. Some of the features of the description are as applicable to the Parliament House as the Palais—as well known in the Outer-House as in the *Salle de Pas Perdue*: but others, we are happy to say, no longer exist, though the system was at one time common with us as well as with the "*Parlemens*." If the portrait is at all correct, they certainly "*do not manage these matters better in France.*"

The Hermit of Guiana, after his

return from his forty years' sojourn on the Orinoco, is pounced upon by a rascally attorney, who fastens a quarrel on him in the shape of some forgotten claim, at the instance of a deceased Countess of Savignac. The progress of the case is described in the papers entitled "*Mon Procès*," and "*Mon Procès jugé*;" some passages of which we shall extract:

My agent, M. Dates, has a thousand things to think of, while I have only one; but, unfortunately, it gives me more uneasiness than all the business with which he is loaded. Scarce a day passes that I do not enter his office with some horrible piece of stamped paper, with which my porter contrives to gratify me every evening. Custom does not at all diminish the terror with which I look upon these dismal scrawls, which are just as unintelligible to me now as when I first attempted to decypher them. No one can form an idea of the wiles that lurk beneath the wig of a Solicitor, till he has fairly read through a petition or a summons. The very preamble makes you uneasy—the conclusions throw you into a cold sweat; and I verily believe there is not a man to be found, not used to the thing, that can read with coolness the catalogue of miseries with which he is menaced at the hands of justice. I shall never forget the first night I passed after receiving my citation in this confounded process. I thought I saw myself decerned, in terms of the ordonnance, "*to pay to Madame de Savignac, or her representatives, the sums due upon the estate of Pageville, amounting, from the commencement of the action, principal and interest, to the sum of 122,532 Livres Tournois: without prejudice to a further sum of 50,000 francs of damages, for the injury, depreciation, and total destruction, of the said lands of Pageville in his hands: the whole payable within a year, and reserving to the plaintiff to follow forth the execution of this decree by all diligence allowed by law.*" When

* The system of "*solicitation*," as it was called, was the occasion of the first regulation as to *boxng papers* in the Court of Session. The Act of Sederunt 29th Nov. 1690 observes, "The Lords of Council and Session, taking into their serious consideration the great inconvenience of solicitation, which creates diffidence in those who have not acquaintance or friends to recommend them, that they are not equally stated, and puts them to a necessity to go to every Lord's lodgings, imagining, that if they do not, he may think he is either despised or distrusted, which is a slavery upon the lieges, the Lords, and the lawyers, who are frequently urged by their clients to go with them, or for them, to solicit the Lords: Therefore," &c. The Lords appointed copies of the pleadings to be placed in boxes in the Session-House; according to the example of the most famous Judicatories abroad.

I read these frightful demands*, I cursed, from the bottom of my heart, that society, or rather that den of thieves, into which I had been foolish enough to cast myself, and bitterly regretted my peaceful cabin, amidst those wide-spreading forests and savannahs, where I could bid defiance to officers, summonses, and solicitors.

I waited with impatience for the morning. M. Dates had not got up when I reached his house, so I passed an hour of torture in his study—I delivered to him, trembling all over, the paper I received the evening before. He took it carelessly, and after glancing over the two or three first lines, "It is nothing," said he, "nothing but a citation for this-day-week to the Third Chamber." "Nothing!" said I; "look at these infernal conclusions." "I can guess them." "Do you not think my wisest plan would be to conceal myself in the meantime?" "Conceal yourself! have you lost your senses? Why, man, these demands are mere matters of form; and those which I have made, in your name, against Dufain and his associates, would bring them all to the workhouse if we should obtain the tenth-part of them." "Then you don't think my liberty is in danger?" "I think your case is as strong as a rock, and that even if Dufain should succeed, which is possible enough, in bringing your right into question, you will at least be both in your graves ten years before he can obtain a definitive sentence." "Do you think it necessary I should go myself to call upon my Judges?" "Why, no—not necessary, perhaps, but yet, as your opponent will not fail to make the most of the custom, I think you had better call. You will deliver to each of them a copy of your memorial." "My memorial! have I drawn a memorial?" "No, but your advocate has. You will find my friend Dufain touched off with the hand of a master." And so saying, M. Dates put into my hands twenty-five copies of a quarto pamphlet, where my case was stated in an abridgment of 144 pages. The anti-chamber now began to be crowded with clients, and I returned home to study my memorial. I found it clear and laconic in the statement of facts, but so obscure and confused on the point of law, that, had I been a judge in my own case, I verily believe I should have decided against myself.

The preparations for this ceremonial visit, formerly so important for a litigant,

occupied me during the day. I consulted my old friend Madame de Lorys on the subject. "Thirty years ago," said she, "I might perhaps have been of some service to you; but now we weigh both equally in the balance of justice, and you will gain nothing by borrowing my voice." She directed me, however, how to proceed; and next morning early I set out, like Chicaneau, to make the round of my Judges.

We omit the visits and the characters of the Judges, which are well discriminated, and proceed to the catastrophe of the drama "*Mon Procès jugé*."

My Advocate had given me to understand that my case was to come on the next day. It was in vain I called philosophy to my aid. It was in vain I said to myself, Justice, be she as rigorous as Minos, will still leave me enough for the small remainder of my days. All these fine reflections could not prevent me from passing a miserable night. All the wiles of law—the defects of form—the false applications of principles which my opponent might employ against me, flitted before my imagination, and as the phantoms of terror are as overpowering as the illusions of hope, I already saw my rents arrested—my property put up to sale by sentence of the Court—and a horrible phalanx of officers and bailiffs in possession of my house, seizing, inventorying, and selling every thing, and accumulating on my head a heap of *procès verbaux*, the mere expence of which would be quite sufficient to absorb the small remainder which the literal execution of the sentence might leave behind.

It was in the midst of a crowd of such melancholy reflections that I reached the Palais, where I arrived too soon, like those bullies who think they can never be early enough at a rendezvous. Behold me then pacing the great hall, so aptly titled "*des Pas Perdus*," sometimes with my eyes fixed on the door of the Second Chamber, which I compared to Pandora's box, and sometimes gazing with uneasiness at the gentlemen of the long robe who passed near me, to all of whom I thought myself bound to make my obeisance, lest I might unconsciously be giving offence to some of those with whom I might have to do. My politeness spared not even the macers and servants of the Court.

* What would the poor Hermit have thought of being blasted at the horn, and denounced rebel?

I saw arrive, one after the other, my fellow-sufferers, walking in the rear of their agents, who replied with the most imperturbable sang-froid to the numerous questions that were put to them with such interest. Then came the advocates, some with a small portfolio under their arms, others, rigid observers of old usages, with a Gothic bag of portentous magnitude. What figures for a painting! How many fine observations might I have made, had I not been too deeply engaged by my personal interest!

The person we seek is generally, in all places, the last person we find. While I was endeavouring, in the midst of this crowd, to hunt out my agent and advocate, under their domino, I found myself face to face with my opponent. My blood boiled at the sight of that old rascal, whose ferret eyes seemed to say to me, "You little expect the dressing we are to give you." He passed close by me, saluting me with such an air of insolent derision, that I felt the strongest inclination to do myself justice by means of my cane; but at that moment I caught a sight of M. Dates; I ran to him, and began to tell him how much I was afraid he would come too late.

"I am not one of those," said he, smiling, "who come down to the Court two hours before the time, to fish for clients in the great hall. An agent whose business is already established, whose moments are all employed, does not come here to lose one of them unnecessarily. He makes his appearance only when his presence is required.

"Three-fourths of these advocates and agents whom you see about the hall have nothing under their arms but bundles of old papers, got up on purpose, merely to give them a business-like look; but these important airs, which they affect with hired clients, only impose upon strangers. If you could hear their conversation, you would be surprised to find that it runs entirely on the new play, or the last article in the Review."

The arrival of my advocate brought back the conversation again to my own concerns. "By the choice which the opposite party has made of a jesting advocate," said M. Dorfeuil, "I think I can foresee their system of attack. There are some ludicrous features in your case, and my brother Bawler will not fail to lay hold of them. Pleasantry is his forte, and this would not be the first cause he has gained by his witticisms; luckily, however, I think we are on our guard against his sarcasms and *bons mots*. In endeavouring to rebut them, however, by argument, we must take good care not to

tire the Judges—it would not be the first case that has been lost, by being *too fully* stated. We shall try, however, to keep them awake. We have both the law and the fact on our side, but we have to struggle on points of form with people who know how to make the most of them. Dufain does not scruple to say that the code is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are decided by his advocate." "If the case were not my own," said I, "I should only wonder what the opposite party could find to say, in support of his." "Very excellent things, you need not doubt. It is not for want of correct ideas, on the score of honesty, that people turn scoundrels. Listen to them when they defend themselves, or, above all, when they accuse another. You will find nothing amiss but the application of the excellent principles of which they avail themselves."

M. Dorfeuil was interrupted by some of his clients, who came to talk with him about their cases. He answered each of them with as much clearness and precision as if he had nothing else but that particular business in his head, and yet, besides mine, he had three cases to plead that day.

At last the doors of the Chamber opened. The officers of court took their places, and the "hearing public" of the Palais, (which is generally composed of idle fellows, who have no other means of killing time,) finding there was no Jury Trial that day, came in crowds to the audience. I took my seat between my advocate and my agent. A slight murmur of gratified impatience announced the arrival of the Judges, whose grave and reflecting countenances were still sufficiently distinct to allow me to read in them the traces of their different characters. The officer proclaimed silence, and the sitting was opened.

The crier began by calling the causes in a snivelling tone, occasioned by the pressure of the glasses of his spectacles, which he positively refuses to exchange for eye-glasses, as that last invention is of no older date than the unlucky period of the suppression of the Parliaments.

The first cause which was called in the order of the roll, was an action for payment of a considerable sum of money, lent by a friend, to be restored at a period fixed by the obligation. The debtor wished to put off payment, and his advocate found nothing better to say for his client, than to represent a friendly accommodation as a usurious loan; and as the document of debt, incontestible as it was, did not state precisely the nature of the transaction, the Court indulged the debtor

with six months additional. So much for granting favours! I suppose this man is cured for ever of obliging his friends.

The second case was that of a tutor, who had wasted the property of his pupils. The Court gave sentence against him; but, unfortunately, as the effects which the tutor had to account for consisted almost entirely in bills and credits, the law could not reach the spoiler; and the pupils, though in possession of a degree of restitution, were not the less ruined on that account.

My own case came on at last. I was seized with a shivering fit, and made a thousand ridiculous efforts to appear calm and unconcerned. I shall not oblige my readers to enter into details, or to listen to all the uninteresting jargon of a process, in which a woman, who had been dead half a century, was the pursuer, against a *minor* of eighty. The first sentence of the pleading of the opposite party, will give a sufficient specimen of the style of his speech:

"We come here," said he, "after a century of plunder, to demand a property which is ours by natural inheritance, and which is in the unjust possession of another. For the proprietor and the possessor are frequently two very different personages,—as much so as husbands and lovers." This first hit, after which the advocate thought proper to make a pause, produced no effect. "Go on, Mr Bawler," said the President, with great gravity, "we have not laughed yet." This remark, at which the Court laughed abundantly, disconcerted the orator, and probably deprived the world of a crowd of *bons mots* of the same kind, which he suppressed in the course of this pleading.

He did not fail, according to custom, to round off his exordium by a eulogium on his brother Dorfeuil, "against whose eloquence he found his sole support in the justice of his cause;" then dashing into the matter at once, by a magnificent *prosopopoeia*, he shewed the Countess of Savignac, "shaking off the dust of the tomb, and appearing in the hall to claim her patrimony—a patrimony acquired by the services of her illustrious ancestors, but now unjustly plundered by a stranger." This oratorical figure, the force of which he seemed determined to increase, by shaking violently the long sleeves of his gown, appeared to me even in worse taste than his pleasantry. He then had recourse to a species of eloquence with which he seemed more familiar. Under the protection of six ells of black cloth, a hand covered with snuff and dust, and a little felt cap, which he took off, respectfully, every time he ad-

ressed the Court, directly this knavish advocate, taking leave of the law and the facts of the case, thought himself entitled to indulge, with impunity, in the most offensive personalities against me. He represented me "as a man who had very good reasons for burying himself on the banks of the Orinoco, among the Hurons and the Iroquois, and that it was only his age that had entitled him to return to France at all." I could contain no longer, but, approaching the orator, I whispered in his ear, that he should answer for this when the audience was over. "I pray the Court," continued he, in the same tone, "to observe, that the Chevalier de Pageville has just challenged his adversary, in the person of his advocate." "I take instruments upon it," said Dufain. This little incident, however, had no more serious result than to enliven the Court and the assembly. Bawler resumed, and concluded his speech, as he had commenced it, by demanding, "that I should be decreed to pay to the Countess Savignac, or her representatives, the sum of 122,532 Livres Tournois, without prejudice," &c.

My advocate then began; a rapid statement sufficed to put the Court clearly in possession of a question which I had never clearly understood myself. He demonstrated so plainly, not only the injustice, but even the absurdity of my opponent's claims, that I read conviction in the countenances of the Judges. Then inveighing, with real eloquence, "against that system of defamation which disgraced the bar," he expressed himself "above measure surprised that my opponent should thus imprudently tamper with a weapon whose slightest puncture might be fatal to him."

He ceased to speak. The judges delivered their opinions, and I gained my case with expences. When the audience was over, I ran to Dorfeuil. I could not find expressions strong enough to testify my gratitude. "You have gained your case," said he; "but if you will take my advice, you will settle with Dufain, by paying half the expences." "What! when we have a sentence against him!" "Aye, a sentence in the first instance; but can he not appeal, or apply for the remedy of cassation? He may torment you a long time; and a hundred crowns or two can never be put in competition with your repose." M. Dorfeuil explained to me what I had still to fear. He proved to me that Justice was as blind as Fortune, and as liable as her to mistakes; and concluded, by advising me, of all things, to avoid the chance of gaining my case a second time.

The last of Jouv's productions, which was published this summer, is only remarkable for the oddity of the circumstances which gave rise to it. MM. Jouv and A. Jay are contributors to a work published in Paris periodically, under the title of *Bio-graphie des Hommes Vivans*. Jay, in an article on the life of Boyer Fonfrède, who had voted for the execution of Louis, expressed his censure in so very ambiguous a style, as to lead the Procureur-General to mistake it for an eulogium. Jouv, also, in his life of the Frères Fauchet, had ventured to express, in very warm terms, his sympathy for these brothers, over whose fate some principles of fatality appeared to hang. Born on the same day, exactly resembling each other in moral and physical qualities, they were destined also to suffer and to die together. Jouv had been personally acquainted with them, and he could not avoid expressing, perhaps a little imprudently, his admiration for their talents and their virtues. Accordingly, both he and Jay were accused of an intention to libel the Government. The sentence of the court was, in the first instance, favourable to Jay, who was acquitted; but Jouv was condemned to a month's imprisonment, and a fine of fifty francs. From this sentence, the public prosecutor appealed, and the issue of the second trial was, that M. Jay was sent to accompany his friend Jouv in a month's residence in Sainte Pelagie. "Les Hermites en Prison" are the result of this confinement.

The work is decidedly inferior to all the rest. The subject, as may be easily imagined, treating only of prisons, and the things thereunto belonging, is too confined to afford any scope to the imagination. Besides, there is now and then some-

thing very ridiculous in the allusions and comparisons which these brethren of the Institute are continually making between their own case and those of Socrates, Tasso, Galileo, Cervantes, and the other victims of oppression, or models of virtue, who have, like them, had the honour of imprisonment. His confinement, too, we think, must have not a little impaired M. Jouv's memory, for we should otherwise be at a loss to account for the numerous mistakes he has fallen into in one Essay, entitled "La Prison Illustrée." We beg to mention *en passant*, that Buchanan did not compose his Psalms in prison,—that Raleigh did not write the greater part of his *History of the World* there, nay, that he did not write great part of it at all,—that Selden did not compose all his works in confinement,—that the story of Otway's death by starvation is more than doubtful, and is expressly denied by Spence, and disbelieved by Johnson,—that the line quoted from Tasso, to prove his poverty, is part of a ridiculous sonnet written to his cat, requesting the use of her eyes, as he had no candles in the house,—that Ariosto lived in comfortable circumstances,—and that Dryden did not sell the "ten thousand finest verses" in the English language to Tonson, for 300 francs, but for a sum more nearly approaching 7000, as is proved by his receipt, quoted by Johnson. The whole work is dull and commonplace. Jouv's vein seems worked out.

Of his general powers, the very liberal extracts we have made will enable our readers to form an opinion. There is nothing great about these essays, certainly, but something we think very amiable and refined; considerable humour, great good sense, and a large proportion of liberality and candour*.

* Considering M. Jouv's acquaintance with English, we are quite surprised at the carelessness with which the mottoes and quotations from English authors are given. What would our readers make of this—

"No more shall them rise from their lowly bed."

We think we are entitled to their gratitude for informing them, that this is intended to represent one of the lines in Gray's Elegy—

"No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

A WALK ROUND PARIS.

MR. EDITOR,

LET us take a walk, to-day, in the environs of Paris; if you please, we shall go round the Boulevards; it will require four good hours, but don't be alarmed, we shall have plenty of amusement. Suppose we begin here, at the Boulevard des Made-lines. Aha! there comes my friend the flower-girl; she'll attack you, being a stranger. "*Voilà, Monsieur!*" (how lovely that rose-bud is she is offering you!) "*voilà comme elle est belle!*" Say something to her, do. Shall I answer for you? "*Monsieur n'a pas de la monnaie.*" "*C'est égal.*" You see she has put it into your button-hole, whether you would or no—don't refuse her present—she knows her own interest. You have seen her pretty eyes, and red lips, and pearly teeth. Now, let us proceed. This Boulevard is not one of the most amusing, but it can boast an attraction of another kind. In that hotel opposite is the celebrated Magdalene of Canova. We cannot go to see it now, because, if we should, the walk must be given up for the day—hours are moments before it. It has a room appropriated to itself; a solemn drapery of deep grey falls from the centre of the roof, and hangs down the walls in classic folds,—the vulgar glare of day is excluded,—the Magdalene is sitting upon a pedestal of white marble, her head a little inclined to one side,—her eyes dejectedly and fixedly looking upon the cross of Christ, which lies upon her knees. Look at her from what side you will, it is the representation of deep grief. It is not in the face alone; go behind; go to any side; look at the neck; see the relaxation of muscle; cover it all but one arm, still it is grief—some say that the thumb alone expresses its character. In short, it is perfect. But let us pass on, we shall go to see it to-morrow. To-morrow is Friday, and it is only to be seen on Fridays. By the bye, there is another interesting thing visible only on Fridays—Mareschal Soult's collection of paintings of the Spanish school. No one who has not seen them can have a

just idea of the glories of Murillo. There is a Prodigal Son, and a Christ healing the Sick, in which the conception is equal to the finest productions of the Italian schools: and one sees the Mareschal into the bargain, and talks with him too: only praise his pictures, and his hard face relaxes into smiles. But let us look about us. We are now entering upon the Boulevard des Italiens, the most fashionable of all the Boulevards, and one of the most amusing, rich in every variety of still and animated life. That building on the right hand is the Chinese Baths; it is there that the blooming virgin brides go to take what is called a *Bain Marié*. Its mysteries I cannot even guess at; and there, next to the Baths, is the Bazaar; but to any one who has seen the London one, it is a poor thing; but the whole Boulevard is a Bazaar, one continued fair, which is held all day, and every day. Let us stop a moment, to look at these prints: *La belle Suisse, La jeune Anglaise, La Coquette Espagnole*,—girls of all countries—Polonaise, Savoyarde, Autrichienne,—all pretty, but all the same: French smirk, French all over;—an inferior French artist can conceive nothing that is not French—*Le jugement de Paris, Leda, Flore et Zephyr, Le Matin, Le Soir*. What should we say were such prints publicly exhibited in England? not that there is any thing absolutely immoral in representations of nudity, but there is an indelicacy revolting to a certain state of manners. It is counted for nothing in Paris, however. Is this the cause, or the result, of certain phenomena in French character, morals, and manners? The question is worth noticing. Observe how nicely the women are dressed; the colours a little gaudy, certainly: yellow, and orange, and crimson; but so well arranged, every thing fitted so sweetly, the hats so prettily coquettish, the feet so like Sir John Suckling's pretty brides, which, "like little mice, went in and out," the waist so taper, the robe so beautifully fitted

to the form, that I can hardly resist the temptation of gently encircling it with one "happy arm," and whispering a thousand gallant things in the ear. How true is that song of Gay's!

When the heart of a man is oppress'd
with care,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman ap-
pears,
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly,
sweetly
Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.

Who is there that has not felt this? There is a dance of the spirits, a flutter of the heart, a momentary oblivion of all that annoys us, when one lifts the eyes to gaze upon women, even though it be but to catch the momentary flash of eyes "dark as night," or the milder beam of the eloquent blue. How often, when whirling rapidly along, on a journey of anxiety and sorrow, when the heart has been heavy, and the eyes hardly conscious of passing objects—how often has a fair face, with braided hair, and morning smile, peeping from a casement, dispelled, for a moment, all anxiety, fixed the vacant eye, and sent to the heart a thrill of pleasure, alas! too sweet, because too fleeting! But we are getting sentimental; that won't do; here is the "*Passage des Panoramas*;" let us put sentiment to flight, by going to Madame Felix's, and eating patés, or rice-cakes. This is not equal to Burlington Arcade, but it is not amiss neither. The shops are pretty, and the girls within them prettier still: believe me, business does not thrive the worse for that; it is a little innocent secret the French possess: but here is Felix's! Oh, never fear! we shall edge in gradually; let us endeavour to reach the hot oven. Are they not excellent? only taste one of those; but make despatch, else we shall lose our places, for new candidates press on. Thirty-two sols! very dear, but very good. Now, let us continue our walk; this is the Boulevard de Frescati, a name well known to many unfortunate gentleman; and that long balcony above is where the unhappy and the guilty walk, to calm the agitation of their spirits, and cool

their burning brains; and where the fortunate come to count over their ill-gotten and unlooked-for gains. And now we are just entering upon the *Boulevard de Montmartre*. What regiments of books, and how cheap, and what a strange system of arrangement—whole ranks and rows, at one franc the volume, at ten sols the volume, nay, at five sols! One would suppose the French a reading people, from the number of these exhibitions of books; they are certainly buyers of books, whether they be readers of them or no. What a charming promenade this is! There is nothing like it any where. Length, and breadth, and air, and shade; and all sorts of exhibitions; prints and porcelain; fruits and flowers; jewellery and jugglery; pretty gewgaws, and pretty girls. Look this way, look that way, look what way you will, and you never look on vacancy. The bazaars of Bagdad and Bassora, in the reigns of Haroun Al-raschid, and his successors, were a joke to it. Here is the Porte of St Denis, a fine thing enough: but let us stop a moment; look there, just at the corner of the Rue de St Denis—you have often seen wax figures in imitation of living ones, but here we have the thing reversed. You perceive the boy is quite motionless; look well at the eye; it never twinkles, and the extended arm never quivers. Till I had seen the figure leap from the pedestal and talk, no assurance could have convinced me that it could be any thing but wax. But you must take my assurance, however, for it may stand thus for half an hour yet. Do you perceive that little stall on the right hand? Yes, that where the little old man is cutting slices of cake and pudding, and cannot cut fast enough for the demand. He has married three daughters, and given each of them 100,000 francs. I have heard that he cut, at an average, five sols' worth every minute, which, reckoning twelve hours a-day, gives 65,700 francs, or £2628 per annum. I have often stood and watched him, and never saw him a moment idle, so that I should think the calculation considerably under the mark. I assure you his goods justify the de-

mand for them. Now, we have left fashion quite behind us, but none of the Boulevards are more amusing than the *Boulevard du Temple*. On this side, where you perceive that terrace with vases, is the *Jardin des Turcs*; it is crowded on Sunday, and holiday evenings, with the Bourgeois, and their wives and families, where they go to lose themselves in the labyrinth for the hundredth time. And on the other side of the Boulevard, just opposite to us, are various exhibitions for young children, and old children too; for indeed all the French are old children; there is hardly any age at which it becomes ridiculous in France to join in childish amusements; the round-about, and swings, and puppet-shows, are almost equally patronized by the old and by the young. But this is not the hour for seeing these things; we must return some evening, when all that semicircle is lighted up; it produces a splendid effect. Do you see that elderly woman approaching us, and the young girl with her; she is the supposed *bonne*, and that is her *protégé*. She is a lovely girl, is she not? and has all the semblance of modesty: alas! alas! it is no more. The time has been, and seemingly not long since, when she was that which she seems. That respectable-looking woman was probably her first seducer. Infamous! infamous traffic! We are now approaching the site of the Bastille; look on the right hand, do you perceive these granaries? they are erected precisely on its site. Come along, we have a great way to walk yet; but no wonder you stand gazing; ay, it was the things witnessed by the wall that once stood there, and but guessed at beyond them, which first prompted this eventful question, "*Are men like a flock of sheep, to be inherited, to pass from one master to another?*" A question, whose answer was vengeance and anarchy, and blood and crime, but which might have been peace and joy, and mutual rights, and just subordination. But let us turn from this to the other side; that is, or rather is to be, the Fountain of Elephants. Beneath that large wooden house, they are erecting a huge

animal of that species, which, when finished, may be wonderful, but cannot certainly be beautiful. It is surprising that the French, with their admitted good taste, should patronize such loathsome monsters as spout water out of their mouths. Nothing can be in more detestable taste. It can be tolerable only to an apothecary, or a sick-nurse. We must now cross the river; this is the Pont D'Austerlitz; the Austrians wished to blow it up when they came to Paris, but they were overruled by the greater magnanimity of the Emperor Alexander. It was the same thing with regard to the Pont de Jena; but the King of France, *as is said*, sent a very spirited message to Blucher upon the occasion; he desired to know at what hour it was intended to blow it up, as he meant to sit upon one end of it. Now, we are just *vis-à-vis* the *Jardin des Plantes*, a most charming place it is, but it is out of the line of our walk, for we shall still follow the Boulevards. There is nothing very interesting here, so, if you please, we'll walk a little faster.

We are now getting towards the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse. You perceive what numbers of the lower orders are flocking from all points, in one direction; all pressing to Mont Parnasse, where there is a little of every thing. Here is the barrier, and beyond this all is fun and frolic. Every one who wishes to see the lower orders of Paris in perfection should come here. Is it not a perfect exhibition of its kind? Only look there! I am sure there are 500 people under these trees feasting. What is it they are eating?—all the same thing—some kind of stew, I think. Observe how they *lick up* the overabundant sauce with their bread, cramming it down their throats, and sending huge draughts of weak *sour vin de Bourgogne* after it. For Heaven's sake look at this group dancing; were ever such figures seen dancing a quadrille! how this would humble the pride of many English and Scotch misses, who associate nothing with quadrilles but the grace and elegance of Parisian society the most *distingué*! What would they say to this? It would bring the Hay-makers and the

Country-bumpkin into fashion again. Only look at that quadriller without the neckcloth, his face and hands sooty and shining; his "jacket and his trowsers blue" have seen better days. Good God! how they are patched! But we must go on, or else we shall be too late. How beautiful the gilded dome of the Invalides looks through the trees, when the sun is low, as it is now, and casting his yellow beams upon it! Perhaps you may never have heard the occasion upon which it was gilded. When Napoleon returned from Russia, there were a great many grumblers, and one of his courtiers had the courage to tell him so. "Gild the dome of the Invalides," said he. In giving this order, he shewed his usual knowledge of French character; for in a few days nothing was talked of but the gilded dome of the Invalides. Russia was forgotten, and Napoleon only mentioned as the beautifier of Paris—*la première ville du monde*, as the French always designate it. This is a very delightful Boulevard, the *Boulevard des Invalides*. We have not time at present to see the Hospital, but it is well worth the while; there is a great deal of interest about it, however, without going in. How delightful it is to see these old wounded soldiers sitting on these benches, enjoying the sunshine, and talking over old hardships and present comforts! How happy these others seem to be within those beautiful enclosures, trimming the shrubs and watering the flower-plats! One need hardly inquire, in France, who was the founder of such and such institutions;—with all his faults, and they were many, it was Louis Quatorze who did every thing. This, however, has been much improved in its arrangements, both as to comfort and splendour, by the Empress *Marie Louise*. Do you perceive, now, where we are?—we are almost where we set out from. We are now on the *Pont de la Revolution*; over the houses, there, is the top of the celebrated column of the *Place*

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Vendome, encased in bronze, made of the canon taken at Austerlitz and Jena. There was a statue of Napoleon on the top of it; and when the restoration of the Bourbons took place, it was, of course, removed. It was meant to be a sort of triumph over the fallen dynasty, and accordingly ropes were attached to the statue, and men hired to pull it down; but, after many essays, the attempt was found to be ineffectual. The succeeding night, workmen were secretly sent to the summit to weaken the legs, by partly filing them; and again, the next day, it was determined to consummate the triumph; but still the filed legs of the Emperor were too strong for the efforts of the legitimists, and the ropes broke. The idea of a public spectacle was then given up, through the milder policy of the Emperor Alexander, and workmen were again employed to finish the filing, and to remove it privately. Numbers of the Emperor's admirers slept on the pavement all night, to have the melancholy satisfaction of a last contemplation of their idol; and about five in the morning, notwithstanding that the square was by that time thronged with multitudes, (making public the act which was intended to be private,) and notwithstanding that the Emperor was then an outcast and a wanderer, and the Bourbon, King every inch of him, no shout of brutal triumph, over fallen greatness, arose from the multitude, when the statue of Napoleon was lowered to the ground, and the white flag raised to crown that column, which, let the flag of the Bourbon float over it as it may, will ever be as imperishable a record of Napoleon's triumphs as of his fall;—and now we have reached another of Napoleon's monuments, the unfinished Church of the *Madelines*; and this is where we set out from. I hope the walk has given you some amusement; I know it has given me a good appetite;—so I propose an immediate adjournment to Mrs Dun's. H.

* 3 U

cially with reference to animals. For example, a horse or mare, on the oath of the owner and two neighbours as to its soundness, was valued at ten shillings, a foal at twenty-pence, an ox at a mark, and a cow at ten shillings. The hire of an ox, and the milk of a cow, were also valued; an ewe was reckoned worth sixteen-pence, her wool fourpence, her milk twopence, and her lamb eightpence. "As a proof of the high value of arms," says Mr Pennant, "and that we had few manufactures of that kind, a two-handed sword was valued at ten shillings, (the price of a horse, mare, or cow, it will be observed;) a single-handed one at six shillings and eightpence; and a steel buckler at two shillings and eightpence; but, what is very singular," he continues, "a bow, which they could easily make, was valued at sixteen-pence, and an arrow at sixpence."

The only penalty attached to a violation of these laws was the forfeiture of all claim to the benefit of the compact, which, in those unhappy and unsettled times, was probably deemed sufficient punishment, as it left the party unsupported and friendless.

Margaret verch Evan.

She was a marvellous woman, good my Lord.

Her qualities were various: she could sing,

And dance, and wrestle; music was her pastime—

And divers other acts unfeminine

Mark'd her long life with wonder.

The Knight and the Friar.

Meg Merrilies was, doubtless, a "marvellous woman," and fearful to boot; but her Cambrian namesake, Margaret verch Evan, or, as she was usually called, Megan verch Evan*, certainly excelled her in many points, more especially with regard to physical powers. Of all the females, indeed, which Wales has produced, this fair lady, who flourished about thirty years ago, near Llanberis, in Caernarvonshire, is the most extraordinary. In point

of accomplishments, and their practical utility, few, if any, have excelled this celebrated Cambrian damsel.

Passionately attached to the joys of the chase, in her cottage were to be found, at all times, a choice selection of the best thorough-bred dogs in the Principality; and her selection was not limited to any particular species; greyhounds, beagles, foxhounds, terriers, and even curs of low degree, were to be seen frisking about the humble edifice which Margaret occupied; and the gossips of Llanberis, who never speak of her but with the utmost reverence, affirm to this day, that she made a more desperate havoc among the hares and foxes than all the confederate hunts did together. Nor were Megan's qualifications confined to her dexterity and hardihood as a huntress. She managed a boat with admirable facility; she could play on the harp, and on the fiddle; she made shoes—built and repaired boats—shod horses—and, at the age of seventy, was the best wrestler in the county. What will my fair countrywomen say to this?

This amazon died about eight-and-twenty years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-two; a wonderful example of native ingenuity, persevering industry, and contented penury.

Marriage Ceremonies.

The wedding-day arrives,

The harpers and the glee-men, far and near,

Come to the wedding-feast,—the wedding guests

Do come, the altar's dress'd, the bride-maids meet.

Southey.

The weddings of the lower orders in Wales are attended, as such events usually are, with a profusion of noise, jollity, and riot. They seem to adopt the good old maxim of "the more the merrier," to its utmost extent; and, accordingly, all friends, neighbours, and kinsmen, are unreservedly bidden to the feast. The number of attendants, however, de-

* MEGAN is the diminution of Margaret, and VERCH signifies daughter, or female descendant. It is used, in a woman's name, as AN, or more properly AB, is in a man's: AB being an abbreviation of MAB, or SON.

pende, in great measure, upon the rank and circumstances of the couple: but it generally happens that the course, on these occasions, is great. Mr Bingley saw, at the wedding of a peasant, in the church of Llanberis, in Caernarvonshire, nearly thirty persons, and I myself have seen as many in Merionethshire.

The Welsh had many ceremonies peculiar to their weddings, which have now either fallen into desuetude, or are observed only in part, or incidentally. In the "good old times," when a marriage was about to be celebrated, a person well gifted with eloquence and address, sufficiently skilled in pedigrees and anecdotes of families—active, sprightly, and handsome, and of respectable character withal—was appointed to the situation of *BIDDER*, whose office it was to *bid*, or invite the guests to the hymeneal entertainment. It was necessary that he should possess all, or the greater portion of these qualifications, as on the success of his mission depended, in a great degree, the number of the guests. As the insignia of his office, his bonnet, and the staff which he always carried, were adorned with garlands of flowers or ribbons, and thus arrayed, he visited all the halls and dwellings in the neighbourhood. Formerly, this character was usually sustained by a chieftain, in favour of his vassal; and his person was then considered, by hostile clans, as sacred as that of a herald. The purport of the *bidding* was not only to request the attendance of the friends and well-wishers of the young couple, but, at the same time, to solicit their seasonable presents and contributions, in order to enable the new-married pair to "begin the world" with comfort, and the means of future prosperity. These free-will offerings consisted, for the most part, of some article of furniture or wearing-apparel, live-stock,

or money, according to the means and good-will of the donor; and the donation was always considered merely as a loan, to be paid hereafter, if called upon at any future wedding of the contributors, or their friends, or children. The duty of the bidder, if well performed, conferred as much honour on himself as profit on his client; and, as few persons enjoyed the necessary accomplishments, it was accounted an office of no trifling distinction. On entering a dwelling, which he was careful to do when all the members of the family were assembled, and if they had visitors, so much the better, he struck the floor with his staff, to engage the attention of the company, and then, with a graceful bow to the chieftain, or master of the house, began his address. This was sometimes in a prescribed form, but more frequently extemporary, and left to the judgment of the speaker, who always rendered it as complimentary as possible, for the purpose of inducing his auditors to accept his invitation; and having succeeded, for he was generally successful, the sports and pastimes observed on these occasions always attracting numerous visitors, with another bow he left the apartment.

On the day of the ceremony, the nuptial offerings having been previously made, and the names of the donors registered in a book, with the amount of their donations, the marriage was celebrated at an early hour; the bride and bridegroom* separating afterwards, and returning to their respective families; when the signal for the commencement of the sport was given by the piper, who was invariably present on these occasions, mounted on a horse trained for the purpose. The first achievement to be performed was the seizure of the bride, and the carrying her off

* "The Saxon word for bridegroom," says the learned historian of the Anglo-Saxons, "is *brýd-guma*. *Guma* means 'a man,' which we have perverted into 'groom;' *brýd* implies 'marriage.' The Welsh for marriage is '*priodas*;' '*priodvab*' is a bridegroom; '*priodi*,' to marry: all these, in composition, change into an initial *b*. No one can suspect that such a term as this can, by either nation, have been derived from the other. But the Welsh has preserved the rationale of the word, which implies 'appropriation,' or 'proprietaryship.'"

from her friends*. In order to effect this, the companions of the bridegroom, mounted on borseback†, and the piper playing merrily in the midst of them, set off at full speed for the house which contained the object of their pursuit; but they always encountered many obstacles in their progress; such as ropes of straw drawn across the road, blocks of wood, and large stones, planted in the middle of it, and artificial pitfalls. But the principal obstruction was the Gwyntyn, (*Anglice*, Quintain,) consisting of an upright pole, on the top of which, and placed horizontally, was a long beam fixed to the pole by an iron pin, which permitted it to turn freely round when pushed. At one end of this beam hung a bag of sand, at the other a flat and narrow plank, which the rider, as he passed, struck with his spear or staff; and if he was not extremely dexterous and expeditious in his movements, he was liable to be dismounted by a stroke with the sand-bag, to the great amusement and delight of his companions. The Gwyntyn was guarded by the chosen champions of the bride, who, if it was passed successfully, challenged the adventurer to a trial of skill at some athletic game,—a challenge which could not be declined,—and consequently to guard the Gwyntyn was accounted a service at once arduous and honourable. Having surmounted these difficulties, they hastened to the abode of the bride; and if the door was shut against them, assailed it, and those in the house, not with battering rams and petards, but with music and poetry, particularly the latter, till they had compelled their opponents to admit them; when they seized the bride, and carried her off in triumph. Her friends and partizans, at a convenient time, discovered their loss, and, of course, pursued the fugitives. When they overtook them, a mock contest ensued, in which the pursuers were al-

ways vanquished; and, acknowledging their inferiority, yielded up the bride to the now undisputed possession of the man of her choice. All afterwards repaired to the bridegroom's residence, and the remainder of the day was spent in mirth and festivity. Trials of skill, in various rustic games, first took place, and after these, singing and dancing to the harp; the Cwrrw, in the mean time, circulating apace,—prolonging the entertainments to a late hour.

In this manner were the Welsh, in days of yore, accustomed to celebrate one of the most important and happiest events in their lives; and it has been ably argued, that more than one of the customs above related may be traced to a Roman origin. The curious ceremony of carrying off the bride may be compared to a pastime instituted by Romulus, in commemoration of the rape of the Sabine virgins; and Rosinus, in his Roman Antiquities, quotes from Apuleius a description of this custom, which certainly bears some little resemblance to the one practised in Wales. He says, that when the bride was dressed in her bridal garments, a number of young men, flourishing their swords, as if raging for battle, burst into her chamber, and carried her off. As the Romans were some time in Britain, and the families connected with them, or such as could not return when their legions were recalled, might have settled in South Wales, where, by the bye, these ceremonies were particularly practised, it is no great trespass on probability to suppose that such was the actual origin of this custom; although it appears to me to have originated in the commission of what is legally termed "forcible abduction;" for in a country so wild as Wales once was, this crime must have been frequently perpetrated. Whether the Gwyntyn, or Quintain, was in use among the Romans, we can form no opinion, as in

* "This imitation of forcible abduction," a friend writes, "prevailed in some parts of the county of Cardigan, probably so late as twenty years ago, and may even now be occasionally practised: it seems to show, that at no very distant period *real* abductions must have been common in that district."

† In some parts of Wales, it is considered mean to walk to and from church when a wedding is celebrated: it is therefore customary for the poorer classes to borrow horses "for the nonce," when much racing is exhibited.

the writings of antiquity we find no allusion to such an apparatus. The name, indeed, is decidedly of British or Welsh origin: and in the ceremony of guarding it, there exists something of a similitude to the manner in which knights-errant of old hung their shields upon a tree, defying the prowess of their contemporaries: so, however, thinks Mr Peter Roberts*.

Another custom, which is perhaps more ancient, and certainly more curious, is, that when the door being closed against those who came to seek the bride, admission is only to be obtained by the united influence of poetry and music. In this, the writer just named fancifully recognises a resemblance to the well-known fable of Orpheus and Eurydice. It may startle some, that such an illustration can be found in a custom existing not many years ago in Wales; yet a comparison of the circumstances may justify the hypothesis in some degree; and there is little doubt but that many of the fables of antiquity would admit of as simple an explanation as this of Orpheus, by an attentive observance of popular customs and traditions.

But many of these customs are now unknown in the Principality. The knight-errant cavalcade, the seizure of the bride, the rescue, the wordy war of rhyme between the parties, are almost wholly laid aside; and of the ceremonies enumerated and described above, a few only are retained, and their retention is by no means general.

When the parties are poor, collections are still made at weddings, and the office of *biddor* is not quite extinct; although the invitation is more usually given through the medium of letters, of one of which the following is a copy:—

Caermarthen, 20th March 1820.

As I intend to enter the matrimonial state on Easter Monday, the 19th day of

April next, I am encouraged by my friends to make a *bidding* on the occasion, the same day, at my dwelling-house, known by the sign of the Green Dragon, in Llammas-Street, where the favour of your good company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation you will be pleased to confer on me, these will be gratefully received, and cheerfully repaid, whenever demanded on a similar occasion, by

Your humble servant,

DAVID THOMAS.

Post scriptum. The young man's mother, brother, and sister, (Hannah, Richard, and Phoebe Thomas,) desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them may be returned to the young man on the said day; and they will be thankful for any additional favour bestowed on him†.

There are two or three other particulars, which, perhaps, deserve notice. It must be recollected, that very few, if indeed any, of these customs are observed in all Parts of the principality alike; they are peculiar to certain districts, and in those districts alone are they used. In Caernarvonshire, as soon as the clergyman has declared the parties to be "man and wife," the young men rush out of church, and run or ride to the bride's house, when the first who announces the glad and welcome tidings receives a reward from her friends. When the bridegroom, with a party of his friends, arrived at the lady's residence on the morning of the wedding-day, he and his companions were regaled with *custard-pudding*, ale, bread, and butter. All ate out of the same dish, till its contents were dispatched, when others were produced, till they were satisfied. This convivial and singular ceremony was formerly observed at funerals; and I mention it, as a relic of patriarchal simplicity, and as an instance of the solidity of a Welsh breakfast, before the modern luxuries of tea and coffee were introduced.

* The literal translation of Gwyntyn is a *Fane*. The custom of striking the Quintain, or Quintin, is by no means peculiar to Wales. It was formerly practised in England at all merry-makings; and, if I mistake not, Mr Strutt has introduced it in his "Queenhoo Hall."

† *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, p. 160.

Burial Customs.

In Cambria once, the death-bed of the peasant
 Was one rude scene of boisterous merriment;
 Friends came and pass'd the time in glee-ful riot
 And drunken jollity. Now times are changed:—
 The poor man dies in peace, and leaves his friends
 To mourn for, and lament him.

Rhy's Roberts of Rhaghatt.

Nothing can be more impressive, and at the same time exhibit so small a portion of pomp and splendour, as the funeral of a Welsh peasant. The petty cavillings and jealousies which existed,—and which always must exist between a family and some of its connexions,—are all hushed and forgotten; and friends and kinsmen, even to the fourth and fifth degrees of relationship, all follow to the grave the corpse of their departed fellow-mortal.

The coffin is usually borne by the nearest of kin to the deceased, or by his most valued friends*; and it is not uncommon for the village-pastor to walk from the house to the church at the head of the train of mourners. In many parts of North Wales, the procession is preceded by a select number of singers, chiefly females, who chant mournful hymns as they move slowly onwards†; and nothing can be more beautiful than the effect produced by the simple and pleasing melody of their voices, as the cadence of their plaintive strain, wafted along the mountain glens, falls upon the ear in a soothing, yet melancholy

murmur. Nor is it possible to view with indifference the mere procession, divested, as it often is, of this embellishment.

The train of thought induced by a spectacle of this nature, bears no resemblance to that which is engendered by the gay and gorgeous vanity of a metropolitan burial. The affecting simplicity of the one tells at once to the heart, and leads the mind to ponder upon that which is admonitory, and humiliating, and sorrowful; and prompts us to ask, with the poet,

Ah! what is human life?

How like the dial's tardy moving shade!
 Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd!
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen,—
 Yet soon the hour is up,—and we are gone!

while the useless ostentation of the other tends merely to display the pride and weakness of the sons of earth. Besides, in large and populous towns, we regard a funeral as we would any other common occurrence,—chiefly because it is common; but in the retired wilds of Scotland, of Wales, and of Ireland, where the sorrowful event is less frequent, it is attended with more solemnity, sadness, and sympathy.

In many parts of the Principality, it is customary for the clergyman to pray over the corpse before it is “raised,” and the omission of this ceremony at the burial of a *PENTRELU*, or Head of a Family, is considered a mark of the greatest disrespect; the Lord's Prayer is also said by the minister at the porch of the churchyard, and repeated by the clerk when

* The reader will probably perceive the similitude of this custom to one used in Scotland on a similar occasion, and one which has been so ably and affectingly described by the “Great Unknown,” in his description of the burial of Young Mucklebucket, the fisherman, in the second volume of the *Antiquary*.

† The Greeks had their *Ἑξαρχοὶ θρηνοῦν*, who sang the *Αἶνοι*, and the Romans their *Sitices* and *Præfices*, who sounded the trumpets, and chanted the *Nænies*, or *Læsus*. The funeral ceremonies of the latter resemble those of the British in one or two other instances. The bier, which supported the remains of the Roman citizen, was generally carried by his heir, or nearest relations; and Horace, in the Fifth Satire of his Second Book, thus alludes to this practice:—

————— Cadaver
Unctum oleo largo nudis humeris tult hæres.

Their public feasting must not be forgotten; neither must we overlook their custom of distributing meat among the poor on these occasions, which, it will be remembered, they called “visceratio.”

the grave is filled up*. After the corpse has been brought into the church, and the usual service performed, a psalm is sometimes sung, after which the mourners approach the altar, (the clergyman already standing there,) and place in a dish provided for the purpose an offering of money, according to the wealth of the donor, and the esteem and affection he entertained towards the deceased. When the offering of silver is ended, the more humble contributors advance, and deposit their mite of a penny, or more, a halfpenny being inadmissible†; and when the collection is entirely finished, the body is deposited in its dark and silent place, the remainder of the solemn and impressive service is read, and the affecting ceremony concluded.

When the means are equal to the expence, there is much eating, drinking, and smoking, before the corpse is removed from its old habitation; and when the party is too poor to provide the requisites for such a carousal, it is customary in Merionethshire, and other places, for every well-wisher to send a small present of sugar, tea, bread, ale, &c. The bearers of an offering of this sort are received by a female appointed to the office, who shows them the corpse, and invites them to partake of such cheer as the house affords. It was formerly deemed disrespectful not to watch the corpse night and day till it was interred; but the conduct of the performers of this mournful office, which was by no means so decorous as the solemnity of the occasion required, gave rise to the suppression of a custom, useless in itself, and as practised by the Welsh, tumultuous and disgraceful. The mourners were also, at one time, accustomed to adjourn

to the village pot-house, and there regale themselves at the expence of the relatives of the deceased,—provided, however, that they could afford it. But these unworthy and unbecoming practices have given place to others of a more laudable and befitting character. The pious and afflicted cottager is not now happy, unless he can procure the attendance of some holy man, to console with his prayers the sorrowful inmates of the house of mourning; and the minister is frequently solicited, on the eve of the funeral, to lighten the gloomy cottage with his presence, and to administer that consolation which religion alone can bestow at a period so sad and agonizing.

Mr Pennant, in his “Tours in Wales,” has given an account of the ceremonies which formerly attended the performance of funerals in Wales; from which it appears, that many of them are now laid aside, or only practised in particular districts, and by no means frequently. “Previously to a funeral,” he writes, “it was customary, when the corpse was brought out of the house and placed upon the bier, for the next of kin, be it widow, mother, sister, or daughter, (for it must be a female) to give, *over the coffin*, a quantity of white loaves in a great dish, and sometimes a cheese with a piece of money stuck in it, to certain poor persons. After that, they presented, in the same manner, a cup of drink, and required the person to drink a little of it immediately. When this was done, they knelt down, and the minister said the Lord’s Prayer; after which they proceeded with the corpse, and at every cross-way between the house and the church they set down the bier, knelt, and again repeated the

* In Denbighshire and Flintshire, when the relatives of the deceased attend church on the first Sunday after the funeral, it is usual for them to repeat the Lord’s Prayer over the grave of their kinsman.

† These offerings, which probably originated in the Romish custom of paying for masses, are frequently appropriated to the use of the minister; but if the family of the deceased be remarkably poor, they are divided amongst its surviving members. They bear a considerable analogy to the “Saul-seat” of the Saxons. No respectable person of that nation died, or was buried, without a handsome present to some branch or other of the ecclesiastical establishment. If the body was buried out of the “right scire,” or parish, the *Saul-seat* was to be paid to the minister to which he belonged, and it was always given at the open grave. Wilk. Leg. apud Turner’s Hist. of the Anglo Saxons. Vol. III. p. 167. Note.

Lord's Prayer, and did the same when they first entered the church-yard. Among the Welsh, it was reckoned fortunate for the deceased if it rained while they were carrying him to church, that his bier might be wet with the dew of heaven*.

There is yet another custom to be mentioned, which still exists in some parts of Wales, and of England also, though certainly not to the extent some sentimental tourists would wish us to believe. I allude to the pleasing and praise-worthy practice of adorning the grave of a departed parent, kinsman, or friend, with turf and flowers. Mr Pratt, in his entertaining, but fanciful "Gleanings," has drawn a lively picture of this custom; but, elegant and interesting as his description is, it is exceedingly exaggerated. The fact is simply this: the graves, in a great many districts, are dressed with flowers, &c. immediately after interment, but they are usually neglected afterwards. In some parts of Montgomeryshire, indeed, they embellish anew, at Easter, the graves of those who have been buried even so long as twelve years; and the church-yards, at this season, present a very interesting spectacle. But the constant weeding mentioned by Mr Pratt, and the disgrace which attends the person who does not preserve in order the grave he has ornamented, are fictions, or, to say the least of them, unnecessary amplifications.

Pride of Ancestry.

The Cambro-Briton, vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur,
kings
Full famous in romantic tale.

Splendid Shilling.

Pride of ancestry has been a characteristic of the Welsh since the days of Giraldus Cambrensis. "Genealogiam quoque generis sui," writes

that author, "etiam de populo quilibet observat, et non solum avos, avos, sed usque ad sextam vel septimam et ultra procul generationem memoriter et promptè genus enarrat†." It was to a Welsh lady, who was tracing her genealogy through a remote course, with much precision and solemnity, that a wag said,— "Madam, to cut the matter short, begin with Adam!" "He is a fellow of yesterday," said a haughty Welshman, of a man who wanted to marry his daughter; "I'll be bound he cannot trace his family to the Deluge!" This, generally speaking, ridiculous passion, is passing fast away. Among the middling and lower classes of society, an example of this long and fondly-retained custom may yet, indeed, be found, but under circumstances which render it only harmless and amusing. A most curious example of it existed, a few years ago, in the person of an individual who held a high official situation at Dolgelley. This individual was Robert Edwards, "Guide General to Cader Idris, and the Waterfalls‡;" and it was his "prime delight" to impress upon the English the grandeur of his descent. For this purpose, a paper was distributed by him, to all strange visitors, which contained a full account of his birth, parentage, education, and titles, and, above all, a good portion of his pedigree. Robert Edwards, (it began,) second son of the celebrated Tawer (tanner) William Edwards, ab Griffith, ab Morgan, ab David, ab Owen, ab Llewelyn, ab Cadwallader; great-great-great-grandson of an illegitimate daughter of that most illustrious hero, (Cadwallader, namely)—no less famed for his irresistible prowess when mildly approaching under the velvet standards of the lovely Venus, than when he sternly advanced under the terrific banner of the bloody Mars,—and Sir Rice ab Thomas, by Anne, alias Catharine,

* Vol. II. p. 159—160.

† Cambr. Descript. cap. 17., p. 211.

‡ The office of Guide General at Dolgelley is no despicable one, nor is it devoid of honour and emolument. The present worthy holder of this office is something of an original, certainly a very amusing personage, but nothing in comparison with his predecessor, Robert. He occupies a house just over the great bridge (POST-VAUR) at Dolgelley; and a board over the door intimates to strangers that "Richard Pugh, Guide General, &c. &c." is to be found within.

daughter of Howel ab Jenkyn of Ynys y maen gwyn*, who was thirteenth in descent from Cadogan, a lineal descendant of Bleddyn ab Cynfyn, Prince of Powis! Of such ancestry, who would not be proud? And as "scire tuum nihil est nisi hoc sciat alter," is peculiarly true of genealogy, who would not be glad to let it be known? Thus thought the worthy James Boswell, Esq., and it appears that the descendant of the Princes of Powis entertained a similar opinion. But, alas! that a person of such illustrious descent, and of merit so transcendent, should be subject to

The thousand natural ills
That flesh is heir to!

But so it is,—and the worthy Robin, with all his glory, is now gathered to those fathers whose memory he so highly and so piously venerated. I remember him well. Some of the happiest years of my life were spent near the town where he dwelt, and I am indebted to him for many an entertaining hour, and many a sage instruction in the delightful art of angling. He was certainly an original, a singular, but an honest man, and he fulfilled his various duties with assiduity, integrity, and zeal. Poor Robin had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-eight, before he was gathered to his progenitors; and, full of years and of honesty, he went hence, and was no more seen! But his memory,—humble as was his rank in life,—will not be despised. His eccentric and amusing manners, convivial temper, and just dealings, will not be forgotten by one, at least, whom Providence hath placed in a somewhat loftier, but, perhaps, not happier sphere of existence.

Farewell, old man!

Take thee for all in all, we ne'er shall
look upon thy like again!

But, after all, pride of ancestry is by

no means peculiar to the Welsh, although it might formerly have been carried to a more ridiculous extent by them than by any other nation. But even this is extremely doubtful; and notwithstanding their proverbial partiality to elaborate genealogies, there are others, as Mr D'Israeli has remarked, which can disturb the muscles of the gravest philosophers, and, perhaps, make the most ingenious herald smile at his own ingenuity. Charles V., and Louis XIII., caused their genealogies to reach to Adam. De Crouy, who married the heiress of the De Cronys, in the time of St. Louis, because he came from Hungary, resolved, if he brought nothing else, to encumber himself with a genealogy, in which he ventured to trace his descent from Attila, king of the Huns, who, it must be allowed, is a more regal ancestor than even Adam himself. But this is not all. To say nothing of the existence of this passion in the Highlands of Scotland, we have the following instances of it in England. Arthur Kelton, who wrote in the reign of Edward VI., published at the end of his Chronicle a Genealogy of the Brutes, in which the pedigree of our young and amiable monarch is lineally deduced through thirty-two generations, from Oosiris, the first king of Egypt! Hood reproaches our author for his ignorance; but, as War-ton sagely observes, "in an heraldic inquiry, so difficult and so new, many mistakes are pardonable." In a book published in 1604, James I. has his genealogy derived from Noah, and subsequently more elaborately from Adam†. This is certainly sufficient to show that a predilection for pedigrees is not peculiar to Wales; and if the reader wishes to see a specimen of "the most splendid of genealogies," he will find one in the first volume of the *Curiosities of Literature*, entitled,

* This name, interminable as it may appear to an English eye, is, when translated, a very poetical appellation, namely, "The Island of the White Rock." It is one of the best estates in North Wales, and its gardens and pleasure-grounds can compete with any of equal extent in England. During the life-time of the late warm-hearted proprietor, Edward Corbet, Esq., it was my good fortune to spend some very merry days at Ynys, as it is colloquially denominated; and it will be long—very long, before I forget the fascinating urbanity with which I was treated, when, as an utter stranger, I first became an inmate under the hospitable roof of Ynys y maen gwyn.—*See Ryder.*

† *Curiosities of Literature*, Vol. i. p. 344. et seq.

"The Genealogy of Semiramis, Queen of Babilon, as inscribed by her on a pillar."

That the reader, however, may have some idea of a Cambrian pedigree, I present him with the following, which is engraved on the tomb of a gentleman in Flintshire:

Evan, ab Edward, ab Richard, ab Edward, ab Howel,
 ab David, ab Meirion Llwyd o'Nannan,
 ab Meirion Vychan, ab Ynyr Vychan,
 ab Ynyr, ab Meuric, ab Madog,
 ab Cadwallader, ab Bleddyn,
 ab Cynfyn,
 Prince of Powis.

This, however, is but brief, in comparison with many. I am informed that there is a book in existence, containing the genealogies of the most respectable Welsh families, and tracing their descent very methodically from the "Father of Men;" and I know that the pedigree of the wealthy and esteemed house of Mostyn occupies an extent of parchment not less than *forty-two feet long!* After passing through the British and Saxon race of Monarchs, it pursues its course through those of Israel, reaches Noah, and concludes very properly with Adam.

Ceubren yr Ellŷll, or the Hobgoblin's Hollow Tree.

All nations have their omens drear,
 Their legends wild of woe and fear;
 To Cambria look—the peasant see,
 Bethink him of Glendowerdee,
 And shun the Hobgoblin's Hollow Tree!
Marmion.

In the park of Nannan, in Merionethshire, the seat of Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, Bart., there stood, till within these few years, a hollow, large, and blasted oak, whose blanched and withered branches presented, in Spring and Summer, a striking contrast to the bright verdure of the surrounding woods. It was a noted tree; and the peasant, as he passed it, in the gloom of evening, would quicken his pace, and murmur a prayer for the preservation of his person from the crafts and assaults of the Evil One.

E'en to this day, the peasant still
 With cautious fear treads o'er the ground;
 In each wild bush a spectre sees,
 And trembles at each rising sound.

A long succession of ages hath rolled on since the event transpired,

which conferred on this tree an influence so appalling. During the wars of Glendower, in the former part of the fifteenth century, a cousin of that hero resided at Nannan—his name was Howel Sele. It appears that Howel had refused to espouse his kinsman's and his country's cause, thereby rendering himself particularly obnoxious to the choleric Glendower; and an enmity was, in consequence, engendered between the two chieftains, which was fostered, on both sides, with savage and revengeful malignity. During a cessation of hostilities, Owen (so intimates tradition) sought amusement and exercise in the pleasures of the chase; and he determined, like Earl Percie of old, to "force the red-deer from the forest brake," in the domains of his inveterate and unbending kinsman. Thither he repaired, therefore, with a bosom-friend, named Madoc, and a small but well-armed hunting-train. As was to be expected, he encountered Howel, alone, but armed, who demanded with what right he, a rebel to his king, thus dared to pervade his grounds, and intrude upon his solitude? Reply succeeded reply, till they resolved to decide the question by force of arms. They consequently fought, and Howel fell a victim to the superior valour of his kinsman. Near the spot where they contended, was a "broad and blasted oak,"

Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare—
 Hollow its stem from branch to root—
 And all its shrivell'd arms were bare.

In the cavity of this tree, the corpse of the brave but unfortunate Lord of Nannan was deposited, and Owen and his train hastened home to Glendowerdee. The disappearance of the chieftain Howel caused the greatest alarm and consternation at the castle. All possible search and inquiry were made, but without effect; and his sorrowing lady secluded herself from the world in the solitude of her lonely and now gloomy residence. Year succeeded year, and still no tidings were received of the long-absent Howel. At length, one tempestuous evening in November, an armed horseman was descried urging on his flagging steed up the hill

which leads to Nannan, from the neighbouring town of Dolgelley—

His coal-black steed with foam besprent,
Which, wearied with the lengthen'd way,
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

However, he passed quickly on his way, regardless of the spent condition of his horse, and the storm, which howled fearfully around him, and, arriving at the castle, demanded an audience of its sad and solitary mistress. It was Madoc; who—his friend Glendower being dead—had hastened to clear up the painful mystery in which the disappearance of Howel was involved. He told his tale, and led the trembling and astonished domestics to the uncouth sepulchre which enclosed the bones of their lord. It was opened, and the gigantic skeleton of Howel was discovered, still grasping with its huge right hand the sword usually worn by the chieftain. His remains were interred in the neighbouring monastery of Vanner, with all the pomp and ceremony of Catholic superstition, and masses were performed for the repose of his incensed and troubled spirit.

They bore the corpse to Vanner's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers address'd;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,
And gave his angry spirit rest.

The oak in which Howel's body was enclosed is the same to which I have

alluded at the opening of this sketch, and it was standing between seven and eight years ago. On the night of the 14th of July 1813, a night which was exceedingly sultry and oppressive, this venerable "monarch of the forest" fell to the ground; and the worthy baronet, in whose domains it was situated, caused its wood to be manufactured into a variety of utensils, to be distributed among his friends. The very day before its downfall, an eminent amateur artist made a drawing of it, from which engravings have been since taken; and there is scarcely a house in Dolgelley that does not contain one, at least, of these prints, framed in the very wood (which is of a beautiful dark colour, approaching to ebony) of the Ceubren yr Ellyll. At Nannan there are several handsome relics of this majestic tree. Amongst others is a frame containing an admirable likeness of the memorable Pitt. It is unadorned by the gilder, but presents an appearance—to use an expressive phrase of a celebrated Welsh writer—of magnificent simplicity. Under the portrait is the following motto, particularly happy in its allusion to the "Pilot who weathered the storm:"

Y Cwr
fal y dderwen
a wynebodd
y dymestl*.

Θ.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. IV.

The Flitting.

The stream that laved my infant feet,—the mead
On which I fill'd my lap with vernal flowers,—
The woodland lay soft warbled to the morn,
That charm'd the ear, and chas'd my every care;
No song so sweet, no flowers so fair, no stream
Holds such a crystal mirror to the sky.

Old Play.

LOCAL attachment seems to have an almost universal influence on human nature; for it may rationally be inferred, that the exceptions which we observe are often apparent, rather than real; or if they do sometimes exist, they may

be considered as deviations from a generally pervading principle, like some phenomena, which happen contrary to the established laws of Nature. It will readily be granted, that this feeling operates most powerfully on delicate and suscept-

* "The man like the oak which faced the tempest."

ible minds; and has, accordingly, furnished a theme for poets, from Homer down to the present day, forming the subject of many a tender lay and melting effusion. In the *Iliad*, we admire the imagination, and are delighted with the descriptive powers of the poet; but the *Odyssey* reaches the heart, and, forgetting the poet, we think only of Ulysses and his home. Among the poets of our own times, this feeling has furnished the basis of some tender strains, which, we may almost predict, will only die with the language in which they are written; for instance, Campbell, Rogers, Montgomery, and Erskine in his *Emigrant*. One author has given the title of *Local Attachment* to a poem; but he is considered by many as better skilled in the philosophy of mind than the language of Parnassus. But among our modern poets, none seems to have felt the influence of this principle more powerfully, nor to have expressed it with greater sensibility, than Goldsmith. It forms the ground-work of his *Deserted Village*, and is often powerfully expressed in his *Traveler*: and although it has been found, that there is often a great difference between an author's head and his heart, it would be a calumny on human nature not to believe, aye, and be convinced, that the author of the following lines felt what he wrote:

In all my wanderings round this world
of care,
In all my griefs, and God has given my
share;
I still had hopes, my latest hours to
crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down:
And as a hare, when hounds and horns
pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first
she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last!

An apology might seem necessary for quoting lines so generally known, and, I hope, felt; but as the eye can turn again and again to look on a fine painting, and the ear listen with delight to the repetition of an exquisite air; so it is presumed there are few readers who will be displeased with again perusing this

recital of these feelings, with such genuine simple pathos, for all, who possess or lay a claim to sensibility, will own they speak to the heart.

This is the age of poetical excitement, when the honest and simple feelings of Nature have no relish; but descriptions of the stormy passions delight, and often demoralize the mind. It is thus that the vitiated appetite loathes homely and healthful food, requiring to be stimulated with high-seasoned dishes and strong liquors, to the certain ruin of the constitution. And it is deeply to be regretted, that the greatest poet of the age has applied the sweetest and most potent blandishments of sentiment and song, to intoxicate the heads, and deprave the minds of his readers, instead of employing his growing powers and ripened taste, in the same spirit with which his young aspiring muse dictated *Loch-na-gar*. With what pathos could the author of the *Corsair*, the *Bride of Abydos*, and *Manfred*, have expressed local attachment! and how graphically could the hand which sketched the *Siege of Corinth* and *Don Juan* have painted the delights of home and the social fireside! It may be said, that he has attempted that path, and failed; but the attempt was made too late, when his mind was soured, and his taste depraved. But although he cannot exclaim with the amiable Cowper,

England, with all thy faults, I love thee
still!

yet the bitterness with which he speaks of that country, is a strong indication that it still holds a place in his heart; and although he has expatriated himself, it is very probable that he will yet feel reluctant to leave his last breath where

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic
tear,
Can soothe his shade, or grace his mourn-
ful bier.

So potent is this attachment, that we see those who have left their country in early youth, for the sunny shores of Hindostan, after banking in orient and perennial summers, enjoying pleasures, and indulging in luxuries unknown, or impossible to be obtained, in the bleak clime of

Caledonia,—although possessed of wealth sufficient for enabling them to fix their abode on the vine-clad banks of the Garrone, or the citron groves of the Tagus,—yet prefer shivering through the long nights of a Scotian winter, where the ice-fettered stream creeps silent and unseen, that they may have the pleasure of gazing on the snow-clad mountains, so dear in early life. It may perhaps be urged, that pride or vanity is the impelling motive, that they may appear with éclat, and excite the admiration or envy of their early associates, who knew them in humbler circumstances; but to this it may be replied, that numerous instances of a contrary nature can be adduced, of those who have, either by misfortune or imprudence, been reduced to poverty, and even want; and instead of hiding their disgrace among strangers, have returned to mingle with those who knew them in better days, and now see them with cold indifference, or, more probably, eye them with the averted look of contempt.

Do we not often see, or hear, of those whom the laws of their country have expelled, and doomed to perpetual exile, returning to hide themselves in her bosom, at the hazard of imprisonment, scourging, and even death? The story of Foscarini is too well known to be repeated as an illustration. In our own days, we have a most remarkable instance of this, in the case of Governor Wall. This unhappy man was Governor in one of our colonies abroad, and caused a man to be flogged to death for mutiny; he was accused of murder, and secreted himself for many years; but at length, with an ignominious death staring him in the face, could not resist the impulse of returning to Britain—he came home, was tried, condemned, and hanged! The Swiss, although a wandering and, proverbially, a mercenary race, are so much attached to their native lakes and hills, that, when abroad, if they hear the simple air of *Ranz des vaches*, they are seized with an irresistible desire of returning home, and, if prevented, pine and die of the *mala-die du pays*. In the torrid regions of the tropical isles, the African, pin-

ing in sickness, or writhing under the lash of his inhuman task-master, consoles himself that he will sink in death, to awake in the land of his fathers. The hardy Scotch Highlander, expelled from his cottage by the cupidity of a proprietor, who considers sheep a more profitable population than men, when forced to seek a home on the banks of the Mississippi, or where the Falls of Niagara thunder in his ear, leaves the vale which gave him birth with heaving bosom,—slowly and despondingly climbs the vessel, which is to waft him across the ocean,—takes his stand on the deck—gazes on the receding shore—nor do the throbbings of his heart cease till distance or darkness banish from his view the heath-clad hills, or snow-covered mountains, which the visions of Fancy again raise before him in his midnight slumbers. The sailor, who has huffed the tempest, his face bronzed by vertical suns, and his limbs pinched and frost-bitten in Polar Seas, wishes “to die at home.” The war-worn veteran, who has, for the better part of life, submitted to be a machine, a pawn on a chess-board, or perhaps impelled, by a sentiment of honour, “seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon’s mouth,” still indulges the anticipated delight of “fighting his battles o’er again” at some homely, hut happy, fireside, in the land of his fathers.

Even he who has never travelled beyond the boundaries of Britain’s sea-girt isle, probably never strayed from his native county, perhaps never left, what he calls, his own parish, or, possibly, has been born and married in the same village, has a countless host of associations with every thing around him; and should he remove only to the distance of a few miles, it is long before he can believe himself at home. The country may be richer, the inhabitants civil, even warm-hearted, still they are not the friends of his youth; and his heart feels reluctant to unbosom itself, or give its confidence to strangers.

He who has been born and continued to live in a splendid and crowded city, and whose wealth renders him independent of the social servi-

ces of good neighbourhood, will not, indeed cannot understand, the extent of these feelings, or may probably deny their existence. Possibly some sapient critic of "my own romantic town" will pronounce them the effusions of morbid sensibility, or the airy dreams

Of some poor poet's visionary brain.

Not so fast, my good Sir, if you please; permit me to ask you a few questions, or, rather, put the interrogations to your own heart, and I will trust to it for the response. Are you in the habit of indulging in a morning lounge in some fashionable bookseller's saloon, and there meeting a circle of intimate acquaintances, to talk over the politics and literature of the day? Perhaps you belong to one of the golfing-societies, and are in the habit of enjoying both sport and exercise, in the fine Summer evenings, on Burntsfield Links? In Winter, you probably meet a few Diktanti friends at Young's; or you have been in the practice of joining a snug and select party at whist? If engaged in business, and deeply involved in commercial speculation—that powerful absorbent of capital—then, although never studying the principle of which I am now writing, you often act under its influence, by applying to some confidential neighbour to assist you in raising the wind, by the talismanic spell on a slip of paper, beginning with the words "Three months," and concluding with "value received;" this the magical touch of a banker converts into a menstruum, which makes the wheels of speculation glide smoothly; and, as *giff-gaff* makes good friends, you return the favour in kind. It is then that both of you realize that fine simile of Pope's,

Man, like the generous vine, supported
lives;

The strength he gains is from the embrace
he gives.

Or perhaps, Sir, you belong to a still humbler class in society, taking your pot of porter, and smoking a pipe nightly, at Barclay's? In either of the above cases, should you, by the caprices of Fate, be removed to some obscure provincial town,

where the bookseller's shop is frequented only by school-boys and writers' apprentices, both of whom always keep outside the counter,—no golfing-ground in the vicinity, nor whist-players in town, and the tradesmen all rich and purse-proud, never having occasion to raise the wind,—I must not suppose that you would be deprived of your porter and pipe; for every town, in whatever other accommodations it may be deficient, holds out numerous temptations to the idle tippler; but the regular succession of travellers and tradesmen, whom you used to meet, and whose conversation made Whitbread's brown stout mantle more richly, and gave a finer flavour to Cotton's best Virginia Shag, as its volumes of smoke, like clouds of frankincense, hovered in the room,—these, alas! are wanting; and you, with a sigh of regret, would prove the influence of local attachment.

That habit becomes second nature, is a truism proverbially common. The man who for years has been accustomed to occupy the same chair, in a particular corner of his own parlour, and sleep in the same bedroom,—if his chair is changed, or removed to another corner, or should he have occasion to sleep in another dormitory, although more airy and cheerful, would still feel as if he were not at home. There have been instances of clergymen, who, by using a prayer-book of a different edition, felt so awkward, as to be for some time at a stand, in turning to the different parts of the service for the day. In our own church, a preacher who trusted to memory for his sermons, has declared, that, after reading his text, he was in the practice of fixing his eyes on an old man's bonnet, hung on the opposite wall, till one Sunday, the hoary sire was prevented from attending, and did not think of sending his bonnet; the preacher gazed, rubbed his eyes, and made a pause of considerable length before he could proceed.

Even objects in themselves disagreeable, become endeared to us by habit or association. An old gentleman lost his wife, after she had been his companion at bed and board for nearly forty years. The lady had been one of those notable housewives.

who conceive there is no method of managing servants so effectually as perpetual scolding; she had Stentorian lungs, and a tongue nearly as restless as the pendulum of the house-clock. Her husband had weak nerves, and ten times every day fidgetted, fretted, and fumed; first imploring for quietness, then commanding her, in wrathful rage, to cease her infernal noise, which echoed from the kitchen to the most retired recess in the house; his intreaties and threatenings were alike disregarded, till death laid the good woman cold and silent. The old gentleman was inconsolable, and time did not seem to soothe his grief; he sunk into a deep melancholy; and when remonstrated with by a friend, he heaved a deep sigh, and said, "It is impossible for me ever to forget her; the dull silence, the stagnant calm and stillness that now pervade the house, remind me every hour that my dear friend is gone for ever!" A worthy woman, whose husband was in the habit of beating her, at least once for every month in the year, till her face often bore the marks of his unmanly prowess, was observed to grow morose and melancholy; when a neighbour inquired the cause, she replied with a deep sigh, "Ye'll see that ere lang I'm to lose our John!" "Why think you so?" he looks weel—what ails him?" "Oh, he's fey—he has grown o'er gude; it's near half a year since he lifted a hand to me—sie happiness canna last!" The story of the tallow-chandler is well known, who, having realized a fortune in his business, sold off his stock in trade, purchasing a snug retreat at some distance from town; but becoming wearied of ease, he invited his successor in trade to dine with him, and then solicited, as a favour, that he would allow him to look in always when he came to town, and, in particular, permit him to stay and regale his olfactory organs on melting-days.

But there is an influence more inexplicable, which extends itself to objects which can afford no gratification to the senses. Our school-copy of *Cæsar* or *Horace*, the wild heath where we rambled, the lake where we bathed or skated, all afford pleasure in our after years; and

the longer time that has intervened, perhaps that pleasure is relished the more keenly: should the heath be turned into corn-fields, and the lake drained, our reason may be convinced that the general good is promoted, but still we deplore the altered features of the scene. This, however, may be presumed to proceed, not so much from any real attachment to the objects themselves, as from the associations with which they are intimately connected, and seldom fail to call up in our minds.

The principle of local attachment extends its influence to the irrational part of creation, and, for ought we know, pervades all animated nature. It is found, in a greater or lesser degree, in all our domestic animals, and many of them have, under its influence, exhibited instinct approximating so nearly to reason and intelligence, however acquired, as to startle us with wonder at their sagacity. Even kinder treatment and better food sometimes fail in reconciling them to the change. The writer of this knew an instance of a cow, not the most sagacious of animals, which, according to the common saying, was brought from the muir to the meadow; that is, from scanty pasture, to feed on clover; yet she ran three several times to her former home, a distance of several miles. The beasts of the forest, and the wild fowls of the wood, these denizens of Nature's wide common, all display this attachment. Birds, if undisturbed, will, for years, continue to occupy the same nest; the fox has his favourite earth; the hare his own form; the rabbit burrows in its own hillock; and the bee returns from a long and devious excursion, to lodge in its own hive. I shall conclude these desultory observations with a simple tale of rural life, illustrative of what has been advanced:

The village of Burnside consisted of about a score of houses, irregularly scattered over an extent of something more than half-a-mile in length; to each of which was attached from eight to ten acres of land, all rented from the laird: the tenants were, in general, tradesmen of various occupations, which they exercised in the intervals of their rural labours, raising their families

healthful and happy. But, exclusive of these, there were about half the number of "widows, and matrons never wed," occupying small cottages rented from the tenants. As its name implied, the houses were situate on the bank of a rivulet, which, in a dry summer, almost forgot to murmur, although at the Lammas speat, or in sudden thaws in Winter, it was sometimes impassable by man or horse. In front of these rural abodes were their little kail-yards, some of which were fenced round with a green feal dyke, where a hedge of evergreen broom in Summer smiled, bending under its load of golden blossoms; others were surrounded with a stone wall, and all were planted round with ash and sycamore trees, waving their broad heads high in air, which, while they gave a venerable air of antiquity to the village, proved a shade for the sultry suns of summer, and broke the fury of the strong south-east winds from the ocean, which howled up the glen in Winter. Between the gardens and the burn a stripe of ground extended, in some places smooth as a bowling-green, in others, the precipitous banks reached close to the margin of the stream, and thickly covered with primroses, cowslips, orchis, and other Spring flowers, while the purple fox-glove and blushing wild-rose glowed in its Summer suns. By prescriptive right, obtained from a former laird, these daisied greens and flowery braes were common to all the tenants, occupied as bleaching-greens, and pastured by the cows of the village.

None of the tenants had leases; but there had not been an instance of any one being turned out, and some possessions had continued in the same family for several generations. Hence they continued, with confidence, not only to improve their land, at considerable expence, but even to repair and build new and substantial houses. Such had been this Scottish Auburn, for time immemorial, the abode of health and rural happiness, when their good laird died, deeply lamented, old and full of days. He had never been married; the estate was entailed; and the heir-at-law was just come of age, the son of a gentleman in a distant

county. He came to reside at the mansion-house, with a number of new servants in his train, many of the old being dismissed, in all stations, from the factor to the stable-boy. The inhabitants of Burnside were in considerable alarm, firmly expecting to have their rents nearly doubled; but to that they were willing to submit; their greater fear being lest they should be turned out of their possessions. However, the new laird had been nearly two years on the estate, they had heard of no change, their fears subsided, and their wonted confidence gradually returned.

It was then the usual custom to plough with four horses; and as each tenant kept only one horse, four of them united together; he in whose land they were working guiding the plough, and some of the others furnishing a driver. When the seed-time was finished, the four who ploughed together were in the practice of celebrating the close of their labours, by meeting annually, in one of their houses in rotation, to a cheerful supper, and passing the evening in rustic festivity. The season had been wet and late, Spring had borrowed from Summer, for the conclusion of her operations, and it was the latter end of May before the barley-seed was finished. A party of the ploughmen of Burnside had agreed to have their annual supper on the 4th of June, in honour of their Sovereign's birth-day. They were to meet that year in the house of William Miller, by trade a wright, and whose family consisted of himself, his wife, a son and daughter grown up, besides several children in nonsage; the worthy couple had also under their protection the husband's father and the wife's mother; the last weakly and infirm, the first in a state of dotage and second childhood.

Warm genial weather had succeeded the rains, and Nature seemed in haste to atone for her previous unkindness, by accelerating vegetation with the rapidity of a Lapland summer; most of the trees were in full leaf; the fields smiled with the fresh and verdant braird; while the banks and meadows exhibited a luxuriance of wild-flowers delightful to the eye. The day had been calm and warm,

the sun had pursued his course through an almost cloudless sky, and was now about to sink amidst light fleecy clouds, beyond the western mountains, in serenity so still, that the tremulous leaves of the poplar hung motionless on their slender stalks,—the beeches in the neighbouring copse glowed in softer and brighter green in his yellow light, while his setting beams were reflected from the windows of the distant manse, as if the mansion had been on fire. In the glen, the children of the village were sporting; some were culling wild-flowers on the brae, others paddling in the shallow part of the stream, and a little girl sat on the velvet green, busily employed in framing a necklace of white gowans, (*Anglice* field-daisies,) while the rural maiden was skipping barefooted, humming "The wauking of the fauld," as she gathered up the snow-white washing; swallows were gliding in silence across the pool; the blackbird's mellow pipe was heard in the copse; and rooks were cawing loudly, with incessant clamour, in the distant wood. On the plain, cows were approaching home, straddling over their distended udders, lowing on their way, the guileless calf trotting behind; while the rear was closed by a boy whistling, and with his stick striking down the wild-flowers which shot up by the wayside.

On the road which led through the village, three men, accompanied by their wives, were approaching to William Miller's. There all was in harmony with the rural scenes which I have been attempting to describe. At the door, the hen, with her maternal cluck, was calling her numerous chirping brood around her; high on the gable of the house was a wooden dove-cot, where the domestic pigeons sat billing and cooing, their necks changing colour, as they varied the position of their heads in the beams of the setting sun; below them, sleek and sedate, the cat lay basking in the window-sill, her eye fixed on the sparrow that twittered in the branching honey-suckle on the wall. A deep trench indicated that the foundation of another house was to be laid; and George, the eldest son, was unloading a cart of stones,

among a heap previously collected for that purpose. As he proceeded to unyoke the cart, the house-dog was fawning and jumping on him, to welcome his return; while the sagacious and social Dobbin whinnyed to one of his plough companions passing by. The horse was led to the stable, where his litter was already spread,—his harness was hung on the wall,—after which, the young man placed the cart in the shed, where a couple of harrows stood on the back-wall, and a plough lay on the side. Every thing displayed order, attention, and prudent economy. In the centre of the garden stood a sun-dial, on a stone pedestal; at the bottom, a bubbling spring threw up its waters, clear as rock-crystal; within the fence nearest the house, a border of flowers stretched across the garden, in the centre of which stood a couple of bee-hives, from which proceeded the ceaseless hum of the inmates; and although the *tout ensemble* did not present an Arcadian picture of perfect felicity, it certainly exhibited a pleasing representation of the contentment and industry of a Scottish peasant.

Twilight was now shedding her purple glow by the window, as the guests assembled in William's ben-house, which shewed taste and neatness in the plan, and cleanliness in the keeping. According to general custom, a handful of oats in the straw, fancifully plaited and decorated with ribbons, was fastened to the wall above the mantle-piece, as last year's maiden, the younger branches of the family having this night adorned it with flowers for the occasion; the little grate below was filled with fresh birch, sweet-briar, and wall-flower, which diffused their mingled fragrance over the apartment.

A diaper table-cloth, white and spotless as new fallen snow, and used only on great occasions, covered the table, which was soon crowned with a plain, but plenteous and wholesome supper. At the head of the hospitable board sat the mistress of the mansion, with her mother on one hand, and her husband's father on the other, both of whom required and received her kind attentions—the first from bodily infirmity, the last

from imbecility of mind. All the families present had for many years been resident at Burnside, and now began to talk of their new laird, congratulating themselves that the changes which they had feared would not now take place. "Your family has been long here, William," said one. "Ay; a long time," replied William; "my father, sitting beside us, was married on the same day wi' King George, an' his grandfather biggit the house where we now sit; it has been repaired, indeed, but aye upon the auld foundation; an' I'm hopefu' my callan Geordie will yet enjoy't, when we're a' mixed wi' the mools; ye see we're makin' way to big a workshop for him, an' he'll get the hadden' in a few years, for I'm beginning to fail now."

The cloth was removed, and after drinking to each other, and their respective families, the next was "a good return for their labour," then "the King," and after that "the young laird." This last had not gone round, when John Smith, one of the villagers, called, wishing to see William. "Fetch him ben, lassie," said William; and raising his voice, cried, "Come awa', John—set a chair, Bell—sit down, John; you're a wee behind—our last toast was 'the laird'; ye maun drink that." "Foul pike out my tongue if ever I drink his health again, as long as I can lift a bicker to my head!" said John, indignantly. "What means that, John?—what is the matter?" cried all at once. "Ye'll a' ken that before the morn at this time; how-an'-a'-be, as I got the news at the smithy this gloamin', I hurried hame, an' cudna saddle, till I came yont-hy to tell you." "But what is it, John?" cried William, impatiently. "It's just this, that ye'll never meet here again upo' the same errand—ye've sawn your hindmost crap upo' the lands o' Burnside!"

This was most appalling news to all present, and they cried, "But are you sure it's true? Wha' tald you?" "Sandy Bennet, the ground-officer, took me to the smithy door, an' tald me, that the laird had just gi'en him orders to come the morn an' warn the whole of us, that we maun flit at Whitsunday first." "That's strange, no to gie us an

offer o' our haddins at ony price." "Hout, man, they're a' to be dung down. The new grieve frae the south country has ta'en them a' in ae farm, an', I understand, at double our rent, an' let's the laird measure down to the very brink o' the burn forby. I saw you busy driving stanes the day, George—I'm thinking that's o'er; ye'll no begin your biggin in a hurry now." "It's lucky we were nae farther advanced—I maun haud my hand till we see." "See! ye'll find it true ere the morn at e'en." "Weel, an' the laird has done sac, there hasna been sac mony hearth-stanes cooled in ae morning, in a' the country side, since I came to the world; however, there's aye life for the livin'; we'll get a hame some gate," said William. "Ay, Geordie, that's my dream read now," said the grandmother; "I tald you your bride's bed wad never be made upo' this hillock head; I was born no a gunshot frae this, an' have never sleepit a night frae Burnside; I could like to die there, an' it were the will o' Providence—but there's muckle to turn about in a towmont; I'll may be get my wiss. Ye made a wark about Buonaparte, that he wad come an' harry us a'; what mair cud he do than our laird, to turn us out o' house an' hald? But there never came good o' joining house to house, an' field to field, an' cooling the widow's hearthstane, an' the upshot will be seen yet." "Wisht, granny! bode nae ill; the world's wide, an' room in't for us a'." "Ye needna bid me wisht, Willie; for there's a woe pronounced against it in the Scriptures; an' although I'll no live to see it, yet it will be fulfilled; but I didna think I wad ever needed to flit, till I was carried to my lang-hame." "What's that ye're a' crackin' about flittin', an' coolin' hearthstanes?" said the grandfather; "there sall never ane o' you be bidden flit, as lang's my head carries a bonnet. It's true I've nae taek; but the laird tald me last owk, I sud never flit as lang's he lived, an' we're baith young men yet; but ye're aye fleyed at something, Sirs. It's only twa or three days sin' ye were haddin' a' the town in a steer about Lord George Gordon's mob, an' Paul Jones; but I'll stap up to the Place

the morn, an' speak to the laird; we were at the school thegither; he's been a good master to me this score o' years now, an' I'll never doubt his word!"

The aged widow sat gazing on the old man, a tear stole down her wrinkled cheek, and with a deep sigh she said, "My continued reason is a mercy, for which I'm thankfu' mornin' an' e'enin'; yet I could maist envy him, whom we have just now heard speaking of forty-year-auld stories, as if they were tales o' yesterday. He's sleeping already, as sound's a bairn in its mither's bosom, wi' as little fear o' flitting, the future costing him as little care, while I canna think o' leaving Burnside without sorrow; but come awa', lassie, an' help me to my bed; I fear this will be a lang night." Her grandchild assisted her away, while the old man continued to sleep soundly and softly in his chair.

The looks of the company followed the frail grandmother out of the room, and were then turned on the venerable old man, who seemed like a blighted tree, which still retains its hold of the soil, whose head preserves the same altitude, but continues bare and lifeless in the dews of summer, condemned to the chilling frost of perpetual winter. "Oh! wirlawins! we are poor frail creatures," said James Melville. "There's Margaret Syme, wha can still speak comfort to the afflicted, either in body or mind; her heart's sae o'ercome wi' the thought o' leavin' Burnside, that I saw the tears happin' down her cheek. An' there sits Andrew Miller, wha was anes reckoned among the longest-headed men in the parish, his advice sought by rich and poor round about; his mind now a blank, except when memory rests upon some auld story, for what he now hears is like ane breathin' on a lookin'-glass, vanishing in a moment; the present affords him nae pleasure, an' the future costs him nae pain. So true is it, that Robbie Ferguson says,

'The mind's aft cradled when the grave is near.'

Waes my heart! poor, reckless callan! his ain was cradled at an early date! 'and wild was the tempest that hushed him asleep.' When I

went to Embro' to see my dochter, I gaed to the Canongate kirk-yard, to see his grave, an' dowie to the sight—it was humblin' to the pride o' man. Ferguson an' Burns! baith their names united, an' their fates o'er near akin." "Ay, James, but the Farmer's Ingle, an' the Cottar's Saturday Night, will be read, an' gar their names live, when we will be forgotten," said William Miller. "Weel, I'm thankfu' my head's never faased wi' sic nonsense," said John Smith: "I've heard our Tam readin' at them—a mere blather o' buff! I ferly to see you twa auld fools thinkin' about them at ony time, but mair especially enow. I'm mair ta'en up thinkin' about the loss o' my lime-shells that I laid upo' my land last year; but an' I had kent a month syne what I ken the night, I should ha'e had anither acre or twa o' aits, an' latten them care wha came hindmost." "Ay; but Peter Bryden's no sic a fool as let you spoil his ain farm," said David Jack.

The pleasure of the evening was destroyed; the news they had heard occupied their minds, and called up recollections, which, although once pleasant, were now accompanied by painful anticipations.

Next day, Saunders Bennet confirmed John Smith's news, by a verbal summons of removal to each of them, at Whitsunday first. This was grief and sorrow to some, and disappointment to all, and perhaps not the least felt by George Miller and Jeannie Melville, who had arranged, according to the phrase of the country, to cast their claes thegither. It had been observed that Jeannie's cheek glowed, and her eyes glanced brightly, when she saw them casting the foundation for the house; and it was also remarked, that when George was passing with a load of stones, he always whipped up Grey Dobbin more briskly when opposite to the window at which Jeannie plied her needle.

Slowly and heavily passed the summer; many of the tenants had no prospect when removed, but to bury themselves and families in towns, where

The pale artist plies the sickly trade.

William Miller had fixed only for

a year, in a village about seven miles distant, and James Melville was to remove to the nearest borough; but some, like the dove from Noah's ark, had found no resting-place for the sole of their foot; Winter, to them, seemed clothed in more than his usual gloom; Spring brought not its own active solitudes, and gave no hopes of a fruitful harvest. Early in March, a messenger of the law served every householder in Burnside with a legal summons of removal, and almost all looked with regret to the near approach of that day, which was to sever them from the soil where they had been rooted like indigenous plants.

The dews of May were now falling around them, when one afternoon, a violent thunder-storm took place, succeeded by a heavy rain; so great was the inundation, that their little rivulet, before night, was rolling with impetuous force, an irresistible torrent. The inhabitants were collected in groups, looking at the mass of waters, when one cried, "See, there's the coom o' the laird's new bridge down the burn!" "There wad hae been little skaith though it had been himsel'! I wish he'd been drowned ere we saw him," said John Smith. "Speak o' the ill thief an' he'll appear," said another, "for there's the laird comin' down the brae on his brown hunter; he'll surely no be sae mad as tak' the ford in sie a spate." "Rin down the brae, Geordie Miller, an' dinna lat him tak' the water," said James Melville. The young man hastened down, all the rest following, except John Smith, who kept his post, indulging a hope which did no honour to his heart. George called out not to venture; but his words were lost in the roaring of the torrent; he waved with his hand to keep back; but the squire did not, or would not understand the sign, and spurring his steed, pushed forward, till he came to the deepest part of the stream, where the current was strong; and there both horse and rider were carried down, the horse swimming, and the rider keeping his seat: by an eddy in this current, they were brought nearer the margin of the river; the animal now fell, in attempting to land, and the squire

was plunged in the water, when George, at the hazard of his life, succeeded in getting hold of the bridle, and, as the squire was still entangled in the stirrups, dragged both to *terra firma*; but the impatient and high-spirited hunter fell on his rider, and fractured his leg above the ankle. He lay speechless, and, to all appearance, dead; James Melville's was the nearest house, and there they hastened to carry the laird. They had to pass John Smith, who still kept his place, and now cast a malignant glance on the helpless victim. James Melville being a man of some reading, had seen, and recollected the rules laid down by the Humane Society, and proceeded to put them in practice, while George rode for a surgeon, about two miles distant. By perseverance, under the directions of James, animation was restored before the arrival of the surgeon, who highly approved of all that had been done, affirming to the squire that they had saved his life, as his arrival would have been too late. The fractured limb being now set, the man of medicine having given orders that the patient should be watched till his return, left the village.

It was now late, the night foul and dark, and the mansion-house distant; George, therefore, volunteered his services for the night, trusting that Jeannie Melville would be his companion, to which she was doubtless "nothing loth."

Their patient fell asleep, and they took the opportunity of talking over their own concerns; but the squire happening to awake, and being of that age which could feel an interest in, and sympathise with, the subject of their discourse, lay as if still asleep; but, listening attentively, heard them express their regret at their procrastinated union by their removal from Burnside, which they attributed to the machination of Peter Bryden, rather than the laird, of whom they spoke kindly, deploring his recent misfortune, and execrating the unfeeling conduct of John Smith. When they occasionally came with the candle to look at their patient, he shut his eyes, feigning to be asleep. While there, he continued to receive the kindest attentions from the fa-

mily, particularly the mother and daughter; and pleased himself with revolving plans for the remuneration of his preservers. But on his departure, by some awkwardness in lifting him from the carriage, his limb got a twist, and had to be set anew; he soon after sickened, and when the fatal morning of Whitsunday dawned on the tenants of Burnside, their hapless laird was in a high fever, and utterly insensible.

As if in unison with the general feeling, the morning sun that was to see Burnside depopulated shrouded his face in dark lowering clouds; no beams brightened the fields, and no smile lightened the countenance of old or young in the village. At every door was seen furniture scattered in confusion, carts loading, and all aches in motion. When William Miller began to drive down his father's bed, the old man gazed on him, and then wringing his hands, cried, "Ah! Willie, why do you that in my house? but I'll leave you; some gude body will tak' me in, an' if no, I can die at my ain dykeside,—but ye're an unnatural bairn, an' have surely tint your senses!" and every endeavour to make him understand their purpose proved abortive.

The grandmother sat in mournful silence, looking from the window on the house where she was born. A cart had been provided for her's and the old man's accommodation; but they were at a loss how he could be persuaded to enter; but when Margaret was assisted into the cart, among bundles of bed-clothes, she said, "Oh! Andrew, will you see me gang awa' alane?" Her appeal operated on the poor dottard, estranged mind, and he cried, "Ah! Willie, that I should ever have lived to see you drive your poor auld mither frae the door! but what can we do wi' a daft man?—but dight your een, Margaret! I'll gang wi' you; there's a gude bane in my sleeve yet, an' you sanna want a friend; I'll fend for you an' me,—we'll tak' our haddin' thegither."

Carts were now moving off in all directions; and long before the sun had reached his meridian, the once cheerful village was as silent and solitary as the deserted abodes which Captain Scoresby discovered in the

Polar regions, with the single exception of John Smith's house; he had made no preparation for removal, indeed he had publicly declared, that he would remain in defiance of the laird, and that limb of Satan, Peter Bryden. This had been reported to Peter, who being now factor to the squire, as well as tacksman of Burnside, as his master was not in a state for giving instructions, prepared to act with all the rigour that the law would allow, and was accordingly provided with a warrant of ejectment, should the recussant prove refractory. John's family consisted only of himself and a wife, as malignant and obstinate as himself. When noon was past, the factor, at the head of a party, entered John's dwelling, and inquired whether he intended to remove? but Janet, seizing the tongs, (a woman's weapon at the fireside,) clattered them in the factor's face; not only refusing to flit, but swearing a vulgar and horrible oath, that if he did not walk to the door, she would cleave him to the barns.

Peter was a proud man, "dressed in a little brief authority," and ordered his followers instantly to unroof the house, saying, as John Knox did, on a more important occasion, "pull down the nest, and the cories will flee awa'." In a few hours, John and his wife were sitting beneath bare rafters; but there was still a range of office-houses undisturbed. Rage and revenge had rendered John desperate and frantic; during the night he and Janet contrived to convey away their wearing-apparel and bed-clothes; soon after which a blaze burst forth, which alarmed the country for miles around; and the morning sun saw John's steading a pile of smoking ruins, not a vestige of their furniture being left unconsumed. Thus did his impatient rage inflict the greatest loss on himself.

When William Miller and his family arrived at Hawkebrae, next morning, their dog Oscar was a-missing; and it being suggested that he had returned to Burnside, a boy, with whom he was a favourite, was sent to seek him, and returned with the recreant quadruped at his heels, reporting that he found him lying in the cart-shed. Old Andrew hearing this, cried, "Ye see the very brutes

winna bide here,—I'm gaun back to Burnside:" and it was only by restraint that he was prevented; on which he took to bed, and, resisting every entreaty to rise, died soon after.

George Miller soon found occasion to visit the burgh, for the purpose of seeing Jeannie Melville, and, on his subsequent visit, obtained her promise to ply her needle at Hawkbrae during harvest. When the squire recovered his senses, his first inquiries were concerning George Miller and James Melville; and having learned where they had removed, as soon as he could ride, he called on George, hailed him as the preserver of his life, and inquired kindly after his kind nurse, Jeannie Melville. Observing George's cheek glow at the name, he informed him, that he was no stranger to their love, telling him how he discovered it; then saying, that as he was so deeply indebted to both of them, he wished to make some return; "for," said the laird, "as I have disappointed you of one house, I consider it my duty to give you another; therefore, as you are a wright, I shall either take you into my service, or give you a house and ten acres of good land, in lease, at a rent which you will not refuse. I do not wish your immediate answer; as Jeannie is to be your housekeeper, consult with her, and let me know your determination. I must visit James Melville's family, but shall not mention any thing of this subject." George soon flew on the wings of love, to make the communication to Jeannie, leaving the choice to herself. She decided for the small farm, provided they obtained a lease, as they would be less dependent on the

caprice of a master. When this was communicated to the squire, he set about erecting a steading for George immediately; and so well did he and all keep the secret, that when it was finished, all wondered by whom it was to be occupied.

During Jeannie's autumnal visit to Hawkbrae, she and the family made an excursion to Burnside; not a house nor a tree was now standing; and while the younger part of the family were searching for the flowers which ornamented their little gardens, and almost crying over the desolation around them, George and his Jeannie were heaving mutual sighs over the thorn in the glen, now prostrate and withered, under the shade of which their tale of love had been first whispered.

George had fixed to remove to his new abode after harvest; and it was settled that the wedding should take place before Christmas. The Squire having insisted on being one of the guests, after supper the laird kissed the bride, and presented her with what he called the lease of their little farm: this was a legal deed, appointing George forrester, (a sinecure place) for life, his salary being the house and land then possessed by him. Next morning, a couple of servants arrived with an excellent cart horse and two fine cows, followed by a cart-load of hay and another of straw, with a card from their grateful landlord, requesting their acceptance of these trifles as a mark of his good-will to the preservers of his life. George and Jeannie are still in the noon of life; high in their laird's favour, and boding fair to enjoy it for many years.

GASPER WESSELING.

I NEVER saw so lovely a morning. Every object is tinted with a clear yellow light—the thousand pinnacles and buttresses of the cathedral are sparkling with a peculiar lustre, and the bartizans of the old fortress seem to lose their harsh, grim outline, in most holy illumination. On the one hand rise the ponderous masses of the ancient city, with here and there the tower of a monastery, or a church rearing its battlements amidst the confusion of uncouth

chimneys, and fantastic smoke-wreathes. On the other, the giant oaks are casting long streaks of shade over the yellow corn-fields, and the winding river is seen at intervals, till it is lost in the dark masses of wood that skirt the distance. Oh! all is fragrant and refreshing; it is like that blessed morn, when the voice of the Angel proclaimed to Saint Magdalene, that the Lord had arisen from the sepulchre.

The bells are tolling dismally in

their turrets, and I can hear the chant of the monks rising at times from the neighbouring minster. Those bells are tolling to announce my execution—that song is raised to speed my soul on its long, long journey.

But I was not allowed to enjoy this fair prospect in peace. They spoke, but I did not hear what they said—they pointed to the car that stood ready to drag me round the ramparts, to the gibbet. I comprehended their meaning, and mechanically obeyed them. The priest took his place beside me, and the executioner, masked and muffled, sate in the back part of the vehicle. The car rolled slowly along, while the bells chimed and tinkled in unison with the dead sound of the drums, and the song of the monks rose into a fuller diapason, as we approached nearer and nearer. The father-confessor prayed fervently and long,—with streaming eyes and tremulous voice he implored me to give but one sign of repentance,—he told me of heaven, he told me of hell,—he reminded me of Him who had died by a more shameful death than mine, that I might be saved. In vain; his words fell upon my ear, but I sat in almost idiot listlessness. I bowed, and crossed myself, in imitation of his action; but I was gazing on the gilded towers, so fearfully contrasted with the ghastly implements of death, and the solemn pageantry of the procession. Alas! heaven and earth were smiling in mockery of my sin and of its punishment. The swallow twittered carelessly over our heads,—the very dog snarled in derision, and laid him down to bask in the sunshine, in undisturbed felicity.

The priest guessed my thoughts,—he foretold the time when the gigantic battlements should crumble into dust,—when not one stone of the proud temple should remain upon another,—when the sun himself should wax dim and be extinguished. But I should remain eternal, immortal. How I was to exist, depended on this moment. Alas! conviction came too late!

We had now reached the termination of our fatal journey; we descended from our vehicle, and ad-

vanced to the scaffold, which was erected upon the ramparts, and commanded an extensive view of the plain below. I looked down on the almost numberless multitude of heads. At my appearance, they rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea—they shrunk backward in loathing and abhorrence, as if from some hideous reptile that was about to dart among them. I remembered many a face that I had known in my better days. I looked steadfastly at them—they buzzed like a swarm of hornets—a smothered groan spread from man to man—they moved, they nodded, they grinned at me—oh! as I live, every lip in that vast multitude is curled in scorn, every eye is glaring with a horrible defiance! I now experienced that dreadful thirst which is said to indicate approaching death. Thirst, can I call it? my very vitals were scorched and consumed. Water! water! oh! what is the wealth of the Indies compared with one cup of the pure, cool element! I retain a painfully distinct recollection of the whole scene—the executioner—the platform—the ladder—the gibbet and the noosed halter—the solitary raven that had perched on the gallows—the despairing countenance of the confessor—and the pale, livid faces, of the spectators, that darkening wilderness of eyes, all concentrating in me. But what horseman is that? He is covered with dust and sweat—he is tottering on his horse's back with very fatigue. He comes from Dresden—the crowd makes way for him—he has a paper in his hand—he dismounts—he presents it to the Magistrate—ah! I see the Elector's broad seal! It is—it is my pardon! Oh, joy, joy! the sad preparation is at an end—life is restored—I am freed from the very jaws of death, to pass years of virtue, of happiness, of preparation for eternity. Alas, no! he hands it to his Secretary, for it relates to other matters. He now reminded me that the appointed time had passed, and that I must prepare to ascend the ladder with the minister of public justice. I prayed—I knelt—I grovelled on the earth—I would love him, I would worship him, for one hour, one minute of delay. I wept—I pleaded—I had but one

request—but one. I implored him to grant me time for preparation for another world; would he kill my soul as well as my body? No! his orders were peremptory, and he must comply with them. He told me, in a mournful voice, and with averted eyes, that if other measures failed, force must be resorted to.

Slowly and sullenly, I suffered them to conduct me to the foot of the ladder. The executioner stripped me of the upper part of my clothing, bound my passive hands behind me, and clipped off my long hair, of which I was once so vain. Fool, fool! I was angry with him—even at that moment I was weak enough to be angry.

Slowly and sullenly we reached the top of the ladder. I felt them fasten the fatal noose about my neck—O God! I was horribly sick at that moment. What followed, I know not—I only remember, half unconsciously, giving the appointed signal. I felt some feet perpendicular, and at the same time the executioner leapt upon my shoulders to tighten the noose with his additional weight. A thousand, thousand lights, brighter than the sun, danced before my eyes—my ears rung with a tumultuous mixture of sounds, in which my own gaspings for breath, the shuddering groans of the spectators, and the cry of the boding fowl that sat above me, were joined with the roar of a thousand cataracts, and the harsh, harsh yelp of a thousand wolves. I writhed in my agony, to free my arms from the cords that bound them, and my shoulders from the wretch who still adhered to them. The lights danced, and flickered, and multiplied—the sounds increased tenfold in loudness and variety. I felt as if I were red-hot—my blood churned in my veins—my pulses throbbed, and fluttered, and were still. I grew cold as ice—darkness, and silence, and insensibility succeeded * * *

I started from the bed on which I lay. The apartment was large and gloomy, and instruments, whose uses I could not comprehend, were ran-

ged on shelves along the walls. Am I in the regions of the King of Terrors? Ah, no! for the good priest is seated beside the bed, in company with a venerable old man, and pronounces his emphatic benediction. The story was short and simple. The priest had obtained my body of the Magistrates, under pretence of burying it privately, but with the intention of conveying it to the chambers of a friend, a learned alchymist, whose labours had been rewarded by the discovery of an all-powerful elixir. The panacea had been applied to me while yet I was warm, and had succeeded in restoring me to life. Under the instructions of the good father, I had leisure to repent of my sins, and from his friend I learned the secrets of his art.

It is now many, many years since my two benefactors have been removed to a better world. Alas! the boasted medicine was no specific for the lingering encroachments of age! The one bequeathed me all he had to leave—his blessing; the other, a less important legacy—his apparatus and his library. I continue to inhabit his retreat.

I have now attained an extreme old age. Two generations have passed away within my remembrance, and I now wander in safety through the streets of Wittenberg, in the midst of those who have heard their grandsires tell of the daring exploits of the noted Gaspar Wesseling.

From my prodigious age and secluded habits, I am regarded as a sacred and mysterious person. They implore my blessing for their children, and my prayers for the sick and the afflicted; they crowd around me, to touch the hem of my garment. Poor people! I tell them that I am frail and sinful as themselves, but they will not believe me. Could they recognise, in this hoary and decrepit form, the malefactor with whose wicked life and miserable death they are well acquainted, with what different feelings would they regard me!

W. W.

ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

No. VII.

MR EDITOR,

In the afternoon of Tuesday was eight days, when returning from Change, fingering, by anticipation, the profits likely to arise from three bales of Dutch breeches, one ditto of Welsh wigs, and another of tobacco spleuchans, consigned to our right trusty agent, Mynheer Von Funklar, Batavia, per the good ship Ranter, Captain M'Gaudy, as luck would have it, a smart shower drove me into Rorie Murchan's snuff-shop.

Amongst my fellow-creatures, whom the *Scotch mist* had constrained to seek for shelter in that celebrated sneeshen mart, was a thin, slender young man, whose feathered complexion, and goose-quill fingers, plainly indicated that he was no great witch at either delving or thrashing. He stood by the counter, holding out a sealed packet for Mr Murchan's inspection; and just as I popped my nose in at the door, these words slid from his tongue:

"I've been at Hackney, Islington, Hammersmith, Chelsea, and every where else, on a fool's errand; and where to find it I know no more than the dead under the ground. D'ye really think, Mr Murchan, here is such a place, after all?" "Nae doubt o't," replied the tobacco-merchant; "Millennium's weel kend to the readers o' Constable's Magazine; and as for Sam Killigrew—let me see—how lang is't since the gauger fallow swore through thick and thin that our best Gillespie was counterband Mussulipatam? I've send him ever since last January was a-twalmont, and a gude customer he has been to me. There's he tickling stuff that keeps the moth out o' his noddle," continued Rorie, pointing to a huge snuff-cannister, on which was labelled "*Killigrew's Mixture*," in letters of pure gold. "Will ye try a pickle o't?" Hereupon Mr Murchan banded down the aid cannister, to treat his friend; but just as he put forth his hand to take up the snuff scoop, our eyes met. "Speak o' the deil and he'll appear," quo' Rorie Murchan: "this young gentleman has had a braw

race after ye, Sir;" and, without more ado, introduced us to each other in the usual way. "Mr Killigrew, Mr Pounce; Mr Pounce, Mr Killigrew." It turned out that the young fellow had been dispatched by his master, an eminent merchant in the city, with strict orders to leave the packet committed to his care at Mrs Vandervrow's; but having failed in his endeavours to find Millennium Place, notwithstanding its celebrity, Mr Pounce was under the dire necessity of turning tail, and making the best of his way home, until the pelting rain drove him into Rorie Murchan's snuff-shop, as aforesaid. I accommodated the young man with a few plain directions how to shape his course in future, should the citizen feel inclined to make me another literary present, and pressed him much to accompany me to Millennium; but he declined the invitation, because of his long absence from the office, lateness of the day, &c., and Mr Doby, I understand, looks very sharply after his young men. So we shook hands and parted, with mutual assurances of respectful consideration, he to resume his quill in Bucklersbury, and I to ponder on the citizen's mental benefaction in our back parlour. Mr Doby's narrative certainly possesseth little of the agreeable breeziness that freshens our cheeks as we turn o'er the leaves of the *Edinburgh*; but there is a vein of feeling in his language, an air of truth about his tale, that induced me to read it twice over; and in the humble hope that it may be deemed worthy of a place in your next, I continue to remain, my dear Editor, very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL KILLIGREW.

London, 1823.

The Fuselier.

"Now, Robin," said my father, when we came to the little brook that separates Lord Filigree's domains from those of Squire Bandyhewit, "this is the place where you

and I must part, and Heaven only knows where and when we will meet again. Hope is young, and the wide world before you. Be not down-hearted," quoth my father, in a more cheerful tone, when he perceived the tears hopping down my face; "be not down-hearted, Bob, because of this separation. Part we must, sooner or later. You go forth, my dear young man, without the shadow of family reproach to haunt you, without the avenging Spirit that visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to dog your steps. Our ancestors, peace to their souls, were plain, fair-dealing men. No necessitous neighbour—no heedless spend-thrift—no unsuspecting minor, could ever lay his hand on his bosom, and say, 'the Dobys of Welkinwold wronged me;' and all I possess will abide the strictest scrutiny. Preserve at least one half-crown of the patrimony I put in your hand, and whatever profit may arise from steady pursuit, or venturesome speculation, compare the *glitter* of your gain with the *shine* of your father's test-picce. Fraud may thrive for a day, and chicanery flourish for a season; but the fruit of iniquity is bitter, and he that treasureth it up against the evening, will sup on sorrow; whereas the righteous man's supper-board is furnished with viands such as the soul loveth. He enjoys the pleasing recollections of a well-spent life, lays him down to rest, and his latter end is peace."

Such was the admonitory tone in which my father delivered himself, as we stood by Mabel Brook, so called, saith tradition, by a fair Nun, to perpetuate her name; and having stored my mind with abundance of wholesome advice, he beseeched the Parent of life to guide me in the way of well-doing, and make plain the path of righteousness before my face, then lifted up his hands and blessed me. Young as I was, every syllable he uttered found a home in my bosom; and so busied was I in hoarding up his sayings, that when we parted, and my brothers and sisters saluted me, I actually felt not the filial warmth of their embrace, and took the road more like an automaton vehicle than a rational, free-will agent. In this state of mental ab-

sorption did I pursue my journey for many miles, without looking to the right hand or to the left; and might have so continued even until night-fall, but for a miry puddle too broad for my stride, and too deep to pass through dry shod. On turning aside to evade it, I discovered, for the first time, that the highway was fenced on one side by a brick wall of considerable altitude, whereon rude likenesses of men and women, undergoing various corporal punishments, were sketched in chalk, and inscriptions, legibly written, underneath them, in the most caustic language I ever perused. Being a bit of a dabbler myself, and not averse to criticise the delineations of others, I naturally cast an eye on the objects of offended justice, as I passed along, and marvelled much at the boldness and fidelity of their outlines. One group in particular was so admirably pictured, that I made a halt, in order to examine it more minutely, and certainly felt no inclination to quarrel with my curiosity. Never was a connoisseur more gratified. A parcel of affrighted, horror-stricken fellows, in *chalk*, were scampering for dear life, pursued by a pack of beagles, in *charcoal*; and a certain old gentleman, whom the artist had mounted on a skeleton steed, and accommodated with his usual characteristic members, that is to say, cloven feet and a whisking tail, was represented in the act of winding his horn and cheering his hell-hounds. This piece, facetiously christened "Badger hunting, or the old squire and his minions in jeopardy," pleased me much. Farther on, I observed another of the same, very properly labelled, "In at the death;" a specimen of hand-sketching that certainly was never surpassed. No less than eleven semblances of human beings were delineated in various attitudes; some standing at bay, some half-throated by their enemies, and others worried outright. But the demon huntsman, and his spectre horse, will never cease to haunt my remembrance. He stood erect in his stirrups, triumphantly swinging a wretch by the heels, at whose throat the black hounds leapt with an avidity that was truly horrifying.

"Good God!" said I to myself,

"who, in all the world, has been fooling away his time in committing objects to the keeping of perishable chalk on a brick wall, that could not fail of transmitting his name to posterity on canvas! Most assuredly the fellow was beside himself." But five minutes' reflection, tinged with a little speculative consideration, not only reconciled me to this mode of exhibition, but also furnished a catalogue of the artist's motives for consigning eleven of his fellow-creatures to such a frightful doom. Some itinerant child of genius, thought I, has been set to work by a beef-headed, fox-hunting squire, to picture his favourite pastime, and likely enough the poor fellow's endeavours have been condemned by a Blue-Stocking Jury, his pencil ridiculed, his pallet kicked aside, and himself bundled to the door without a pennyworth of remuneration; "indignities," quoth I, clenching my fist, "that a proud spirit can ill brook. By Heaven! had I been in his shoes, neither paint, chalk, nor charcoal, should have been spared in holding up the whole boiling of them to public abhorrence." In the act of uttering this exclamation, my uplifted eye beheld numerous placards affixed to the tall beech-trees pointed rank and file behind the park wall, threatening legal vengeance, little short of the pains of hell for ever, against all men, qualified and unqualified, poachers and others, who dared to trespass on the premises; and feeling an inclination stirring within me to peep over the coping, I climbed a steep brushwood bank directly opposite, took my station behind an old dwarf oak, and from thence surveyed the land of man-traps, spring-guns, and dog-spears. The grounds, covered with verdure, and pleasantly undulated, were meandered by many glittering rivulets, and abounded with thickets and coppice-wood, where game of every species to be met with in the Southern provinces of Britain, and even beasts of the chase from distant lands, found shelter. Amongst the latter, I particularly noticed the kangaroo, whose gambols were diverting enough, and a curious creature of the antelope genus. Hares, partridges, pheasants, and rabbits, were abundantly plentiful, and the

herds of deer would have caused Robin Hood himself to exclaim, "Bend your bows, my gallants, and dip your shafts in fatness—never did their marrows range in merry Sherwood." The scene before me was so truly bewitching, that I instinctively whet my pencil, and sketched an outline of the preserve in my pocket-book; but just as I began to fill up the blanks with deer, antelopes, hares, pheasants, kangaroos, and other game, an elderly woman came from amongst the bushes, with a few sticks under her arm, whose dejected mien, and downcast eye, betokened a sorrowful heart. "Mother," said I, with a sham laugh, "you seem not to participate in Nature's joy. See how the fawns leap, and the hares play, and the pheasants hop from bush to bush." "Sir!" replied the sorrowing dame, starting as if from a dream, and looking wildly in my face. The moment our eyes met, she uttered a shriek that pierced me to the heart, wrung her hands like unto a woman bereft of every comfort, and fell senseless on the ground. I hastened to her assistance with a strangely palpitating heart, and strove, by every means I could devise, to comfort her; but it was some time before she came to herself, and longer before the maternal grief that burthened her mind found utterance in any other than broken, incoherent expressions, such as "Willie, Willie, thy likeness is before me, thy voice rejoiceth my heart from the lips of a stranger. But thou art far away. The broad pathless sea rages between us. Woe unto the spoiler of our peace, and childless be the man that sundered our affections!" "My good mother," said I, lifting her from the grass, "affliction cometh not of itself, neither springeth trouble from the ground. All our visitations are from on high. But He that chasteneth our wayward spirits, and bendeth our stubborn knees, often leads us to felicity through the gate of sorrow. He bringeth good from evil, and joy from grief. Be of good cheer, for the counsels of his will are unsearchable, and the ways of his providence past finding out." "My Willie, my own Willie!" said the poor woman, wiping her eyes,

"would have expressed himself in the very words you have uttered. Oh, what a similarity! May Heaven bless and prosper the living likeness of my poor boy!" "And do we resemble each other?" said I, gently squeezing her hand, and pressing it to my lips. "This world, my good mother, is a living being, a huge Mammoth, an inheritor of boundless space, and we are tiny things crawling on his hide, insects of the same family, children of the same providence; our journeyings through life are traced as with a graver, our days told, our footsteps numbered. Unless the seal of death is on his eyes, your son may return to bless you." "Alas, alas!" replied the mourner, "he's in a foreign land, where blood runneth as water, where the sword spareth not. I'll never see him more. Help me home, for my poor heart is overcome." I gathered up her sticks, and gave her my arm, and led her to the highway by an easy descent, where she pointed to a lone cottage, and beseeched me once more to see her home; a request that was perfectly in unison with my inclination; but we had not proceeded many paces, when she fixed her eyes on two fellows breaking through the hedge a little way on, and said with a suppressed sigh, "Here comes Lambert and Abershaw, the park-keepers. Oh, Sir, I hope and trust there is nothing unlawful in that huddle, for they are sad, sad men. They swear for hire." "Three shirts," said I, "of mother's manufacture, a pair of grey worsted stockings, knit by sister Jane, two cotton night-caps, five cravats, and a keepsake handkerchief, all good and lawful chattels, constitute my stock; and should Messrs Lambert and Abershaw swear to the contrary, this hazel stick may induce them to recant." "Touch them not, I entreat you," said the poor woman, "for they are bad, bad, ruthless men. Abershaw's an outlawed man-slayer, according to all accounts, Lambert a reprieved convict, and their master, old squire Jumbo, a justice of the peace. Say but one word out of joint, and they'll stuff gins and snares, feathers and down, in your pockets, haul you away before him, and swear to whatever the devil puts in their heads. My poor boy was

served so." "And if they serve me so," quoth I, "may God forgive them, but this hazel plant must fail before squire Jumbo signs my mittimus!" I kept an eye on the two worthies as they advanced, bludgeon in hand, towards us, and soon discovered that my old woman had christened them by their proper names. The foremost, a robust, impudent-looking fellow, might have graced the list of second-hand vagabonds, and his companion passed for a bettermost kind of blackguard. Their garments consisted of short fustian coats, with double tiers of pockets, goat-skin waistcoats, red plush breeches, and leather buskins, such as our farmers are in the habit of wearing; thereby denoting, that skip-jail and skip-gibbet were of equal rank, and served the same master; though Abershaw, who kept a couple of strides or so behind his comrade, was pleasanter in his mien, and cleaner in his person, and therefore might have been looked upon as the most gentlemanly blackguard of the two. Lambert approached without seeming to heed us, but the moment we passed him, he pinioned my arms behind, and his companion snatched the bundle from the end of my stick. "Well, owd chap," said the licensed free-booter, "what hast thee gotten?" My blood arose to the boiling point. I made one desperate effort to break away, but my stripping endeavours were unavailing; and deeming it more wise to make a virtue of necessity, than kick against the pricks, I became passive, and civilly entreated them not to use me unkindly. "Howd thee tongue, lad," said Abershaw, "and don't be afeard. We knows bow to serve gemmen. Mother Talbot, didn't Jem and I man-handle thy Bill like a prince?"

The heartless vagabond having seared her feelings with his irony, proceeded to overhaul my bundle, the contents of which he threw on the road, article by article, wiped his fiend-like face with the handkerchief, tossed it from him also, and called to his brother marauder, "There's nowt here, Jem, neither fud nor feather. Let's go whomp." Lambert unclutched me without making the smallest apology for his rudeness, and my heart leapt for joy.

The hazel was in my hand that had broken more heads than ever a cudgel in the whole county of Norfolk, and never having met with my fellow at single-stick, where any thing like fair play was a-stir, I lent Mr Abershaw a kick on the breech that made him stagger. "Dom thee, Jerry," cried his comrade, "if thee stands that, thee'll stand owt;" and Jerry was not slow in facing about. He rushed to the charge with abundance of fury, and certainly would have dispatched me to kingdom come, had his science been equal to his ardour; but that was not the case, and I dusted his doublet most effectually. Being a fellow whose muscular forces were decidedly superior to mine, it behoved me to avoid his grasp, and trust to my cudgel-craft for a favourable issue. I therefore kept Mr Jerry at a convenient distance, and amused myself with cracking his head, until he fairly measured his length on the turnpike road. Lambert certainly anticipated a very different result, if I may be allowed so to construe his neutrality; but the moment he perceived Abershaw *hors de combat*, he rushed upon me like an infuriated desperado, and experienced the like chastisement. The blood sprung from his knuckles, the bludgeon dropt from his grasp, he threw up both hands, to feel whether his head was on or off, and submitted to his fate with great humility. I never was worth a button at speechifying, and therefore it is not to be supposed that my extempore song of triumph was either florid or eloquent, though my friend Mrs Talbot commended its politeness, and my enemies found no fault with its asperity. "Now, gentlemen," said I, wiping my face, "go home to your squire, and tell him, that you caught a Tartar in the person of young Doby of Welkinwold. Then present my best love, and say, that if his Worship will be condescending enough to wait upon me at this good woman's house, I will do myself the honour of breaking his head, for retaining such a couple of poltroons in his service." When all was over, Mrs Talbot picked up my few things as they lay scattered about, shook the hand most cordially that punished her Willie's betrayers, and expressed a

wish to be gone—the very wish that happened to be uppermost in my mind at the time; so I gave her my arm once more, and we departed, leaving the two varlets to arise and toddle at their leisure. "I have often heard the Dobys of Welkinwold spoken of," said Mrs Talbot, "and frequently seen their names on our special jury lists, but never had the pleasure of falling in with one of the family before; Miss P—— of Norwich, an intimate acquaintance of mine," continued she, gently pressing my arm to her side, "possesses a miniature portrait of the second son, that strongly resembles my Willie." "And the original," said I, gently pressing her's to mine, "is very much at your service." "I know it, Sir, I know it well," she replied, "and may Heaven bring you together! The county stands in much need of such women as Miss P——, to disseminate charity, and sympathy, and Christian kindness amongst us; and of men such as yourself, to cherish the spirit of our peasantry; a spirit that is fast dwindling away." Though born, and, I may say, brought up in a country place, my Georgic knowledge was very local. I certainly knew, that in our neighbourhood the labouring man was well paid, kindly used, and always deemed worthy of his hire. The married hind usually possessed a milk-cow, six or eight sheep, poultry in abundance, and killed at least one fat bog every year of his life. The neighbouring woods and downs occasionally furnished his little larder with wild rabbits, and even game, as it is called; because in those days our peasantry dreamt not of Port Jackson, when eating hare-soup, and the well-fenced garden behind his cottage supplied him with wholesome roots, vegetables in their season, and fruit for a Sunday dumpling. In fine, he went home whistling, because his heart was at ease. Hence the satisfaction visible in every face. Hence the proverbial fidelity and attachment of our peasantry to their superiors. Hence the love of country that every where abounded. But I had been told that agricultural economy, of a very different complexion, was daily gathering strength in the interior; and feeling a desire to en-

large my stock of knowledge, I accordingly narrated to Mrs Talbot all that common report was in the daily habit of uttering, and put the question to her, whether or not so and so was really the fact? "Alas, and woes me!" said Mrs Talbot, "it is a true tale. Will you believe it, Sir, that our labouring men are beholden to parish charity for a moiety of their weekly pittance, that their wives are under the humiliating necessity of accepting as alms what is their due as hire, and that their children are all rated on the parish books at — per week, paupers from their cradle, and beggars from their birth! Oh, how the hind of other times would stare, was he permitted to re-pass the awful bourne, and behold his great-grandson, lowered in the scale of creation, and degraded in his own eyes, looking forward with ignominious joy to the inglorious hour when old age would exempt him from labour, and entitle his gray hairs to an asylum in the parish work-house! This baneful system partly arises from the mode of letting land, and partly from the domineering principle, that too frequently inflates vulgar minds, when exalted a few inches above menialism. The modern farmer occupies from five to fifteen hundred acres of land, some two thousand, and some three. He upholds a domestic establishment— butler, footman, steward, gardener, tutor for his sons, and governess for his daughters, more becoming an opulent squire, than a tiller of the ground; and as dunghill weeds are usually rank, and lift their heads much higher than garden flowers, he lords over the whole labouring class of his dependants in a manner that an English gentleman of family never dreamt of. It is perfectly idle to say, 'Why does the poor Israelite remain in Egypt? Let him depart, and better his condition elsewhere.' The advice appears feasible, but emigration is next to impossible. Geographical ignorance*, infatuating love of home, abject poverty,

and, above all, the imbecile counsellings of a debased mind, fetter his feet, and rivet him to the soil. Besides, did he even succeed in extricating himself,—how, and by what means, could the expatriated serf better his estate? The labouring man's recompence in this, and the neighbouring counties, is much the same, barely sufficient to keep the rush-light of life glimmering within him; and therefore do I suspect that he would have no cause to rejoice at his escape. But this is not the worst. When overtaken by affliction, or debilitated by age, Mr *Overseer* knows his trade better than suffer a stranger to become burthensome. The pauper is taken into custody, be his ailment what it may, thrown into a pass-cart, and sent home to his own parish, there to endure harsher treatment than would otherwise have been administered; because the runaway negro, when brought back, seldom experiences kindlier usage, on account of his futile attempt to emancipate himself. The condition of our peasantry," continued Mrs Talbot, "hath been on the decline, ever since the leading names of Howard, Musgrave, Mowbray, and Talbot, were superseded by those of Tims, Bluff, Haggie, Fibbs, and others of similar import. Yonder tower," quoth she, pointing to an old ruin possessed by the owl, the bat, and the jackdaw, "hath been kept by serving-men of a very different make from those we meet with now-a-days, lounging along as if ashamed of their blank, unmeaning faces, and trailing a pair of legs, that our hinds, sixty or seventy years ago, would not have dared to venture out upon. But the subject is unpleasant, and we'll drop it. Walk in, Sir, and be seated a few minutes. The house of Talbot, though dwindled away to a cottage, still possesseth a chair for the courteous, way-faring stranger."

I had listened to the good woman's extraordinary tale so very earnestly, that her dwelling arose before me

* The mental indigence, now when I think of it, so grievously complained of by Mrs Talbot, often manifested itself when pursuing my studies in Norfolk. Many a time have I been accosted by the Johnny Raws, and even men of substance, in some such words as these, "Scotland's a largish town, I suppose, Mr Külligrew? Pray what county is it in?" S. K.

as if by enchantment; and such was the state of my feelings, that she had no cause to repeat the invitation. I followed Mrs Talbot to the fire-side, drew in a chair, and sat down without ceremony.

The interior of her cot was extremely neat, and in excellent order, every utensil being in its place, clean and bright; but, above all things, the curiously-constructed furniture attracted my notice, being of solid oak, carved in a very masterly manner, and inlaid with other woods, ingeniously representing wild-boars, battle-axes, men-at-arms, pilgrims, saints, and the like, each device plainly testifying that cunning workmen abounded in ancient times. "You seem much pleased with the tasteful ingenuity of our forefathers," said Mrs Talbot, "and marvel, no doubt, how these things became the property of a poor woman. My husband's ancestry, Mr Doby, was highly respectable, many of the Talbots being men of note, and often called upon to muster their battle-axes, when danger threatened the coast, or party-feud distracted the state. Tradition says, that when King John marched into Norfolk, levying contributions, and oppressing the land, Osborn Talbot stood on the *Keep*, whose ivy-matted walls you just now saw, and blew a horn. All men within hearing knew the notes, and hastened to obey him, because they were his vassals; but such is the mutability of human affairs, that the family possessions have gradually past into other hands, with the poor exception of this mean cottage, the few articles of furniture it contains, the old *Keep*, and a small portion of garden ground." "Then," said I, "it behoves the neighbouring gentry to deal kindly with the remains of a family that suffered so much for its loyalty and patriotism. The name of Talbot is worthy of living for ever." "Alas! Mr Doby," said the poor widow, "our modern gentry have sprung from wool-packs, corn-bins, meal-sacks, and the bung-holes of ale-barrels. They possess little sympathy for creatures of their own class, when reduced, and less for decayed families, such as mine. Their pride is insufferable, and their mean-mindedness of the very

lowest order imaginable. There's old Squire Jumbo, as they call him, a man of yesterday, whom victualing-office contracts lifted from the mire, and put in a coach. He can neither endure the beggar in rags, nor abide to see an industrious man with a decent coat on. His wife and daughters busy themselves in cooking soup for the poor, and visiting the afflicted; but their charity is an abomination in the sight of Him, whose all-seeing eye perceiveth what is passing in the heart, because their motives are impure. These modern Samaritans have been known, Sir, to lift the lids of poor folk's seething-pots, in order to ascertain how they fared; and if aught appeared, in their estimation, too dainty for a plebeian palate, the discovery was immediately imparted to our parish-officers, who failed not to curtail the *bon vivant's* weekly allowance on Saturday night. But their domiciliary visits are also made with the view of detecting those who look upon the fowls of heaven, and the beasts of the field, as common to all men; and woe unto the house wherein a hare-skin or a partridge-feather is seen. Many a dear youth has been torn from his home, on the evil report of these tidings-bearing women, and disposed of, Lord knows how or where, under colour of what is called *Game law*. When my goodman was alive, he and old Jumbo were continually warring about minor rights.

"In ancient times, as I said before, the family held great possessions in this part of the country, and Mr Talbot, though nearly reduced to a level with the common cottager, still retained his vote for the county, and considered himself rightfully qualified to kill game on the lands that appertained to his forefathers of old, a right that he exercised until within a few days of his death. This audacious presumption, as Jumbo called it, was not to be endured; and conceiving that my poor boy, when of age, would do the like, tread in his father's political footsteps, and vote for the popular candidate, he set about devising ways and means to crush him in the bud.

"Well knowing the destitute state in which I was left at my husband's

death, and perfectly aware that justice was not to be had without money and without price, he put a search-warrant into the hands of these very men whom you chastised, and they executed it in a manner worthy of themselves. My house was forcibly entered a few minutes after Willie and I retired to rest, my drawers were rummaged, my chests and lockers broke open in a most unwarrantable manner, and every thing turned topsy-turvy. At length the fellow that accompanied Abershaw and his colleague pulled a bundle of skins, previously secreted by one of the gang, from beneath William's bed, and accused him of being a deer-stealer. The charge was so very audacious, and the trick so abominably bare-faced, that I flew at his throat, and certainly would have strangled him, but for the never-to-be-forgiven Lambert, who withheld me in a most shameful manner, whilst his base companion dragged my innocent boy to the door by main force, put him into a chay-cart, with such wearables as lay on the chair at his bedside, and from that hour to this I have never seen his face. It was near eleven o'clock at night before I reached the hall porch, half-dressed, and half-distracted; but the Squire was not to be seen, and Willock the steward rudely told me, that William was fully committed to the county jail, for stealing his worship's

deer. On the morrow I went again, and succeeded in obtaining an audience of old Jumbo, but failed to convince him, that breaking into my house was shamefully illegal, and finding deer-skins therein a wicked conspiracy." "How dare you presume to say so in my presence?" quoth the surly boor; "matchless audacity! impudent assertion! The skins of my deer were found in your possession, hussy, and creditable witnesses have sworn to the fact. Your lad's a notorious deer-stalker, and so was his father before him. But let it pass. My son, the Colonel, wants a few fellows to complete his regiment, and I'll endeavour to save Will from transportation, by transferring him to the ranks. He and a few of his impertinent companions must amuse themselves in another manner, than defiling my park-walls with chalk and charcoal. But I am detaining your ladyship, and therefore beg leave to say, (bowing in the most boorish manner imaginable,) this is my house, and there is the door of it." His politeness being expended, the redoubted Squire Jumbo withdrew, and left me in the lobby.

"I went to Norwich, but, alas! my best endeavours were unavailing. Might, as usual, overcame right, and Willie was marched away without so much as being permitted to receive his widowed mother's blessing."

(To be continued.)

THE STAY-MAKER; A FRAGMENT.

A FEW years ago, I called one afternoon on my friend Bradshaw, and found him, as usual, smoking his pipe of *herb* tobacco: after filling one for myself with the best Virginia, we sat for some time, as smokers often do, puffing away in mute and solemn silence. This was not my first visit;—no, I assure you I had smoked a hundred pipes with him, at almost as many different times. I sat contemplating the serenity of his countenance; he was about sixty-five, his hair was white, and, according to the little skill which I possess in physiognomy, his features were strongly marked with the

beautiful lines of wisdom and virtue. He was a sort of original, and dressed differently from most other persons: like the late President of the Royal Society of London, he always wore a light grey coat, waistcoat, and breeches, brown stockings, and a hat, with the brinks rather broader than what was then esteemed fashionable, though not so broad as those which some persons think add solemnity to the head of a quaker. He never smoked more than one pipe in one day; and he always washed the fumes from his mouth and throat with a weak, very weak glass of brandy and water. His manners

were the most engaging of any man I ever met with ; his temper was mild and even ; his friendship sincere : he had a constant flow of cheerful spirits, an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes, an excellent knack at telling a story, knew how to time it, often kept the company in a continual titter, and could, whenever he pleased, set the whole assembly in an obstreperous roar of laughter. My friend was also a man of the strictest integrity ; and his word, with those who knew him, would pass for a hundred pounds, sooner than the bond of many who were ten times as rich : peace to thy memory, thou kind-hearted creature !—

“ I shall not look upon thy like again.”

I was unconscious at the time that this would be our *last interview* on this side the tomb ; but I was shortly afterwards called to a distant part of the country. Mr Bradshaw, at the time I mention, was a farmer, and though encumbered with a large family, had saved a pretty handsome competency. That afternoon he was in an excellent mood, was quite chatty, and gave me the history of the early part of his life, which afforded me a considerable fund of amusement.

“ At the age of twelve years,” said he, “ I was put as apprentice to my mother’s brother, who was a tailor and stay-maker, in a little village about fifteen miles from the city of Lincoln ; and there I duly and truly served my time, with the greatest attention, sobriety, and assiduity. At nineteen, I became my own master ; a giddy youth, without any money, and without the least experience, either of the world or its wily transactions. It is true, I had been once in my life at Lincoln, and twice at the rich Squire’s in the adjoining village, along with my master, to assist in carrying some work home ; at which times, I well remember how greatly I admired the frippery of the servants in livery. By means of my uncle’s recommendation, I imagined I could get work at our own great city ; but my equipment was poor, my clothes were all of them worse for wear, and had not originally been of the finest texture. I could muster a rusty brown coat ; I had a scarlet waistcoat, made

from the old covering of a coach-box ; my nankeen breeches were so tight, that they pinched me sorely, after I had, with great difficulty, dragged them on ; a pair of dark-blue stockings, strong shoes blacked with oil, a pair of red garters tied below my knees, and a little round hat, that had once cost fifteenpence, completed my many-coloured rustic costume, and constituted nearly the whole of my scanty wardrobe. In this dress I arrived in Lincoln ; but soon found that I was the butt and ridicule of every one I met with. “ Look at his nankeens,” said one ; “ Well done, blue stockings !” cried a second ; one said I was a Jew, another declared I was a Frenchman ; but at length it was concluded that I was the Merry Andrew that was to exhibit with the mountebanks that evening ; and I had, shortly after this discovery, all the boys in the streets shouting and hallooing after me. I was annoyed, and vexed nearly to distraction ; however, I made my way, with considerable difficulty, to my father’s brother, who had a house in the High-street ; at which place I got rid of my tormentors. As soon as it was dark, I ventured out again, to seek for work, when a fresh crew beset me : they swore it was Billy Button the tailor, running away from the show-folks,—they bawled aloud, the dogs barked, and I was terrified ; however, I arrived safe at Mr Widdowson’s, the great man in my way, with the letter from my late master. He eyed me from head to foot, informed me I should have work, gave me a glass of ale, and told me to come rather early in the morning ; after which, I sought a way back to my uncle’s by the the most unfrequented lanes, and intricate alleys I could meet with. A month elapsed, and I had saved eight shillings ; and as I always went to work at an early hour, I had the good fortune, one morning, to find fifteen shillings in the street. The sum now in my possession I looked upon as immense ; I was rich ; I had also seen a little of Town life ; my taste was improved, and I purchased a second-hand frock, bedizened with gold lace, a very smart waistcoat, and a little cocked hat. I had side-curls of the size of two black pud-

dings, and a *queue* as long as a hand-whip ; in short, I was a *buck* of the first rate—neglected my business—very soon lost my employment—and, not long afterwards, hired myself as *Cadee* to the master of a caravan of wild beasts. There were three of us : the master of the concern,—Tim Jones, who showed the company in at sixpence a-piece,—and myself ; my business consisted in running errands, and in catering for the animals. Tim was keeper ; he fed the beasts ; and our “ monstrous *he Lion*, from the plains of Africa,” had become so gentle and so fond of him, as not only to permit his feeder to put his head into his mouth, but also to allow him to take it out again : this was a grand sight ; it pleased the gaping multitude, and brought more money to our market. To me the sight was disgusting in the extreme ; I always trembled for the consequences that might ensue from such fool-hardy temerity, and I was not mistaken in my expectations. During our stay at Newark, the weather was hot ; Cæsar did not like to be teased ; Tim, as usual, put his head into the Lion’s mouth ; I saw his tail begin to wave, his eyes began to roll and glisten ; in a moment, the bones of poor Tim’s head began to crash,—the blood ran down in torrents,—we flew to his rescue, but, alas ! life was extinct ; the roaring of the beast was dreadful, and he soon became as ravenous and ferocious as if he had only just been taken from his native wilds.”

Here Mr Bradshaw paused. “What ridiculous folly !” I exclaimed. At this my friend drew himself up in his elbow chair, “Folly ! did you say ? Did I not, Mr —, hear you say folly ?” I assented. “Then, Peggy, my love, be so good as to look in the left pigeon-hole, in the secretary under my book-case, and bring me my ‘Essay on Folly.’” His wife went out immediately to fetch it. “Do not, my dear Sir,” he continued, “exclaim too much against folly ; you must, I am sure, be well aware, that there is *no species* of it that is of such rare occurrence as to make any one wonder that it exists ; besides, it is one of the *best* of all the ingredients which enter into our

mental composition,—why, it feeds, and clothes, and lodges more than three-fourths of all the men, women, and children, that live in what is called civilized society. It nourishes trade, it cherishes the arts, it pays pensions and sinecures, maintains large armies, builds ships of war, supports kings, makes heroes of clowns. In good truth, what should we do without this admirable appendage to our nature, which every one of us continually practises ? But, let me see—oh, here she comes. Well, Peggy, have you found it ?” “Yes,” said she ; “here it is.” “I beg leave, Sir, to read you a few paragraphs ;” and he read as follows : “Mr Blackbourn, my neighbour, when he was more than sixty years of age, married a young wife ; the old furniture was all sold ; the house, which was not his own, underwent a thorough repair, and all the plastered walls were covered with paper ; new furniture was bought, consisting of sideboards and sofas ; and the lady gave large treats to her *friends*. Two years afterwards all these fine things were sold to pay the landlord’s rent. N. B. She is now starving with two infants, in a sort of hovel, hard by ; her husband is in goal, and intends taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act. In the Autumn of 1813, more than fifty men, (*ten* of whom were parsons,) mounted on fine and beautiful horses, and following about fifty yelping hounds, (which yelping they call heavenly music) spent a whole day in running to death two poor foxes ; after which, they dined, all of them got drunk, and sung libidinous ditties. N. B. This is, by hunters themselves, called *sport*. Last winter, the inhabitants of B— were rejoicing on account of a victory obtained by our army over the French ; ten thousand Frenchmen were slain on the field of battle, and almost as many Englishmen : the Mayor and Aldermen met—went to church, to thank God for such glorious success—dined afterwards at the Town-hall—got drunk out of pure loyalty—gave toasts with nine times nine cheers—and, at a very late hour, were most of them carried home, because they were incapable of walking. N. B. This was what is called ‘a corporation dinner,’

and the greater part of the company were acting magistrates. But I have read enough," said he, "for among either the public or private actions of men, what is there but folly to record!" He resumed the story of his adventures.

"I was now heartily tired of attending wild beasts, and begged to be immediately set at liberty from my engagement. To this proposal my employer did not urge any objection; but when I demanded the money that was then due to me, it was another matter: he would not pay me; so I went and enlisted for a soldier, to prevent myself from perishing of hunger. I soon discovered that I had not greatly mended my circumstances; people will sometimes praise a soldier for his bravery, but if he be only a private, no respectable person wishes to be much in his company. Long marches, also, I found to be excessively fatiguing; and often, after having walked upwards of twenty miles, in the evening, when I was cold, wet, and weary, I have been ordered from my seat near the kitchen fire of a paltry ale-house, by a fat landlady, to make room for a dirty cobbler, or a drunken fishwoman. While our regiment lay at Portsmouth, I became acquainted with Jack Martin, a corporal belonging to another corps. He was the only son of a grocer at Edmonton, near London; but having married contrary to the will of his father, he had been obliged to enter the army, to prevent himself and his wife from famishing. Poor Jack! he was a fine fellow; he would often laugh, and observe, 'I am rising; promotion has taken me by the hand; I am on the road to preferment, and who can tell how soon I may be made a General?' My first campaign was in Flanders: Jack and his wife had embarked about a month before us, and they were ordered to a different wing of the grand army. Mrs Martin was a lovely creature; very young, very amiable, and as virtuous as she was beautiful: 'Alas!' said I, 'charming as thou art, thy lot is fallen in a strange land, and nothing but hardships can encompass thee around; may Providence protect thee!' But the die was cast; the demon of Discord was

gone forth; she was destined to suffer; Misery already held her in his grasp—poor Nancy Martin!"—(and here his voice began to falter.) "Well," continued he, we were landed, and after three days' hard marching, we fell in with the army, and I was immediately ordered upon guard. I was fatigued almost to death; the enemy were in sight; I had never before seen an hostile army; I was frightened. My orders were, that I should walk backwards and forwards a space of about thirty yards. As I went, I had the French before me; as I returned, I looked over my shoulder, to see if they were not pouncing upon us. The rain poured down in torrents; my clothes were completely soaked; my shoes were full of blood; in the bitterness of my anguish, I cursed the very day on which I was born. Every trouble, however, has its end; my sufferings at length terminated—my hour of watching expired. I then took a draught of brandy from my canteen, made the ground my bed, my knapsack my pillow, laid me down in the rain, and slept more than six hours, and, what was very wonderful, I did not take the least cold. All the evils of life, thought I, do not attack us at the same time. In a few days, an engagement took place: at first men tremble, but, after a few rounds, fighting is nearly the same as any other business. It is a horrid practice, however, and the Maker of the universe only knows when men will be wise, and wars will cease.

"I had been about six months with the army, and had almost become seasoned to its follies and its hardships. One day a party of us had got into a barn, and we were very merry, and very noisy, squabbling about who should have roast-meat, and who should have boiled, when a troop of French cavalry came galloping down upon us, and spoiled our dinner. We were certain that every one of us would be taken prisoners; but, contrary to our expectations, a party of Russians, who lay basking on the sunny side of a wall, started up, and fired among them; upon which they all scampered back again, at least as fast as they advanced. Not long after, I walked out to reconnoitre

a little, to see if all was safe, and the course entirely clear; when I perceived a poor, way-worn, dejected woman, at a short distance, slowly advancing with a baby in her arms. It was Mrs Martin; weak and feeble, tottering along with her burden, her first-born son, an infant only eight days old! I took it from her, and leaning on my arm, she arrived safe in the barn, where I soon made her the softest couch that straw would furnish, and fed her with the most nourishing and the choicest food I could any how procure. Looking tenderly in my face, while grief nearly choked her utterance, 'My dear husband,' said she, 'has fallen; he was wounded in the breast, and lay all night in the cold: in the morning I sought him, and found him, almost lifeless, among the dead and the dying. I had him conveyed to our tent, where he lingered nearly four days, in the most excruciating torments; and still I hoped he would recover, because I so ardently wished it. Oh! how I wept, and mourned, and prayed for his restoration! but the Destroyer had got him in his power. He was never once able to speak to me; a little time before he died, however, he had a short respite from pain, and be-

came sensible; the tears ran down his palid cheeks, and he gazed on me with unutterable grief. I pressed his cold hand to my lips, and kissed his dewy forehead; he laboured to speak, but his enfeebled frame was too weak; he sighed gently, and gave me one of those heavenly looks, such as beam from the eyes of pitying angels,—I turned, but his pure spirit had fled to the realms above. Two hours afterwards, my little orphan was born; and I am now returning, and shall wander homewards, by short stages; but I am very faint, and very weak. She was by this time completely exhausted; she looked mournfully at her babe, hugged it to her bosom, kissed it, and—fell asleep. 'Yes!' I exclaimed, 'but thy wanderings are at an end; thou hast arrived at thy last stage, save one.' I gave the sweet infant to one of our women; and then, sitting down, I watched over my patient the whole night. But the stream of life moved sluggishly onward,—human aid was of no avail,—Heaven claimed her for its own,—and in the morning she expired!' At this instant we were informed that the tea would be cold, and here our narrator finished his story.

The Emigrants.

THE anchor heaves, and round the vessel swings,
And o'er the waters soar her snowy wings;
And, with the hollow wind and dashing sea,
The sailors' shouts wake in wild harmony,
And the sad chorus from the shore to swell;
Half-heard, half-lost, the long and last farewell;
Fade o'er the waters wide, the darkening strand,
The snowy kerchief, and the waving hand;
Sets in the sea the scene of youthful years,
And the far-gazing eye grows thick with tears;—
But o'er the purple peaks that rise so high,
Where the blue mountains mingle with the sky,
Ere yet he pass the portals of the day,
The setting sun sheds out a parting ray—
Pours forth a stream of radiance from the West,
And crowns with glory each far mountain crest,
Where, with such blush as on consumption glows,
The dying day looks loveliest at its close!
And they who drift before the winds of heav'n,
A paupered tyrant from their homes hath driv'n;
Mock'd at true hearts, that with the broken tie
Love twin'd around them, now must droop and die;
Unmov'd, could list the long adieu, and see
The lingering clasp of parting agony—

Deny the last poor boon the aged crave,
To lay them down, and share their father's grave !

Oh ! when the harvest-home had come to cheer
The long and finish'd labours of the year,
'Twas sweet to view them round the blazing pile,
With song and tale the lengthening nights beguile :—
The ghostly legend, and the well-feign'd fear,
With which the maiden to her love drew near—
The tell-tale blush that broke the heart's disguise—
The sweet though wordless language of the eyes—
These, these are fled ; hut of the vales and woods,
Their recollections haunt the solitudes—
Upon the pilgrim's pensive musings break,
Cloud the lone hill, and sparkle on the lake,
Dim in the dell, and whisper through the trees,
Moan on the shore, and murmur in the breeze,
At the pale hour when Eve her dew distils,
And sighs and saddens over all the hills ;
For cold the hearths, and quench'd the cheerful blaze,
That gladden'd oft the pale night-wanderer's gaze ;
Where mirth and music met at evening's fall,
The raven's night-wing hovers like a pall :
What though, with opening blossoms of the year,
The lark shall sing where none is left to hear ?
The voice of gladness hath a fearful sound,
Where all is dead and desolate around !

Oh ! why hath Nature knit, with strongest band,
The heart so closely to each mountain land,
Yet made that bond in vain, made deserts spread,
And barren fields that yield not daily bread ?
For this the Exile, on a foreign shore,
Weeps for his Albyn's glens and mountains hoar,
Till Slumber wafts him to her woods and streams,
To chase the dun-deer in his nightly dreams.

Lo, through the twilight of primeval woods,
In that far world that blooms beyond the floods,
Fast by the solitary shore is seen
Each little cottage, and its opening green ;
Cast on its strand, like weeds from ocean's foam,
There have the Exiles found a foreign home,
Whose solitude of silent ages hears
The song of other lands and other years ;
Awakening Memory's cherish'd woe, that brings
The best, the softest halcyon to its own strings ;
There glooms no saddening remnant of decay,
But all things wear the hue of yesterday ;
No tower, moss-mantled, from whose hoary height,
Moans to the moon the hermit of the night ;
But the far whoop of Indian wakes the wild,
The desert bred, the forest's free-born child.

And yet, Colombia, dearer far than thou,
Though many a greenwood garland wreaths thy brow,
Though Chimborazo, mountain monarch, rise
The giant hermit of the desert skies,
Where the pale western planet soars to gem
His lone and everlasting diadem,
And to the heav'n's artillery peal'd on high,
The Andes' central thunders roar reply ;—

Than Nature's scenes alone, howe'er so vast,
 To me the regions breathing of the past—
 A column in its desert dwelling-place,
 A lorn memorial of the human race—
 A lonely barrow on the Trojan plain,
 Where grey Tradition holds his twilight reign—
 What breathes a moral, and what hints a tale,
 Than all the charms of mountain, wood, and vale.
 Time steals with silent step o'er earth and sea,
 The dial shade points to eternity!
 Soon childhood's dreams give place to those of youth,
 As fair, as fleeting, and as far from truth;
 The infant's prattle in that distant land,
 Which but a mother's ear can understand,
 Is changed to love's warm, romantic strain,
 To all, save fond believing maid, as vain.
 Oh! by the babbling brook and willow'd wave,
 The whispering forest and the ocean cave—
 The sweet and immemorial haunts of love—
 Oft would young Helen and her Norman rove,
 At twilight pale, or noon-day's blazing reign,
 When the last lingering shade had fled the plain,
 And, like the earliest of the human race,
 Their hearts were wedded in the wilderness!

But all that's fair must fade, and thus the heart
 Meets with its kindred bosom, hut to part;
 Upon his father's friend had Fortune smil'd,
 Who nam'd young Norman his adopted child,
 And call'd him to his long-lost native home,
 Whose memory hover'd far o'er ocean's foam;
 Upon whose strand the lovely lovers stood,
 As Eve wax'd wan o'er forest and o'er flood;
 Cold, dark, and dreary, leaving earth and sea—
 A scene with parting hearts in sympathy.
 There gazing on him, till her soft eyes grew
 Like twilight's dark'ning skies with all their dew,
 She droop'd as faintly fair, as is the ray
 Of second bow in nature's weeping day;
 While from her bosom broken accents flow,
 In all the agony of wordless woe;
 Like the low murmurs of a troubled dream,
 Or night-winds sobbing o'er a willow'd stream.

Words he essay'd, to soothe, if not to cheer,
 To calm her sorrows, and allay her fear;
 They breath'd of peace, return, and future joy,
 Unshaken love, and all that wealth could buy.
 'Tis thus the dreamer Hope will whisper still
 Her promis'd good, the balm to present ill;
 And e'en when all is o'er, her eye will turn
 To glowing scenes, from ashes of the urn!
 But lost on Helen was that Siren strain,
 A wildering mist came darkling o'er her brain;
 Upon a heedless car his accents fell—
 An ear which heard not that dread word "farewell;"
 That sound, which haunts the heart like funeral chime,
 And peals its dirge-note over space and time!

He's gone—and she awakes as desolate
 As some poor desert bird without its mate;
 Lone as o'er night-seas pales the beacon light,
 Or some far rock, an ocean anchorite,

That stand forlorn amidst the blue abyss,
 Like Sorrow's statue, mute and motionless !
 Oh ! deepest desolation of the heart,
 When from its earliest idol doom'd to part !
 The song of sadness from the midnight grove,
 The nightingale's lone lay of hapless love ;
 The death-note of the swan, the sighing gale
 That from the harpstring wakes its wildest wail ;
 These the sad tone of feeling faintly show
 That sweep the heart-strings in such hour of woe !

How sweet return to scenes of boyhood seems
 Those hallow'd haunts of Love's romantic dreams !
 The wood, the wild, the lake, the hill of storms,
 Break on the view with all the fairy forms
 And feelings with which Fancy's glowing moods
 Then peopled early scenes and solitudes.
 Such Helen's footsteps trace at twilight dim,
 Where the low murmuring waters speak of him
 That's far away ; the forest's rustling leaves
 Whisper of him for whom her spirit grieves ;
 And every sight, and sound, and airy sigh,
 Thrill gently o'er some chord of memory !

Thus melancholy tinged her youthful years,
 And woo'd her spirit to the feast of tears ;
 That pensive mourner makes her presence known
 By absent moods, and musings all alone.
 She comes—she comes with visionary train
 Of faded hopes, and recollections vain,
 And a sweet sadness, soothing, while it wears
 The heart away with slow, consuming cares ;
 And yet her whispers seem to breathe of peace,
 Her woes are such we would not they should cease ;
 A lone enthusiast of the sounding shore,
 A guest of nodding halls, and mansions hoar,
 Whose dead walls sadden to the tempest's tone,
 And sullen echoes wake with dreamy moan ;
 A wanderer of the dim and wizard dell,
 Where Superstition grey hath cast her spell.
 A silent muser of the Gothic aisle,
 Where but some setting sun-beam sheds a smile,
 And, as in mockery, 'mid surrounding gloom,
 Plays o'er the dead, and dances on the tomb !
 The bane of early hearts, and souls refin'd,
 With pale Consumption following close behind ;
 Or with wild tresses, and a glaring eye,
 Her spectre comrade grim Insanity.

The rose upon her cheek had changed its hue,
 And day by day more like the lily grew,
 When the glad tidings came in time to save
 This desert blossom from an early grave,
 That Norman (heir to wealth) was on the main,
 To meet his Helen, ne'er to part again.
 Welcome as rainbow to the troubled air,
 Is the sweet hope that dawns from out despair ;
 Dear as the dream that o'er the wild-wave's roar
 Wafts the poor exile to his home once more !
 It is his natal day : with evening's fall,
 The guests assemble in her father's hall ;
 Oh ! ne'er by her that day unhonour'd past,
 And shall not this be happier than the last ?

List ! through the woods the rising breezes sing,—
 List ! to the rushing of the whirlwind's wing ;
 But urge the dance, let mirth and music rise
 To drown the night-howl of the troubled skies.
 Yet 'tis a fearful hour ; the forest groans,
 And on the rustling shore the ocean moans.
 Hark ! in the pause of music comes a knell,
 Was it the thunderclap that broke the spell
 Of pleasure in each heart ? Again, again
 It peals—a fearful signal from the main !
 They rush towards the shore, each anxious gaze
 Is blasted by the cannon's blood-red blaze ;
 The flame and thunder speed their fearful flight
 Far o'er the solitudes of sea and night ;
 Bursts the wild roar upon the ear of sleep,
 Tolls a last peal, that dead-bell of the deep !
 And all is dark again, and deeply hush'd,
 Save storm and sea that in wild concert rush'd !

They stray'd along the beach, where o'er the surge
 The tempest sung its melancholy dirge ;
 There, with the dawn, young Helen sees a form,
 A lone and lifeless relic of the storm ;
 And gazing on the lost one as he lay,
 With one wild shriek her reason pass'd away !
 And fast as shrinks a black and burning scroll,
 Hath memory ebb'd to darkness from her soul !

On moonless nights, upon the rocky steep,
 Oft would her beacon blaze above the deep ;
 (Still of her lover's bark her waking dreams)
 There would she sit and watch its dying gleams,
 And sigh the night away, and sing some lay
 Of hapless love, until the dawn of day ;
 Then gazing o'er the waters, wild and pale,
 Would weep to see no solitary sail !
 And then the envious winds and waves would chide,
 That thus delight true lovers to divide ;
 Then call upon his name, and list'ning, sigh,
 As Echo mock'd her with its vain reply !

Is there a balm the broken heart to heal,
 To lull the pangs that wounded spirits feel ?
 Yes, the night cometh, and the narrow bed,
 The heart that throbs not, and the unaching head !
 Oh ! when the sun of joy is set, and all
 Surrounding nature seems a funeral pall—
 When the dim stars like fading fires appear,
 Pale, darkling wanderers making night more drear—
 When mirth seems madness, and sweet music's voice
 The mournful echo of departed joys,
 Who would not welcome calm, unbroken sleep,
 And hail the couch where none e'er woke to weep—
 And rest, like them, above the wandering wave,
 The lov'd in life, unsever'd in the grave ?

J. M.

POLITICAL STATE OF EUROPE.

THE French invasion of Spain we have just seen crowned with success, and freedom is thus driven from its last stronghold on the continent. As mankind advance in knowledge, they naturally become impatient of those fetters in which they formerly suffered themselves to be patiently bound; and, in different parts of Europe, we have accordingly seen this natural impatience of oppression breaking out into open resistance. In Naples, through the aid of the troops, and the concurrence of the people*, the ancient yoke was broken, and a new government established, free in its principles. Scarcely, however, had it raised its head, when it provoked the jealousy of the few who still wished to tyrannize over the many; and the fair promise of freedom, which broke out for a moment in Italy, was nipped in the bud by an irruption of Austrian troops. The spirit of liberty had, however, spread among other nations; and in Portugal and Spain, formerly considered the headquarters of despotism, a revolution began, aided by the troops, which gave a free constitution to those hitherto oppressed countries. The friends of freedom, and of human improvement, every where rejoiced at these, as they conceived, auspicious events; they saw the yoke of tyranny and superstition broken; they saw a revolution accomplished, without violence or bloodshed, which gave freedom to two important states in the European system; and these events were considered as the prelude to the general diffusion of political improvement all over Europe.

These fair prospects are now, for a time, overcast. For a long time Spain was allowed to perfect quietly what she had so prosperously begun. The Holy Alliance, indeed, fulminated their censures against her proceedings, which they said threatened with danger all legitimate governments. But mankind could scarcely believe that they would act on their declarations, or that their dark and

iniquitous consultations would so soon break forth into overt acts of treason against liberty and the improvement of the species. They have now, however, developed their designs. We now see all the ruling potentates of Europe confederated in one unholy league, to crush improvement all over the earth, to extinguish every vestige of popular rights, and to degrade the people to the level of slaves, having a claim to nothing, but owing all that they possess, to the pure benignity and favour of their Sovereigns—the latter, in short, to be every thing, and the people nothing. All the rulers of the world are thus arrayed on the side of darkness and ignorance. They are the sworn enemies of all political improvement, not merely within their own territories, but in foreign and independent states. Henceforth they declare, that no state shall advance one step in the career of improvement, without their previous consent. The continental rulers of Austria and Russia, backed by their numerous armies, are to be the expositors of our civil rights. Before attempting any internal reform, we must first consult them whether the scheme is to their liking, or whether there may not be too great an infusion of the popular principle in the dose which we are about to administer to the distempered state. The courts of Petersburgh and Vienna are to be resorted to for lessons in the science of Government. The barbarians of Russia are, forsooth, to introduce improvements into Europe. Russia is to become a school of civil policy—her troops are to be teachers of political wisdom. The courts of the Allied Sovereigns, those seats of despotism, are to be a sort of refrigerating cylinders, in passing through which, the over-heated theories of modern reformers are to be cooled down to the proper temperament, in order to calm the well-grounded fears of sovereigns, lest the light of knowledge or freedom should ever reach their happily-benighted subjects. We

* In a subsequent article on Carrascosa's "Memoirs," the writer seems to entertain strong doubts, whether the Neapolitan revolution was really effected with the "concurrence" of the people. The Editor of course does not consider himself responsible for every slight diversity of opinion which a minute critic may detect in the productions of the different individuals who contribute to this Journal.

are now arrived at a new era, where the most barbarous powers, in place of copying from the more civilized, league together for the destruction of all improvement, lest their own subjects should catch a glimpse of the light which is shining around them. We must not move one inch forward, it seems, lest the dangerous example of freedom should indirectly put in peril the valuable institutions of despotism and ignorance. In this case, then, if no nation is to improve its constitution, lest the more imperfect constitutions of its neighbours should be endangered, the march of improvement is stopt, and the rudest and most despotic government becomes the standard for all others. And this is the truly lamentable pass to which matters are now brought, by the late success of the Holy Alliance in the conquest of Spain. The European powers, hitherto engaged in a generous rivalry in arts and policy, must now beware of advancing too fast, lest they should provoke the imitation of their barbarous neighbours, whom they must in no case leave behind them. They are thus in the situation of a convoy at sea—all retarded by the duller sailer. No one must outstrip the other, under pain of being brought back to his original position, by threats of war.

Such, then, is the present political state of Europe. In former times, war proceeded upon the plain principle of national aggrandizement; nations went to war for additional territories; they often quarrelled about colonies; and the most wretched, barren, and uninhabitable spot was sufficient to set all Europe in a flame. Their views are now totally changed. At the conclusion of the great war against Napoleon, they seemed perfectly united in all those points which formerly caused strife. The world was divided among the different powers who rule it, to their mutual satisfaction, apparently, and no one has sought to grasp at the territory of another. Long habit has reconciled them to each other's existence, and has at length softened down that habitual and rooted distrust of each other, which used to be inculcated as a standing maxim of policy. The war of which we have just witnessed the unfortunate conclu-

sion, did not originate in any differences of this nature. It was a war, not to take territory, but to put down opinions, on the avowed principle of danger from their propagation. It was, in short, an attempt to overpower opinion and human reason by force of arms, which, for the present, has succeeded. There was no attempt to convince the Spaniards by argument. The French, who were the tools, in this case, of the Holy Alliance, (for the late invasion of Spain is merely a branch of the general conspiracy among the continental sovereigns against liberty,) did not attempt to reason with the Spaniards. But their language, to which their conduct corresponded, was, "If you adopt those opinions which we dislike,—if you advance one iota beyond us, in your improvements, we will cut your throats." It is by pure menace that the Spaniards have been assailed; and all those who now stir in the cause of freedom, in any other part of Europe, will have the same perils to encounter.

The political state of Europe then presents, at present, the singular spectacle of arms arrayed against opinions. On one side, we have human reason, flying abroad by the aid of the press, chasing away the darkness, and scattering the seed which is to ripen into the harvest of future improvement. On the other hand, we have force opposing her progress, and threatening her with destruction; and this appears, at first view, to be a very unequal match, more especially when we see that the first advantages have been entirely on the side of force. Yet the whole history of the world proves the reverse of this. Opinions, wherever they have first spread, have always been opposed by arms. They have never been checked, however; they have always made their way against opposition; and the progress of improvement, since it first began in Europe, has never been arrested, by all the wars that have been waged against it. It has always advanced slowly and irresistibly, undermining the most inveterate prejudices, and bringing down the establishments in which they were embodied, however strongly entrenched amid bayonets and cannon.

The truth is, that in the conflicts which take place between reason or opinion, and force, we are extremely apt to be deceived as to the strength of the hostile parties. Force makes a most alarming display of its resources; it brings forth all its means, and conceals nothing, its policy being rather to make an imposing appearance, and to overawe, by the view of irresistible power. The policy of the other party is, in all respects, the reverse. Opinion makes no shew; its strength lies hid; it works under ground. We can calculate the power of force—we can count the numbers in its ranks. But who can calculate the power of opinion? Who can reconnoitre its position, or see the strength and extent of its battle array? The march of opinion is secret, sure, and irresistible; it advances unseen, and paralyses the soldier's arm; it poisons the source and spring of its enemy's strength; strews his way with pit-falls, making the very ground which he stands upon unsure. An army combating against opinions, with which it is itself infected, has indeed an outward show of strength, and looks well on the field, but, within, all is unsound and rotten. Enthusiasm is the soul of an army; but no army can be enthusiastic in an unpopular cause; and destitute of this principle of alacrity and life, it is a mere sluggish mass, timorous and slothful in all its movements, and wholly unable to resist the storm of popular vengeance, when once awakened against it. Here, then, is one point on which the schemes of the Allied Sovereigns are clearly vulnerable. They have, to be sure, powerful armies. But what security have they that these armies may not be corrupted from their fidelity to despotism, by the contagion of freedom? Here is the radical defect of all their schemes; and here, in a moment, their whole system may give way, when they least expect it. This is, happily, the bane of all those contrivances which are founded on pure force. The dissolution of the vast empire of Napoleon, which was founded on this principle, is an awful exemplification of the precarious nature of such power; and the Holy Alliance securely seated, as it

seems to be, on its throne of violence, may take warning by his fatal example, ere it be too late. The feelings of mankind cannot be continually outraged with impunity; aided by powerful armies, they may, no doubt, go on long in their career of tyranny. But they are walking on hollow ground; all may be fair and smooth outwardly; but the principle of disturbance may be, nevertheless, secretly gaining strength; and in time, the smothered flame will burst forth, and involve, in its wide-spreading conflagration, those who thought themselves far remote from its effects.

If we look back to history, we shall find that no great revolution of opinion ever took place among mankind, without drawing down the opposition of armies, and without great convulsions, which always terminated, however, in the triumph of the obnoxious opinions. The Reformation was one of the first fruits of increasing knowledge in Europe. The new opinions made their way into all its most improved countries; and neither persecution, nor the hostile sword, were ever able to arrest their progress, far less to extirpate them. The reformation in religion paved the way for the progress of civil freedom; the political institutions of the age did not escape that spirit of free inquiry, which had exposed the corruptions of religion. Hence arose another source of disturbance; and in some countries, the conflict of the new opinions occasioned a long era of political convulsions. It was natural that power should be found arrayed against the progress of those opinions, and that great opposition should be made to them. But they always triumphed. Every fresh conflict of the people with their rulers, gave them new privileges, till at length, in this country, they got all they asked, and civil freedom became the creed both of the king and people. In France, the era of political improvement was of a later date. The doctrines of freedom do not seem to have spread so early in that country as in Britain. The writings of the French philosophers contain, no doubt, a large stock of political knowledge. But these were merely passing meteors.

The light of science did not yet shine on the great body of the people, who were, until a later period, held fast in ignorance and feudal thralldom. At last, however, the increasing knowledge of the age made its way into the great community of France. The people grew impatient under the despotic government of their ancestors, and the desire of improvement became general. But there were great obstacles to encounter: the whole powers of government,—the privileged orders of the nobility and the priesthood,—and a powerful standing army, were ranged against the new opinions. There could not possibly be a more complete trial of strength between opinion and force. They were directly balanced against each other; on the one side, opinion, naked and unsupported; on the other, force, with all the constitutional powers of the state on its side. The issue of the conflict is well known. Turning over to the next instructive page of French history, we see opinion seated on its throne, its enemies laid low under its feet, and the wrecks of ancient establishments strewn around. The excesses of the French Revolution disgusted all those who at first applauded it, and caused a strong re-action of opinion against it, and against all innovation whatever. This re-action had begun to abate, the spirit of free inquiry was again let loose, and, under its influence, despotism and superstition were happily chased from Portugal and Spain, its ancient strongholds, and a new era of free government had begun. But the prospect was too odious to the Allied Powers; their armies were set in motion; and they have succeeded, for a time, in extinguishing the principles of light and knowledge. They are thus pursuing the same conflict of force against opinion, which has been going on for centuries; and we may rest assured, whatever temporary advantages may be on the side of force, that, in the long-run, the issue will be the same. Partial causes may occasion temporary obstacles to the progress of knowledge; but no power can ever turn back the great tide of human affairs; we cannot put out the light that is already spread; we cannot unteach men what they know;

we can never, in short, again reduce the many to be beasts of burden to the few. Knowledge is progressive; it is infectious. The violent extinction of freedom in Spain is, no doubt, a temporary triumph to the august members of the Holy Alliance. But judging by the past, we may conclude, that, in the end, opinions and principles will prove an overmatch, as they have always done hitherto, for mere power. All history shews that power has never yet been able to arrest the progress of human reason. The experiment has been frequently tried, and it has always had the same issue. We have often seen force employed to reclaim mankind from the power of reason, and to bring them under the influence of old prejudices, which they had resolved to cast off; but in no instance has it succeeded. There has been, no doubt, often a severe struggle; but, in the end, the world has advanced. Nothing can possibly prevent this. We cannot make mankind retrograde; and, in an enlightened age, this experiment is even more hopeless than ever. The Allied Powers are seeking to establish despotism in government, as the powers of the world formerly sought to establish despotism in religion. They dread the progress of political knowledge, which puts their craft in danger, and, despot-like, they seek to destroy knowledge by force. But if they could not strangle the infant in his cradle, they will not, it is likely, crush him when he is hardened into the gristle and bone of manhood. The present is not an age for such experiments. But when will power be taught wisdom? Proud man, drest in a little brief authority, always resorts to force as the favourite expedient; he will not yield—he will not accommodate. The struggle thus commences, of power against opinion; a long era of oppression takes place, in which enthusiastic suffering keeps pace with the violence of persecution; and as the light of knowledge spreads, power at last falls in the struggle, the unpitied victim of its own folly and blindness. Such has been, in all ages, the course of the world; and we have no reason to believe that matters will be changed in our day.

 THE SCHOOL-BOYS.

'Twas evening mild: the sun's departing eye
 Clos'd on the hills that skirt the western sky;
 Deep from the grove the stock-dove's notes were heard,
 Tuned to the courtship of his listening bird;
 Lone in the vale the abbey's tower was seen
 Clad in the ivy's venerable green:
 From every cot the smoke in columns curl'd,
 And sweetness smil'd on all the vernal world.
 In such a spot Contentment seem'd to dwell,
 Sick of the town, beneath her turf-clad cell:
 Sequester'd here from fashion's high-bred trains,
 The tenant knows not folly's secret pains;
 Unconscious he of half the joys that crown
 The taste, the mode, the learning of the town;
 Unconscious, too, of all their secret woe,
 And all the mighty nothingness of shew.

I wander'd down the vale, and pass'd the spot
 Where once my guardian held his peaceful cot;
 I pass'd the house where oft, with careless look,
 I named the letters from the pictur'd book;
 I saw the scenes, where, fond of careless play,
 On thy blest afternoon, sweet Saturday!
 Perhaps I rais'd the magpie's chattering tongue
 I' the airy castle where she rock'd her young;
 Or in hand-breadth canals decoy'd the rill
 To spout upon my little water-mill;
 Or, by the marsh, cut down the hollow cane,
 And, uninspir'd, piped out my noisy strain;
 Till my kind friends, in anxious search, descried
 Their daubed vagrant by the streamlet's side,
 And, wondering at my stay, with sharp reproof,
 Led back my footsteps to their humble roof.

But, while I pass'd along, the village tower
 Rung through the vale the sweet dismissing hour;
 Anon from school the master's stripling crew,
 With all the noise of youthful vigour, flew.
 Round the gay green they wheel'd in sportive chase,
 With chubby laughter smirking in each face.
 One only came with sad, depending brow,
 And o'er the threshold ventur'd sour and slow;
 He, set perhaps upon the dunce's stool,
 Crown'd with the paper night-cap of the fool,
 In pettish mood now saunter'd o'er the green,
 Too sad to mingle with the jocund scene;
 Home to his mother straight he seem'd to go,
 To tell the indulging parent all his woe,
 And ask that med'cine for a watery eye—
 A butter'd cake, till he forgot to cry.

Not so the rest, whose parents seem'd to approve
 The master's admonition, rod, or love;
 With them the task, and all its irksome care,
 Was whirled with their bonnets in the air;
 And as a plant confin'd, in some close room,
 Nods o'er the flow'r-pot with a sickly bloom,
 But placed abroad to imbibe the nursing dews,
 Its blossoms glow with all their lovely hues;

So they, long pent within their silent seat,
 Find health in play, and play itself more sweet.
 Some shot the marble from the chalky ring,
 While some, with wooden hit and plaited string,
 Well pleas'd, with trotting pace, ran round the course
 In the strange fancy of a postboy's horse :
 With groping hands, by handkerchief made blind,
 One tried to catch the followers behind ;
 With stones and turf some built the Trojan walls,
 While through the air some toss'd the bounding balls ;
 Some tried the sailor's, some the mason's trade,
 And some at pitch-and-toss with buttons play'd ;—
 The master's frown, the strap with triple thong,
 Were banish'd in the whistle and the song ;
 And the hard lesson that employ'd the day,
 Was now exchange'd for salutary play.
 Oh, lovely age ! in careless passions blest,
 Of man's few years the happiest and the best !
 No future thoughts disturb their youthful year—
 Play all their hope, the master all their fear ;
 No wish have they for wealth's ambitious curse,
 The fair-day penny fills their little purse ;
 No mad desire through glory's ranks to pass,
 Their highest glory—general of the class !
 Say, do the splendid pleasures that engage
 The wiser state of man's maturer age,
 Bestow such real, such intrinsic bliss,
 As flows from youthful innocence like this ?
 Alas ! the sweets which many a fool pursues,
 Like Israel's quails, oft curse him as he chews ;
 While these, not only luscious while they last,
 Like Plato's feast, grow sweeter when they're past !

 RESCRIPTS OF CHRISTIAN IV.

THE following paper is extracted from a publication of the Danish historian Suhm, entitled "A Collection towards the History of Denmark," that is, a collection composed of a variety of papers on very different subjects, which may be useful to illustrate particular parts of that history. This one consists of extracts from the minutes of the Danish Treasury, during the reign of Christian IV., containing a statement of the applications made to that Chamber during a particular time, and by it, sent to the King for his final determination or direction on the subject, with his answers, given in his own words. It is the latter part of the extract which I think may make it an amusing article in your Magazine. The answers of the King, while they shew his good sense and regard for justice, are expressed with so much simplicity, and even naïveté, that they cannot fail to be read with

interest. Where the application regards an obscure individual, whose name was not inserted in the paper sent to the King, the name is introduced into his answer, shewing his Majesty's familiar acquaintance with the people under him. These answers, in general, shew how much the paternal dispositions of a good monarch may counteract the evils of a Government where justice is far from being properly secured by law, while they seem to give no place to private solicitation and partial interests, which have often so pernicious an influence in Governments, which, in other respects, may have more to boast of. The memory of Christian IV. is, to this day, popular in countries which are not now subject to the Danish Government. These minutes are dated from the year 1670, to 1672.

1. *Application from the Treasury Chamber.*—Whether certain arrears

due in Norway, should be remitted, when it is proved that the Collectors had not received them, with the Stadtholder and Amtmand's explanation on the subject.

Answer of the King.—Since the explanation of the Amtmand and Stadtholder prove clearly that these arrears are not owing to the carelessness or neglect of the Collectors, but merely to the impossibility of their being paid, so neither will I command a thing which is impossible.

T. C.—The King had demanded from the Chamber an exact account of the property which had been in different ways disposed of in the time of Frederic III., and for what services. The Chamber propose that, from the extent of the accounts, the matter should be referred to a special commission.

K. A.—Had I thought proper to appoint a commission, I would not have applied to you. Do what I bid you.

T. C.—Several citizens of Flensburg make a claim for services rendered by them during the siege (of Copenhagen). The Chamber see no way to satisfy them, as all their funds are destined to particular purposes, but propose that their application should be recorded, in case some other occasion may occur of satisfying them.

K. A.—O yes; I am pleased you should give the poor people as decent and courteous a refusal as you can.

T. C.—The tithes in Norway had been disposed of in certain arbitrary gratuities. The Chamber inquire of the King, whether a particular portion of his salary due to Chancellor Peter Reetz, shall be paid out of these tithes, or according to instructions formerly given to the Treasury?

K. A.—It is well remembered. You know I give no instructions in vain.

T. C.—The administrators of the property belonging to the Cathedral Church of Roeskildé propose to make an exchange with part of the Kanniké estate, which had been given to Chancellor Peter Reetz. The Chamber say they do not know if Peter Reetz is to continue to hold that property.

K. A.—It is my will that the exchange should take place. The Chancellor has his own salary.

T. C.—The Chamber represent that Jens Clausen has obtained a sentence of a certain court against the Antvorst peasants, for certain arrears, which sentence, if carried into execution, will ruin them. The Chamber request his Majesty to give orders that Clausen's demand be referred to commissioners, who may settle with him on reasonable terms.

K. A.—Very right. Let there be such moderation, that people be not put in terror for the making up of round sums.

T. C.—The Chamber propose that the usual harbour-money should be employed for the repair of Christian's haven bridge.

K. A.—I am pleased, provided you lay no new impositions on commerce and the shipping, and remember the order I gave you last year, that the new toll should be taken off. Let the bridge be at least immediately repaired.

T. C.—Among other articles of a memorial concerning the Cathedral Church of Roeskildé, it is mentioned that the salary of clerk had been reduced in compliance with a former memorial of the Chamber, but that, on the representation of the Amtmand, they were afterwards of opinion he ought not to have less than his foreman.

K. A.—Very well. But you should consider these things properly in the first instance, before you bring your recommendations to me, for it is on you I rely on such matters.

T. C.—Paul Nielsen petitions, that some property, which had been assigned to the fencing-master in Sorøe, should be allowed him for salary as secretary in the Danish chancery. This property, 300 tons, amounts to 157 tons more than his claim, which he begs may be allowed him of your grace.

K. A.—When he gets his due, he has no more to ask.

T. C.—Counsellor Rylche and Peder Sassen represent to the Chamber, that the King has resolved their claims should be paid in landed property, which claims the Chamber had admitted as just: they make a proposal to have the tithes in Aal-

borghuus district, on condition, that if these tithes shall not bring in the interest of their claims, they shall be allowed to make them as productive as they can.

K. A.—You must look after what they have said to you. It is likewise your business to attend to what I have formerly written to you. Let them have the tithes for their payment, just as C. Lindenow had them. They cannot have them on better terms than I myself held them.

T. C.—Major John Nielsen petitions for an estate in Norway, in payment of 963 rix-dollars due to him for his services in the last war.

K. A.—You quite forget the 8th article of your instructions.

T. C.—Elizabeth, widow of Jacob Madsen, petitions for a confirmation of Frederic III.'s grant to her of two farms in Norway, for her life time.

K. A.—It is not long since I ordered you to have a specification of all these grants ready.

T. C.—Hans Arenfeldt Mogensen had formerly received goods for his payment, every ton valued at 534 rix-dollars. For this payment, with which he should be satisfied, he will now have more.

K. A.—A bargain is a bargain.

T. C.—The Chamber state, that certain persons, engaged to serve by the month, made claim for their services against Colonel M. Rothsteen, which should have been settled by him. The Colonel states, on the other hand, that a person of the name of Ove Erichsen had made an agreement with them, and had paid them 6000 rix-dollars from the funds of the naval department, and also land, which they had received, and had held their peace till lately, when they had begun to complain. Upon this, Ove Erichsen protested, that, after the lapse of five years, they had no right to make any new claim, and that they could not deny their having given a discharge. He produced, also, the attestation of the arsenal master and clerk, that they were present at the making of this agreement. The Chamber conclude, by saying, so far as we could comprehend the matter, we have followed your Majesty's instructions.

K. A.—Rarely investigated! You

state neither whether they had given the Colonel a discharge in full,—whether this discharge had been produced and proved to you,—nor whether the people adhered to it; most of them are yet alive, or what reason have they now to stand out against it? Neither do you tell me how much the poor people had received, so that I might be able to judge of the proportion between their services and their claims. Inform me on these points.

T. C.—Lambert Blankenborg and Hans Troelsen petition to be employed to look after all unlawful cutting and sawing of timber in Norway, at a certain allowance to themselves and several servants; proposing to pay themselves from what may be confiscated to this amount, and to give an account of what may be over and above. They offer 800 rix-dollars for a lease of this employment, for Aggerhuus, or Trondheim, or Bergen districts, as the Treasury Chamber shall think most for the King's interest.

K. A.—This seems to be a new devise of some hungry post-hunter. When the Amtmand and the Collectors do their duty, there will be no need of such fiscals.

T. C.—The Chamber state a proposal of Mr Jorgen Bielké, with respect to a claim of his, on certain estates, to the amount of 12,000 rix-dollars. He petitions, according to a former order of the King, for the prebendary called Militum; and, also, as this is not an equivalent, a vicarage, on certain conditions: also a certain house and estate during his life, free from land-tax: also the mill of Onsøe, and several other properties.

K. A.—There are a great many kinds of flesh in this fricassée. Let my churches be unplundered, and my father's hand and my own stand fast, and I have no objections to what you think proper, with regard to the rest.

T. C.—Over Jeger Master Hané proposes that certain empty tenements should be laid under that of Egegaard.

K. A.—Such an off-taking, from the matriculation roll, cannot be allowed.

T. C.—Obrister Hans Jacob Schiöt.

in Christiania, petitions to have certain small properties in Norway, to pay his creditors; he himself is in bad circumstances.

K. A.—If it must be so, let him have the property of the Bremen Commission.

T. C.—Ulrich Sitsen's widow petitions that the principals of Stiernholm Amt should be obliged to bear a part with her in keeping up the bridge at Byholms Mill. The Chamber propose it should be settled according to law and right.

K. A.—Then give her this answer, and let them go to law and right, which you are so fond of.

T. C.—Frue Karen Grubé, widow of the late Jorgen Kaas, petitions with regard to money lent in 1651—2, and 3, and which Frederic III. had promised should be repaid with advantages.

K. A.—Such claims must lie by till your coffers are better filled.

T. C.—Paul Justsen should receive yearly 200 rix-dollars, to the payment of his account. We do not know how he can be paid without prejudice to those to whom the funds for that purpose have been assigned.

K. A.—If ye do not know, neither do I.

T. C.—Elizabeth, widow of Herman Früs, petitions for certain teinds, &c.; but as these have been disposed of for schools, &c. they do not see how she can obtain them.

K. A.—Neither do I.

T. C.—Falk Larsen Dalhof, collector in Fredericsund, petitions for an increase of his salary.

K. A.—They would all have that, but they cannot all get it.

T. C.—Johan Petersen, collector in Swenborg, claims the 100 rix-dollars which have been clipped off him by the new regulations. The Chamber think what he has at present too little, considering the extent of his district.

K. A.—Ye should have considered that when ye made the regulations. He must be content till ye make better.

T. C.—Hans Thomesen petitions for the superintendence of the fisheries, in the old man's stead.

K. A.—He must wait till Peter Ibsen die.

T. C.—Johan Stads Vedel, the executioner, petitions for a ship-captain's allowance for his attendance on the court.

K. A.—If the Admiralty can spare a ship-captain's allowance, I am pleased.

T. C.—Jorgen Urne, page of the bed-chamber, petitions for arrears of wages due to him; but the Chamber state, that Morten Skinkel told the said page, expressly, that they received no wages.

K. A.—Contract leaves no room for dispute. If he was told so beforehand, he must take that for his wages.

T. C.—The Chamber state, that Niels Holst, distiller, petitions for wages, and the spoiled wine and brandy in the King's cellar, and his distilling instruments free of duty; on these conditions, he will furnish what spirits are wanted, and give an account.

K. A.—What Aquavite I want from him I will pay for. I have no more to say to him.

T. C.—The Chamber make a proposal with regard to the Convent of Mariboe. Jens Clausen possesses it for 1800 rix-dollars: the Queen Dowager offers 2000 for it.

K. A.—You should have attended to that, before you expedited the deed for Jens Clausen. Do you think I will break a bond and seal for 200 rix-dollars?

T. C.—Winterfield will have unthreshed rye from the Bishop's lands in Roeskildé, instead of rye-straw.

K. A.—What was straw last year will scarcely yield corn this. Things are best as they are.

T. C.—Niels Osen, butcher to the court, petitions that the waste lands which he has taken at fifty rix-dollars, he may hold for twenty-five; he claims some rents to be passed, on certain considerations.

K. A.—Once for all attend to this, that I will listen to no such pretensions.

T. C.—On a memorial of the Chamber, with respect to the petition of a jailor's widow.

K. A.—Ye have more claims of that kind than ye can answer.

T. C.—Otte Vildé, Amtmand in

the district of Collinghuus, petitions for certain corn-lands in that quarter.

K. A.—He is always complaining himself that the property of the county is all disposed of.

T. C.—Lieut. Col. Geriche begs, as payment of what is due to him, two islands, by Narkow.

K. A.—I will not alter the privileges of the town for his sake.

T. C.—Morten Michelsen and Anders Jacobsen present a petition, on account of their wives' fathers, who had been Private Secretaries to the late Prince Christian.

K. A.—God grant ye could pay my own, and my worthy father's debts, and then we should think on these good folks.

T. C.—Ebbe Gyldenstjerne claims arrears of wages.

K. A.—Claims of that kind can very well wait till better times.

T. C.—Christian Leefeldt petitions for a Jus Patronatus.

K. A.—If such claims be paid with a Jus Patronatus, there will not be many left.

T. C.—Henrich Thot, who had formerly given up certain estates in Scania, as an equivalent for Borringholm, petitions for a maintenance in poverty and old age.

K. A.—I have no objections, if ye can find means of giving it him.

T. C.—William Jensen, custom-house-officer in Bergen, had been reduced, and a collector, for his salary, was to serve both places; he petitions for his former place.

K. A.—If that office is not necessary, it will be better to help him in some other way, if he is good for any thing.

T. C.—Christopher Nielsen, President in Frederica, had been employed to collect the Princess's rents in Jutland, and, by account, owed 546 rix-dollars. He petitions that this sum may be allowed him for arrears of salary.

K. A.—Let it be so for this time; but let the collection of the Princess's rents, another time, be intrusted to a person who will keep better accounts.

T. C.—A Priest, in the parish of Sundt, in Jutland, has a property belonging to his living, which has,

for some time, been let to Peder Uffelsen.

K. A.—Your neglect can take from no man his right. Let the Priest have his own.

T. C.—Prebend Von Alm requests an exchange of Bradberg Teinds for Follong Teinds, which are 124 rix-dollars of less yearly value.

K. A.—It is best every one keep his own.

T. C.—Lieut. Col. Matthew Diderich Vonder Reche wants to buy an estate in Norway.

K. A.—It is best he keep his money, and I my land.

T. C.—Borger-master Opdal, from Trondheim, petitions for a grant of the Salt Teinds, and the setting of three saw-mills.

K. A.—Let him go home, and mind his own affairs.

T. C.—Doctor Justi Cordt Rami-ni, petitions for his full salary, which should have been 500 rix-dollars, but which, by a certain alteration, had been reduced to 200. The Chamber say, we think it fair he should be content with 200.

K. A.—I think so too.

T. C.—Erich Schested requests a Jus Patronatus in Fyen.

K. A.—Let him be thankful for what he has got.

T. C.—The principal clerk in Cronberg Amt petitions for an increase of salary.

K. A.—Let him be content with what his clerk has helped himself to.

T. C.—Lambert Von Haven has made charges for his journey abroad, which, if they are all admitted, will amount to ——— dollars.

K. A.—I will not reckon closely with Lambert. Clear with him, and when he gets what he asks, he won't cry.

T. C.—Two Clergymen in Norway suffered by fire. The Chamber propose, either that they get 100 rix-dollars from the funds of the Church, or that the Bishop should enjoin the Clergy under him to come to their help.

K. A.—The first.

T. C.—In a memorial with respect to the Customs, the Chamber state, that king's ships, when they come in, claim to be free from visitation, and that thus many articles

are brought in which pay no duty: and as the regulations of the Customs contain no such exemption, the Chamber inquire whether said ships should not be visited, as well as others?

K. A.—If your regulations contain no such exemption, what need have ye to ask me? Confer with the College of Commerce: I am satisfied with what they shall say to ye.

T. C.—The custom-house-officers in Assem and Corsöer complain that they receive ill-usage when they visit travellers, and request, therefore, the assistance of the commandant, or officers, or others, in order that what comes in with the riding, or driving post, may be confiscated, when they will not submit to be examined.

K. A.—I agree to this, if ye do not stretch the point too far; but act with decent moderation. Also, ye must give public notice of this before-hand.

T. C.—The Chamber make certain proposals with regard to an alteration in the situation of Amtmend and Stift-Amtmend, (the Sheriffs of counties and provinces.)

K. A.—I agree to your proposal, but I wish that, another time, ye would consider better your plans, that I may not be soon plagued with your changing them.

T. C.—Concerning an account of Henric Ranzow.

K. A.—I am so well pleased with Henric Ranzow's faithful and disinterested service, that I wish his accounts to be paid after his own statement.

T. C.—Petkum petitions for certain sums due to him for his English services, and, among other things, for his salary from a certain time, &c.

K. A.—Let him have the 1000 rix-dollars I promised him, and make the best of his way to Sweden. If he behave himself, I will do that of favour which he cannot claim by right.

T. C.—Jacob Clausen, formerly Sheriff-depute in Verbooling-Amt, claims certain arrears, of so old a date, that they can be settled only by law.

K. A.—Then let him go to law.

T. C.—Frue Sophia Parsberg petitions for certain tiends during her life-time, instead of some grants which had been made to her husband by Frederic III.

K. A.—The Church can spare nothing: the Bishop will spare nothing.

T. C.—Philip Jochum Nostorf petitions to be spared from giving in his accounts as commissary during the last war, and a discharge for the administration of Ahlholus Amt, on condition of resigning his claim for 3401 rix-dollars; only, as he had promised 300 rix-dollars to the building of the round-tower, and 200 to other godly purposes, he requests the King to pay these sums.

K. A.—I agree so far: only, if he will give to the Church or the poor, let him do it out of his own pocket.

T. C.—Ellen Hans Wibé petitions for some allowance to her from the Provianthouse.

K. A.—Inquire, first, if she is among those who have such claim, for I will have no new confusion on this matter.

T. C.—Egert Abildgaard petitions for some corn lands, instead of his grant of 100 rix-dollars.

K. A.—If the income of the county can reach their out-givings, I agree.

T. C.—Doctor Niels Vang petitions for one of the King's Manors.

K. A.—I will henceforth rather add to than take from the public property.

T. C.—Overryeger Master Holme petitions for Abrahamstrup and Heriswoods, for certain claims.

K. A.—I agree, provided they impose no farther tax on the woods. I will not count very closely with Holme, only do not let him cut down my woods when he gets them, but rather endeavour to improve them.

T. C.—Chancellor Peter Griffenfeldt lays before them some mis-statements which have been made in his charter to the Griffenfeldt estate in Norway, and petitions for a certain property, &c.

K. A.—Of that property will I make him a present, and it shall be incorporated with his estates in Norway, under the title of the Earldom

of Griffenfeldt, which name ye shall insert in his charter, giving himself the title of Count, both in his charter and in his new patent, giving it in command to the Stadtholder in Norway, that his estate shall enjoy the same privileges as other Earldoms in that kingdom.

C. T.—Anna Maria de Wit, who was reduced from her Court service in Coldinghuus, petitions for some arrears of her own and her husband's, and for some support in her poverty and old age, claiming something from funds which the Chamber say are not adequate to the purposes to which they are already destined.

K. A.—If there is nothing to give her, she is doubly reduced.

T. C.—Mr Just Hoeg, who was envoy in Holland, petitions for payment of the expences of his correspondence.

K. A.—These demands must be made good, if he do not chalk me down for his own private correspondence.

T. C.—Mr Jochum Gersdorph's heirs have petitioned that their claims be paid in three terms.

K. A.—It is best to promise as we can perform. Let them be paid in five.

T. C.—Baron Olé Rosenkrantz petitions for a certain exchange, and for certain rights in Eggholm, and for the Jus Patronatus for which Frua Wiveké Rosenkrantz had petitioned.

K. A.—I agree to the exchange: the rights he cannot have at this time. That one of the candidates for the Jus Patronatus shall obtain it, who shall make present of the largest piece of cannon to the fleet.

T. C.—The Chamber present a memorial, in which, after finding

fault with certain accounts from Bergen, Stavanger, and some other districts in Norway, they make proposals in behalf of certain persons whom they represent as likely to improve his Majesty's income from these places, &c.

K. A.—Yes, this will improve my income as other beggarly tricks have done; but since this is your opinion, be it so, till ye get farther orders.

T. C.—Anna, Soren Lassen's wife, complains that a Lieutenant-Colonel Wilchen's receipt for 1500 rix-dollars, which he got too much, was not received in the highest Court; that he was acquitted, and she made answerable. She therefore petitions for some deductions.

K. A.—Be it so this time. But this is the fruits of your not looking over the Commissaries' fingers in proper time.

T. C.—The Chamber contract with Frederic Wendelman for wine.

K. A.—I am satisfied. I have no doubt ye get every thing for me on the best terms.

T. C.—Frue Anna Lycké, and Henric Býlow, petition for a year of grace.

K. A.—You know how hard shifting we have.

T. C. A petition of Count Holk concerning a mill.

K. A.—That is Holk's opinion; what is yours?

T. C.—Two persons petition to be employed as inspectors, and engage that they will make the customs in Droutheim and Bergen produce 10,000 rix-dollars more than at present.

K. A.—I have useless servants now already. Call them before ye, and send them about their business; and tell them, once for all, to let me be at peace.

CLASSICAL REVERIES.

No. I.

"Non modo," and "Non modo non."

THE winter season, after all, is that of real and substantial enjoyment, to every person, at least, of a literary or classical turn. It is, as the days shorten and the nights begin to overbalance the day,—as fires resume their presidency in our parlours and study, and tea is again drank with candle light,—it is under the inspiration of a snug and retired apartment, encased with books, and carpetted to the fender, with a pair of bellows suspended from one side of the chimney, and a neat hearth-brush dangling negligently from the other,—that one begins again, after the summer and the harvest months, to suit themselves to the season,—to contract, as it were, and concentrate their movements and affections within a domestic circle of interesting and inviting avocations. The summer, no doubt, had its appropriate and peculiar joys,—its skies of deep and intense blue, or of swollen and magnificent cloud,—its earth all over promise, and its atmosphere all glorified and enlivened by sunbeam and song,—the distant stroll by the sparkling stream, or the musings retirement under refreshing shade; it had its volume carried out to the hill-side, and perused with dozing, supine indifference, under a meridian sun, and a buzzing, tinkling air, or its endless, aimless saunter, where flowers spring, cattle low, and flocks pasture,—where man is received into the companionship of animated nature, and where he feels, and knows, and rejoices, to find that he is only half rational. The autumn came, with its waving fields of gold, and its swelling sheaves, and its accumulated treasures, with its gossamer webs, its variegated leaf, and its last parting days of repose and smiles, and mitigated splendours,—and frequent and happy were the interviews which the soul held with itself, with all around, and with all away on the distance of time, and space, and eternity, as the sun set broad and south, and the moon resumed her autumnal hours of rising.

But Winter comes at last, with his long evenings, and his joyous, happy faces, under fire or candle-light, with his pen and his pencil, his uncut magazine, or his Dutch-bound classic,—his full, and free, and uninterrupted revel, amidst the luxuries and enticements of classical literature. Now we live, not, indeed, in the clamour and busy bustle of a Parliament-house, or of a debating-society, or of a popular bookseller's shop,—not in carriages, whose wheels never cease to revolve,—nor in halls, where the very lamps turn faint and blue from a deficiency of repairing and refreshing air,—not in theatres, where, for one hour's tolerable amusement, a whole evening of ennui is undergone,—not in auction-marts, where money is spent and purchases are made, without aim or utility,—nor in the fashionable lounges, where unhappy men and women masquerade it in the character of ladies and gentlemen mightily interested and gratified,—but at home, "at our own fire-sides," in the country, with two mighty pleasant companions, time at our own disposal, and a decided taste for classical literature.

Every man, indeed, enjoys a superior degree of happiness in riding his own hobby, however sorry, or unseemly, or even worthless, in the eye of the world, the jade may appear. Your very butcher has his notion of dignity, as he surveys his bullock, or scampers it away, like old Helle on the back of a ram. "Ay, man, ye have spoiled a good butcher," said a gentleman of the knife and the chopping-axe, as he passed our rosy and portly Parson, on his way to market last Thursday. "If nought more genteeler casts up in my own profession," said a dancing-master to the same individual, "I am thinking of bringing up my son Rob to be a minister." And, by a similarity of illustrations, we could travel upwards or downwards, as you will, amidst furnishing-tailors, mere mathematicians, mineralogists, antiquarians, and yarn-spinners of all

descriptions,—and through every variety and gradation of hobby, we could point to the happy, contented aspect of the rider, and contrast it with the heavy, morose, and cadaverous look of him who hangs on, from his cradle to his grave, betwixt the heaven of purpose and the earth of performance,—whose mind is so equally poised betwixt various counter attractions, that it remains, as it were, in equilibrio, through all that tiresome and meaningless “now,” which he considers as his lifetime. And if matters are thus arranged, in respect of such hobbies as have been alluded to, and if there is no depth, and width, and length of degradation, in point of pursuit or employment, over which a decided preference and predilection will not cast a robe of gracefulness, an air of importance, what are we to anticipate respecting that liking for classical literature, where the object and the taste, the horse and his rider, are both of so dignified and graceful a character? Burns very feelingly enumerates the situations in which he had enjoyed the greatest share of happiness, amongst which “courting lasses and drinking whisky” are not overlooked. But had Burns been acquainted with the pleasure of reading, and, as it were, conversing with the Latin and Greek classics, during the long winter evenings, when he was employed in setting fire to his convivial roof at Mauchlin, in penning his epistle to Davie, at Moss-gill, or in describing and participating in the diversions of Hallowe’en, under his paternal roof,—he had, in all probability, formed a very different estimate of genuine happiness.

I have long been of opinion, that the dedication of a few of your monthly pages to “classical reveries” would not only confer a new grace and interest upon your Magazine, but would honourably distinguish you from your brethren of the periodical press. There is, indeed, a “classical Journal;” but this is too much of a good thing; and the manner is at once ponderous and soporific. It was with pleasure, therefore, that I observed, in your two last Numbers, some interesting and amusing observations and criticisms upon Dr

Hunter’s *Livy*;—and as these strictures have naturally set me a-thinking, I have given my thoughts the following form, upon

“NON MODO,” AND “NON MODO NON.”

With the view of placing this subject of ancient, as well as of more recent controversy, in as distinct a point of view as possible, it may, perhaps, be necessary to enter fully into the elements, as it were, and fundamental principles upon which the meaning of this, and of some similar passages, seems to depend. The question at issue is this: Can the words “non modo” convey a negative meaning, or are they always to be understood in an affirmative sense? Now, the truth seems to be, that there is nothing, strictly speaking, and following analogy, in the nature of the arrangement of this expression, to prevent both acceptations; and this will appear from the following, amongst other considerations, which might be adduced.

“Modo,” as is well known, is merely the ablative of “modus,” a measure, or point of boundary, in respect of quantity, quality, or number. Like the term “finis,” however, it may, and often is, used, not only to express the boundary, but that which is bounded—the thing limited or measured; and hence the acceptance of its derivatives “moderor” and “modius,”—the one referring to the boundary, and the other to the quantity of the thing bounded. In what is termed, for convenience sake, by grammarians, its adverbial acceptance, it has still a direct and indubitable reference to its proper and substantive meaning. Thus, when it is said, “puer cursitat, modo huc, modo illuc,” “the boy runs, or races now in this direction, and now in that direction,”—a reference is had to a certain limited or measured and bounded space of time or of place, or even of both, by which the movements of the boy are regulated. The boy runs hither up to a certain time, he runs thither up to a certain time,—or, the boy runs in this direction, up to a certain extent,—he runs in that direction, up to a certain extent,—or, lastly, the boy runs up to a certain measure of time and of space;

in the one direction, and then up to a certain measure of time and of space in another direction. Again, when the phrase is used, "*Frater modo accepit nummos*," my brother has a while ago, a little while ago, or just now, received the money, the reference by means of "*modo*," is made to a measured point of time at which the money was received, which point, however, in as far as the expression is concerned, is left indefinite, or unfixed; it might be only an instant ago, or even yesterday, or some day previous. Still, however, "*modo*" can never be confounded with "*olim*," "*long ago*." The very pointing, by means of the term made use of, to "*a measure completed*," shews that this completion of the measurement had been waited for, as it were, and expected, and, consequently, that the annunciation would be made immediately upon, or at least soon after, its completion. In the compounded form, "*tantummodo*," and "*solummodo*," a reference is directly made to a measurement; "*tantum*" and "*solum*" convey, in fact, the whole extent of meaning, whilst "*modo*" indicates and announces, that this meaning extends so far, and no farther—so much, and only so much, or, and so much only. Under this view, "*modo*" may justly be considered, in all instances, as limiting or modifying the extent of a proposition, and, consequently, to the full extent of its import and power, it is "*negative*," or, as some grammarians have termed it, "*exclusive*;" in the same sense, and for the same reason, that "*vix*," *tantum*, *raro*, *et similia* are, and must be, considered as negatives.

The negative, however, or exclusive power of "*modo*," may be exercised in two ways, or under two very opposite aspects; "*modo*," in its natural application to quantity, quality, or number, may signify just so much and no more, or just so much and no less. We are not speaking at present of the actual acceptation of the term, as used by the classic authors, but merely of its philological

and analogical capabilities. "*Modo decem homines*" may signify, just ten men and no fewer, or just ten men and no more, precisely in the same manner with the arch negative itself, "*non*."

"*Occidit una domus, sed non domus una perire digna fuit*." In this sentence, the phrase "*non una*," which usually signifies not one, but less, is understood as importing not one, but more. In both cases there is a point fixed, to which a reference is made; and whether you are to pass beyond or keep within that point, depends entirely on the sense of the context. In the word "*tantum*," this principle is perhaps still more manifest. The ordinary signification of the negative "*tantum*" is so much, and no more, or, as it is expressed, "*only*." Yet every scholar knows, that in the sense of *so much* and *no less*, it is likewise often to be met with. In English, we say, "he is not a little unhappy." I allow, says a friend, that I am a little capricious; "not a little," is your immediate response. And in both these instances, the phrase which might, in its ordinary acceptation, have conveyed the notion of not a little, or the negative of every thing up to a little, is understood as signifying not a little, but more than a little; the negative of the little being understood as fixing the lowest boundary, betwixt which, and the highest, the field is left open for occupation.

Now, having determined, not only the original meaning of this term "*modo*," but likewise its capabilities of application, let us keep these considerations in view, whilst we proceed to consider their bearing and influence upon the combined or compounded phrase "*non modo*," which is the one in question. "*Non modo*," then, is made up of two negatives, the first negative, "*non*," altering, as it were, and modifying whatever limited meaning is expressed by the conjoined term "*modo*," in the same manner as we find it operating in the terms "*nec non*,"

* Of the negative power of *vix*, take the following illustration: In a Latin inscription upon an old tomb-stone at St. Andrews, it is said, of some venerable Monkish Father, "*Vixerat in Christo*;" this, however, has been altered and negatived sadly by writing it in two separate words, thus: "*Vix erat in Christo*!"

non solum, non tantum," and so forth*. The meaning of "modo" being expressible, though not with logical, at least with practical accuracy, by the English term *only*, the force of the "non" is felt in putting a negative upon this term "modo," *only*, which itself, as has already been shewn, negatives, to a certain extent, whatever word or phrase it influences; and thus we have two negatives making up an affirmative, in the regular acceptance of the use and practice of the Latin and of the English languages,—and hence we assert, that "non modo," thus applied, is not a negative, but an affirmative clause. "Non modo consules, sed etiam patres affirmabant." Here the whole sentence is plainly affirmative, the former, assuredly, equally with the latter cause. The "modo consules," in the first clause, is negated by "non;" in other words, it is affirmed, that the idea expressed by the words "modo consules," or "consuls only," is not the idea meant, but one which differs from it in *excess*, as if it had been said, "not the consuls only, but more than this amount—likewise the fathers." In this instance, it is quite clear that the negative, like that in "non tantum," falls upon the *minus* side of its adjunct "modo,"—still, however, making an affirmative averment upon the whole. Again, in the sentence "non modo consules, sed ne patres quidem affirmabant," it is equally manifest that the meaning or power of "non modo" is materially changed. In the former instance, "non modo consules" imported, not only the consuls, but more; in this case, it signifies, and in perfect consistency with analogy, (at least,) "not the consuls even,—not so much as this, but less,—not even the fathers." In the former instance, the negative fell upon the *minus* side of the "modo," or the measure referred to, and consequently the effect was addition, or, which comes ultimately to be the same thing, diminution negated; and, in the latter example, the negative falls upon the *plus* side of "modo," or the measure stated, and conse-

quently the effect is diminution, or, what comes to the same thing, *excess* negated†. "Non modo consules," not the consuls in measure,—that is, minus the consuls in measure or number; "ne quidem patres," not even the fathers. It is quite true, that, at the time when "non modo consules" is announced, the mind of the hearer cannot foresee, "in hoc statu," whether the meaning is to be plus or minus the consuls; this can only be learnt by the words which follow, and which, in this instance, as in a thousand others, direct the sense of the former clause. When I say "non unus vir," I cannot tell, in this stage of the enunciation, whether the assertion is to be plus or minus; it may be "non unus vir est mortalis," not one man is mortal, but many,—all men are mortal; or it might be, did my experience and reason admit of the assertion, "not one man is mortal," but fewer, none, i. e. all men are immortal. In the latter instance, the "non" negatives the plus side of the "unus vir," not so much as one, but less; in the former case, it negatives the minus side of the "unus vir;" not one only, but more. The ultimate effect, in the two cases, is directly opposite, and yet both senses, without the addition of any other term, are fairly and grammatically deducible from the above words as they are stated. On the other hand, when I say "non modo duo viri, sed decem mortui sunt," there can be no doubt of the force of the negative falling upon the minus side of "duo;" and when I add "non modo decem viri, sed ne quidem duo, mortui sunt," there can be as little doubt that the force of the "non" falls upon the plus side, and negatives the excess of "decem," or, in other words, according to the use of language, asserts the *minus* of "decem," which is afterwards found, by express terms, to be "less than two."

Having discussed the merits of "modo," and "non modo," in reference to their plus and minus, or positive and negative effects in the enunciation of ideas, it now remains, before entering upon the particular

* Vide Postscript.

† Just as we say, "no that large," "not that little,"—meaning, by that manner of expression, "very little," and "very large," &c. *ad infinitum*.

passages where these terms occur, to notice the additional "non" which is occasionally appended, and that, too, in order to express the very same notion or idea which, according to our understanding, is capable of being brought out without such assistance. If "non modo," it may be said, has a negative effect, or, in other words, if the "non" be considered as negating every thing beyond the "modo," or "so much," then an additional "non" must go far to reverse all this, and restore things to their former state, prior to the use of the first "non;" in other words, the effect of the whole clause must be affirmative, which, in the sense in which we are bound to understand it, it is not. To this, however, it is quite easy to answer, by a direct reference to the usual and affirmative sense of "non modo," and then the second "non" forming the negative of an affirmative, or an affirmative coupled with a negative, brings out the sense wanted. "Non modo, non patricius, sed ne quidem, civis Romanus;" not only not a patrician, but more than this of the negative quality—not even a Roman citizen. Had there been only one "non" in the first clause with the corresponding "ne" or "non," in the second, the sense had been the same; "non patricius modo," not so much as this, much less, therefore, than this, "ne quidem Romanus civis," not even a Roman citizen. But, by the addition of the second "non," what is merely inferred in the first form, is distinctly stated in the second; and ere we have advanced to the corresponding negative clause, the announcement of a negative is made.

That all languages, perhaps, and the Latin language in particular, admit of such forms of expression in which a negative is rather implied and inferred from the context than expressed, it were easy to prove in the most satisfactory manner. In addition to the examples which are adduced by Dr Hunter, in his note on "non modo," and "non modo non," and which merely imply the carrying forward (and if forward, why not backward too?) a negative meaning, when a positive is all which, in the corresponding clause, is expressed, we may add such La-

tin phrases as these—"cave ut facias, —cave ne facias—cave ut titubes," and "cave ne titubes;" in both these instances, the Latinity is unquestionable; and yet, if the sense so require it, both the forms of the separate expressions may each signify the same thing. Thus, "cave facias" intimates one of two things, either a caution to be on your guard against doing, or not doing; it is "the doing" which is the object of care, and it depends upon your previous knowledge of the speaker's intention, whether you understand "cave facias" as an admonition "to do" or "not to do;" all that is enunciated positively in the expression, is an admission by the *subjunctive* form of a power in you of doing, and an intimation by the *imperative* form that you are to keep a close watch over this power or contingency; it may be, to foster it in operation, or it may be the very reverse, to extinguish its operation altogether. The same reasoning applies to "cave titubes" and "ne titubes," and requires no additional illustration. But what is still more singular, in these, and similar usages and "non" usages of the negatives, you may find a meaning directly in the teeth of the apparent expression. Thus, "cave venias" may be so situated as to signify—take care that you *don't* come, see that you stay away; and "cave ne venias" may signify—take care of your not coming—be on your guard against that; in other words, see and don't disappoint me, "be sure to come." In the sentence "immo perfecto negat, neque se has ædes vendidisse, &c." the sense can only be brought out by either reading "neque" as "atque," or by dropping the negative in "negat" in the second clause, and retaining the assertive force of "loquitur," or "ait" merely. And in the well-known "qui fit Mæcenas, &c.," the "laudet" in the third line, drops the "ne" of *nemo* in the first line, and assumes, for its nominative, the radical part "homo," or, as the French have it, "*on*," which is originally "l'homme."

The object of the above induction of instances is meant to prove the frequent occasions, in translating the Latin language in particular, in which we are under the necessity,

either of supplying or of suppressing, of carrying forward or of carrying backward, a negative, as may suit our convenience, with the view of making out the ultimate effect, or the whole meaning. It is quite true, that in no case is a negative withheld in Latin, or in any other language, when the negative effect cannot be conceived, or felt, or apprehended, without its presence; but a negative actually *is*, and may be, suppressed, again and again, when its presence would not materially change the meaning. To supply a negative, therefore, merely with the view of bringing out, more forcibly, into English terms, the meaning of a Latin passage, is *offentimes* quite allowable; but to conceive, from this process, that the Latin expression was imperfect, without such a supply, is downright misapprehension and absurdity. Preserving these observations in our view, we come now to a consideration of the rules, or canons, which Dr Hunter has laid down, whereby to regulate the use of "non modo," or "non modo non."

1st. When one common circumstance (says the Doctor) is denied in both clauses, and, in the arrangement of the sentence, is placed after "ne quidem," no second negative is necessary after "non modo."

2d. When two different and distinct circumstances are denied severally, one in each of the clauses, a second negative is *indispensably* required after "non modo."

It is not with the first canon that we have at present to deal,—for, in fact, the Doctor only enunciates, that a second negative is not *necessary*, which we have all along admitted; but he does not say that it may not be, and he afterwards admits that it *is* occasionally found, even under these circumstances. But it is respecting the second rule that we are disposed to speak, both because it is distinct and definite, and also because it is somewhat in opposition to the principles we have endeavoured to advance. In Livy, Lib. 9. cap. 19., we have a sentence ending thus, "Non modo cum clade ullâ, sed ne cum periculo quidem suo," which, upon the Doctor's doctrine of a common circumstance, is

manifestly inadmissible; and yet, upon our hypothesis, it is as capable of explanation, and as consistent with general principles, as any other. "Non modo cum clade ullâ," is the same as "non cum clade ullâ," "not with any slaughter," only that "modo" is added to shew that there was less than this measure; that it lay on the minus side of it; and, consequently, it is added, "ne cum periculo quidem suo." The negative "ne," in the second clause, evidently fixes a minus, or negative acceptance, upon "non modo" in the first; and, what is more, a negative, in the first clause, will, in the same manner, be found to transfer its negative influence to the second; e. g. "Quod ego, non modo non audiam sed etiam videam." The "non" is here transferred, or carried on in the mind of the writer,—(as in the case of—

"Nec solos tangit Atridas
Iste dolor, solisque licet capere arma
Mycenis,"

quoted by Dr Hunter)—to the second clause, or branch, of the proposition. Nay, what is still more surprising, and, upon Dr Hunter's plan, altogether inexplicable, there are instances in which there is no second "non" in the first clause, and no negative at all in the second clause, in which the sense is, nevertheless, in *both* manifestly negative: e. g. "Nihil agis, quod ego non modo audiam, sed etiam videam." Cat. 1. cap. 3. The sense evidently is, "you do nothing, that I not only do *not* hear, but even do *not* see."

In this instance, entirely inexplicable, upon Dr Hunter's second canon, we find the meaning upon the plan which we have suggested, by using the first "non modo" in the minus, or negative sense, and then, by carrying forward the *implied* negative to the second clause, thus, "Nihil agis, quod ego non audiam (modo) sed etiam (non) videam;" "you do nothing which I do not, may not, hear;" and, what is still *less* probable, "which I do not, may not (even) see." There are sentences, however, to be found in the classics, and these not a few, in which there is *no common circum-*

stance, and yet the negative necessarily implied in "non modo," in the first clause, is not, as in the above instance, transferred to the second clause; and this merely because the sense does not require it. For, after all, the general and leading scope is the rudder by which the critic is enabled to steer his course, through all such varieties and peculiarities of expression. Take the following as a specimen: "Inde tantus terror, pavorque omnes occupavit, ut non modo alius quisquam arma caperet aut castris pellere hostem conaretur, sed etiam rex ipse ad flumen, navesque perfugerit." In this instance, it is evident, that, after "non modo," according to Dr Hunter's rule, a second "non" should be supplied; which, however, must be dropped in the second clause, which is plainly and incontestably affirmative. If the criterion we have endeavoured to establish hold good, "non modo alius quisquam arma caperet," will admit of being read, should the sense require it, which here it does, "non alius quisquam (modo) caperet arma; "no one, not (*so much as*) any of the whole could take up arms, but even the King himself actually fled;" "rex ipse perfugerit," which is the meaning of the passage. After all, it must be admitted, that the ordinary, and most intelligible use of "non modo," is upon the affirmative, or what we have termed the addition, or "plus side;" and hence arises our difficulty, from being accustomed to the one acceptation, to understand it in any other. Just as when you meet with such phrases as "mare placidum ventis," or "siccæ sanguine fauces," you are led, from common usage, to affix a very different meaning to these terms from the one here. Had the phrase, "mare placidum ventis," been "mare turbidum ventis," then, by common use, you would have interpreted the winds as the cause of the appearance "turbidum;" and, in the same manner, had the second phrase been "madidæ sanguine fauces," you would have found as little difficulty in respect of the connection betwixt the "sanguine" and the "madidæ." It is a consideration of the incompatibility betwixt the terms "ventis" and "placidum," and the terms

"sanguine" and "siccæ," and that alone, which leads you to that interpretation, which every one knows to be the true one. Your previous knowledge of the incompatibility of the usual interpretation on this occasion leads you to adopt another, the direct reverse of that to which, did the sense admit of it, you would undoubtedly be led. "I have drawn," says the maid-servant, "the bed-curtain;" and you cannot tell, independently of your previous knowledge, whether the curtain has been *drawn* or *withdrawn*. I have skinned an eel, and I have skinned a ball, are different operations, the key to which lies not in the expression made use of, but in the previous knowledge of the speaker. He has some "stuff" in him, that fellow! and "such stuff!" are different things. And in the case of "non modo," used in a minus, as well as a plus sense, nothing more than *this* is assumed. Grant but the same latitude here, which is permitted elsewhere, and the question appears to be settled.

Still, however, if incredulity must have its undisputed and incontrovertible usage, we frankly confess that we have none such to adduce. For were we to instance, as such, the thousand cases in which "non modo" is followed by "ne quidem," and in which both clauses appear to us to be negative, this would be called a begging of the question, and we would be assailed with a supplied "non," or with a "general one," applicable to both clauses. Though, however, we cannot bring forward "non modo," taken by itself, as signifying "not to that extent, but less," we can adduce "non tantum," a phrase so closely allied, as to be almost identified with the other, in this predicament, and we can show, by innumerable instances, that the term "modo," when added, or affixed to other words, does oftentimes little more than merely fix down their meaning to a certain measured point implied in their usual acceptation: thus, "tantum modo" is just "tantum—solum modo" is just "solum,"—and why may not "non modo" be just the measurement of "non," and no more? "Non modo tu, et ne quidem ille," "*not* you, and much less he."

My attention, as I have already hinted, has been drawn to this subject, by what appeared to me a somewhat hasty, but certainly a very creditable review, of "Dr Hunter's Livy," which appeared in your September Number,—and by a short answer to this paper, under the appellation of "Hints to the Reviewer," which was printed in your last Number, under the signature X. I have taken the liberty of stating an opinion in some degree different from both, and shall be glad if either X., or the Reviewer, shall think my speculations deserving of their notice.

Though not prepared, indeed, with the bold impetuosity of X, to provoke the contest by a

"Come on, MacDuff,"

I am not, however, afraid of any man who brings good sense, temper, and candour, to the discussion.

Yours, &c.

GAMMA.

P. S. Having had occasion, in the course of the above discussion, to allude to the use and the effect of negatives, and, in particular, to their general representative "non,"—and having frequently heard and seen what appeared to me a great deal of nonsense expressed upon this subject,—will you pardon me, if I embrace this opportunity of stating shortly what appears to me to be their nature and use, applying these observations ultimately to the point at issue. There is a pretty general opinion abroad, amongst grammarians, that, in some languages, two negatives make a stronger negative; whilst, in other languages again, the reverse of this takes place, and two negatives make up an affirmative. Now, were this actually the case, we should have just ground for astonishment. That the same terms which, in one language, convey a denial in the strongest manner, should, when translated literally into another, convey an assent, is indeed "præter spem," and sets at defiance all reasoning upon the subject. "Sic voluerunt Angli, Romani, Galli, Scoti," has, indeed, often been adduced to cut the Gordian knot; but it has ever been our opinion, that

these same Angli, &c. never adopted any usage, and were incapable of doing so, to the extent, at least, of a general idiom, which had not its foundation in some principles of common-sense and common feeling, and which was not, therefore, a legitimate subject of investigation to the logician, or mental philologist. When a Scotch lad, for example, says, "I did not *never* do that," and which we readily translate into English by, "I did not *ever*, or I did *never* do that," the translation is not a fair one; for the object of the speaker is to express in stronger terms, by a *repetition of the negative*, his having *never* done the thing laid to his charge. "I have never, never seen him," is good English, and merely implies a strong averment upon the subject. In the same manner, children, in particular, who are not acquainted with the common terms used for the degrees of comparison, are in the habit of repeating the word, in order to encrease the value. "That is good, good;" "that is bad, bad;" "that is black, black!"

In the French language, again, two negatives, in the received opinion of all grammarians, are necessary to secure the effect of one. "Je ne viens pas—Il ne vient point—Elle ne rit pas," &c. But this, too, is a misapprehension, for the words "pas" and "point" are not originally negatives of the same import with "ne" or "non;" the one signifying a step or pace, a comparatively small measurement of space, and the other referring to the smallest conceivable space, a mere point. Thus, "Je ne viens pas" is literally rendered, "I do not come a pace;" and space being the only measurement of time, the word "pas" comes to apply also to a very limited duration. In the case of "point," the negation is understood to be stronger, merely because there is a considerable difference betwixt "a point" and "a pace." Yet still it may be said, the ultimate effect is as much, and directly negative, as if "non" or "ne" had been placed in the situation of "pas" or "point;" and, consequently, that two negatives of the same ultimate import are made use of to form the full negation. The French are a people who walk, as one may say,

upon stilts; they are always in extremes, and their language is full of the evidence of this superlative tendency. If a Frenchman means to say that he will oblige you, it is at once "*de tout mon coeur*;" and if he dissents from you, he commences his opinion with a "*Pardonnez-moi*," and so forth. In asserting, he asserts with all the force of words in his power; and, in denying, a similar effort is made. "You shall not," says the Scotch-mother to her child, "You shall not stir a step—no, not one inch!" and, in the same manner, the Frenchman, whose most common expressions are in the heroic of passion, says, "*Vous ne devez pas bouger, vous ne devez point bouger.*" All languages admit of a strengthening of the sense, by means of a repetition of the negative; but in no one language does it indispensably require two negatives to make one.

That no two negatives are in any case precisely equivalent to an affirmative, may require, perhaps, some farther illustration. When I say, for example, that "some one is not unlike another," I certainly do not mean to affirm that he is the precise reverse or negative of "unlike," that is extremely like; at least no such meaning is expressed by my words. Had I meant to say, that the points of resemblance were stronger than the points or features of "unlikeness," then I would say so at once; but by starting with the notion of unlikeness, I have given evidence, that this was the prominent circumstance, and that no modifying word, which might be added, could altogether destroy this leading feature. Accordingly, the modifying "*not*" merely states, that unlikeness is negated, but there are a great many gradations between this nearest possible point to "unlikeness," and that of absolute and positive resemblance, which, had no negative been used at all, might have been predicated, thus—

"Let me wander *not unseen*,
 'Midst hedge-row elms and hillocks
 green,"

is undoubtedly different from, "let me wander seen," as the latter implies a direct wish to be seen whilst wandering; whereas, the former suggests

the notion of general concealment, "midst hedge-row elms and hillocks green," with just as much exposure to public view, and little more, as to negative the idea of complete seclusion.

In the same manner, "*unquam*," in Latin, signifies "ever," which, being coupled with one "*non*," is completely reversed, and signifies "never;" but, when united with two "*nons*," is not restored again to its first signification "*ever*," from which it started, but takes its meaning from the second step, "*nunquam*," never, and merely intimates that "never" is negated, but no more than negated; and, consequently, that "sometimes" is all that now remains of the original "*ever*." "*Ullus*" signifies "any one;" "*nullus*" the reverse, "no one;" but another "*non*" does not restore things to their primitive state, for "*non nullus*" does not signify "any one," but "some one," the nearest possible thing to "none." Suppose that I say "your words are guarded;" by using the negative prefix *un*, I reverse this assertion; but by proceeding to negative "unguarded" by a "*not*," I do not reconvey the notion with which I started, but merely state that the words were the nearest thing possible to "unguarded," not to be so, that is to say, that they were "not unguarded;" and if more than this is meant, it is a matter of inference.

To apply all this to the instance about which so much has been said, is easy; "*hi homines*," signifies these men in general, without any reference to modification at all. "*Modo hi homines*," intimates a limitation to these, and to these alone,—these, and no more, or these and no fewer; but when "*non*," a second negative, is united with "*modo*," it does not restore things precisely to the point of starting, which was "*hi homines*" simply, but forms its meaning upon the "*modo hi*," and intimates, that although these men, and these only, neither less nor more, form, or may form, the leading notion in the mind, yet, that this is negated, but in such a manner, as not to reverse precisely the meaning of "*modo hi*." The direct opposite of "*modo hi*" may be apprehended as "*omnes*;" this would reverse the

limitation implied in "modo;" but instead of "omnes," we have invariably, in the second clause of the sentence, a specification of some particular addition or negative, which yet does not amount to the whole of the class. Thus, when it is said, "hi venerunt domum," it is asserted that these men came home "without reference to less or more;" but when it is added, "modo hi venerunt domum," an intimation is given that the number is to be attended to; it is not the coming home, so much as the number of those who came home, that is to be noticed. And when, at last, it is still further intimated, that "non modo hi, sed etiam illi venerunt domum," an intimation is made, not that all men went home, but that more than "hi" (modo, or in number) went home, namely, "illi" likewise; and if it be expressed in the negative form, it comes to the same thing at last, in as far, at least, as the manner of apprehension is concerned. "Non modo hi, sed ne quidem illi," "not only these, but less,—not

less to an unlimited amount, but less to a specified extent, "ne quidem illi, reverterunt domum," "returned home."

Upon the whole, then, it appears, that the explanation of "non modo" is to be found within itself, and has less reference to a common or separate circumstance, affirmed or denied, than Dr Hunter seems to be aware of. In the Doctor's unequalled and original discussion upon the subjunctive mood, the reliance of this mood upon itself, for its effect in any statement, is clearly and logically laid down and demonstrated; and had the same method of reasoning been transferred by him to "non modo," the same inference would probably have been made; as "habuissem" is different, in form and meaning, from "habueram," and yet may come ultimately and quite logically to have the same import; so may "non modo," and "non modo non," which are, in fact, different statements, come to signify precisely, or nearly, at least, the same thing. G.

NEAPOLITAN REVOLUTION *.

NOTHING, now-a-days, seems so revolutionary as Revolutions. In little more than two years and a half, four of these much-dreaded events have occurred and passed away; three of them have been extinguished by foreign force, and one of them has died a natural death. It is not our present object, however, to institute any general inquiry into the causes which have produced results so disastrous to the great cause of European liberty, or to speculate as to the probable consequences of the triumph of the despotic over the constitutional principle. Such an investigation would require more time and research than we are at present able to bestow, and lead us away from the consideration of the clear, authentic, and satisfactory details contained in the able volume of General Carrascosa, in relation to the political and military events which

took place in Naples in 1820 and 1821. It is the less necessary to indulge in any such speculations, as the general characteristics of the Revolutions of Naples, Piedmont, Portugal, and Spain, are in a great measure identical. All these political changes were the sole and undoubted work of the military; and, which is most extraordinary, in not one of the countries where the Spanish Constitution has been proclaimed by the army, have the military made any creditable effort in support of that order of things which they themselves had originated. By desertion, treachery, pusillanimity, and cowardice, the Neapolitan army melted away on the approach of the Austrians, like the snows of the Abruzzi under the influence of the Summer sun. In Piedmont, terror and intrigue, aided in their operation by the disasters at Naples, superseded the necessity

* *Mémoires Historiques, Politiques, et Militaires, sur la Révolution du Royaume de Naples en 1820 et 1821, et sur les causes qui l'ont amenée; accompagnés de pièces justificatives, la plupart inédites. Par le Général Carrascosa. Londres. 1823.*

of administering a regimen of foreign bayonets. Under the fostering and paternal care of the French Ultras, despotism has once more reared its head in Portugal, after the constitutional cause had been apparently triumphant, and has levelled the new and baseless fabric with the dust. And in Spain, which had acquired a character for the most obstinate perseverance and self-sacrificing devotion, and had made such gigantic efforts against French occupation, and in overturning the colossal dynasty of Napoleon, built upon the basis of so many victories and such unparalleled glory, national liberty has already received the *coup de grace*, after a struggle, auspicious in its commencement, inglorious in its progress, and fatal in its results. Another curious and striking characteristic of these events has been the influence of *secret societies*. In Naples and Piedmont, the revolutions were mainly effected by the instrumentality of the sect known by the name of Carbonari*, and, what is much more remarkable, have been destroyed by the same pernicious engine. In Portugal, though our information is not so authentic, we have reason to believe that clubs, or societies, organized upon the principle of secrecy, were equally active in originating the popular movement, and in afterwards contributing most efficiently to the restoration of despotism. To Spain the same observation is eminently applicable. The revolt of Porlier and Lacy was the work of the Freemasons; and if it failed, this was solely because sufficient pains had not been taken to gain over the military chiefs. But when that had been ac-

complished, and when the army of the Isla, naturally averse to embark on a service likely to prove hopeless and destructive, and to encounter a brave, and hitherto successful enemy on the cordilleras or llanos of South America, were found to be in the "proper mood" to relish any enterprize which offered a chance of breaking up the intended expedition, the Constitution was triumphantly proclaimed, and the regime of Ferdinand and the Inquisition overturned. The texture of the constitutional ministries, too, which succeeded one another with so much rapidity, distinctly demonstrates the nature of the secret agency by which this movement was planned and carried through; while the subsequent struggle for power, between the Freemasons and their rivals the Comuneros, as certainly proves that there existed an *imperium in imperio*—that that *imperium* was a *divinum imperium*—and that political changes, effected by such means, and supported by such influence, could never, in any sense of the word, be conceived to be the result of public opinion, or the expression of the general will.

But it may seem paradoxical to assert that these sects of Carbonari, Freemasons, and Comuneros, were at once the authors of these movements, and the prime instruments by which their own work was destroyed. The paradox, which is only apparent, will vanish on a little consideration. The leaders of these different sects appear, many of them at least, to have been mere adventurers and speculators in political commotions. Men of this description seldom or never acquire any firm hold of pub-

* Quant à l'origine de la Charbonnerie, elle n'est point ancienne dans le royaume de Naples. Les avis ne sont pas d'accord sur le époque et le mode de son introduction. L'opinion la plus commune est, qu'en 1807, quelques officiers d'un bataillon Suisse, au service de France, l'établirent à Capoue, d'où elle s'étendit ensuite dans tout le royaume," (Carrascosa, p. 18.) This sect employ religious symbols, expressed by gestures and words; but the prime secrets are only known to those who occupy the more elevated grades. It is said, that, under the reign of Joachim, a powerful foreigner knew the principles of Carbonarism, which he encouraged, and hoped to convert into an instrument for his own elevation; and that, in 1814 and 1815, the enemies of that unfortunate Prince found it a powerful auxiliary in accelerating his fall. Be this as it may, however, it is certain that the Carbonari detested the Decennial Government, against which they twice revolted—in Calabria in 1812, and in the Abruzzi in 1814. At the Restoration in 1815, the Carbonari had almost entirely discontinued their *labours* and their "*ventes*;" but they soon afterwards recommenced their operations with fresh activity.

lic opinion, or possess influence sufficient to direct efficiently the public counsels, far less controul the public sentiment. Hence it is only in great crises, when the general mind is violently agitated by strong passions, that they become truly formidable. But the ascendancy which is based on a temporary excitement, is necessarily short-lived; and, destitute of any permanent influence and authority, such up-start agitators naturally have recourse to intrigue and cabal, in order to preserve the power of which, in a moment of confusion and alarm, they had acquired the possession. To effect this object, recourse is unavoidably had to clubs or societies, cemented together by the principle, if not of common interest, at least of the most inviolable secrecy which oaths can ensure; and no stone is left unturned, no expedient unattempted, no artifice unpractised, no prejudice or passion unassailed, to allure within the pale of their own mysterious den the curious, the unthinking, or the unprincipled. The highest moral sanction known among men is employed to cement a heterogeneous mass, actuated by no common feeling or object, and to produce that concert and combination of effort which are equally required in "enterprises of great pith and moment," whether these be good or evil, beneficial or pernicious. But bad men are seldom long restrained from following their own selfish propensities, by the mere obligation which an oath imposes; and hence, terror is had recourse to, as a powerful auxiliary for securing the initiated against lapsing from the faith and devotion they have solemnly sworn to maintain and exhibit. The Secret Tribunals of the middle ages, the Illuminati of Germany and France, the Carbonari, Freemasons, and Comuneros of our day, have all acted upon one common principle, and rendered themselves formidable by this alliance of secrecy and terror.

It must be apparent to the most superficial thinker, that, from the nature of the fundamental principle of their constitution, associations such as these can never succeed in establishing, upon the ruins of despotism, a system of public liberty. They themselves are, in truth, essen-

tially and vitally despotic, both in their organization and in the mode in which their operations are conducted. Terror, the principle of despotism, is the master-tie by which they are knit together; while, in their operations, they unavoidably act from the impulse given by a few individuals, to disobey whom may be death, dealt out in secrecy and darkness, by the hand, perhaps, of a brother or a friend. Are the natural and unalienable rights of man to be asserted and restored to him by such dark and infernal machinery? Liberty is a plant nursed upon the mountains, not in the dens and caves of the earth; and it is inconceivable, that secret and midnight convocations, bound to unquestioning obedience, and, if required, to the sacrifice of life, property, and conscience, should ever become instrumental in rendering any real service to mankind, or in propagating a love for liberty, which, by the principles of their own institution, they have destroyed in the persons of every one of their members. M. de Pradt has indeed said, that secret societies are the natural defence resorted to by men who have been robbed of, and are desirous of regaining their liberty. Now, in regard to this wretched sophism, worthy, it must be allowed, of even of the "*ancien Archevêque de Malines*," we would only beg to ask the *ci-devant* Archbishop, *à présent* Abbé, whether he is prepared to condescend upon a *single instance* in the history of any nation, ancient or modern, in which these associations have been productive of any thing but pure mischief and calamity? It has been frequently remarked, with ignorant wonder, that *few* conspiracies have been successful; whereas the only subject of astonishment should be, that *any* have escaped detection and defeat. A conspiracy is a secret society, organized expressly for a *bad* purpose; and as *all* secret societies partake of the nature of *conspiracies*, it is impossible to believe that a *good* purpose can be attained by the machinery which wicked men employ for the worst; unless, indeed, we adopt the exploded morality of St. Omer's, and hold, with the disciples of Loyola, that the end justifies, and even sanc-

ifies the means. But we have already shown, that, in such sects, or combinations, as those of the Carbonari, the Freemasons, and Communeros, organized for the *professed* object of re-establishing and securing public liberty, the *principle* of despotism is employed against *itself*. It therefore remains with the defenders and apologists of such palpable incongruities and anomalies, to explain to us how despotism can ever engender liberty,—how secret combinations, impenetrable to all external influence, and inaccessible to every doctrine, principle, or sentiment, except what they have thought proper to engross in their fundamental code, can, by any human possibility, preserve themselves in harmony with the opinions of mankind, as these vary, or are modified by political circumstances, and the progress of knowledge and civilization. Every thing is after its kind. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? No, not one," says the highest authority known among men.

But it is in their pre-eminent liability to abuse, in their incessant tendency to usurpation, in the scope they afford for the basest intrigues and the darkest machinations, and in the facility with which the whole apparatus may be converted to purposes totally different from those contemplated in their original formation, that the most conclusive argument against such combinations

is discovered. Of this truth, which indeed is almost self-evident, General Carrascosa furnishes the most striking examples. Of the two corps d'armée, marched into the Abruzzi, with the intention of opposing the invasion of the Austrians, every regiment contained a "*venite*" of Carbonari, where the most mutinous and disorderly propositions were daily, or rather nightly, discussed, with perfect impunity, and without the knowledge of the officers who were not members of the sect—and where the general dispersion, which afterwards took place, was deliberately and securely planned. Hence, in the command of these regiments, a serjeant, or a drum-major, was often a more important and authoritative person than the colonel; and it was frequently only by conciliating and coaxing the president of a club, that any orders were paid the least attention to. Of this fact, the enemy were perfectly aware, and spared no pains to gain over these persons to their interest. This is proved by the systematic manner in which the general disbanding took place, and by the fact, that the soldiers invariably carried off their arms, generally the baggage, and, in some instances, pieces of cannon; and that in no case did they disband, without the ceremony of firing on, and attempting to assassinate their officers. Never, indeed, did treason find a more effectual engine than Carbonarism*. The

* General Pepe, who was himself (at least latterly) a Carbonaro, enters warmly into the defence of that sect. "Previous to its existence in the kingdom of Naples," he says, "every change and popular movement was sure to be followed by pillage and crimes; after its introduction, *the people became prudent and moral*." We have no means of ascertaining how far this extraordinary assertion is correct or the reverse; but we do know, that the "prudent and moral" Carbonari, when they basely deserted their colours, and fled before the enemy pursued, carried their arms along with them, (as we have already had occasion to remark,) and commenced banditti in the Abruzzi. Moreover, we should certainly esteem it an odd-enough assertion, were any one to ascribe the "prudence," or "morality," for which our own country has long been famous, to the benign influences of the jovial compotators who frequent Freemason Lodges. We believe General Pepe is correct, in stating that Carbonarism, which was hostile to the Decennial Government, was propagated in Naples so long as the King had occasion for it; for when Napoleon, and his dependent Princes, sat on their thrones, the (legitimate) Kings of the earth boggled at no auxiliary that offered a helping hand for their overthrow. It is well known that secret societies (the *Tugendbund*, for example) were instituted in Prussia during the French occupation, not only with the connivance, but under the actual patronage of the King and Queen. These institutions, however, having served their turn, like the promises of free constitutions and representative governments, are now, like them also, under proscription. Pepe adds, "Far from excommunicating the Carbonari, the Church, at that time, (1814,) caused it to be preached by the monks and priests, that the *exhibiting the signs of a*

recent events in Spain, and the conduct, on many occasions, both of the soldiers and their chiefs, seems but too clearly to prove that the French played, in the Peninsula, the same game which their friends the Austrians had already found so successful in the Abruzzi.

Having made these few preliminary remarks, we must now turn our attention to the volume of General Carrascosa. These Memoirs are divided into three parts; the first exhibits a summary view of the period (of five years) which elapsed from the month of May 1815, the epoch of the Restoration, till the 6th of July 1820, the day on which the Constitution of the monarchy was changed; the second presents a more detailed exposition of the events which took place subsequent to the 6th of July, when the Revolutionary movement was crowned with success, till the close of the year; and the third develops, minutely, the political and military occurrences which happened between the 7th of February and the month of May 1821, the epoch of the King's return from the Congress at Laybach. It is by no means our intention to follow the General throughout the numerous and methodical details, into which he enters with a perfect knowledge of the subject, great clearness and precision, and a larger share of moderation and impartiality than was to have been expected from a leading actor in the scenes and events he so ably describes. Such a course would unavoidably lead us far beyond the limits prescribed for an article of this sort. We shall therefore content ourselves with examining a few of the statements contained in Pepe's "Narrative," (which is also before us,) and contrasting his meagre and frequently inaccurate details and flimsy sophisms with the ample and authentic information and solid reasoning of General Carrascosa.

The first leading point upon which Pepe and Carrascosa are at issue, is, whether the political change, which took place at Naples in 1820, was

strictly a *military revolution*, that is, the sole work of the army, the nation, meanwhile, remaining neutral or hostile to the new order of things? or whether it was the result of public opinion, the troops at Montefiore being only the first to realize those sentiments which they shared in common with the whole community? The latter opinion is that which General Pepe labours to defend; the former is incontestably established by the facts and reasonings of General Carrascosa. Pepe says, "It is a great mistake to believe, or to wish to make it be believed, that the political change at Naples was a *military revolution*, for, allowing the propriety of applying the term 'revolution' to such a movement, it must be admitted to have been *national*, as the enthusiasm of a young sub-lieutenant only led his troop to give the signal of a movement in which every Neapolitan was prepared to join. *The army participated the wishes of the nation*, as must ever be the case, in spite of all the means of caressing the troops which an absolute Government has at command, *when a people are perfectly ripe for liberty.*" And he goes on to ask, "if a Constitutional Government was not the *unanimous wish* of the nation, how could it have been established without shedding a drop of blood? In 1799," he adds, "a victorious army came to Naples, and proclaimed a Republic; the first persons in the state adhered to it, and yet the kingdom was inundated with blood, and the royalists beat the republicans, although the latter were supported by foreign troops. And why did this happen? Because the people did not wish to have a republic, and from that moment, in speaking of the republicans, we may apply to them the name of 'faction.'" (Narrative, pp. 21-22.) All this, which at first sight is specious enough, may be very conclusively answered. If "the army participated the wishes of the nation," as General Pepe asserts, how did it happen that the "nation" not only made no effort to support the constitutional cause, but, on the con-

Carbonaro was sufficient to make St. Peter open the gates of Paradise!" From which it may be gathered, that the Apostle understood the signs, though where he acquired that knowledge, the Church alone is competent to determine.

trary, resisted, by every means, sometimes even by actual force, the raising of supplies of men and money ; while the soldiers recalled from furlough, the militia, and the legionaries, so far from possessing any enthusiasm in favour of the new order of things, or any zeal to combat in favour of liberty, were no sooner mustered at their respective depôts, than desertion, to a most alarming extent, commenced, and among those who remained, a spirit of mutiny and insubordination prevailed? If the people, as well as the soldiers, were "ripe for liberty," as is ridiculously asserted, would they not have at least made *one* struggle to secure it? What nation ever established its freedom, on a firm basis, without a struggle—without making the most costly sacrifices—without a copious expenditure of blood? Look to the South Americans—to the Greeks, and compare the protracted contest they have carried on under every possible disadvantage and variety of fortune, with the imbecility, treachery, and cowardice of the Neapolitans. Lord Byron has beautifully said, that

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Here, however, "freedom's battle" was not "once begun;" no redeeming effort of heroic courage and devotion shed a transitory lustre on the Neapolitan arms, or raised even a momentary hope in their favour. Those who were well affected to the Constitution, were equally destitute of talents and energy; cabal, intrigue, pusillanimity, and folly, neutralized the feeble means of resistance which were placed at the command of the Government; while the people, either averse to political changes which might compromise the public tranquillity, and call upon them for sacrifices which they seem to have been unable or unwilling to make, or decidedly favourable to the feeble despotism which had been overturned, remained quiet spectators of the events passing at the head-quarters of the army and in the capital, or availed themselves of every opportunity to manifest their hostility to the new order of things.

It is strange that General Pepe should infer the "unanimous wish" of the nation in favour of a Constitutional Government, from its having been established "without a drop of blood," seeing that this was almost entirely to be ascribed to his own exertions, to which General Carrascosa, though opposed to him in almost every thing else, pays a well-merited tribute of praise. Pepe was, in fact, the head of the revolution, and was excessively popular, of course, with the party of which he was the leader. When the troops who had proclaimed the Constitution of Spain at Avelino and Monteforte approached the capital, "*cette ville où existait déjà tant de fermentation*," General Carrascosa remarks, "*Quiconque a vu le peuple Napolitain dans les momens de son effervescence, conviendra qu'il est parfaitement bien caractérisé par l'emblème d'un cheval sans frein, sous lequel on l'a représenté.*" The troops in their progress to the capital had been joined by upwards of 8000 peasantry, or rather, we suspect, banditti, "*qui portaient gauchement de mauvais fusils,*" and who were obviously ready, had an occasion offered, to enact over again the bloody and atrocious scenes which had desolated Naples in 1799, when Cardinal Ruffo, at the head of his undisciplined rabble, made a similar entry. And that these calamities were averted, was owing to General Pepe himself, who ought not to be deprived of the merit due to him for so signal a service rendered to his country, to humanity, and, we may add, to the cause of liberty, which a renewal of the horrors of 1799 would have indelibly dishonoured. "*Heureusement,*" says General Carrascosa, "*le Général Pepe, après beaucoup de peines, et moyennant diverses promesses, parvint à renvoyer dans leurs communes presque tous ces hommes sans uniformes. Ce fut un grand service qu'il rendit à l'ordre public, et qui, parmi beaucoup d'autres, prouve la pureté de ses intentions d'alors.*" It ought likewise to be mentioned, to the credit of this unfortunate officer, now wasting his days in hopeless exile, for the share he took in the disastrous events of 1820 and 1821, that, upon the assembling of the National Representen-

tatives, he voluntarily resigned into the hands of the King the chief command of the army, with which, subsequently to the affair at Monteforte, the King had been in some measure compelled to invest him,—although it is admitted on all hands that he was urged to retain it by many powerful considerations, although he might have converted it into an instrument of personal aggrandisement, and although he has recorded his opinion, that, in the circumstances in which his resignation was tendered, “it was desirable to establish a MILITARY DICTATORSHIP, which should be laid down when the nation, out of danger, and covered with glory, should be more firmly bound to the constitutional dynasty.” Whatever opinion may be formed of General Pepe’s military talents and capacity, it is hardly possible to misconstrue an act so little equivocal, or to doubt the purity of his motives at the period in question, if we are to adopt the guarded phraseology of General Carrascosa.

In the interval between the period when the Constitution was proclaimed, and when it became certain that Austria had determined upon attacking Naples, not the slightest preparations had been made for defence, nor did it seem to enter into the head of any one, that the Great Powers of Europe might view with alarm a successful popular movement, which had translated a decrepid dotard from the slumbers of a despotical, to the cares, anxieties, and limited prerogative of a constitutional throne. “The junta and the ministry,” says General Pepe, “by an inconceivable fatality, never fully impressed themselves with the necessity of the nation occupying itself wholly with the means of defence.” Thus they neglected to purchase muskets, of which the country was totally in want; “they forgot to organize the army, and the national guards were almost forgotten.” The only thing approaching to energy, which they effected, was the suppression of the revolt that had broken out at Palermo, when the news arrived of the political change which had taken place at Naples; and the success of this expedition was wholly due to the courage and talents of Florestan Pepe, (bro-

ther to General William Pepe,) who put a period to the anarchy which reigned in the Sicilian capital, with only 4000 men, destitute of artillery, and without a change of flints to their muskets; although the walls of that city were defended by 40,000 men of the levies en masse, and by 400 pieces of cannon. But that the character of folly might be stamped upon every act they performed, the ministry, notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of General Carrascosa and others, refused to ratify the convention concluded by General Florestan Pepe with the Sicilians, by which, at the critical moment when the Austrians were about to enter the Abruzzi, the services of the best troops of which Naples could boast, and of an able and enterprising officer, were lost to the country.

When war had become certain, the ministry remained in nearly the same state of languor and inactivity, while the journals, under the influence of the Carbonari, laboured to impress upon the minds of the people the improbability of war; incessantly repeating “*Il n’ y aura pas de guerre; en dernier resultat, la guerre n’ aura pas lieu.*” “*Déjà, depuis deux mois,*” says General Carrascosa, “*on avait laissé dépérir tout ce qui avait été préparé; les travaux de fortifications avaient été suspendus; les approvisionnements de vivres de campagne étaient restés incomplets; seize des meilleurs bataillons de l’armée n’avaient pas été rapelés de Sicile; une grande partie des troupes destinées à la frontière étaient dispersées sur d’autres points; le trésor était épuisé; le ministère de la guerre était tombé dans la nullité, et l’on n’avait encore nommé aucun Général-en-chef. L’armée Autrichienne quittait déjà ses cantonnemens à la gauche du Po, et nous étions encore dans cet état complet d’inertie militaire, quoique nos journaux affirmaient le contraire.*” “By an inconceivable fatality,” many persons in the Parliament, and even in the ministry, continued to delude themselves and others into a belief that war would still be avoided; and this opinion, which was carefully disseminated by those near the person of the King, and who enjoyed the greatest share of his confidence, pro-

duced a very dangerous impression on the public mind, and, in conjunction with other causes, served to indispose the people to co-operate in any effectual measures of defence. Another grievous error consisted in permitting the King to depart for the Congress at Laybach. His Majesty, it is true, had solemnly sworn to defend the Constitution; and, at his departure, he most fervently protested, that the sole motive of his journey to Laybach, (whither, indeed, he had been invited by the Sovereigns assembled in Congress,) was to endeavour to prevail upon the Sovereigns, his Allies, to recognize the new order of things established in Naples. One would have imagined that the professions of a prince, as remarkable for the faithlessness as for the imbecility peculiar to his race, would have imposed upon no man deserving the name of rational, far less of politician. Such, however, was the fact. His Majesty was believed; and the persons who had been simple and credulous enough to put their faith in his reiterated and solemn assurances, had soon afterwards the satisfaction of learning from himself, the great amusement he had found in the chase, and the superiority of his dogs over those of the Emperor Alexander! And, in due time, the worthy Ferdinand returned, as might have been foreseen, had Naples possessed a single head worthy of being placed within a century of that of the Abbé Galiano, attended by a foreign force, to repossess himself of absolute power, and to lend his sanction to the eternal disgrace and degradation of his country.

But the most fatal error committed was the division of the army into two independent corps, and the appointment of two Generals-in-chief. These, as is well known, were Generals Pepe and Carrascosa. With regard to the latter, who, from a number of causes, had lost the confidence of the Constitutional party, who clearly foresaw the mischiefs that would follow from this most preposterous measure, and who was only induced to accept the command of the first corps, by the production of an autograph letter of the King, written before his departure for Laybach, he remarks on this subject,—“ Cette dernière

circonstance me decida, et me fit commettre un acte de faiblesse que je me reprocherai éternellement. J'acceptai ce funeste commandement, malgré la conviction où j'étais de ne pouvoir réussir, soit à cause des circonstances générales, soit d'après celles qui m'étaient particulières. Je fus entraîné par ma destinée, qui devait attacher à ce commandement tant de dégoûts et d'infortunes.” If the principle of dividing an army into separate and independent commands is bad, the selection in this case was, if possible, worse. General Pepe, though warmly attached to the Constitution, possessed little, if any, military talent, and, as generally happens to persons of this description, deemed it requisite to supply the want of decision by obstinacy, and of conduct by temerity. General Carrascosa, on the other hand, who had lately held the portefeuille of the war department, appears to have understood his profession thoroughly, and to have adopted just views as to the mode in which the contest, on the part of the Neapolitans, ought to have been carried on; viz.—by taking up strong positions in the defiles and fastnesses of the Abruzzi, acting on the defensive, improving the discipline and courage of his troops by partial encounters with the enemies, employing as Guerillas a large portion of his light troops, who, from their knowledge of their defiles and passes of the broken and mountainous region of the Abruzzi, might have incessantly annoyed the enemy, by intercepting his convoys, beating up his quarters, and keeping his posts in perpetual alarm;—in a word, by imitating the example of the Spaniards in the war so successfully waged against the veteran soldiers of Napoleon,—but, above all things, avoiding a general action with troops so incomparably superior in tactics and discipline as the Austrians. But other circumstances proved more disastrous than the inequality in military skill and talent. Pepe was the head of the Constitutional party, and put forward by the Carbonari, into whose hands he had been induced to throw himself, as the leader of what may be called (to use a Spanish phrase) the *exaltados* of that party. General Carrascosa, on the other

hand, was extremely obnoxious to the sect. He had been selected by the Government to crush the revolt of Avellino and Monteforte; and, had proper means been placed at his disposal, there can hardly be a doubt that he would have succeeded. Afterwards, it is true, he had joined the Constitutional party, because, like our Blake, he was willing to serve his country, into whatever hands the Government might have fallen; and, also, because the King, and the Prince, his son, had shown him the example of yielding to what was conceived to be the wish of the nation; but he was regarded by the whole sect of the Carbonari with distrust and suspicion, without possessing the confidence of the other party. He had likewise had the good sense to support the small number of moderate patriots, who proposed some modification of the Spanish Constitution, adapted to the peculiar circumstances of Naples; and he was known to hold it as a fundamental part of his political creed, that "*si l'on consacrait une fois le principe, que la force armée peut délibérer, ce principe serait une source de subversion sociale.*" Pepe and he were, therefore, rivals, in the strictest sense of the term; and this rivalry was exasperated by the detestation in which Carrascosa was known to hold the sect of Carbonari*, and all secret institutions, which presumed to intermeddle with public affairs.

Now, without presuming to enter at length into the military details contained in the volume before us, let us attend to the account of the affair of the Rieti, which ultimately led to the total dispersion of the Neapolitan army, as given by Ge-

neral Pepe, and then contrast with his statement the masterly exposition of General Carrascosa.

General Pepe states, that he "had only eight battalions of regular troops, (the whole amount of the troops of the line disposable for the defence of the kingdom was, according to General Carrascosa, 25,000 infantry, and 2000 cavalry,) and two hundred cavalry, to guard a line of one hundred and fifty miles in extent; that he was "in want of provisions, and of the means of conveying them to the different positions;" that "there were no magazines prepared for the battalions of militia, whom he expected in a few days;" and that the Austrians were perfectly apprized of his "critical position," and directing their whole force against him. "FOR THESE REASONS," says he, "I determined to make a reconnoissance, which, although it might lead me into an engagement, COULD NOT BE ATTENDED WITH DISADVANTAGE, considering the excellence of the positions which favoured us. On the other hand, the system of defensive fighting was that which best suited my situation, and I was desirous of shewing the militia, that, with the advantage of ground, they might measure their strength with the best Austrian troops. On the morning of the 7th, (of March 1821,) I ATTACKED the enemy near Rieti, a town about three miles from Civita Ducale, with a force consisting of 3000 regular troops and 7000 militia; 2000 more troops, principally militia, had orders to advance from my right, to Piedi Lugo, ten miles distant from Rieti, to alarm the Austrians, and keep them in indecision." Now, to say nothing of calling a regular "et-

* The following anecdote will sufficiently demonstrate the ascendancy which the Carbonari had acquired at this period. A few days after General Carrascosa had received the portefeuille of the war department, he conceived it to be his duty to submit certain measures to the consideration of Parliament, which, by an anomaly peculiar to all representative bodies formed on the model contained in the Spanish Constitution, united the administrative and legislative functions. These measures appeared to have had for their object, to prevent the organization of Lodges, or *ventes*, in the regiments,—to compel every officer to declare upon oath whether he belonged to a secret society,—and to supersede all those who refused to abandon such associations for the future; and the General enforced the expediency of his project, by every argument he could think of—representing, that if secret societies were pernicious in civil societies, they were totally incompatible with, and destructive of, the discipline of an army. The only answer he received was, "*Général, faites-vous aussi Charbonnier.*"

tack" upon the Austrians a "*reconnaissance*," this appears, all circumstances considered, to have been the most rash and preposterous proceeding ever heard of in the annals of war. Pepe himself admits, that "*the system of defensive fighting* was that which best suited his situation." Why, then, did he assume the offensive? Why did he precipitate, on the veteran columns of Frimont*, his 3000 regulars and 7000 badly armed and undisciplined militia? Oh, but "he was desirous of showing the militia that, with the advantage of ground, they might measure their strength with the best Austrian troops." They did "measure their strength;" and we know the result. In fact, the Austrians appeared to have cherished such immeasurable contempt for the rabble who had the audacity to attack them, that they never suffered their infantry to deploy, and effected the dispersion of Pepe's corps by a few charges of cavalry. General Pepe states, in his own defence,—"*I was directed to preserve the Abruzzi at all hazards, and was assured, that in the event of the enemy directing his whole force against me, I should be assisted by the first corps of the army, commanded by General Carrascosa, either by manœuvring, or by some detachments of troops. I expected, therefore, every moment to hear that the first corps had sent me a division of troops of the line, and had menaced the enemy on the side of Siri.*" This brings us at once to General Carrascosa's statement.

We have seen, that "on the morning of the 7th" of March General Pepe attacked the Austrians near Rieti. But what will be the reader's surprise to learn, that the first intimation which General Carrascosa received of General Pepe's intention to attack the enemy, was by a letter of the Minister of War from Naples, received by him at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, (at

which time the second corps d'armée had been defeated and dispersed,) on his return from Cascano, where he had been visiting the field-works in progress there, and just as he had reached the post of Franco-lisa? The letter was conceived in these terms: "*The Commander-in-chief of the second corps in the Abruzzi has intimated, by a letter received this morning at Naples, that he will attack the Austrians on the seventh, with twenty battalions.—Your Excellency is too good a General to render it necessary for me to suggest what is proper to be done on this occasion.*"

Now, from these dates, it appears that General Pepe informed the Minister of War (not General Carrascosa) that he would attack the Austrians on the seventh; and the Commander-in-chief of the first corps, who is expected to second him, receives intimation thereof on the same day, though at the distance of a day and a half's march from Pepe's position, and kept in total ignorance of the object of his intended attack, and of the nature of the co-operation expected of him! General Carrascosa, however, lost no time in despatching a letter to General Pepe, in which he begs to be informed what kind of co-operation he expected from the first corps,—whether a diversion, in order to attract the attention of the enemy towards that corps, by the operations of the light troops on the side of Frosinone or Veroli; or a prompt reinforcement of troops, which might have been effected, by sending a brigade by the valley of Roveto; or, lastly, more considerable succours, which might have marched by the interior lines of communication; and concludes with these words: "*Que de toutes les manières, il me fît part de ses desirs quant à coopération qu'il voulait avoir de moi.*" Major Blanco, an officer of merit, was despatched with this letter at eight in the even-

* The Austrian army which entered the Abruzzi was composed of five divisions; but in the affair of Rieti only one (Walmoden) was engaged; the four others occupied a menacing position in the direction of St. Germano; one being at Tivoli, and three en echelon between Terni and Foligno. So that four-fifths of the Austrian army were manœuvring in the direction of the position occupied by General Carrascosa, and only one-fifth against that of Rieti. It follows, therefore, that they had no intention of attacking Pepe, which, indeed, every circumstance corroborates.

ing of the *seventh*; but the die was already cast—"le second corps d'armée n'existait déjà plus!" The affair of Rieti only lasted a few hours, (Pepe says *seven*), and the loss on both sides was trifling. It is stated by Lieutenant Colonel Canciulli, the intimate friend of Pepe, that before the attack, "*les Autrichiens semblaient indécis; qu'ils n'étaient pas disposés à attaquer, et qu'ils s'attendaient encore moins l'être; que la présence d'artillerie ennemie, plus par le bruit que par son effet, avait mis en désordre les miliciens et les légionnaires; que la troisième régiment d'infanterie légère avait seul tenu; que ce corps, sous les ordres du Général Russo, avait sauvé la retraite, &c.*"

We are not aware of any grounds, military or other, upon which General Pepe can defend conduct so extraordinary, and so contrary to all the rules of war, as that pursued by him in attacking the Austrians at Rieti. He exposed himself to the greatest hazards in the event of defeat, while, had he been as successful as he anticipated, the advantage could have been but trifling and temporary. He attacked without communicating with General Carrascosa, and securing the co-operation of the first corps d'armée, the safety of which his defeat was sure to compromise. He attacked contrary to the orders of the Prince, Commander-in-chief of the Army, and Head of the Executive Government. While he professed only to make a "*reconnaissance*," he attacked with nearly the whole of his forces, and, contrary to all the rules of war, without a second line, without a reserve, without making any dispositions in the event of retreat, which, in his circumstances, were peculiarly necessary. One of the reasons which he assigns for this most extraordinary proceeding, was the want of provisions; but this has been flatly denied, and seems to be refuted by the fact, that the Austrians found great resources of provisions in the Abruzzi, as appears from the bulletin of their army, dated Antrodoco, 10th of March, which says, "The army has found *such a quantity of provisions* in the Abruzzi, that the General-in-chief has not found it ne-

cessary to avail himself of the magazines which he had assembled from the Roman States." With regard to his other reasons, namely, the bad spirit which was found to prevail among the militia, and the effects which he dreaded from a proclamation of the King, which began to be circulated in the army, it has been conclusively answered, that, in such circumstances, he ought to have shut up his troops in an entrenched camp, rather than have afforded them the opportunity of desertion, by attempting to bring them in contact with the enemy. General Pepe admits, that "*several* persons had blamed him for attacking the Austrians, or rather, (as he says,) for having quitted the passes of Antrodoco to *reconnoître* them;" for our own part, we have never heard of any one who bestowed his approbation, even in the most modified form, upon a proceeding the most perilous and rash, which it was possibly in the circumstances to adopt, and which was followed by the immediate dissolution of that order of things to which General Pepe professes to have been so warmly attached.

The affair of Rieti was succeeded by the complete dispersion of the first corps under General Carrascosa, without firing a shot, except at their own officers, who, in spite of every effort made to seduce them from their duty, continued to the last faithful to the cause which they had sworn to maintain. "*Il paraît*," says General Carrascosa, "*que le meurtre des généraux et des officiers avait été recommandé aux soldats lorsqu'ils se débarrassaient, mais qu'ils ne mirent pas beaucoup d'empressement dans l'exécution de cette partie de leurs desseins.*" From the systematic manner in which the different divisions disbanded, as well as from other considerations, it is clear that the whole had been previously organized in the different "*ventes*," and that the soldiers only waited for an opportunity to carry their intentions into effect. Like all cowards and traitors, too, their incessant cry was "*trahison*," and they loudly and furiously accused their officers, who had exhausted every means of persuasion to induce them to abide by their colours, and shew front to the enemy, of having

betrayed them. At certain crises, when the passions of men are astir, any thing will be believed; and, therefore, we need not wonder, that, notwithstanding the unanswerable evidence to the contrary, produced by General Carrascosa, and indeed furnished by the circumstances themselves, this accusation has met with very extensive credit, both in this and other countries. Had Generals Pepe and Carrascosa betrayed their trust, and sold their honour, and the only hope of their country's defence, to the invaders, they would not now be under sentence of death *par contumace*, and living in hopeless exile in foreign lands. With regard to the latter, he appears to have acted with judgment and discretion, and to have done all that could be expected of him, in the dreadful circumstances in which he was placed; although it is no doubt true, as we have already remarked, that, from his opposition to the constitutional party in the first instance, he incurred the suspicion and hostility of that party ever after, and, from his subsequent accession, (though many others high in the Royal favour were in the same predicament, and though the King himself, and the Prince his son, had set him the example,) he forfeited the confidence of the court faction and of the Sovereign. In the case of General Pepe, on the other hand, it is but right to state, that his motives seem to have been good, but that, without meaning to injure his cause, his rashness, obstinacy, and incapacity, were the prime causes of the humiliation and disgrace indelibly inflicted upon his country.

We may here notice *en passant* a glaring and palpable inconsistency in General Pepe's "Narrative." At page 29, we are told that "the veterans," that is to say, the military on furlough, "*(congediés,) in place of being forcibly dragged, as had been usual, to their banners, rushed spontaneously to the defence of their country, abandoning their wives and children,*" and that "*the citizens rivalled each other in enrolling themselves in the militia and the legions.*" Now, in the first place, the "*congediés,*" so far from "*rushing spontaneously to the defence of their country,*" were called out by a *special de-*

crée; and General Pepe could hardly have been ignorant of the circumstance, any more than that they "abandoned their wives and children" with extreme reluctance, and were no sooner embodied than they manifested that repugnance, by their mutinous and disorderly spirit, and by availing themselves of every opportunity that offered to desert, and return to their communes. With regard to "the citizens" who "rivalled each other in enrolling themselves in the militia and the legions," their enthusiasm appears to have been remarkably short-lived, for, at page 49 of his "Narrative," General Pepe expressly assigns, as one of his reasons for *reconnoître* (which, in his phraseology, means, *attacking with his whole force,*) the enemy at Rieti, "*la dissolution qui s'annonçait dans les milices,*" three whole battalions of which had disbanded prior to the 6th of March,—one at Campobasso, and two at Teramo. Nor, even by his own showing, were the "*congediés*" behind-hand with the militia in this respect; for, on the morning of the 8th of March, being the day following the affair of Rieti, "*the disbanding was so complete, (we use General Pepe's words, p. 55,) that it was with the greatest difficulty a few hundred men could be collected at Antrodoco, under the orders of a General.*" And one of the causes assigned by General Carrascosa, for the disastrous result of the campaign in the Abruzzi, was, "*Le mauvais esprit des anciens militaires congediés, qu'on avait rappelés, et qui avaient été forcés d'abandonner leurs familles et leurs intérêts. Ce mauvais esprit s'était souvent manifesté par de nombreuses desertions, opérées quelquefois par milliers, fréquemment à main armée, et un fois à coups de canon!*"

It is only necessary to add further, that in ten days after the affair of Rieti, the dissolution of the Neapolitan army was completed, and that the Austrians marched—we cannot say in triumph—into the capital, without firing a gun, or meeting an enemy. The humiliation of Naples was thus sealed, and despotism—simple, naked, unadulterated despotism—once more re-established in that fine but unhappy country. The

causes which led to this fatal result are summed up by General Carrascosa under the following heads: 1, The demoralisation which, in a small army, and in a nation not numerous, must always arise from the bare idea of being at war with the first powers of Europe, and of being attacked by a numerous and veteran army with a reserve of a hundred thousand men. 2, The absence (in Sicily) of sixteen of the best battalions of infantry, in which were some of the ablest and most experienced of the Neapolitan officers. 3, The bad spirit of the recalled veterans, who had been forced to abandon their families and their pursuits. 4, The total want of discipline of the legionaries, who were utterly unfit for war, and of whom battalions were formed simply by the union of several *ventes* of Carbonari, each of which was considered a company. 5, The shortness of the time for organizing the means of defence. 6, The existence of two commanders-in-chief in the army. 7, and Lastly, the existence of Carbonari clubs or lodges in the regiments; which circumstance alone "cast ominous conjecture on the whole success," and gave a presage of all the disasters that followed.

But we must now draw this article to a close. Of General Carrascosa's volume we have already pronounced our opinion. His facts appear to have been most anxiously sifted and authenticated; his statements are clear, consistent, and satisfactory; his reasonings solid and conclusive. The political events which occurred at Naples, in 1820 and 1821, will form a very instructive chapter in the history of our time; and it must be admitted, that ample materials for its construction have been supplied by General Carrascosa. We would

therefore recommend his volume, not to the perusal, but to the study, of those who take pleasure in looking into the secret springs of great popular movements, and in exploring the motives by which men are actuated, both in their public and private conduct. It is but just to add, that the General's defence of his own proceedings appears, upon the whole, to be quite unanswerable.

Having said thus much of General Carrascosa, we cannot conclude without adverting to General Pepe. Though an unfortunate, we believe him to have been an honest, and a brave man; and, in his misfortunes, we should be sorry, much as every one must condemn his precipitate temerity, to speak of him with unnecessary severity. We confess we were powerfully affected by the eloquent and pathetic paragraph with which his "Narrative" concludes, and we should feel as if we had been guilty of an act of injustice, did we now withhold it from our readers: "As to myself," says he, "I have sacrificed every thing but my life, for the cause of national liberty, and the acute sorrow which I feel for its failure will never cease until I shall see my fellow-citizens restored to happiness, or until I shall have once more the opportunity of shedding my blood for the independence and glory of my country. But should it be my lot to fall before I behold her restored to the admiration of Europe, and to the possession of those liberties to which the people of the Two Sicilies have acquired the most sacred rights, the Italians will perhaps honour my memory with a tear, and say of their countryman, William Pepe, that although he was abandoned by fate and by man, his own perseverance never forsook him!"

A LETTER FROM NAMUR.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH we have been absolutely deluged with books about the Netherlands for some years past, they have, all of them, been either illustrative of the battle of Waterloo, or descriptive of Brussels; some of them, of older date, are full of Antwerp and Flemish pictures, and Dutch dykes and canals. The Netherlands are unknown as a romantic

country; nobody goes there to look for romantic beauties, and therefore nobody sees any. Formerly, one visited the low countries to see the triumph of man over the ocean,—to admire Dutch cleanliness,—and to revel among the *chef-d'œuvres* of Rubens and Teniers. Now-a-days, one goes to Belgium to look at the field of death-making Waterloo,—to

sick up bullets in the garden of Jougoumont,—and to see a little of the society of Brussels. In short, visiting Brussels, and making a trip to Waterloo, is a tour of the *Pays-Bas*. Not only is poor Holland left out of the question, and Amsterdam, and the Hague, and Leyden with its 40 bridges, and Haerlem with its wonderful organ, all and each of them passed over, but the only part of the Netherlands itself worth visiting is not visited. Few people know that there is a part of this Pays-Bas fertile in the most romantic beauties of Nature; few people know that the banks of the Meuse are only inferior to those of the Rhine, in all that constitutes the picturesque; and though the manners of Brussels be sufficiently known, those of Namur and Liege, the Ardennes and the Luxembourg, are a little known as are the manners of some of the most remote districts of Europe. Now, I propose to enlighten your readers a little upon all these points, and to change, in some degree, the object of Belgian travellers. I wonder they are not sick of Waterloo by this time; for my part, I am determined not to go near it, and should almost be ashamed to say I had been there. Gentle reader, if you will have the goodness to consult the map, you will have some idea of the situation of the place I write from. You will find that Namur is a city of the Netherlands, in about the same attitude as the Isle of Wight, situated at the confluence of the Meuse and the Sambre, about forty miles higher up the river than the ancient city of Liege, and the river's breadth from the Ardennes,—all classic grounds, thanks to Quentin Durward. Next, if you please, turn up the Gazetteer at the letter N., and you will see that Namur is a fortified town of the Netherlands, has a citadel and a bridge of nine arches, and is famous for its cutlery. Perhaps you may even find, that it is pleasantly situated, and is watered by the Meuse and the Sambre. Possibly the Belgian Guide may be a little more minute; you may come to something like this,—“leaving the village of A., you cross a bridge; then passing B., you perceive the Chateau of C. upon the right; another mile brings you to the post-house of D.; then crossing

a bridge, and ascending a hill, from which is an extensive prospect, and ascending on the other side, you reach the town of Namur.” This is very satisfactory: still I fondly trust, that the Editor of the Belgian Guide will not take it amiss that I should fill up a little. I can really hardly conceive a more agreeable place of residence than this Namur. What may be your taste, gentle reader? Let it be what it will, it may be gratified! Are you fond of the beauties of Nature? Then let us take a stroll up or down the Meuse; we shall wander along the banks of a magnificent river, sometimes flowing between hills of great height, covered with wood to the very summit; sometimes forcing its way through naked and terrific rocks, piercing into the sky, and advancing their base to the water's edge; sometimes we shall cross a small hay meadow, left betwixt the river and the rocks, where a clump of walnut-trees shelters some sweet cottage; or, in turning an abrupt corner, we shall espy a small village, two or three hamlets, and a little church, lone and quiet as the rock that shelters them: On one side, we shall look up a deep narrow dell, running up into the heart of the mountains, and, on the other, a baronial castle will lift itself in gloomy grandeur from amidst the deep woods; while, now and then, a pretty barque, for Huy or Liege, will glide rapidly by. There is no exaggeration in what I am promising, I assure you; you may see all this, and much more: but perhaps you care little about the beauties of Nature: if so, I pity you; but still, I have no means forbid you to visit Namur. Perhaps you may be fond of good living, and like it cheap, moreover: if so, I shall introduce you to the table-d'hôte, which is ready to sit down to, at the primitive hour of nine o'clock, and for which the sum of twenty-pence is demanded. And there, what have you? or, rather, what have you not? To put the thing more accurately before the eye, here is a ground-plan of the table-d'hôte; and you must suppose, moreover, a splendid dessert of apricots, nectarines, peaches, plums, pears, walnuts, filberts, cake, ratafia, cheese, butter, &c. &c.

Salmon, removed by Roast Turkey.	Potatoes, removed by Cauliflower.	Picnicien de vau, removed by Rognons a la vin de champagne.	A Pie of Craw-fish and Sweet-breads, removed by Roast Chickens.	Muscles, removed by Rice-pudding	Mutton Chops, removed by Ap rice Pie.	Magout of hashed Beef, removed by a roast of small Mountain Mutton.	Soup of Craw-fish, removed by Salad.	Bouilli, removed by Dressed Calf-head.	Stewed Partridge, removed by Apple-pie.	Salt Herring, removed by Cream.	Beef-a-la-mode, removed by Roast Larks.	Fricadeau de Langue de Veau, removed by Blewed Eels.	Brussels' Singlets, removed by Spinages.	Trout, removed by Roast Hare.
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Heavens! what a table of dainties! But the most valuable appanage of this hotel, is Joseph the waiter, and I therefore present you with

A short Account of Joseph, waiter at the Hotel D'Harscamp, Namur.

Joseph, I think, may have numbered about forty years, and stands about five feet three inches in his shoes. It is true, indeed, that they do not add much to his height, as, by his shuffling manner of walking, the soles are worn sufficiently thin. He is habited in the most worthless of clothes, and yet has evidently the air of a monied man, as he walks with his hands behind his back, his head a little to one side, and his chin self-sufficiently sticking up. Now there are various points in this Joseph's character, and various passages in his life and conversation, well worthy of notice and preservation. The first thing I shall mention is, that Joseph has had the honour of a conversation with the King of England. Fortunately for his Britannic Majesty, Joseph was satisfied with the remuneration he received when His Majesty passed through Namur, on his way to Hanover; accordingly, he always speaks well of George the Fourth, designating him *bon enfant*; and this is being in luck, for, according to Joseph, there are not a great many *bons enfans*. Joseph also speaks favourably of the King of Prussia, who was fortunate enough to propitiate his good opinion, on his journey through Namur. His Britannic Majesty's bill amounted, for the day he spent at the Hotel D'Harscamp, to 3009 francs, (£.120 Sterling) and Joseph received a gratuity of 200 francs. I have never been able to learn how much his Prussian Majesty paid for Joseph's favour, but, from his backwardness in naming it, (a beautiful piece of delicacy on Joseph's part, considering that I am a

subject of his Britannic Majesty,) I suspect the generosity of the Prussian Monarch even exceeded that of our Royal Master. Unfortunately for William, King of the Netherlands, Joseph's pockets were not a sol heavier for his Majesty's sejour at the Hotel D'Harscamp; and, accordingly, when his own beloved Sovereign's name is mentioned, Joseph never omits to snap his finger and thumb, and to murmur some indistinct words, I fear expressive of his contempt. But I must not omit the conversation which passed betwixt the Monarch and Joseph, while the King of England was at dinner. It was nearly as follows:

The King.—“*Quelle langue parlez vous à Namur—est ce Allemande?*” Joseph.—“*Non, Monsieur.*” The King.—“*Français?*” Joseph.—“*Non, Monsieur.*” The King.—“*Hollandois?*” Joseph.—“*Non, Monsieur.*” The King.—“*Qu'est ce que c'est donc?*” Joseph.—“*C'est un patois.*” The King.—“*Vous êtes bien heureux à Namur, d'avoir une langue pour vous seul;*” his Majesty thus taking the last word, as it was right he should. But I have been speaking only of Joseph's manner of estimating the merit of Kings; perhaps I may include Archdukes; but, with regard to all those travellers simply ycleped *Monsieur*, their merits are estimated in another way. Who doesn't know that Namur is famous for cutlery? and thus Joseph is the accredited agent of all the cutlers, delegated to impose upon foreigners; and, accordingly, Joseph's opinion of travellers depends entirely upon whether they have purchased of his merchandize or no. No sooner does a traveller enter the great room, than he keenly scans his countenance, inwardly asking himself the question, whether the new comer be likely to become a purchaser of *couteaux*? If, on the other hand, the

traveller should happen to be an old stager, and, if an ignoramus, like myself, should ask the question, "*Joseph, qui est ce Monsieur?*" the reply either is, "*C'est un Monsieur, très comme il faut,*" ("bon enfant" is never used, except in speaking of kings,) or else, "*Ma foi, je ne sais pas,*" that is, either he has, or he has not, purchased of Joseph's wares. No sooner has the unknown traveller made an end of supper, or at least so far satisfied his appetite as to have begun to chew slower, and to nibble biscuit, than Joseph watches his opportunity, steps into his secret magazine, and suddenly stepping up to his victim, and with a "*Tenez, Monsieur, voilà tout ce qui est plus beau,*" displays a shining assemblage of all kinds of *couteaux* and *canifs*; and the dazzled traveller generally pays about the same price for his supper as for his knife; by the former, making peace with himself, and, by the latter, making peace with Joseph.

But I have much to say yet of the delights of Namur. To the sportsman, they are infinite; fox-hunting hare-hunting, partridge-shooting, snipe-shooting, black-cock and wild-duck-shooting. To the piscator, vistas of bliss open on every side; beautiful trouting streams run gurgling through every valley, and inhabited by a race not so deep and knowing as the trout of our own streams; while the Meuse and the Sambre afford ample employment for the rod of the salmon-fisher. One may boat it on the Sambre twelve or fourteen miles in summer, and skate as far in winter; and if one choose to encounter the trouble and the danger, the race of wild-boars is not extinct in Ardennes; and to enjoy all this the easier, châteaux, in the most magnificent situations, may be had at no higher price than the expence of the public burdens, with garden and park into the bargain, and the right of hunting and fishing to boot. If any of my readers be botanists, I have a word for them. I am not one of your thorough-going botanists myself; in my opinion, rather a tiresome set. I am quite contented to admire a little company of wild-flowers in some rocky cleft, without scrambling to tear them down, and

pluck them in pieces. Nevertheless, it is quite true, that the botanist would be in clover here, every rock and every valley abounding in the most beautiful variety. One valley, called "*la basse Sibérie*, I cannot help mentioning more particularly; the only entrance to it is by a subterranean road, about 150 yards through, when it emerges into a small valley "*lone*, and deep, and wonderful," about half-a-mile long, and 200 yards wide, encircled by steep romantic rocks, partly clad with ivy and hazel, and every species of wild-berry; you walk up an old pasture, where a few sheep are usually feeding; a little secluded cottage stands at the head of the valley; and on every side, and beneath the feet, innumerable wild flowers, gentle and rare, spring up in undisturbed beauty. ¶ Shall I speak of the hospitality of Namur! For my own part, I care little about society; give me the beauties of Nature—give me tranquillity,—let me wander along the banks of some river, where I may drink deep of grandeur and sublimity, or feast on images of beauty, and gentleness, and tenderness,—let me stray in the calm little valley of *la basse Sibérie*, looking on the rocks and the sky, or, with my knife and my little saw in my hand, seeking for a hazel-rod, or a wild-rose crook, and I care little for the smiles of men: let but the beauties of external nature be open: as long as the earth's carpet is beneath my feet, and the glorious roof of heaven above me, I care but little though all other doors were shut against me. But it is not the same with every one; and it would be no disagreeable variety to some, after a day's hunting, or fishing, or wandering, to look up and perceive the turrets of some baronial castle, peering above the forest, whose woody approach might be trodden in the certainty of meeting the baron's welcome. But I am now going to leave off enumerating all that has attractions for the romantic, for the huntsman, the fisher, and the epicure. I am going to address myself to another description of persons—the small annuitant, the retired lieutenant, the small pensioner, and all that numerous tribe of persons who find house-rent and

living expensive in England, and taxes burdensome; and I have to inform you, moreover, that I am going to assume the serious and simple style of a historian. First, as to house- rent: a house of eight rooms, kitchen, and every conveniency, coach-house and stable, the whole premises newly painted and papered, and completely furnished, and situated in the most airy and beautiful situation of this town, I have seen offered at £.44 sterling per annum. A lodging of two chambers, well-furnished, costs not more than twelve or fifteen shillings per month. Country seats, magnificent chateaux, with well-stocked garden, far beyond the consumption of any family, with grass sufficient for a cow and two horses, and the right of the chase, may be had unfurnished for £.20 per annum; and furniture can be hired, of excellent quality, and enough for a large house, for not more than £.15 per annum. Then, as to eatables, the ordinary price of beef and mutton is threepence-halfpenny p lb.; veal, during all the last summer, was sold at *one halfpenny* p lb.; a fine fowl costs about eightpence; butter, fourpence p lb.; eggs, five for a penny; vin ordinaire, either Burgundy or Bourdeaux, one shilling per bottle; Hollands gin about sevenpence; excellent beer, (something betwixt ale and beer,) three-halfpence; fish and fruit for next to nothing. I myself have lived in a delightful town of this country, (not Namur,) inhabited a most agreeably furnished lodging, breakfasted well, and dined amply, upon at least three dishes every day in the month,—drank sufficiently of beer, Hollands, and wine,—paid for fire, candle, servant's allowance, and washing,—and found my whole disbursements for a month amount to £.2, 8s. 6d. This cheapness is to be attributed to that most solid and lasting of reasons for it, the natural abundance of the country—the fertility of the soil; and these advantages are felt more by strangers, than by the Belgians, owing to the very heavy taxes levied by the Government, especially those applicable to houses: there is a land-tax, or ground-rent, a chimney-tax, a window-tax, and a tax upon furniture, estimated at a valuation;

making the taxes upon a house at a valuation of £.50 per annum, containing furniture worth £250, no less than £.20 per annum. The tax chiefly affecting the lower orders is that called *multur*, a word well known in Scotch Entails, by which they are obliged to pay a certain duty on carrying their grain to the mill, and this, to a labourer, may come to as much as £.2 per annum. Were it not for the unfortunate geographical situation of the low countries, and their small internal power, they would scarcely require to be burdened with taxes at all. This hardly needs any illustration. The important situation of the low countries, as opposing an equal barrier to the encroachments of either France or Prussia, was perfectly understood at the Congress. The Duke of Wellington was appointed inspector of fortresses in the *Pays Bas*, and does actually inspect them once a-year. It was stipulated, that the city of Luxembourg, whose duty was added to the Belgian kingdom, should be garrisoned by the Prussians; and it cannot be doubted, that the King of the Netherlands is bound also to keep on foot a complete war establishment. The army of Belgium at present consists of no less than 150,000 men, a peace establishment so disproportioned to the size of the kingdom, as to make it evident that it must have been arranged at the Congress, as a barrier to the attempts of France. Unfortunately, therefore, immense taxes are necessary for the maintenance of this army, and the unhappy Belgians are therefore paying for the tranquillity of the Continent, and of England. This might be tolerable, if Belgium could, in the case of national quarrels, preserve her own neutrality, but her internal power is too small to render that possible. No country can maintain her own neutrality, who is not strong enough to repel, by force of arms, those who would drive her from it. If England and France quarrel, France demands permission to carry prizes into the Flemish ports. If France and Prussia go to war, France requests of the Belgians to dismiss the Prussian garrison in the city of Luxembourg, and to fill it with their

own troops: refusal or accession, with regard to any of these demands, involves a quarrel, either with France, England, or Prussia. So that, in every event, poor Belgium, which has no interest any way, is drawn into the scrape. If her geographical situation were less important, no one would molest her; if her own strength were greater, she could protect herself from impertinent demands, by throwing her sword into the scale; she could say to England, a Belgian General shall be inspector of Belgian fortresses; to France, the ports of Belgium shall receive the prizes of no belligerent power; and at Congress, if the demand were made, she would reply, *the soldiers of Belgium shall garrison her cities: but this can never be, and therefore is Belgium borne down by oppressive taxation.* Nevertheless, all the respectable part of the community prefer the existing order of things to the reign of Napoleon; his conduct, towards the inhabitants of this country, was that of an unfeeling despot. To one rich noble he would say, "Go to Paris—do not spend your fortune here—let the capital have the advantage of it." Another, whose influence or opinions

he had [some secret reason to fear, he would appoint Mayor of some inconsiderable town in France, withdrawing him from all his interests and ties, and placing him in a paltry situation of risk and trouble; and, to a third, he would write, "Madame, send your son to me, to the army." The mother of the young man (a youth of ancient lineage and large possessions) replied, that if his Imperial Majesty would accept of them, she would send one hundred men in lieu of her son, as she had destined him to live on the land of his forefathers. To this Napoleon replied, "Madame, your son is mine, and so are his possessions; the one hundred men I can command besides—send him to head-quarters." He was sent, and was killed in the next engagement.

At present I shall not add anything more to this letter. Next week I go to pay a visit to an old Baron in the Ardennes, and from thence I proceed, with his sons, to St. Hubert, a town given name to by the Patron Saint of hunting, and there we are to chase the stag, the wild-boar, and the wolf. Of all these things I shall give you some account in another letter. I am, &c. H. H.

The Evening Star.

I COME from the place of my rest,
When day has gone down to the deep,—
When its glory hath pass'd through the gates of the west,
And the small breeze hath sigh'd into sleep.

I come—and my path in the skies
Is hail'd by the incense of even;
To me doth the hymn of all nature arise,
And soar in its sweetness to Heaven!

For me wakes the nightingale's song,
From her bower of the sheltering leaf—
The cuckoo sighs lonely the dim vale along,
A strain like the music of grief!

I look on the land and the sea,
When eve pours her tears and her sighs:
The ocean and dew-drop are mirrors to me,
I'm imaged in Beauty's bright eyes!

When she walks in the gloom, I impart
A ray to her path through the grove,
And list with delight to the beat of her heart,
When she hears the soft footstep of love!

O'er heaven unrival'd I reign,
A gem of the ocean I shine,
My glorious altar's earth, island, and main,
And the worship of worlds is mine!

THE HISTORY OF JOHN AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

(Continued.)

The Manuscript.

Now, we have already seen how John, though a worthy, peaceable gentleman himself, was drawn into brawls and quarrels; first with an unlucky, ill-conditioned son of his own, Jonathan by name, and then with that troublesome, whimsical old gentleman, Mr Francis, who was always giving disturbance to those that dwelt by him. And we have seen how Ferrara kept the whole neighbourhood in a ferment all the time he was suffered to live in it; and indeed he would have done so to this day, if they had not got him out of the way: for such a wicked, perverse, mischievous toad was never heard of in that or any other country; and so every body said, and therefore it was true. But, as has been told, he was got rid of at last, and then there was peace in the country, and every gentleman set about attending to his own matters: for so long as Ferrara was in the way, nobody could think of any thing else but how to escape from his cursed tricks. Now, it was told, formerly, how, at one time, Ferrara had gone into the houses of many of his neighbours, and turned their stewards out of doors, and set about ordering their household matters himself. And at that time, whenever all this became known, the other gentlemen that lived in the neighbourhood, whose houses Ferrara had not come to yet, would have had their stewards come about them, all in a fright, as may be believed, lest Ferrara should come and do the like by them. "Why, there now," a steward would have said to his master, "you'll sit in your chair, and smoke your pipe, and tumble, and snort, and dream; and all the while this venomous serpent, Ferrara, is playing the devil every where about us; and he will be here, too, before we know what we're about; and I shall be thrust out of doors, neck and heels, and what will become of you, then?" "So," the gentleman would have said, "and it's Mr Ferrara you mean, is it?—a strange fel-

low, as I'm told;"—and therefore he would have turned himself in his chair, and set about his nap again. "A strange fellow!" the steward would have cried, giving his master a shake by the collar, "a strange fellow, Sir! I tell you he's a very devil; and if he once get within the door, you'll see your last sight of me, depend on't, Sir—and then no steward for you at all, unless this Ferrara should become one himself; and such a one as he!—odsbobs, Sir! if you have any regard for yourself, or for me, pray take up your crabstick, and help me to guard the house, or else—" "Why, to say the truth," the gentleman would have said, "if any thing were to befall you, no doubt it would be a sad affair; but one must not repine, you know, at such things—neither should I, indeed;—but for that matter, I find that it's all one to me who is my steward, since I'm used by all of 'em the same way;—and so Mr Ferrara may e'en come or stay, as he pleases!" "Why, Sir," the steward would have replied, "I believe there may be some truth in what you say, and some of those that have been your stewards before have brought bad practices into the house; and I have just been thinking, ever since I came to you, what could be done for you; and I had just determined, in my own mind, Sir, that your affairs should be looked into, and that every thing should be managed as you desired yourself;—and I was thinking, Sir, that the house might be repaired, and that you might have new clothes, and perhaps another half bottle or so, in the day: and many more things that I have been considering;—but now this unlucky hang-dog rascal, Ferrara, comes in the way, and will spoil all, and I shall get nothing done for you that I wish;—but if you were to bestir yourself a little, even yet—why, better late thrive than never do well, you know—" And in this way all the gentlemen had been

coaxed by their stewards, till they had all joined together, as has been told, and mastered Ferrara at last, though they were sorely put to it before they could do so. But as soon as this had happened, all the gentlemen began again to think about how their private matters stood; and each of them told his steward that he would have his affairs looked into, and that he intended now to take some little charge of them himself, and would have his steward behave accordingly. "Why, yes; no doubt," the steward would say; "we shall consider the thing at leisure—all fair, indeed—hum—ha—only I'm plaguy busy just now, and one must not be rash, you know." Next day—"Why, Sir, you're mighty well; I think one should learn to be content with one's condition; and, let me tell you, Sir, many a one that has not bread to put between his teeth would be glad to be as well off; and I assure you, Sir, you're in good health, and looking well, and so every body says; and, to my mind, you ought to be thankful; and, as I say, content's a jewel;" and in this way they would put the gentlemen off day after day, and never let them know how their matters were going on, nor ask their advice about any thing that was doing, and, in fact, used them no better than they had done formerly. So some of the gentlemen got into a rage—and how could it have been otherwise?—they said they would see all the stewards in the country hanged upon one tree, before they would be befooled at that rate; they would have their matters managed as they themselves thought fit, they said, in spite of any steward's heart, and they would kick any one out of doors that should say to them nay! and some of the gentlemen made good their words, and took their affairs into their own hands, and made their stewards do as they directed them.

But, about this time, a few of these stewards who lived near one another, not caring for such doings, what should they do, but meet, one day, at a public house; and as they did not wish any one to know what they were about, they gave out that they were going to sing psalms, and each of them borrowed a psalm-book, as if for that purpose. And so,

after taking a glass together, (as we may suppose,) they began to lay their heads together, about how they should do with their masters. One thing, they said, was very clear, that they themselves were a set of very clever, sensible, honest fellows; and that any one of them had more sense and understanding in him than all their masters put together had. They said they had a right, by law, to keep their places, and to give them to their children after them; nay, that all the houses and lands in the country were theirs by right, and not their master's; and that this could be well proved, too, if the thing were looked into. But, more than that, they said it was well known that all the gentlemen in that country were related to one another, and that there was a family complaint ran in the blood of 'em: that they were subject to fits of insanity, and never knew their own mind even when they were well: that they were not capable of managing their own matters; and that, if they were allowed to try such a thing, or to turn away their stewards whenever they should take it into their heads, they would ruin themselves, and put the whole country into disorder, as Francis had done already. They had never, they said, seen any good come of such foolish whims as the gentlemen had of late got possessed with: so they determined that every steward should do as he thought fit, in his master's house; and that, whenever any one found his master obstinate, all the rest should go to his help. But, besides all this, these stewards fell to parcelling out all the lands and houses in the country, just as seemed good to themselves: they would take from one gentleman, and give to another, without asking any one's leave: nay, they would settle where and how every gentleman was to live; and they would put two, and sometimes three, into a house together, that hated one another cordially, and that would fight together like game-cocks! They would put in a fellow upon a gentleman, to be his steward, that he knew nothing about, or, at least, that he knew no good about; nay, perhaps one that he might have discarded

only six weeks before. And, in short, such things they did, as could never have come into any body's head to do but their own. So, after this, if any gentleman began to talk of having a little of his own will at home, and a little more comfort about him, his steward would just laugh in his face, and call him booby, or dunderpate; and if the gentleman waxed hot, (as it might be expected he would,) the steward would threaten to call in his brother stewards, and to get him put into the stocks, and perhaps would give him a broken head into the bargain. And whenever a gentleman had got his matters a little under his hand, (which some of them had done,) and was managing things according to his own mind, why, then, a parcel of the other stewards, that lived in the neighbourhood, would come in upon him, with each a cudgel in his hand, and, after cursing him for a stupid, self-willed, shallow-pated rascal, would tell him they would break his bones for him, if he did not give his purse and the keys of the house to his steward again, and allow him to do as he thought proper. And so, what could the poor gentleman do but just take the best sort of life he could get?

Now John had always kept a better house than any of his neighbours; and always knew better what was going on in it, and had his steward well looked after. Indeed he kept sharper watch upon the steward than upon the other people in the house, and so it happened to him accordingly; for, as hath been told, there would always be one or other of the servants that would be trying to get his head above his neighbour's, and to rule the roast as he thought fit. Now there were two of them, in particular, that were always quarrelling about who should be uppermost in the house; the name of the one was Will, and of the other Whigham: and these two bore such a grudge at one another, that they never could meet in the house, or any other way, but they would be abusing one another to the utmost; and the one would be calling the other rascal, and fool, and puppy, and brute, and beggarly lousy scoundrel, and worse names than all those;

may, sometimes they would spit in one another's faces, and bite, and scratch, and kick one another—and, in short, nobody in the house, not even John himself, could get any sort of peace or quiet with them, for their disputes and quarrels. Now, each of them said, that it was not for himself that he cared, but all was for John, his master's sake, whom they both pretended to love dearly; but the one of 'em would always be trying to set John against the other; and whatever Whigham said, Will called it a lie; and if ever Will advised any thing, Whigham would be for the direct contrary; and thus they would bother, and tease, and vex the poor gentleman, from morn to night, about this, and that, and the next thing, always holding different sides, so that he was almost worried out of his senses by them. Now Will would always be praising the steward, and it was all one to him who happened to be so; for he would say, that every steward whatever must be, and could be nothing else, than a most worthy, sensible, honest, discreet gentleman, and one that could do nothing foolish or bad, even if he should try to do so; and therefore he would always be advising John to trust every thing to the steward, who, he said, could manage his affairs for him much better than he could himself. Now Whigham, again, would say, that he never saw a steward that was any better than he should be; and that John was the best judge himself how his matters should be managed; and that he ought to have every thing done according to his own pleasure. But, as may be supposed, Will was always the greatest favourite with the steward, because he pretended most regard for him; and all the time that Ferrara was in the country, and long before, Will had got the entire management of John's house: for the good gentleman himself was so taken up with one quarrel after another, with his neighbours, that he could seldom think of what was going on at home. And indeed Will urged him on to all such things, that he himself might be the less looked after. And at the time Francis went mad, as has been told, Will would

have his master interfere in it, just as if it had been John's business, forsooth, to take charge of all his neighbours who should lose their wits! And, indeed, whatever was done in any part of the country, if a gentleman should have got a new wig, or shot a hare, or got drunk, or whatever it was, Will would always be persuading John to find fault with it, or have a hand in the business one way or other; so that there were always high words between him and his neighbours, and then they would knock one another on the head; and, in the end, draw in all their friends; and, as may be believed, Ferrara would always have a finger in the pie; and then, nothing but fighting and going to law! And John and his brothers would be out upon such fool-errands at all times, and in all weathers; and, in the meantime, Will and his friends would be sitting at home, eating and drinking, and enjoying themselves, and would think they did a good turn if they drank, now and then, "Here's to Mr John's good health, and success to him!" or, "Long life to Mr Andrew!"—and so on. And sometimes, when the three brothers came in, cold and hungry, they could scarcely get a crust of bread, or a seat by the fire. And then, if they made any complaint about it, Will and his friends would say, "For shame!—for any gentleman of spirit to mind such things!"

And, in this way, John was never at rest day nor night, until after Ferrara was taken into custody, as has been told of; and then Will could no longer find any one to quarrel with; for as long as Ferrara lived, nobody needed be at any loss in that way: and all this while, and long after, Will had every thing managed according to his own pleasure; and rare doings there were in the house, as we shall presently hear of. And by this time, what with his own extravagance and that of his friends, and what with money thrown away in idle law-suits and quarrels, he had nearly ruined his master out of house and substance, so that he was like to be taken to jail for debt every moment: and indeed his debt was so great, that nobody thought he would ever be able to pay it; for it was greater than the worth of all that he

had in the world. And, for that matter, how could things be otherwise? For not only did John neglect all his business for those idle quarrels, but all the time that they were going on, any ragged, dirty fellow, that would promise to help him, or fight against Francis and Ferrara, or whoever it might be he was at loggerheads with, why, John would give him clothes to his back, and meat to his belly; and every day he would be entertaining a string of such rag-gamuffins at the public-house! Nay, any one in the neighbourhood that chanced to have a quarrel with Ferrara, would pretend, forsooth, it was all an affair of John's, and would come to him, saying, "A hard matter this, Sir, that we must all be brought into your scrapes, and get ourselves ruined on your account!" "O! my dear Sir, not at all," Will would say, for he always answered for his master; "why, Sir, if ten pounds, or twenty, or thirty, can be of any service to you—or if you should want a coat or a pair of breeches, I'm sure my master can accommodate you:—pray, Sir, stop and dine with us; and any day you please to pop in upon us, just to take pot-luck—always happy to see you, Sir!" and so on he would go. But not content with all this, he gathered such a multitude of idle people about the house, as would have ruined a duke; and all these, he pretended, were wanted for one purpose or another. For whenever Will had any friends to provide for, he would bring them all into the house, wives, and children, and all, and say there was no doing without them. There would be one for brushing John's black-coat, another for his blue, the like for his brown; so many for his waistcoats, and as many more for his breeches. Every pair of boots he had, there were two people to clean them—one for each boot; and these again would have two or three under them, to hold the blacking-pot, brushes, &c. At dinner, there was one to lay the cloth, a second the plates, a third and fourth for the knives and forks, a fifth for the spoons: quite a new set again for every thing else; one draws a cork, the next holds a glass, another pours out the liquor; and, in short, there must be about a dozen people

to give John a glass of wine. And does any one suppose that all these did what they were hired to do? Why, no! one poor fellow would be made do all that, and twenty times more, by himself; and all the rest, in the mean time, would perhaps eat, and drink, and sleep in the house; and all the rest of the day they would be scampering about the country, amusing themselves as they liked best; sometimes doing mischief to their neighbours, as we may suppose. And any fellow that had once been hired to do a job about the house, there was no getting rid of him afterwards; and if he had chanced to die, another must be got in his place, though there should be nothing for him to do. There was one servant hired always as another went away, for the purpose of rocking John in his cradle, as had been done to him when a baby, and this after he was come to man's estate! nay, after he was grown grey-headed, there was one kept in the house for holding his rattle and bells! Many of them, indeed, did not know what they were hired for, nor did they trouble their heads about it, or even offer to do any thing, so they got their wages. But the best of it was, that even those that had something to do, would not do it themselves, but must have servants under them, to do their work. So that, sometimes, if John desired a servant to do so and so, the fellow would stick his arms a-kimbo, and strut away, as who should say, "I'm a gentleman, dem me—and will do no man's dirty work!" So that John, when he had any thing ado, must always go find his servant's servant.

Now, after Ferrara had been chained up, and when people were now getting a little leisure to attend to their business, Master John began to look into his affairs, and sorely grieved was he to find them in such a state, as may well be supposed. But John was not one that would sit sucking his thumbs when things had not gone well with him; so he straightway fell to considering what was to be done, and the first thing that he resolved upon was, that he must take better care of his money in future, and that all those idle knaves that had got about him must

be sent a-packing—man and boy of 'em. Now, we told formerly, that there was one Stephen in the house, that John engaged to keep his purse, and to look over the other servants. But, as Stephen had neglected his duty, and let all the people in the house run riot, John determined that Stephen should be dismissed, and a new one got in his room. Indeed, Will and Stephen, now, were always at hail fellow—well met! and Stephen just did as Will desired him, and never attended to what his master told him. And, among other things that had gone wrong in the house, this was one—that Stephen would only shew his accounts once in seven weeks, instead of once in three, as he ought to have done. Now, John, when he had fully considered all these matters, calls all the people in the house together one day, and begins to make a speech to them as follows:

"My lads," quoth he, "it's well known to you all how I have been unlucky enough, for a long time past, to be engaged in quarrels with my neighbours;—sometimes, to say the truth, when I had no business to interfere—but that's past, and cannot be mended,—and 'so, as you know, I have somewhat neglected my business, and have been rather extravagant in my ways, and have not looked into my household affairs as I ought to have done; and I find, somehow or other, that matters are a little out of order, and that there are many more people living in the house than I have any use for, and some expences can be spared; not to say (mark me, now!) but that I mean to have my steward, and my servants, and to live like a gentleman, as I used to do; but only this I say, my lads, that now that I have a little time to look into my affairs, we must just set about having a little bit of a *reform* in the house"—and so far the people heard John very patiently; but no sooner had the word *reform* come out of his mouth, than behold every one of 'em holds up his hands, and turns up the whites of his eyes, as if he had seen a ghost!—reform! reform! reform! ejaculated one after another—good lack! says one;—mercy on us! says a second;—well-a-day! says a third:

—nothing to be heard but exclamations and interjections, and Will above all the rest. "Alas! alas! for my poor master's brain!" quoth he; "the very way, as I'm a sinner, that neighbour Francis took his complaint!—woes me! woes me! what shall be done?" Now, John (as may well be supposed) was standing all the while aghast, wondering what had come over his household; but at last he could contain himself no longer, and so—"What the deuce is all this about?"—cried he in amazement;—"have the people lost their senses, I pray you?"—but all the answer he got was Will's crying out, as before—"Woes me!—woes me, that I should live to see this day!" "An't please you, my lads," quoth John at last, "will any of you hand me my crab-stick, and I shall see who will play off his jokes upon me!" Now, whenever Will heard this—"O ho!" quoth he, "sits the wind in this quarter?"—then, master of mine, you must be looked after—ho!—call a doctor, there—my master's in a brain fever, and will murder himself and every other body!" Now, Whigham, on the contrary, whenever he could be heard, gave a rap on the table with his hand—"Well said, Mr John," quoth he; "tell them a bit of your mind, brave gentleman!"—for which Will would fain have given him a rap in the teeth. But, however, the Doctor was sent for, whether Whigham would or not; for he had said that there was no use for a doctor. At last comes two of 'em, Doctor Committee and his brother. "So," says one of them, "sorry to find his worship, Mr John, so ill; indeed I told him six months ago he was threatening some disorder, and unluckily I have been in the right, and he must now take—" "Take!" cried Whigham, "with a plague upon you!—ask my master first what's the matter with him." "Ask him, forsooth!" quoth Will—"ask a mad dog what's the matter with him!—No, no, Master Whigham, leave me to talk with the doctor; I know a little about physic myself, I take it." And so saying, away he goes to a corner, where there stood a utensil, over which a piece of green baize had laid: this he takes off, and holds up the

vessel to the Doctor's nose:—"So! so!" quoth the Doctor; "I smell the complaint; the gentleman's afflicted with an inflammatory disorder, which will end in raging fits." "O! say you so?" quoth Will; "then I'm he that knows how to cure him, and I'll do it too;—sha'n't I, Master Stephen?" continued he, for he always pretended great regard for Stephen's opinion. But Stephen, as usual, just said as Will would have him say. "And who can cure him if you can't?" replied Stephen; "and for my part, I advise that he be kept to his chamber, and bled and blistered; for nothing else will do with such dangerous complaints." So, straightway Will, and some of his friends, lay hold on John, and take him away to his chamber, to confine him there. Then they got a country horse-doctor to draw blood of him, and they clapped six blisters on him at once—one of them on each side of his mouth; so the poor gentleman from thenceforth could only be fed through a quill, and was obliged to make signs for all that he wanted; and some people said he was the better of it, and that it would draw off the ill humours from him; and some said it would make him worse. But for my part, I can give no opinion, not having studied physic; and therefore I shall make one observation, and that is, that a blister is no joke!

And Stephen and Will, who always understood one another, determined that John should be kept in his chamber four weeks; and before that was done, they said he must be kept other eight:—and all this time nobody was allowed to see him, or knew what sort of usage he got, but Will, who did any thing he pleased with him. Now, John was a hearty, pleasant gentleman, and much beloved by every one that knew him, as may be supposed, and all his friends would be anxious to hear of him, and they would sometimes send Whigham to inquire about him. And so Whigham would go to the chamber door, and call to those within—"I pray you, Sirs, how doth your worthy master, and when may we expect to see him stirring abroad again?"—Whereupon, Will would come out in a rage—"Go to the devil, Sir!" he would say; "do you

think honest people have nothing else to do, with a sick gentleman in the house, but to be bored with your impudence?—let me tell you, Sir, we'll have no impertinent questions asked here"—and so saying, he would slap the door in his face!

But though they kept John in this way a long while, they never got him turned away from what he had set his mind upon; and after he came abroad again, he would never cease talking about the state his affairs were in. He would always be complaining that his substance was eaten up by a parcel of pert, lazy puppies, that instead of doing him any service, would laugh at him when he spoke to them. And, above all, he was always crying out about Stephen, who, he said, was to blame for it all, because it was his business to overlook the people in the house when his master's back was about; instead of which, he had always been the foremost in every kind of mischief. The puppy, he said, did not mind a word that was said to him; and he was determined he would have one in that place that would attend to his master's orders. And many other things did John complain of, and say he would have altered. Now, Will was that sort of positive, crusty jackanapes, that what had once come into his head there was no beating out of it; and he had, about this time, taken a whim, such as had never before come into any one's brain; for he had put on a resolution, that, in whatever way any thing had been in the house for a dozen years past, in that way it must remain ever after! and this lest, as he thought, one thing might lead to another, and so he himself, in the end, should be sent a-packing; (for indeed he suspected that John wanted as much, and that he wished Whigham put into his place.) If John used to eat mustard to his beef, why he must do so still,—if he did not like pepper formerly, he must not have it now. Nay, a chair or a stool durst scarcely be moved from its place. If a table wanted a leg, why, it had wanted it so long already, and could do so still; or, perhaps, Will would clap a chest under it, or tie a piece of wood with a rope to it, to hold it up; for he would not allow any new article to

be brought into the house, nor an old one to be mended by one that could do so rightly. But yet all this, let it be observed, was only when John or Whigham wanted any thing altered; for when he chose himself, he would turn every thing in the house upside down. One day he would buy ten dozen bottles or glasses—on the morrow after, they would not please him, and he would give them away to some of his friends, or perhaps toss them out at the window. Next week he would do the same with plates, or cups and saucers, or any thing else. If John complained of a hole in a window, or a rusty lock,—oh! the thing had been so for a twelvemonth past, and need not be altered. But if Will should have it strike his own noddle, he would have a whole window struck out here, another closed up there,—a door opened to this, another to the next place,—two rooms made into one, or one made into two. And always, if John or Whigham wanted any thing to be done, that was good reason why it should not be so. But I shall now give an instance of some of Will's ways.

One day, then, John said to Will, "Why, Master Will, I think I may as well have a new coat." "A new coat!" quoth Will; "sure my master's dreaming!—the coat you have on your back has lasted you half-a-dozen years, to my knowledge." "Aye, marry, that it has," replied John, "and that's just the reason why it's turned past service; and it's only t'other day a gentleman offered me sixpence, thinking I was a beggar." "Why, as to that, Sir," quoth Will, "let me tell you, that it's all a mistake to think a new coat better than an old one; and I assure you, Sir, all sensible people now are of opinion that a coat always grows the better for its age; and you would be of the same mind, Sir, if you understood the thing as I do; and indeed I could easily prove it to you by many reasons, if I were so disposed. And, between ourselves, Sir, I have often been offered two new coats for one old one,—but I knew better than that. But let me just see your coat, Sir,—may I lose my cars, now, if ever I saw a stouter cloth or finer colour! no such ar-

icle as that making now-a-days, I assure you, Sir. The secret is lost, —quite lost, to a certainty; nothing better than serge to be seen. No, no, Sir, nothing like an old coat, depend on't. But suppose, now, you were to have a new coat, I'd fain know of what colour you would have it?" "As to that," John would say, "it matters not much, as I take it; let it be what you please." "Nay," Will would say, "it must be of some colour or another, you know, and so e'en give it a name; it's you that want the coat, Sir, and not I." "Well, then, suppose it to be the same as the one I have." "Why," quoth Will, "to my mind, now, one would better have a change." "Be it so, Sir; methinks, then, blue, is a very good colour." "True, but not quite so fashionable as it was." — "Well, a brown." "Does not become you so well as some I have seen you wear." "Nay, then, what do you say to a black?" "Oh! by no means, Sir; you might be taken for a parson, you know, which a gentleman would not like." "Well," quoth John, "just any colour you think best." "So!" quoth Will, "a mighty good joke this,—ha! ha! to talk of having a new coat, and not to know what colour! you see, my worthy master, what a foolish project this is altogether, when one considers it properly." "Why," John would say, somewhat nettled, "I can't see Master Will, why I mayn't have a new coat, after all; and a new coat I'll have, Sir." "Nay, but," Will would say, "I'd rather advise that he one you have should be mended." "And much need has it," replied John; "and there's half a dozen such holes, that each of them would eat a cat go through it." "Holes!" quoth Will; "is it that you mean? why, a good deal may be said upon that point too, if I were at leisure to explain it to you; and it has often appeared to me, Sir, when I have been studying the matter, that there's more benefit in having a few holes in one's coat, than one would be aware of at first sight; and one should not be too rash in closing 'em up; nobody can tell what may fall out from such things as these. We know how we are—we don't know how we may be—as my grandmother used to say:"

and thus he would go on, with one argument after another. He would ask his master where he would get cloth to mend his coat of a colour that would match it?—then he would ask him what tailor he would employ, and would name first one, then another, and find some fault with each. Afterwards, he observed, that there was no letting a coat into a tailor's hands, but he would be altering it this and t'other way, that one could never wear it again with comfort. Then he told him a story of a friend of his that had sent a coat to be repaired; and he got it returned to him in such a shape, that first he thought it was a pair of breeches, and then that it was one of his wife's petticoats, and then I know not what;—and last of all, that he had been obliged to throw it into the fire,—and many more things. "Well," said John, "it's like all this may be very true; and so I think it will be best for me to have a new coat at once, as I first proposed." "A new coat!" cried Will again; "sure you must have forgot, Sir, how I satisfied you that that was impossible. Alas! alas! my worthy master John, what a changed man are you become of late—you that were the best-humoured gentleman in the country; and always pleased and contented!—and now! every thing about you is wrong, and must be altered:—and all owing to that evil-disposed, gibbet-faced rascal, Whigham, and be hanged to him. Why, Sir, only think for a little,—if you are to have a new coat to-day, what shall we be hearing of to-morrow?—a new waistcoat, no doubt!—then, a new pair of breeches—new boots—new chairs and tables—new doors and windows,—then, I warrant ye, new men-servants and maid-servants;—then you will go mad, as your neighbour Francis did, and make a fool of yourself, and become the common talk of the neighbourhood, as he was:—and, in the end, it's ten to one but you'll have the house pulled down, and then go hang yourself, or blow your brains out with a pistol!" "What the devil!" roared out John, in a rage, "did nobody ever hear of a gentleman's getting a new coat but that it must end in his going to hang himself?" Now, at any time that

Will had happened to be arguing with his master in this way, and could not get the honest gentleman put off with his shams as he wished, he would just say, "Well, what signifies talking? I'll have it as I say, and there's an end of it. Sha'n't it be so, Stephen?" he would call out, for he always pretended to go by Stephen's advice. "Aye, marry," Stephen would reply, "and let me see who will say any thing against it." And there the matter must needs rest.

And sometimes when Will, after any of his strange doings, wished to have his master bamboozled, he would cause some of his friends write a letter to the steward, which would be as follows:

"HONOURED SIR,

"This serves to inform you, that you are the very best steward that ever was, or now is, or ever will be;—and, next to yourself, the most clever, and the most honest, and the most worthy fellow in the whole wide world, is your friend and servant, Master Will; and whoever says any thing to the contrary, is a d—d impertinent, senseless puppy, and deserves to be kicked."

And this Will would paste up upon a door, and make his master read it, and would say, "You see, Sir, how lucky you are in those that are about you, if you would only think so."

And many tricks of this kind did Will play off in the house, more than I could remember; and I shall now tell how he did, when his master complained about the rabble of useless servants that had got about the house. One day, then, that John was talking about this, as he often did, and desiring that a parcel of 'em might be dismissed, "Why, Sir," quoth Will, it shall be done as you say, and that immediately; and I shall clean the house of 'em in an instant." Away he goes to the kitchen, where there were more than a score of fat lubberly fellows—some eating, some drinking, some smoking, some playing cards, some sleeping, and many of them lolling about, not knowing how to pass the time: but does Will mind any of them? Why, no. "Good morrow

to you, gentlemen," quoth he; "pray don't let me disturb you:" then looking about him, he sees, busy about something or other, a little urchin who used to turn the spit, or do any sort of dirty work, and perhaps get the bones to pick for his pains. So, seizing him by the shoulders, "Go about your business, for a lazy-gluttonous, good-for-nothing dog!" quoth Will; "just eaten up with such vermin! It's like you think my master's made of money, forsooth! Out of the house with you, sirrah, and don't let me see your face again!" Whereupon he thrust the poor imp out of doors. Then coming to his master,— "There, Sir," he would say; "we shall have no spare hands now, I warrant ye,—emptied the house of 'em for once: let me alone for that, Sir!"

But that which vexed John worst of all, was the way that Will treated his brother Patrick. Patrick, as we have heard, had no more wits than he had occasion for; and the people of the house took advantage of the poor gentleman's want of thought and easy temper, and gave him but spare diet and ill-usage, which made him fly to his bottle for comfort, to which, indeed, he was rather addicted: and, behold! does not Patrick fall into a brain fever; and then he raved, and roared, and danced, and swore, and tore his clothes, and broke the windows, and many more such mad pranks: indeed he oftener than once tried to set the house on fire, and was like to murder every one that went near him. Now, every body knew, that nothing but kind usage, and wholesome diet, would settle his brain again; but what does Will do? just gives him nothing to eat but potatoes, and little of that: then he gets him half-a-dozen tall, raw-boned fellows, with each a bludgeon in his hand, and gives Patrick in charge to them. "Now," says he, "my lads, if Mr Patrick be troublesome, we shall know whose fault it is, and so let's have no more plague with him!" And poor Patrick was grievously used, as we may suppose; and often did he say, that he never went to bed at night, but he expected to awake dead in the morning.

(To be continued.)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr William Belsham will shortly publish the ninth and tenth volumes of the *Memoirs of George the Third*, continued from the Peace of Amiens to the conclusion of the Regency.

In a few weeks will be published, an *Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy of the Human Body*, particularly designed for the use of painters, sculptors, and artists in general; translated from the German of J. H. Lavater, and illustrated by twenty-seven lithographic plates.

In a few days will appear, a *Series of Dialogues between an Oxford Tutor and a Disciple of the new Common-Sense Philosophy*; in which the mechanical principles of matter and motion will be accurately contrasted with the theories of occult powers which are at present cherished by the universities and royal associations throughout Europe.

Sir Andrew Halliday has nearly ready for the press, the *Lives of the Dukes of Bavaria, Saxony, and Brunswick*, ancestors of the kings of Great Britain of the Guelphic dynasty, with portraits of the most illustrious of these princes, from drawings made from ancient statues and paintings by the old masters, expressly for this work.

Mr Wirgman is preparing for the press, a faithful translation, from the original German, of Kant's celebrated work, entitled "*the Critic of Pure Reason*."

Batavian Anthology, or Specimens of the Dutch Poets, with remarks on the poetical literature and language of the Netherlands, by John Bowring and Harry S. Van Dyke, Esqrs. will speedily be published.

Dr Conquest is preparing a work for the press, which will contain a reference to every publication on Midwifery, and a register of the innumerable essays and cases which are scattered through periodical pamphlets and the transactions of various societies, or casually referred to in works not exclusively obstetric. It will form a second volume to the third edition of his "*Outlines*," and will be speedily followed by a similar publication on the *Diseases of Women and Children*.

The first number of a *Zoological Journal*, to be continued quarterly, and edited by T. Bell, Esq. F.L.S., J. G. Children, Esq. F.R. and L.S., J. de Carle Sowerby, Esq. F.L.S., and G. B. Sowerby, F.L.S., will appear on the 1st of January next.

Mr Blaquier has in the press, a volume on the *Origin and Progress of the*
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Greek Revolution, together with some account of the manners and customs of Greece, anecdotes of the military chiefs, &c.; being the result of materials collected during his recent visit to the Morea and Ionian Islands.

Letters between Amelia and her Mother, from the pen of the late William Combe, Esq. the author of "*the Tours of Dr Syntax*," will speedily appear, in a pocket volume.

Mr Gamble is about to publish, *Charlton, or Scenes in the North of Ireland*.

A new division of the "*World in Miniature*," containing the Netherlands, will be published on the 1st of December, in one volume, with eighteen coloured Engravings.

Miss Jane Harvey will shortly publish *Montalith, a Cumberland tale*.

The Albigenae, a romance, by the Rev. C. R. Maturin, will be published in November.

A new poem, entitled, a *Midsummer Day's Dream*, will speedily appear, from the pen of Mr Atherstone.

A new monthly *Asiatic Journal* will be commenced on the 1st of January, entitled, the *Oriental Herald and Colonial Advocate*; it will be conducted by Mr J. S. Buckingham, late editor of the "*Calcutta Journal*."

Admiral Ekins has in the press a work on naval tactics, entitled, *Naval Battles from 1744 to the Peace in 1814*, critically revised and illustrated.

Dr Henderson's *History of Ancient and Modern Wines*, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr Dick is preparing an *Essay on the general Diffusion of Knowledge by Education and Associations*.

Mr Samuel Plumbe has in the press, a *Systematic Treatise on the Diseases of the Skin*, with coloured plates.

In a few days will be published, a new edition of the late Dr Vicesimus Knox's "*Christian Philosophy*."

A new work, entitled, *Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths*, illustrated in a series of narratives and essays, is in the press.

Speedily will be published, a *Summary of the present Political and Commercial Institutions and Proceedings of the Republics of Mexico, Columbia, Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres*, including a brief Biography of some of their most distinguished Characters, by J. Henderson.

Mr Riddle, Master of the Mathematical School, Royal Naval Asylum, is

preparing a Treatise on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, adapted to practice, and to the purposes of elementary instructions.

Dr Prout is preparing a volume of Observations on the Functions of the Digestive Organs, especially those of the stomach and liver.

Early in November will be published, the "Forget me not" for 1824, containing twelve highly-finished Engravings, and a great variety of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, by J. G. Smith, M.D. is nearly ready for publication. This edition will contain much new matter, and various improvements.

A translation from the German of Morning Communings with God for every Day in the Year, by Sturm, author of the "Reflections," is in the press.

Mr Haden has in the press, a translation of Magendie's Formulary for the Preparation and Mode of Employing several new Remedies.

Speedily will be published, a Practical German Grammar, being a new and easy method for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the German language, for the use of schools and private students, by J. Rowbotham, master of the Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academy, at Walworth.

In November will be published, a General Catalogue of School Books in every Branch and Department of Education, embracing English, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and other classical and scientific works.

Mr Jefferys Taylor is printing the Young Historians, being a new chronicle of the affairs of England, by Lewis and Paul.

Mr Purglove, sen. has nearly ready for publication, a Guide to Practical Farriery, containing hints on the diseases of horses and neat cattle, with many valuable and original recipes, from the practice of an eminent veterinary surgeon.

A new Easy and Concise System of Short-hand, founded upon the most philosophical principles, and suited to any language, compiled from the manuscript of the late W. Blair, Esq. is in the press.

In the press, a volume of Philosophical Essays, by R. Walker, selected from the originals published in the philosophical journals; containing, among other discoveries and improvements, new outlines of chemical philosophy, founded on original experiments; to which are add-

ed, several essays not before printed, including an essay on the transmutation of light into bodies, an essay on the generation of solar light, and a new method of determining the longitude at sea, illustrated with copper-plates.

EDINBURGH.

SAINT ROMAN'S WELL, by the Author of "Waverley" and "Quentin Durward," is nearly ready for publication, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

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We understand that an elegant and cheap little work, to be continued weekly, will speedily appear, entitled "The Cabinet, or the Collected Beauties of British Literature," which it is expected will create a deep and general interest. As the title implies, it is wholly a compilation of extracts from works of merit; and, considering the rapidity with which one book is pushed out of notice by another, newer, if not better, such a compilation, if executed with taste and ability, cannot fail to become popular.

The Phrenological Journal. No. I. (To be continued Quarterly.)

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Flora Edinensis; or, a Description of the Plants Growing within ten miles of Edinburgh. In one volume 8vo.

To be published in December, in one volume post 8vo., the Pic-Nic; or Recreations in Literature.

The Miscellaneous works of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, including some Original Documents not hitherto published.

*. The present Publication will include the whole of Bishop Burnet's printed Works, exclusive of the History of the Reformation, and his Own Times, and may extend to fourteen volumes 8vo. For the convenience of Purchasers, the Work will appear in two series:—the 1st will contain the Life, with his Miscellaneous Historical and Political Writings; the 2d his Theological and Polemical. Each series will extend to seven volumes.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

SPAIN.—In our last Number, we announced the termination of the war undertaken by France against the liberties of Spain, in the surrender of Cadiz, and the restoration of Ferdinand to his sovereign rule. The following brief recapitulation of the events of the campaign is copied from a Paris paper, the *Etoile* :—

"On the 2d of April, before entering Spain, the Duke of Angoulême addressed a proclamation to the Spaniards, and expressed himself thus :—

[Here follows an extract from the proclamation, in which the Duke stated, that he came to deliver the King, to restore the Altar and the Throne, to rescue the priests from proscriptions, &c. and that he came, neither to impose laws on the Spaniards, nor to occupy the country.]

"Next day, the 3d, in an order of the day addressed by the Prince to his soldiers, it is stated—'It is not the spirit of conquest which induces us to take up arms. A more generous motive animates us. We are going to replace a King on his throne, to reconcile his people

to him, and to re-establish, in a country a prey to anarchy, that order which is necessary to the happiness and the safety of both states.' His Royal Highness closed the address, by recommending the most exact discipline, which has every where been religiously observed. Such was the commencement of a war destined to place, in so conspicuous a point of view, French generosity and glory.

"On the 6th of April the army was put in motion. The Bidassoa was passed on the 7th, and his Royal Highness was received at Irun with cries of 'Live the King!'—'Live the Duke of Angoulême!' cries which were the presage of the sentiments with which the French were welcomed throughout all Spain, and the pledge of the success which on all points has accompanied our arms.

"On the 17th, the white flag waved on Vittoria; on the 22d, on Burgos; on the 25th, on Saragossa.

"On the 24th of May, the Prince Generalissimo was received as a deliverer in the capital of Spain. A new proclamation repeated there the motives and the promises stated in that of the 2d of April.

"In anticipation of hostilities, the King of Spain, the prisoner of the Cortes, was removed with the Royal Family to Seville.

"The revolution not being terminated at Madrid, the army of the centre continued its march.

"On the 12th of June, the Cortes, considering themselves no longer safe in Seville, decreed the departure of the King, in spite of his refusal, declared his dethronement until his arrival in Cadiz, and exercised the most odious violence towards him.

"Cadiz, at the southern extremity of Spain, reputed impregnable, could not be so regarded by our soldiers. The Prince Generalissimo was there, and directed them.

Seville received our troops with acclamation. Grenada fell on the 25th of July. Cadiz was invested by land and sea.

"Meanwhile, other armies were besieging the small number of places which still held out, or pursuing the enemy wherever resistance might be made.

"Catalonia, Arragon, the kingdoms of Valencia, of Leon, and of Galicia, have been the theatre of some of the most brilliant feats of arms. Corunna, at the western extremity of Spain, on the coast of the ocean, surrendered on the 21st of August. Several Spanish Chiefs successively made their submission. Cadiz still remained, and to it all eyes were turned.

"The fort of the Trocadero, which protected Cadiz on the land side, was carried on the 31st of August, amidst cries of 'Long live the King!' and by prodigies of valour. Santi Petri, one of the bulwarks of the Isle of Leon, was taken on the 20th of September by the fleet. Three days previously, Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre, fell; and on the 27th, St. Sebastian and Figueras yielded to the courage and the ardour of our troops.

"The 1st of October crowned these high deeds. The King of Spain, at liberty, repaired with the Royal Family to the head-quarters of the Duke of Angouleme, and on the 3d Cadiz surrendered. Thus were glorious events precipitated. Thus, in less than six months, all Spain had submitted, and its King was delivered."

On the day previous to Ferdinand's liberation he issued the following address to the Spanish nation:

"It being the first care of a King to promote the happiness of his subjects, and this being incompatible with the uncertainty which at present hangs on the future destiny of the nation, and of the individuals comprising it, I hasten to calm the anxieties and inquietude arising from an apprehension that despotism will

be established, or that it will be governed by faction. Identified with the nation, I have with her run every hazard of the war to the last, but the imperative law of necessity compels a termination to it. Under the difficulty arising from these circumstances, my powerful voice alone can chase from the kingdom vengeance and persecution."

The preamble goes on to state Ferdinand's anxiety to dissipate the horrors which threatened Cadiz, and to put an end to the disasters of war, with which view he had resolved to quit the city on the succeeding day, previously making known his statements in the following manifestation:—

"1. I declare, from my own free and spontaneous will and promise, under the faith and security of my royal word, that, if it should be found necessary to make any alteration in the existing political institutions of the monarchy, I will establish a Government which will cause the complete felicity of the nation, guaranteeing the security of the persons, property, and civil liberty of the Spanish people.

"2. In like manner, I promise, of my own free and spontaneous will, and have resolved to carry into effect, a general act of oblivion, complete and absolute, for all that is past, without any exception, in order that by so doing, tranquillity, confidence, and union, so necessary to the common good, may be established among the Spanish people, and which my paternal heart so earnestly yearns after.

"3. In like manner, I promise, that whatever change may be made, the public debts and obligations contracted by the nation, and by my Government, under the present system, shall be acknowledged.

"4. I also promise and assure, that all the General chiefs, officers, sergeants, and corporals, of the army and navy, who have hitherto attached themselves to the existing system of Government, in whatever part of the Peninsula, shall preserve their grades, employments, salaries, and honours; and in like manner of all other, military functionaries shall preserve theirs, and also those civilians and ecclesiastics, who have followed the Government and the Cortes, who depend on the existing system; and those who, by reason of the reductions which may be made, cannot preserve their employments, shall enjoy, at the least, one-half of their salaries which they now have.

"5. I declare and assure equally, that as well the Militia Volunteers of Madrid, of Seville, and of other places, who

may now be in this island, as also whatever other Spaniards may have taken refuge in it, who are not, by reason of their employments, obliged to remain, may, from this moment, freely return to their homes, or transfer themselves to any part of the kingdom they may think proper, under the fullest security of not being molested at any time on account of their anterior political conduct or opinions; and the militia who may be in need of it, will obtain for their journey the same assistance as the individuals composing the Government army. Spaniards of that class, and strangers who may wish to quit the kingdom, may do so with equal liberty, and will obtain the necessary passports for the country where it may suit them to go.

"Cadiz, Sept. 30, 1823.

"FERNANDO."

Immediately on his arrival at the headquarters of the Duke D'Angouleme, all these gracious promises were forgotten, and the mild tone of Ferdinand was changed into threats of vengeance on all who had been concerned in the Constitutional Government. His French friends were struck with astonishment, and the Constitutionals of Spain with consternation, by the appearance of the following sweeping decree:—

"The scandalous excesses which preceded, accompanied, and followed the establishment of the democratical constitution of Cadiz, in the month of March 1820, have been made public, and known to all my subjects. The most criminal treason, the most disgraceful baseness, the most horrible offences against my royal person—these, coupled with violence, were the means employed to change essentially the paternal government of my kingdom into a democratical code, the fertile source of disasters and misfortunes. My subjects, accustomed to live under wise and moderate laws, and such as were conformable to their manners and customs, and which, during so many ages, constituted the welfare of their ancestors, soon gave public and universal proofs of their disapprobation and contempt of the new constitutional system. All classes of the state experienced the mischiefs caused by the new institutions. Tyrannically governed, by virtue, and in the name of the Constitution, secretly watched in all their private concerns, it was not possible to restore order or justice; and they could not obey laws established by perfidy and treason, sustained by violence, and the source of the most dreadful disorders, of the most desolating anarchy, and of uni-

versal enmity. The general voice was heard from all sides against the tyrannical constitution; it called for the cessation of a code, null in its origin, illegal in its formation, and unjust in its principle; it called for the maintenance of the sacred religion of their ancestors, for the re-establishment of our fundamental laws, and for the preservation of my legitimate rights—rights which I have received from my ancestors, and which my subjects have solemnly sworn to defend. This general cry of the nation was not raised in vain. In all the provinces, armed corps were formed, which leagued themselves against the soldiers of the constitution; sometimes they were conquerors; sometimes they were conquered; but they always remained firm to the cause of religion and of the monarchy. Their enthusiasm, in the defence of objects so sacred, never deserted them under the reverses of war; and preferring death to the sacrifice of those great benefits, my subjects convinced Europe, by their fidelity and their constancy, that although Spain nourished in her bosom some unnatural children, the sons of rebellion, the nation in general was religious, monarchical, and passionately devoted to its legitimate sovereign. The whole of Europe, well aware of my captivity, and of that of all the royal family—of the deplorable situation of my loyal and faithful subjects, and of the pernicious doctrines which Spanish agents were disseminating on all sides—resolved to put an end to a state of things which constituted a common reproach, and which menaced with destruction all thrones and all ancient institutions, in order to substitute impiety and profligacy. France, intrusted with so sacred an enterprise, has triumphed, in a few months, over the efforts of all the rebels of the world, collected, for the misery of Spain, upon her classic soil of fidelity and loyalty. My august and well-beloved cousin, the Duke d'Angouleme, at the head of a valiant army, a conqueror throughout all my territories, has rescued me from the slavery in which I pined, and restored me to my constant and faithful subjects. Replaced upon the throne of St. Ferdinand, by the just and wise hand of Providence, as well as by the generous efforts of my noble allies, and the valiant enterprise of my cousin, the Duke d'Angouleme, and his brave army—desirous of applying a remedy to the most pressing necessities of my people, and of manifesting to all my real will in this, the first moment of my recovered liberty, I have authorised the following decree:—

"Art. 1. All the acts of the govern-

ment called Constitutional, (of whatever kind and description they may be,) a system which oppressed my people from the 7th of March 1820, until the 1st of October 1823, are declared null and void, declaring, as I now declare, that, during the whole of that period, I have been deprived of my liberty, obliged to sanction laws, and authorize orders, decrees, and regulations, which the said Government framed and executed against my will.

'Art. 2. I approve of every thing which has been decreed and ordered by the Provisional Junta of Government, and by the Regency; the one created at Oyarzun, April 9, the other, May 26, in the present year, waiting, meanwhile, until, sufficiently informed as to the wants of my people, I may be able to bestow those laws, and adopt those measures, which shall be best calculated to secure their real prosperity and welfare—the constant object of all my wishes. You may communicate this decree to all the ministers.

(Signed by the royal hand.)

'Port St Mary, Oct. 1.

'D. VICTOR SAEZ.'"

This was followed by two other decrees, in the first of which, "His Majesty ordains, that, on his journey to the capital, no individual, who, during the existence of the system styled *Constitutionnel*, has been a Deputy to the Cortes in the two last legislative sittings, shall present himself, or be within five leagues of the route to Madrid.

"This prohibition is also applicable to the Ministers, Councillors of State, the Members of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, the Commandants-General, Political Chiefs, the persons employed in the several departments of the Secretaries of State, and the Chiefs and Officers of the *ci-devant* national volunteer militia, to whom his Majesty interdicts for ever (*para siempre*) entrance to the capital and the Royal residence, or approach thereto within a circumference of fifteen leagues."

The next decree denounced all pernicious books, and issued a commission to inquire what books were fit for Spaniards to read.

To avert the consequence of this violent conduct, it appears the French Government interfered, and at length succeeded in compelling Ferdinand to modify these obnoxious decrees; and the consternation which they spread among the holders of Spanish bonds, both in Britain and in France, is beginning to subside, it being now expected that the

pecuniary claims of those individuals who advanced their money to the Spanish Government as it existed in 1821, will be protected.

The members of the Constitutional Government, and the Deputies of the Cortes, resident in Cadiz at the time of its surrender, lost no time in making their escape, in which they were aided by the French officers; and the only individuals upon whom the vengeance of Ferdinand is likely immediately to light, is General Riego, against whom an indictment has been drawn up, full of Spanish rhodomontade. As an example of this, it states, with pompous gravity, after specifying many alleged acts of cruelty committed by Riego, that it would take "whole days" merely to enumerate all the crimes of which he had been guilty.

The Spanish Generals, several of whom, after seeing the Port St. Mary decrees, demurred, have now, with the exception of the Empecinado, all given in their allegiance. The famous Mina has ratified the capitulation of Barcelona, and the other fortresses in Catalonia were expected to open the gates on the 5th or 6th instant. Thus, in the meantime, it appears that the whole country has submitted to the new government, and its tranquillity will probably depend on the measures pursued by Ferdinand.

The French are fortifying Cadiz, with a view, it seems, of keeping possession of it, at least for some time.

ITALY.—*The new Pope.*—The Cardinal Della Genga (Annibal), who was elected Pope on the 27th September, is an Italian. He was born on the 2d of August 1760, at the Castle de la Genga, situated between the Duchy of Urbino, and the March of Ancona. He was Nuncio during fourteen years in the Electorates of the Rhine. At the period of the persecutions exercised by Bonaparte, against the Head of the Church, he was obliged to quit Rome, with the other Prelates and Cardinals, born out of the States, which remained to the Sovereign Pontiff. At the epoch of the Restoration, he was sent by the late Pope, Pius VII., to congratulate Louis XVIII. on his return, and he was afflicted at Paris with a long illness. In 1816 he was re-invested with the Roman purple. At the moment of his nomination, he was Cardinal Vicar, that is, Administrator, as regards spiritual affairs, of the Diocese of Rome.—*Paris Paper.*

GENEVA.—An article from Frankfort, dated Oct. 14, says—"The Great Council of Geneva, by a majority of two-thirds of the votes, has just passed a law suspending the Liberty of the Press for the space of

one year. All publications, whatever be the subject of which they treat, are to undergo a censorship."

GREECE.—Accounts from Smyrna, of the 5th of September, state some particulars of the schism among the Greeks. The Government having appointed Prince Maurocordato to the situation of vice-president, in place of Colocotroni, the latter, on hearing the intelligence, wrote a threatening letter to the Senate, calling upon them to revoke the appointment. Maurocordato, fearing that his life might be endangered, fled in disguise to Hydra. Colocotroni, not content with holding out threats from a distance, appeared before the Senate in a state of violent irritation. The Senate, in place of being intimidated, caused him to be seized, and thrown into a dungeon. An account of the riches he acquired from the enemy at Tripolizza and Napoli de Romania was demanded of him. The Hydriotes, Spetsiotes, and Ipsariotes, have left Hydra with a fleet of seventy-five sail, in pursuit of the Captain Pacha. The Ipsariotes landed at Samos, and destroyed the vineyards. The Samiots took arms, and forced them to retire.

Other accounts from Greece confirm the rumoured defeat of the Pacha of Scutari, on whom the Porte chiefly relied for success in the present campaign. It took place at Agrapha, on the 20th of August, but the brave Boszaris fell in the moment of victory. "They carried at his funeral," says an article from Augsburg, "the heads of seventeen Beys, or Agas, whom he killed with his own hand before he received the mortal wound." The Turks lost 5000 in killed, all their artillery and baggage, and thirty-seven standards.

AFRICA.

Travels in the Interior.—Intelligence has lately been received from Tripoli, that Dr Oudenoy, Major Denham, and Lieutenant Clapperton, who left London in 1821, arrived at Bournou in February last, and were well received by the Sultan. Dr Oudenoy is to remain there as British Vice-Consul, and the other two gentlemen are to pursue their inquiries as to the course of the Niger. From authorities given by Brown and Dr Seetzen, the position of Bournou is pretty well ascertained. It is described as a large city, on a wide river, and lies about one thousand miles direct distance from Tripoli, (whence the travellers started,) nearly as far from Cairo, and about four hundred miles from the Niger, as laid down in our maps. More than two-thirds of the journey is therefore already performed, and the protection of the Sultan of Bournou will pro-

bably render the accomplishment of what remains a matter of little difficulty.

AMERICA.

The Atlantic and Pacific.—The New York Commercial Advertiser states, that "the old proposition of uniting the waters of the two great oceans which wash the Isthmus of Darien has been revived. A proposal has lately been made to the Columbian Government to effect this, by a canal from the river Atrato, which flows into the Atlantic, with the San Juan, which empties itself into the Pacific. The canal need be but short, as the channel of both these rivers may be deepened for a considerable distance up the streams. The projector is a foreigner; he calculates the expense at 200,000 dollars, and will do the whole on condition of receiving the exclusive right of navigating the canal when finished. The President of the Columbian Government, it is said, mediates a visit to the spot."

Accounts have been received from Demerara to the 17th September, at which date tranquillity continued, but martial law was still in force. A very bad spirit still prevailed amongst the negroes on the east coast, and on the 10th a party of armed negroes endeavoured to surprise a military picket at Natoolis, but were discovered, and compelled to desist. By orders daily issuing by the Governor, the severity of martial law was in some measure relaxed, and communication was again permitted in some places. The managers of different estates, except such as were required as witnesses upon the trials, were permitted to return to the estates. The trial of Smith, the missionary from the London Society, had not taken place. Twenty-five negroes in all, ring-leaders, says a letter of the 14th, have suffered death; above sixty more were condemned, but have been pardoned and restored to their respective estates.

Columbian Gazettes to the 17th of August contain treaties of alliance, friendship, and confederation, between the Republic of Colombia and the States of Chili and Peru respectively. These treaties stipulate, not only for mutual assistance, in the event of attack from any foreign power, but also that the parties shall not consent to any demand, in the shape of indemnity or acknowledgment, which Spain, or any other nation in her name, or representing her, may claim as an equivalent for the loss of her sovereignty. They further contain a clause, expressly providing, that the other relevant Spanish States of America shall be invited to accede to such confederation.

By letters from Maranhão, dated the

20th of August, it appears Lord Cochrane arrived at that port on the 26th of July, from his pursuit of the Portuguese squadron, and that on the 29th the Imperial flag was hoisted, and a complete change in the Government effected. Lord Cochrane seized in the harbour of Maranhham sixteen Portuguese vessels, and also detained several English vessels, which were suspected of having Portuguese property on board. Some arrange-

ment was likely to be entered into with the owners of the property. After the subversion of the Portuguese authorities in Maranhham, a vessel was dispatched to Para, where a convocation took place of the authorities, and on the 11th the Emperor was proclaimed with the usual solemnities. Para and Maranhham were the last provinces that adhered to Portugal, and the whole of Brazil, therefore, has now renounced the mother country.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER.

JUSTICIARY CIRCUIT COURTS.—*Perth, September 6.*—Lord Meadowbank, Judge.—Walter Graham and James Cameron were tried for uttering forged notes. After ten minutes' deliberation, the Jury found Graham Guilty, and the charges against Cameron Not Proven. His Lordship immediately proceeded to pass sentence; and having delivered a suitable lecture to the unhappy culprit, he ordered him to be hanged at Perth on Friday the 17th of October, betwixt the hours of two and four o'clock. Graham was immediately removed from the bar; but as he was retiring, he addressed the Judge in the following words: "My Lord, I hope you will give as favourable a report of my case to his Majesty as you can, on account of my wife and family, and an aged parent. I am much obliged to you for your kind attention to my case. The verdict that has been pronounced against me is just, according to the evidence; but some of the witnesses know themselves how they have sworn." [Graham's sentence has been since commuted to transportation for life.]

The Court, on the 7th, proceeded to the trial of Alexander Aitkin, surgeon in Forfar, accused of causing or procuring abortion. He pleaded Not Guilty. From the delicate nature of the case, the trial proceeded with closed doors, and no one was allowed to be present but the professional gentlemen engaged. It appears, however, that in the month of March, Susan Davidson, then a servant to Mr Huil, surgeon in Forfar, and who had become pregnant, applied to Aitkin for advice and assistance, for the purpose of procuring abortion. She had previously applied to Dr Smith, who, though he gave her some laxative powders, refused to countenance the wicked design when she hinted at to him. Aitkin, however, was not so scrupulous; for he stipulated to comply with her wishes, in consideration of the sum of twenty-five shillings to be

paid to him. The crime was proved by the unfortunate woman, and her testimony was substantiated by some medical men. The Jury, after deliberating upwards of an hour, found the prisoner Guilty; and, after a sharp reproof from the Judge, he was sentenced to be transported beyond seas for fourteen years. Aitkin heard his doom with apparent indifference.

James Anderson, lately vintner in St. Andrew's, was placed at the bar, charged with having perjured himself. He pleaded Not Guilty; but an objection to the relevancy of the criminal letters having been repelled, he admitted that he was guilty of two of the charges. A verdict of Guilty having been recorded, his Lordship adverted to the nature of the case, and said that he would not pass sentence till he had reported the trial to the High Court of Justiciary.

The other cases before the Court were for minor offences, and uninteresting.

Inverness, Sept. 10.—Before Lord Gillies.—Angus Morrison, Robert James, and James Stewart, for theft, were sentenced each to fourteen years transportation; and John Reddison, for assault, with intent to commit a rape, to six months imprisonment.

William McGillivray, from Elgin, was indicted for several acts of forgery, particularly for having, in course of this year, purchased, or pretended to purchase, the Cramond iron-works, from Messrs W. Cadell, Sons, and Co., of Edinburgh, for the price of £8073 Sterling, and forged the name of his Grace the Duke of Gordon to a letter of guarantee for £3000 of that sum; it having been stipulated, that before getting possession of the works, he should make a partial payment to that extent; and for having forged the name of James Brodie of Brodie to a draft of £220, and transmitted the same to Mr A. Burn, W. S. with a view of obtaining a sum of money from him. The indict-

ment having been read, Mr Grant of Rothiemurchus stated, that there were several parts of the pannel's conduct, besides the acts now charged against him, which afforded a strong presumption that he was not of a sound mind; and adduced Dr Hugh Fraser, of Inverness, who swore as his opinion, that M'Gillivray was unfit to plead to the indictment. The Court therefore ordered the prisoner to be transmitted to Elgin, and the Court remitted to two medical gentlemen there to examine him, and report on the state of his mind to the High Court of Justiciary in November.

Thomas M'Pherson, accused of murder, was outlawed for not appearing. [He has since been apprehended, and lodged in Elgin jail.]

Aberdeen, Sept. 19.—Before Lord Gillies.—William Duncan, residing in Park-Street, Aberdeen, was charged with the crime of murder. The unfortunate deceased in this case was the pannel's mother. It appeared from the evidence, that during the day on which the fatal transaction happened, both the pannel and the deceased had been very much intoxicated. About ten P. M. the pannel and the deceased came into the house; some words passed between them, and it would appear the mother had fallen down the stairs, whereby a dreadful wound was inflicted in the back of the head, from the consequences of which the deceased died. There was no evidence to shew that the prisoner had been guilty of any act of violence against the deceased, although he had used very opprobrious language towards her. After the examination of three witnesses, who were in the house upon the occasion, and of two medical gentlemen, Drs Dyce and Blaikie, who inspected the body of the deceased, the Advocate-Depute gave up the case, in consequence of which the Jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty, and the pannel was dismissed from the bar.

No other trial of any interest came before the Court, although several convictions took place for theft, housebreaking, &c. Two individuals were sentenced to transportation for life, and two for seven years. One accused of assault and rape was outlawed for not appearing, and two women were sentenced to imprisonment for concealment of pregnancy.

Ayr, Sept. 6.—Before Lord Succoth.—The first case was that of Alex. Smith, who was accused of killing Jas. Hamilton while fighting; he pleaded Not Guilty. It appeared from the evidence, that the deceased was very quarrelsome, and that he got his death from falls. The Advocate-Depute deserted the case, and he was

found Not Guilty. James Anderson, David Glen, Margaret Frew, and Margaret Anderson, were charged with murdering John M'Lure, as he was returning to Ayr from Ochiltree sacrament, but owing to some error in the indictment, the diet was deserted, and they were committed on a new warrant. James Young, weaver, Kilwinning, was found guilty of assaulting, with attempt to ravish, Mary Muir, and sentenced to six months imprisonment.

Dumfries, Sept. 11.—Before Lord Pitmilley.—John M'Gorie pleaded Guilty to a charge of theft, and was sentenced to six months imprisonment. George Scott, mariner on board the *Christiana* of Carlisle, accused of murdering Arthur Richards Johnstone, by stabbing him in the abdomen with a knife, at Annan, on the 10th June last, was outlawed for not appearing. John Douglas, accused of forgery, was dismissed from the bar, on a verdict of Not Proven. On Friday, Geo. Armstrong, ropemaker, was put to the bar, accused of assaulting John Hogg, carter in Dumfries; but the Advocate-Depute stated, that, in consequence of some circumstances which had come to his knowledge since he arrived in Dumfries, he believed he should not be able to identify the prisoner, and should therefore move that the diet be deserted. This was accordingly done, and the pannel dismissed, with a suitable admonition.

Jedburgh, Sept. 11.—Before Lord Pitmilley.—Robert Scott was indicted for the wilful murder of James Alcheson, cooper in Greenlaw, and Robert Simm, horse-dealer there, upon the road leading from Earlstoun towards Greenlaw, when returning from Earlstoun fair, in the evening of the 30th of June last. This atrocious case had made much noise in the country, and so great was the interest excited by it, that the Court was crowded to excess during the whole trial, which lasted till seven o'clock in the evening. The prisoner had some words with the deceased on the road, on the night in question, and had followed them with the deadly purpose of vengeance. The barbarous manner in which the murder was committed was detailed in the minor proposition of the indictment, which stated, that "you, the said Robert Scott, did, upon the road leading from Earlstoun to Greenlaw, and at or near to a plantation in the immediate vicinity of the hamlet of Henless, in the parish of Earlstoun, and county of Berwick, wickedly, maliciously, and feloniously, attack and assault the deceased James Alcheson, cooper in Greenlaw, and County of Berwick, and the deceased Robert Simm, horse-dealer in Greenlaw aforesaid, and

did, with a sheep-stake, or bludgeon, or stone, or some other lethal weapon, to the prosecutor unknown, cruelly and barbarously inflict various severe blows and wounds upon the persons of the said James Aitcheson and Robert Simm, whereby the head and left leg of the said Robert Simm were fractured and broken, and the head of the said James Aitcheson was severely wounded : and you did likewise, with a knife, or other sharp instrument, to the prosecutor unknown, in a cruel and barbarous manner, cut and slit the noses of the said James Aitcheson and Robert Simm ; in consequence of all which they were both and each, or one or other of them, bereaved of life, and were thus cruelly murdered by you, the said Robert Scott." After the perpetration of this dreadful deed, it appeared from the evidence that the prisoner became horror-struck, and unable to think of escape. On the contrary, he proceeded to a cottar's house at some little distance, and called the people out of bed, proclaiming the deed, and begging of them to come to the assistance of the dying men. The prisoner accompanied them to the spot, but the work of death had been too surely accomplished, one of the unfortunate men having already expired, and the other died in a few minutes, without being able to speak. Scott was found Guilty by the unanimous voice of the Jury, and sentenced to be executed on the spot where the murder was committed, on the 29th of October, and his body given for dissection.

Two individuals for theft were sentenced to a short imprisonment in Jedburgh Castle, and a woman, accused of child-murder, was dismissed, the crown-counsel being unable to bring proof against her.

Inverary, September 13.—Before Lord Hermand.—Cotin Campbell, accused of breaking into the coach-house of Strachur Park, in the occupation of Mrs Campbell, widow of the late General Campbell of Strachur, on the morning of the 1st of August last, and of destroying her carriage by pouring vitriol upon it, was put to the bar, and pleaded Not Guilty. The Counsel for the prisoner stated an objection to the relevancy of the indictment, as far as regarded the charge of housebreaking. The Court sustained the objection. Several witnesses were examined for the Crown, but no proof in exculpation was offered by the prisoner. The evidence was wholly circumstantial. The Jury returned a verdict, finding the libel Not Proven, on which the prisoner was dismissed from the bar ; but before leaving the Court-room, he was taken up on another

charge, and recommitted prisoner to the tolbooth of Inverary.

There were only two other cases before the Court ; one individual, for uttering forged notes, was sentenced to fourteen years transportation ; and another, for assault, to three months imprisonment.

Stirling, Sept. 18th and 19th.—Before the Lord Justice Clerk.—Alexander Wood, innkeeper at Stenhouse-moor, stood indicted for culpable homicide. The charge libelled was, his having furiously driven a horse and gig against the body of Mary Irvine, a child four years of age, daughter of Andrew Irvine, baker in the above place, whereby she lost her life. The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty. A proof was consequently led, which went to sustain the charge of carelessness and recklessness in driving. The Jury returned a verdict, without retiring, finding him Guilty.—He was sentenced to six months imprisonment.

John Marshall *alias* John Anderson, William Young *alias* Tilly Willy, and Lawrence Mitchell, were indicted for breaking into the shop of Mr Runceman, merchant in Stirling, and stealing therefrom a quantity of goods. The prisoners pleaded Guilty, and were sentenced to fourteen years transportation.

The next case was that of John Hussey, late moulder at Carron Works, and Henry Niven, forgerman there. The prisoners stood libelled with having, on the evening of the 31st March last, violently assaulted Daniel Martin, tailor in Bainsford, on the road leading from Carron Shore, and with striking him on the head, and other parts of the body, with bludgeons, so that the bone of his forehead was thrown bare, and himself reduced to a state of insensibility, by which his life was for a week put in imminent danger. Hussey, having failed to appear in this as in the former case charged against him, was declared an outlaw. Niven pleaded Not Guilty.

The evidence in this case was altogether circumstantial, but such as the Jury conceived clearly brought home the case to the pannel, who, by a *visa voce* verdict, they unanimously found Guilty. He was sentenced to be transported beyond seas for seven years. After sentence was pronounced, the pannel begged to address the Judge, to whom he again solemnly asserted that he was not guilty of what had been brought against him, and that one of the witnesses had told a great lie.

Hugh Dunbar, jun. labourer in Neilston, parish of Kilayth, was placed at the bar, charged with passing, as genuine,

a counterfeit bank-post-bill, for three pounds, of which, after a short trial, he was found Guilty; but, as it appeared that he had become, from simplicity, the tool of a more designing person, the Judge, after an impressive advice, in regard to his future conduct, only sentenced him to six months confinement in Stirling jail.

John Thomson, James Elder, and James Goodwin, were found Guilty of breaking into the ware-room of Mr John Anderson, manufacturer in Cowan-Street, Stirling, and stealing therefrom about 20s. in money, and a quantity of flannel and bombast goods.—Goodwin, who had pleaded Guilty, was sentenced to seven years transportation, and Thomson and Elder to fourteen years.

Henry Muirhead, charged with breaking into the washing-house of Mr Home, accountant of the Commercial Company of Scotland at Falkirk, and stealing various articles therefrom, pleaded Guilty, and being suitably admonished, was sentenced to fourteen years transportation.

John Henderson and John Hussey, the former charged with assault and theft, and the latter with assault with intent to commit a rape, were both outlawed for not appearing.

Glasgow.—The Court sat here from the 22d to the 29th inclusive. The Lord Justice Clerk and Lord Hermand on the bench. The cases before the Court were so numerous, that our limits will only admit of our noticing one or two of the most interesting; but the following summary will give some idea of the nature and weight of the criminal calendar:

There were 52 indictments, including 11 females and 85 males, in whole 96 prisoners. To prove their crimes, 802 witnesses were cited by the Crown:—

For murder,.....3	To be executed,.....5
Assault and robbery,.....7	Banished for life,.....4
Theft by housebreak- ing and reset,.....41	Ditto, 14 years,.....29
Theft and reset,.....20	Ditto, 7 years,.....7
Assaults, various sorts 17	Sent to Bridewell,.....4
Forgery,.....2	To prison,.....6
Mobbing and rioting,.....1	Remitted to the Sheriff 12
Culpable homicide,.....1	Outlawed,.....18
Debauching the minds of young girls,.....1	Liberated,.....6
	Re-committed,.....4
	Certified to the High C. 1
Total.....96	Total.....96

The individuals sentenced to be executed were David Wylie and William Johnstone, for housebreaking and theft; and Edward M'Caffir and Francis Cain, for highway robbery. [The sentences of Johnstone and M'Caffir have since been changed to transportation for life.]

William M'Garvie accused of assaulting Mr John Lockhart, turner, on St.

James's - Street, Paisley, pleaded Not Guilty. This was an aggravated and atrocious case of assault. The knife mentioned in the following evidence was a very large carving one, the blade of which was fully a foot long, and the pannel did not attempt to prove where he received it, or for what purpose he came to the streets armed with such a deadly weapon. From the evidence of John Lockhart, it appeared that he had been on the streets of Paisley between the Friday night and Saturday morning of the St. James's fair, along with a young woman. The witness having gone into a close, and his sweetheart being standing at the mouth of it, the pannel came up, and asked her what she was doing there so early in the morning, and desired her to go along with him, which she refused; Lockhart then coming out, the pannel said he wanted the woman; the witness replied he should not get her, and stepped in betwixt the prisoner and the female, who ran off; M'Garvie then pulled a large knife from his bosom, saying, if he spoke another word, he would stab him, and immediately made a slash at his body, which cut his coat; witness trying to seize the knife, got another cut in the arm of the coat, but it did not materially injure him. When the witness saw he could not lay hold of the knife, he endeavoured to run off, but in the act of doing so received another cut on the back, above the haunch, which made a wound fully two inches in depth; witness then turned round, and received another on the groin from the weapon of the pannel. The parties were all taken to the Police Office of Paisley after the affray, and witness was unable to work for some time, which was chiefly occasioned by the wound in the groin. The testimony of Mary Ewing, the young woman who accompanied the preceding witness on the occasion libelled, corroborated his so far as it went: and after the examination of two or three other witnesses for the Crown, and hearing the depositions of a number of others who were called to speak to the general quietness of the pannel's disposition, the Depute-Advocate addressed the Jury for the Crown, and Mr Monteith for the prisoner. Lord Hermand charged the Jury, and made a number of comments on the atrocious nature of the assault, with such a weapon. M'Garvie was, by a plurality of voices, found Guilty of the assault, and was sentenced to be whipt through the streets of Paisley on the 9th of October, by the hands of the common executioner, and to be afterwards transported for fourteen years. The Lord

Justice Clerk, in delivering his opinion on this case, observed, that this atrocious assault, and others which had come under the eye of the Court, indicated that the state of our country was changed, and he declared the determination of their Lordships to meet with severe punishment individuals guilty of aggravated assaults.

Another case of peculiar aggravation appeared in the trial of Alexander M'Kay, Peter M'Connachie, John Robertson, William Walker, and Archibald Nicolson, tenters, who were accused of assaulting, knocking down, beating, contumaciously using, and pouring vitriolic acid on the person of William Kyle, and throwing two glasses of whisky in the face of the said individual, and likewise of thrusting a lighted candle into his eye, by which the eye-lash was burnt off, and then knocking the said William Kyle down, and kicking him while lying; and also with pouring a quantity of oil of vitriol on him, by which his clothes were destroyed, and his person seriously injured; the pannels being engaged in an illegal combination for the purpose of preventing Kyle from entering the service of Mr Todd, at his steam-loom factory.—William Kyle stated in evidence, that he had received information in the summer time that he was likely to obtain a situation in the factory of Mr Todd, and accordingly applied for the birth, on the very evening in which he was assaulted. He was told that he might have the place, provided he obtained a satisfactory character. He then went on the road towards home, which is in the Gorbals; at the foot of Rose-Street, he met the pannels, M'Kay, Robertson, M'Culloch, and two other persons, of the name of Elder and Aitken. They inquired if he had been at Mr Todd's, endeavouring to procure work? he replied that he had. They then asked what that gentleman had said to him, and the witness told them. He was then requested to go up the street to a house to get a dram with them, which he likewise did; but stopped short at the door, saying he would rather not go in, as he had no money; but he was afterwards persuaded to go into the house. The landlord, who is a dresser of muslin, appeared to be acquainted with the men who accompanied him. They were all shewn into a back room, when they called for some drink. Two or three other individuals then came in. All the five pannels were in the room at the end, and he believes they are all tenters. They drank three pots of porter; the landlady spoke familiarly to the people who were along with him. A light was brought in, as it

was about half-past eight o'clock. They then called for half-a-mutchkin of whisky, and asked witness to drink. One person belonging to the company went out, saying he would return in a quarter of an hour. A man of the name of Aitken now came in, accompanied by two or three others, which increased the company to between twelve or fourteen persons. A song was proposed, and they amused themselves in this way for a little time; a glass of whisky was then thrown in the face of the witness by William Walker. There was a lad placed next to him, whom he did not know, who threw a glass of whisky in his left eye, at the same time exclaiming, "D—n it, do you think I will take half a glass." This person, whom he did not know, then began to make a work about what he had done, and desired to look at his sore eye with the candle, which he likewise thrust into it, and singed all his eye-lashes. The table was now shoved aside, the light put out, and some one struck witness a severe blow on the side of the head, but it did not knock him down. He then slipped to a corner of the room to be out of the road, and made towards the door, which was standing open, but which was immediately shut on his approach towards it, to prevent him from getting out; witness felt his coat receiving a kind of a tug, and shortly after, he made his escape from the room; on passing the landlady, she observed that he had got his coat torn; witness said he had. There were no expressions of any kind made use of in the room where he was assaulted that he heard. When he found himself out of the reach of his assailants, he happened to touch his coat, which was wet, and his fingers ached with pain, but he did not take it off; it felt as if burning hot, and he suspected something had been put on it. For two or three days after this attack, his bones were all sore from the beating he had received. When witness got out of the house, he proceeded homewards; on looking back, he saw all the people who had been along with him standing at the door of the publican's house. When the witness went home, his landlady inquired at him what he had been about, as all his clothes were out of order, and hanging down; she touched his coat; she said she felt as if her fingers had been burned. (The coat was here shewn to the witness, which he identified. A strong sensation was produced in Court at the sight of it; it was literally burned to a cinder, and torn almost to shreds.)—This coat was whole, except a little patching, previous to the attack. The prisoners were all found guilty, and sentenced to

fourteen years transportation. The Lord Justice Clerk, on sentencing the prisoners, observed, that this was another proof of the degraded state of a part of our manufacturing population. He described, in indignant language, the cruelty and atrocity of using such a dreadful engine as vitriolic acid, the effects of which are most dreadful. Some individuals have had their eyes destroyed, and the ears of others have dropped off, in consequence of this stuff having been thrown on them; and the man who first proposed to use vitriolic acid as a means of intimidation, has a load of guilt that imagination cannot figure. He concluded by directing the Magistrates to deprive the publican of his licence, as a man unworthy of the protection of those laws that he had assisted to violate.

New Road to Leith.—A very important question was decided by a most respectable Jury, on Thursday the 11th inst. The proprietors of ground through which the new line of road from the wet docks to the bottom of Leith Walk is to run, were, by the act of Parliament, called upon to take the option of either giving a breadth of 60 feet for the new road, and taking the benefit of the opening for feuing their remaining property, or to give up that part of the property requisite for the road, and 60 feet on each side of it, on receiving a fair compensation. Two of the proprietors possessing ground and houses at the top of the Kirkgate, Leith, being obliged to part with their property, as the line of road takes away nearly the whole of it, an offer was made to them by the other proprietors, which being rejected, the case was ordered by the Sheriff to be decided by a Jury. After the Jury were chosen, they proceeded to view the property in dispute, and having returned to the Court-house, in the County-room, a very patient investigation of the value of the property took place, both as to its comparative worth with property lately sold in the immediate neighbourhood, and according to the opinion of a number of the most respectable architects and builders in Edinburgh and Leith. The investigation occupied from ten o'clock morning till ten at night; and on Friday the Jury gave a verdict, finding the value of the property fronting the street, and extending from 80 to 90 feet back, to be £3.10s. per square yard, being at the rate of £17,000 per English acre. We cannot avoid congratulating the public on the result of this trial, as the evidence adduced proves, in the most indisputable manner, that property in the town of Leith has now most materially

recovered from the depression which took place at the termination of the war. The highest price ever given by a Jury was in 1812, being £4.10s. per square yard for the ground, to open roads near the docks, being at the rate of £21,780 per English acre. Since 1814, till within the last two or three years, a great decrease took place; but the improvement is now manifest, for, in the course of this trial, it was distinctly proved, that various building-stances had been purchased in the vicinity at from £4 to £4.12s. per square yard; and where shops and houses have been built, the return has been an interest of 8 or 10 per cent. The determination of this question will enable the Magistrates of Edinburgh to proceed in opening the new line of road, and to remove those ruinous houses which have so long disgraced the entrance to the town of Leith.

The Death of a Wrestler.—Mr Isaac Newton, (a truly great name,) a celebrated wrestler, died at Kempstone, a village about eight miles south of Nottingham, on the 2d of September, at the great age of 91. Mr Newton was a smith by trade, a respectable freeholder, and, in his day, a most athletic man, remarkably powerful in the gripe of his hands; so much so, that whatever he got hold of was as safely held as if it had been in a vice. Isaac threw all his competitors; and for many years, when he entered a wrestling prize-ring, all the candidates for fame withdrew their names; so that, to make use of a technical horse-racing phrase, he many times "walked over the course." More than sixty years ago, after having tripped up the heels of the champions of Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, &c. &c. he was matched against the then reckoned invincible Bob Askew, the pride of the county of Derby; this great trial of strength was decided on a stage erected in the centre of the market-place at Birmingham, Notts, on Easter Monday 1762; a vast concourse of people were present, many of whom travelled from thirty to forty miles. The set-to was at four o'clock in the afternoon, and after a most fearful tug of six hours, (the last two by torch light,) Newton laid the pride of Derbyshire prostrate, for the first time, on the boards. The next morning they again met, but Askew had been so dreadfully handled the day before, that he was thrown a second time like a child, and the Nottinghamshire veteran bore away the laurel, which was never torn from his manly brow. Askew died shortly afterwards, from the effects of this contest. The writer of this paragraph, who well remembers seeing the conflict, called upon

Newton when he was 85, and was pleased to hear him make use of the following expression:—"Although I have never been thrown on my back by any man, yet I am well aware that a Champion is coming, who will, by and by, trip up my heels." This prediction was verified on the 2d ult. as above stated.

Trade of Glasgow.—It has frequently given us great pleasure to notice the flourishing trade of the Broomielaw. Vessels are now beginning to be dispatched to distant parts of the globe. There is at present loading at the Broomielaw, for Rio Janeiro, a handsome vessel, called the *Kent*, Captain Stirling, of 193 tons burden, recently arrived from Ferrol with a cargo of corkwood. This will be the first vessel that has ever sailed from this port for the same destination. But that which has always been considered as of the greatest importance to the numerous merchants of this great commercial city, (and the want of which has been always felt,) was the establishment of a direct communication with North America and the West Indies. This object, we are happy to state, is about to be effected; a fine new vessel is advertised to sail direct from the Broomielaw for New York. It will be productive of a great saving of time and expence to shippers. It has been loudly and justly complained of, that the merchants at Liverpool, who ship their goods on the same day as ours, will often have them in the market ten or

fifteen days before us, and have their returns as much sooner. The advantages attending the new arrangement must be obvious to all who have any knowledge of the commerce carried on in this city; and it is a pity that private interest or personal rancour should have been a barrier in the way of deepening the river, and making it capable of carrying ships of greater burthen.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

Trade of Paisley.—The manufacturing business has greatly improved since our last report. At that period (about three months ago,) an uncommon despondency pervaded the commercial genius of this manufacturing district, which has been happily reversed by our wonted industry. It is not the revival of certain particular fabrics that we have to announce, for though there is little to boast of concerning high prices, yet the improvement, or increased demand for goods, is general. Goods, of almost every description, are more or less in demand. Great quantities, of an endless variety, continue to be made. From the foreign competition with which we have to contend, and a variety of other causes, involving many questions connected with the science of government, the price of almost every article connected with the trade has now become almost stationary, and is finished at a very low rate, notwithstanding the favourable changes which occasionally occur in the augmentation of the demand.—*Glasgow Paper.*

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Chief Magistrates of Scottish Burghs.

Aberdeen.—Alexander Brown.
Aberdeen, Old.—Principal Jack.
Arbroath.—James Goodall.
Andrews St.—William Haig of Seggie.
Ayr.—William Cowan.
Annan.—Benjamin Nicholson.
Auchtermuchty.—John Gilmer.
Brechin.—James Speid.
Burntisland.—Robert Ferguson of Raith.
Cuthross.—James Gibson Craig of Riccarton.
Crail.—John Bowman.
Campbeltown.—Duncan Stewart of Glenbuckie.
Cupar-Fife.—James Stark.
Dundee.—Patrick Anderson.
Dumfries.—William Thomson.
Dumbarton.—Jacob Dixon.
Dunfermline.—John Scotland.
Dunbar.—Christopher Middlemas of Underedge.
Dysart.—William Bell.
Edinburgh.—Right Hon. Alex. Henderson.
Glasgow.—The Hon. William Smith.
Gatehouse of Fleet.—Nelson Rae.
Greenock.—Archibald Baine.
Haddington.—Alexander Hislop.
Helensburgh.—John Dickson of Rockbank.
Hawick.—David Laing.
Inverness.—John Grant of Bught.
Inverary.—William Robertson of Plinadden.
Jedburgh.—John Jackson.
Kilmarnock.—James Porteous.
Kirkcudbright.—William M'Kinnel.
Kirkcaldy.—Walter Fergus of Strathore.
Kilmarnock.—Robert Henderson.

Linlithgow.—John Boyd of Woodside.
Lanark.—William Tod.
Maxwelltown.—James Shortridge.
Montrose.—William Jamieson.
Musselburgh.—Charles Stewart.
Maybole.—William Brown.
New Galloway.—Mr Gordon of Kenmore.
North Berwick.—John Dalrymple.
Newmilns.—William Crooks.
Paisley.—James Carlie.
Perth.—P. G. Stewart.
Pittenweem.—John Tod.
Peebles.—James Ker.
Port-Glasgow and Newark.—John M'Murtrie.
Pollockshaws.—Thomas Baird.
Queensferry.—Campbell Innes.
Renfrew.—Robert King.
Rutherglen.—William Leitch.
Stirling.—Robert Gillies of Gormyre.
Sanquhar.—Thomas Chrichton.
Selkirk.—Thomas Anderson.
Tain.—William Murray of Rosemount.
Wigton.—Right Hon. Lord Garlies.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Oct. 2.—The Associate Burgher Congregation, George-Street, Paisley, gave a harmonious call to Mr And. Thomson, preacher, to be their Minister.

3.—The Associate Congregation of Original Burgher Seeders, Downe, gave an unanimous call to Mr Thomas Hyslop, preacher of the Gospel, to be their pastor.

The Associate Congregation of Original Burgher Seeders in Stirling, unanimously made choice of Mr Andrew Thomson, preacher of the Gospel, to be their Minister.

Oct. 16.—The Rev. Wm. Sharfiff, late Minister of St. Ninian's, Stirlingshire, was ordained to the pastoral office over the church-meeting in Albion-Street Chapel in Glasgow.

18.—Miss Sommerville of Hamilton Farm has been pleased to present the Rev. John Stewart, Minister of the Scottish Kirk, Oldham Street, Liverpool, to the Church and Parish of Sorn, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Lewis Balfour to Colinton.

21.—The Associate Presbytery of Stirling and Falkirk met at Bannockburn, when an unanimous call from the Associate Congregation of Original Burghers, Cowan's Yard, Stirling, to Mr. Andrew Thomson, preacher, was presented to the Court, and sustained unanimously.

22.—Mr. Charles Thomson, preacher of the Gospel, late Assistant at Hawick, was ordained by the Presbytery of Lanark to be Minister of the Presbyterian Congregation of North Shields.

23.—Mr. Kenneth McKennie, preacher of the Gospel, was unanimously chosen Assistant and Successor to his father, the Rev. John McKennie, Minister of the Gaelic Chapel in Gorbals, Glasgow.

25.—Sir William Baillie of Polkemnet, Bart. has been pleased to appoint Mr. Graham Mitchell, A.M., preacher of the Gospel, to the Church and Parish of Whitburn, vacant by the death of the late Rev. James Watson.

27.—The Earl of Aberdeen, as tutor of the Marquis of Aberdeen, has been pleased to present the Rev. Robert Macnair, Minister of the Parish of Ballantrae, to the first charge of the Abbey Parish of Paisley, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Boag.

30.—The King has been pleased to present the Rev. John Kirk to the Church and Parish of Barrie, in the Presbytery of Arbroath, and County of Forfar, vacant by the death of the Rev. David Sim.

III. MILITARY.

- 2 Life Gds. Lieut. and Adj. Maples, from 45 Lieut. vice Hort, 8 Dr. 18 Sept. 1823.
Cornet and Sub-Lieut. McDouall, Lieut. by purch. vice Maples, ret. 2 Oct.
Cornet Lyon, from h. p. 18 Dr. Cornet and Sub-Lieut. by purch. do.
Lieut. Clark, from h. p. 27 Dr. Lieut. and Adj. (re-pay diff. he received on exch. to h. p.) 29 Aug.
6 Dr. Gds. Maj. Wildman, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice French, ret. 25 Sept.
Bt. Maj. Rutledge, Maj. by purch. do.
Lieut. Langley, Capt. do.
Cornet Jervis, Lieut. do.
Cornet and Adj. Short, rank of Lieut. 26 do.
Gent. Cadet, J. R. Hay, Cornet by purch. 23 do.
1 Dr. Capt. Stisted, Maj. by purch. vice Wallace, prom. do.
Lieut. Bious, Capt. by purch. do.
Cornet Leathes, Lieut. do.
W. M. Owen, Cornet, do.
Lieut. Hort, from 2 Life Gds. Lieut. vice Taylor, 45 F. 18 do.
9 T. J. Fitz M. Viscount Kirkwall, Cornet by purch. vice Laseelles, 67 F. do.
13 G. J. Christie, Cornet, vice Elton, prom. do.
14 Lieut. St. Leger, Capt. by purch. vice Barrett, ret. 23 do.
Cornet D'Urban, Lieut. by purch. do.
A. G. Duff, Cornet by purch. 2 Oct.
16 W. P. Neale, Cornet by purch. vice Moore, 17 Dr. do.
2 F. Serj. Maj. Littlejohn, from 72 F. Ens. vice Munday, prom. 18 Sept.
10 Lieut. Blane, Capt. by purch. vice Ruidell, prom. 31 July
Ens. Goode, Lieut. by purch. do.
R. D. Halifax, Ens. do. do.
11 Lieut. Pridemur, Capt. by purch. vice Macintosh, 93 F. 23 Sept.
Ens. Rielunoud, Lieut. by purch. do.
T. A. Bell, Ens. do. do.
12 Lieut. Gen. Hon. R. Meade, from 90 F. Col. vice Gen. Sir C. Hastings, dead 9 Oct.
Lieut. Jones, Capt. by purch. vice Milne, ret. 23 Sept.

- 12 F. Ens. Stirke, Lieut. by purch. 25 Sept.
R. A. Cuthbert, Ens. do. do.
13 H. J. Ellis, vice Finch, dead do.
H. J. Campbell, Ens. vice Ellis, 41 F. 2 Oct.
16 Lieut. Skinner, Capt. by purch. vice Macfarlane, ret. 5 do.
Lieut. Brand, Adj. vice Skinner do.
20 Lieut. Armstrong, from 87 F. Lieut. vice Keagh, 35 F. 2 do.
24 Lieut. Findlater, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Stewart, ret. 25 Aug.
Ens. Bennett, Lieut. by purch. 25 Sept.
26 Ens. Calder, Lieut. vice Maxwell, dead do.
Gent. Cadet G. Pigott, from Royal M. Coll. do.
31 Ens. Deedes, Lieut. vice Vesne, dead 2 Oct.
G. C. Rooke, Ens. do.
33 Lieut. Keogh, from 20 F. Lieut. vice Dawson, h. p. 3 F. 2 do.
41 Capt. Hill, Maj. by purch. vice M'Cor, ret. 25 Sept.
Lieut. Johnson, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Brown, Lieut. do.
Ens. Ellis, from 15 F. Ens. 2 Oct.
45 Lieut. Taylor, from 8 Dr. Lieut. and Adj. vice Napier, 2 Life Gds. 18 Sept.
51 T. St. L. Irving, Ens. do.
60 Gent. Cadet F. Coghlan, from Royal M. Coll. Ens. vice Creagh, 81 F. 23 do.
Bt. Col. Fitz-Gerald, Lieut.-Col. vice Andrews, dead 9 Oct.
Bt. Maj. F. Im Thurn, Maj. do.
64 Lieut. Jull, Capt. by purch. vice Elms, ret. 18 do.
Ens. M'Pherson, Lieut. by purch. do.
B. D. Speke, Ens. do. do.
Lieut. Boyes, Adj. vice Jull 25 do.
73 Lieut. Williamson, Capt. by purch. vice Watts, ret. do.
Ens. P. Primrose, Lieut. by purch. do.
H. Seymour, Ens. do. do.
77 Deps. Asst. Com. Gen. Macdonald, from h. p. Paymaster vice Hewson, dead do.
78 Lieut. Montgomery, Capt. vice Pilkington, dead do.
Ens. Brown, Lieut. do.
85 Ens. Creagh, from 60 F. Ens. do.
Lieut. French, Capt. by purch. vice Charlton, 92 F. 25 Sept.
Ens. Butler, Lieut. by purch. do.
A. S. Bateman, Ens. do. do.
86 Lieut. Holland, from 89 F. Lieut. vice Carrol, h. p. 1 F. 18 do.
87 Lieut. Hill, from h. p. 3 F. Lieut. vice Armstrong, 20 F. 2 Oct.
80 Lieut. Williamson, from h. p. 1 F. Lieut. vice Holland, 83 F. 18 Sept.
90 Maj. Gen. R. Darling, Colonel vice Lieut. Gen. Meade, 12 F. 9 Oct.
91 Serj. Maj. Mackean, Quart. Mast. vice Miller, dead 8 Aug.
92 Capt. Charlton, from 85 F. Maj. by purch. vice Wilkie, ret. 25 Sept.
93 Capt. Mackintosh, from 11 F. Major vice Brice, ret. 18 do.
2 W. L. R. Asst. Staff Surg. Toddie, Surg. vice Duigan, dead do.
Serj. Maj. Curry, Adj. and Ens. vice Miller, dead 16 Oct.
1 Vet. Bn. Col. Hon. H. King, from h. p. 5 F. Col. vice Maj. Gen. Kelso, dead do.
Capt. de Buralier, from h. p. 101 F. Capt. vice Poppleton, comm. dead do.
Asst. Surg. Morrison, from 85 F. Asst. Surg. vice Quill, dead 25 do.
Lieut. Fleming, from h. p. 57 F. Lieut. vice Pigott, ret. 9 Oct.
3 Bt. Major Gray, from h. p. African C. Capt. vice Hackett, dead 25 Sept.
Ens. Walsh, from h. p. 11 F. Ens. vice Chambers, ret. list 16 Oct.

Ordinance Department.—Royal Artillery.

- 2d Capt. Grant, Capt. 22 Sept. 1823
Duncan, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lieut. Simmons, 2d Capt. do.
Creagh, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.

24 Lieut. Rummies, 1st Lieut. 22 Sept. 1823.
Gent. Cadet Vandeleur, 2d Lieut. do.
1st Lieut. Penne, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Breton, h. p. 1 Oct.

Medical Department.

Surg. Doyle, from h. p. Surg. vice Van Millingen, h. p. 9 Oct. 1823.
Assist. Surg. Cunningham, from h. p. 66 F. Assist. Staff Surg. 2 do.
Hutchinson, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. do.
Assist. Staff Surg. do.
Finlayson, from h. p. 99 F. Assist. Staff Surg. vice Tedlie, prom. do.
Hosp. Assist. Cocking, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Alexander, dead do.
G. Minty, Hosp. Assist. vice Kinnis, dead 16 do.
F. C. Hothwaite, Hosp. Assist. vice Mackay, dead do.

Unattached.

Maj. Wallace, from 1 Dr. Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purch. vice Maj. Gen. Swinton, ret. 25 Sept. 1823.
Lieut. Moseley, from 1 Life Gds. Capt. by purch. vice White, ret. do.
Bt. Lieut. Col. Knightley, from 23 F. Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purch. vice Lieut. Gen. Minot, ret. 16 Oct.

Staff.

Capt. Henry, from h. p. Sub. Inspect. of Mil. in Ionian Island, vice White, ret. 23 Sept. 1823.

Garrisons.

Lieut. Gen. Martin Hunter, Governor of Pendennis Castle, vice Gen. Buckley, dead 22 Sept. 1823.
Bt. Maj. Simson, from Portsmouth, Town Major Hull, vice White 2 Oct.
Lieut. White, from Hull, Town Maj. Portsmouth, vice Simson do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Hill, from 23 F. with Major England, 49 F.
Bt. Maj. Harrison, from 20 F. with Capt. Horsley, 53 F.
Capt. Daly, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Stuart, h. p. 12 F.
T. G. Penelope, from 55 F. with Capt. W. L. Penelope, h. p. 36 F.
Maclean, from 2 W. I. R. with Capt. Bullock, h. p. 103 F.
Lieut. Sir J. Trollope, Bt. from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Marquis of Carmarthen, h. p.
Nash, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Collins, h. p. 21 Dr.
D'Urban, from 14 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Cav. and Inf. with Lieut. Congreve, h. p. 35 F.
Mangles, from 15 Dr. with Lieut. Lindsay, 57 F.
Issacson, from 47 F. with Lieut. Codd, h. p. 1 Bahama Garrison Comp.
Morphett, from 53 F. with Lieut. Cates, 87 F.
Fleetwood, from 74 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Burnet, h. p. 25 Dr.
Cockburn, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. G. A. Browne, h. p. 70 F.
Cornet Currie, from 3 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Shewell, h. p. 60 F.
Backhouse, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Pole, h. p. 8 Dr.
Ensign W. Campbell, from 24 F. with Ensign Robinson, 89 F.
Browne, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Boileau, h. p. 29 F.
Foskett, from 51 F. with Ensign Burrows, 34 F.
Blake, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Reed, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
Surg. Ardley, from 17 F. with Surg. Heriot, h. p. 6 F.
Featherstone, from 24 F. with Surg. Byrrit, h. p. 71 F.
Vallance, from 33 F. with Surg. Fitz-Gerald, h. p. 69 F.
Vet. Surg. Rickwood, from 8 Dr. with Vet. Surg. Bird, h. p. 19 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Gen. Minot, late of 30 F.
Major Gen. Swinton, late of 8 Gar. Bn.
Lieut. Col. French, 6 Dr. Gds.
Major Stewart, 24 F.
Mac Coy, 41 F.
Elliot, 64 F.
Wilkie, 92 F.
Brice, 93 F.
Capt. Barrett, 14 Dr.
Milne, 12 F.
Macfarlane, 16 F.
Watts, 73 F.
White, Sub-Inspec. Militia Ionian Islands.
Lieut. Maples, 2 Life Gds.

Appointment Cancelled.

Bt. Maj. Poppleton, Capt. 1 Royal Vet. Bn.

Removed from the Service.

Dep. Com. Gen. Whitmore.

Deaths.

General Nisbett Balfour, 39 F. 16 Oct. 1823.
Earl of Bridgewater, 14 Dr. Ashridge Park 21 do.
Sir C. Hastings, Bt. G.C.H. 17 F. Willesley Hall, Atherston 30 Sept.
Dumaux
Lieut. Gen. Willington, Royal Art. Woolwich 16 Oct.
Major Gen. Kelso, 1 Royal Vet. Bungay 13 do.
Colonel Wright, late of Royal Art. Edinburgh 2 do.
R. Doveton, East-India Company's Service, London 10 March
Lieut. Col. Andrews, 60 F. Kingston, Upper Canada 24 Aug.
Laviecourt, h. p. 27 F. Montreal 26 June
Ogle, East India Company's Service, Dijon 24 Jan.
Lumsden, East India Company's Service, London 40 April
Major Lynch, h. p. 27 F. Ballinrobe 1 June
Macleod, East-India Company's Service, London 27 March
Burke, East-India Company's Service, Ireland 30 May
Capt. Lane, 69 F. Wallajahbad, Madras 10 do.
Murray, Invalids.
Covell, late 3 Vet. Bn. 19 Aug.
Bulstrode, late 5 do. 6 Oct.
Brusbridge, h. p. 57 F. Naples 13 Sept.
Maxwell, h. p. 31 F. Jersey 30 do.
Von Konig, h. p. 60 F.
Lieut. Vesey, 29 F. Limerick 23 Sept.
Kennedy, 30 F. Canton, East Indies 15 Oct. 1822.
Major, 41 F. Fort St. George, Madras 2 March 1823.
Johnson, 41 F. Madras 30 May
Drewry, late 1 Vet. Bn. Lane End, Staffordshire 18 Sept.
Slater, late Cape Gar. Cape of Good Hope 26 July 1822.
Jones, h. p. 104 F. Belturbet, Ireland 12 Oct. 1823.
Bagnett, h. p. 4 Ceylon Reg. 26 Sept. 1821.
Cordiner, h. p. Waller's Corps, Lisburn, Ireland 16 Aug. 1823.
Rosenthal, h. p. York Light Inf. Volunt. Hamburg 9 do.
2d Lieut. Robertson, h. p. 4 Ceylon Reg. Austruther 18 Sept.
Ensign Taylor, late 8 Vet. Bn. Dundalk 6 Sept.
Chaplain Yeomans, late Horse Gren. Gds.
Adj. Lieut. Miller, 2 West-India Reg. Sierra Leone 1 Sept.
Quart. Mast. Ensign Miller, 91 F. Jamaica 24 July
Gill, h. p. 5 Dr. Gds. 10 Sept.
English, h. p. Oxford Fenc. Cav. 16 do.
Assist. Surg. Napper, Royal Art. Woolwich 4 Oct.
Carter, 8 Dr. Norwich 26 do.
Vet. Surg. Nesbitt, 7 Dr. Gds. Alnwick 6 do.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Oct. 1	M.47 A. 55	29.640 .540 A. 59	M.58 A. 59	SW.	Rain foren. fair aftern.	Oct. 17	M.42 A. 52	29.445 .594 A. 58	M.56 A. 58	W.	Fair foren. rain aftern.
2	M.48 A. 58	.578 A. 63 .559 A. 63	M.61 A. 63	W.	Dull, with slight showers	18	M.38 A. 55	.640 M.60 .368 A. 63	M.60 A. 63	Cble.	Foren. sun. aftern. dull.
3	M.49 A. 59	.488 M.63 .505 A. 60	M.63 A. 60	NW.	Fair, but dull.	19	M.49 A. 59	.379 M.63 .534 A. 62	M.63 A. 62	W.	Foren. fair, aft. shower.
4	M.45 A. 51	.102 M.58 .375 A. 59	M.58 A. 59	NW.	h. rain morn. fair day.	20	M.45 A. 55	.530 M.61 .392 A. 60	M.61 A. 60	W.	Foren. sun. aftern. dull.
5	M.43 A. 55	.344 M.60 .514 A. 60	M.60 A. 60	W.	Suns. with showers.	21	M.44 A. 54	.390 M.61 .463 A. 58	M.61 A. 58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
6	M.44 A. 54	.588 M.60 .539 A. 61	M.60 A. 61	NW.	Dull & Cold, with showers	22	M.45 A. 54	.496 M.60 .479 A. 59	M.60 A. 59	W.	Fair, sunsh. warm.
7	M.45 A. 53	.315 M.58 .550 A. 59	M.58 A. 59	NW.	Morn. shrs. day fair.	23	M.42 A. 51	.491 M.57 .551 A. 60	M.57 A. 60	W.	Frost morn. day fr. sun.
8	M.45 A. 55	.538 M.60 .402 A. 59	M.60 A. 59	NW.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.	24	M.44 A. 55	.646 M.61 .641 A. 60	M.61 A. 60	Cble.	Dull, but fair.
9	M.45 A. 55	.626 M.58 .751 A. 63	M.58 A. 63	W.	Morn. rain, day sunsh.	25	M.48 A. 54	.475 M.58 .613 A. 59	M.58 A. 59	Cble.	Rain morn. day foggy.
10	M.45 A. 57	.610 M.59 .564 A. 62	M.59 A. 62	SW.	Morn. rain, day fair.	26	M.48 A. 59	.752 M.58 .854 A. 58	M.58 A. 58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
11	M.54 A. 64	.525 M.64 .524 A. 62	M.64 A. 62	W.	Rain most of day.	27	M.47 A. 59	.793 M.60 .765 A. 59	M.60 A. 59	Cble.	Foren. fair, aftern. rain.
12	M.54 A. 58	.625 M.64 .644 A. 62	M.64 A. 62	W.	Morn. rain, day sunsh.	28	M.47 A. 56	.789 M.63 .704 A. 60	M.63 A. 60	W.	Hather dull, but warm.
13	M.48 A. 53	.525 M.59 .408 A. 57	M.59 A. 57	Cble.	Heavy rain most of day.	29	M.48 A. 56	.640 M.60 .625 A. 60	M.60 A. 60	Cble.	Rain most of day.
14	M.45 A. 50	.292 M.55 .408 A. 55	M.55 A. 55	Cble.	Foren. h. rain, aft. fair, dull.	30	M.45 A. 54	.672 M.60 .718 A. 60	M.60 A. 60	Cble.	Rain morn. fair day.
15	M.41 A. 56	.525 M.57 .250 A. 56	M.57 A. 56	Cble.	Rain most of day.	31	M.45 A. 60	.825 M.60 .840 A. 58	M.60 A. 58	W.	Dull, with showers rain.
16	M.48 A. 50	.119 M.54 .150 A. 56	M.54 A. 56	Cble.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.						

Average of Rain, 5.675 inches.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck	1823.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Oct. 27	438	19 0 36 0	27 9	19 0 23 0	19 0 22 0	19 0 21 0	9	8	Oct. 21	270	1 3	58	1 1
29	532	19 0 38 0	28 0	20 0 25 6	18 0 20 0	18 0 20 0	9	8	23	433	1 3	86	1 1
Nov. 5	461	20 0 38 0	28 6	21 0 25 0	18 0 21 0	18 0 20 0	9	8	Nov. 4	399	1 3	82	1 1
12	538	18 0 36 0	28 3	21 0 26 0	18 0 20 0	19 0 20 0	9	8	11	510	1 3	83	1 1

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs.						Oats, 264 lbs.						Barley, 320 lbs.						Dns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour 280 lbs.			
	Dantec.		For. red.		British.		Irish.		British.		English.		Scots.		Stirl. Meas.									
	s.	s.	s.	s.	d.	d.	s.	s.	s.	s.	d.	d.	s.	s.	s.	s.	d.	d.	s.	s.	s.	s.	d.	d.
Oct. 23	30	—	—	—	—	29 0 31 0	—	—	—	23 0 27 0	27 0 28 0	23 6 27 0	21 0 23 0	18 6 20 0	49 50 0									
30	50	—	—	—	—	29 0 31 0	16 0 20 6	19 0 20 6	27 0 27 6	23 6 26 0	21 0 23 0	18 6 20 0	49 50 0											
Nov. 5	30	—	—	—	—	29 0 31 0	15 0 20 0	19 0 20 0	27 0 27 6	23 6 26 0	21 0 23 0	18 6 20 0	49 50 0											
12	50	—	—	—	—	29 0 31 0	15 0 20 0	19 0 20 0	27 0 28 0	23 6 26 0	21 0 23 0	18 6 20 0	49 50 0											

Haddington.

Dalkeith.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1823.	Oatmeal.		
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck	
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	
Oct. 24	563	16 6 32 6	25 2	20 0 23 0	15 0 20 6	19 23 0	18 0 22 0	Oct. 20	17 6	19 6	1 3
31	383	18 0 32 0	24 9	20 0 25 0	16 0 20 0	—	18 0 22 0	27	17 0	18 3	1 2
Nov. 7	735	15 6 31 6	24 1	20 0 28 0	10 0 21 0	16 20 0	19 0 23 0	Nov. 3	16 6	17 6	1 2
14	488	21 6 33 6	26 3	21 0 24 6	16 0 21 0	17 29 6	18 0 22 0	10	16 6	17 6	1 2

London.

1823.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Oct. 20	40 58	32 38	23 38	17 24	20 28	32 39	29 35	38 42	30 32	45 50	38 44	— 9½
27	40 62	30 34	28 34	17 24	20 28	32 39	29 35	36 42	31 33	45 50	34 44	— 9½
Nov. 3	40 54	30 34	23 34	17 24	20 28	32 39	29 35	36 42	31 33	45 50	38 44	— 9½
10	40 54	30 34	23 35	18 26	21 29	33 40	30 36	36 42	32 34	45 50	38 44	— 9½

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat, 70 lb.	Oats, 45 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Oct. 21	4 0 9 6	2 10 3 2	4 0 4 6	30 48	34 38	34 38	38 44	35 43	28 33	27 30	22 25
26	4 0 9 6	2 10 3 2	4 0 4 6	30 48	34 38	34 38	38 44	35 43	28 33	27 30	22 25
Nov. 4	4 0 9 6	2 10 3 3½	4 0 4 6	28 48	34 38	34 38	38 44	35 43	28 33	27 30	22 25
11	4 0 9 6	2 10 3 3½	4 0 4 6	30 48	34 40	34 40	38 44	35 43	28 33	27 30	22 25

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Oct. 11	46 5	30 0	25 4	20 6	33 4	29 8	—
18	47 8	29 7	24 8	20 4	32 8	30 9	—
25	48 9	28 3	25 11	20 5	33 10	32 0	—
Nov. 1	50 0	28 1	27 4	21 0	32 6	34 2	—

Course of Exchange, London, Nov. 14.—Amsterdam, 12: 6. Ditto at sight, 12: 3. Rotterdam, 12: 7. Antwerp, 12: 6. Hamburg, 37: 8. Altona, 37: 9. Paris, 3 days sight, 25: 70. Bourdeaux, 25: 90. Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, 157½. Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Naples, 38½. Lisbon, 52½. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 48. Dublin, 9½ ½ cent. Cork, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, 7 oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £0.0=0.0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3=17=6.—New Doubloons, £3=15=6.—New Dollars, £0=4=9½.—Silver in bars, Standard, £0=4=11½.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. a 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. a 30s.—Belfast, 25s. a 30s.—Hambro', 20s. a 50s.—Madeira, 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 ga. a 12 ga.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from October 22d to November 12th 1823.

	Oct. 22.	Oct. 29.	Nov. 5.	Nov. 12.
Bank Stock.....	224½	223		—
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	83	82		82½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	83½	83½		83½
3½ cent. do.....	96½	95½		96½
4 ½ cent. do.....	100½	99		99½
Ditto New do.....	104	103½		103½
India Stock.....	—	265	Holiday.	266½
— Bonds.....	72	71		82
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000).....	39	38		50
Consols for account.....	83½	83½		83½
French 5 ½ cents.....	—	90 fr.—c.		90 fr.—c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of September and the 20th October 1823: extracted from the London Gazette.

Atkinson, T. Ludgate-hill, cabinet maker.
 Bailey, J. N. Chancery-lane, bookseller.
 Ball, H. and F. K. Powell, Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, woollen-manufacturers.
 Barton, W. Cambridge, coach-proprietor.
 Boulting, J. Hasted, Essex, linen-draper.
 Bradford, B. Yardley-street, Spa-fields, leather-japaner.
 Cleaver, W. Holborn, soap-manufacturer.
 Cornfoot, A. Houndsditch, baker.
 Cox, C. St. Martin's-lane, draper.
 Critchley, J. and T. Walker, Bolton, spirit-dealer.
 Dixon, F. and E. Fisher, Greenwich, linen-draper.
 Drakes, D. and G. Smith, Reading, linen-draper.
 Duncalf, J. sen. Donnington Woodmill, Shropshire, miller.
 Ferguson, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Gaskell, J. Windle, Lancashire, miller.
 Gaskell, G. Hall, Westmoreland, inn-keeper.
 Goodwin, R. Lamb's Conduit street, silk-mercant.
 Green, J. White-Horse terrace, Stepney, coal-merchant.
 Greetham, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
 Hepple, J. Cambo, Northumberland, cooper.
 Hibbert, J. Hylord's-court, Crutched-frars, wine-merchant.
 Hurry, W. C. Mining-lane, merchant.
 Jenkins, J. Tewksbury, corn-dealer.

Kingsell, J. Blackwall, plumber.
 Lumley, J. Foston, Yorkshire, corn-factor.
 McGowan, W. Newark, tea-dealer.
 Moollett, J. Lower T'hamas street, victualer.
 Moore, E. Hanway-street, Oxford-street, silk-mercant.
 Peplow, J. Grosvenor-mews, veterinary-surgeon.
 Phillips, H. Devonshire-street, Bishopgate, hatter.
 Phillips M. H. Co. Devonshire-street, Bishopgate.
 Pigott, W. Red-hall, Burstow, Surrey, farmer.
 Robertson, E. French-born yard, Dean-street, High Holborn, coach-smith.
 Rogers, W. Gosport, butcher.
 Rooke, J. Bishopgate-street within, tailor.
 Simons, A. Strand, tailor and draper.
 Smith, T. Manor-row, Tower-hill, earthenware-man.
 Steele, J. and G. Greenwich, timber-mercants.
 Sutton, W. Sunbury, Middlesex, brewer.
 Thurtell, T. Haymarket, victualer.
 Twigg, W. Salford, victualer.
 Waters, R. Union-court, Broad-street.
 Wilment, S. Wilton, Somersetshire, timber-mercant.
 Wombwell, W. Edmund-street, Battle-bridge, stage-coach proprietor.
 Wood, J. Cardiff, banker.
 Wright, G. T. Piccadilly, ironmonger.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced October 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Brown, James, ship-builder in Leith.
 Cameron, Dugald & Co. merchants in Greenock.
 Douglas, William, merchant in Glasgow.
 Gilmour, David, draper in Edinburgh.
 Lawson & Thomson, hat-manufacturers in Dunfermline.
 Maclean, John & Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Ramsay, David, merchant in Perth.
 Thomson, John, merchant in St Andrew's.

DIVIDENDS.

Borthwick & Goudie of Belhaven, &c.: by the trustee, No. 23, Duke-Street, Edinburgh.
 Craig, Robert, miller & grain-dealer in Partick: by A. Fullerton, agent in Glasgow.
 King, G. H. merchant in Glasgow; by J. Eadie, accountant there.
 Levenh, George, merchant in Thurso; by George Dunnet, merchant there.
 Mathison & Co. merchants in Edinburgh: by J. Spence, accountant there.
 Nemyth, Pollock, & Co. paper-makers in Edinburgh; by J. Spence, accountant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 19. At Cawnpore, the Lady of Captain A. Bannerman, Assistant Commissary-General, a daughter.

May 10. At sea, on board the Hon. East-India Company's ship *Farquharson*, Mrs Major Taylor, a daughter.

Sept. 20. At Paris, the Right Honourable the Countess of Albury, a son and heir.

— At Calcutta, the Lady of S. G. Marshall, his Britannic Majesty's Consul, a daughter.

22. At Malby Hall, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, the Lady of George Swaby, M. D. a son.

27. The Lady of Walter Long, Esq. of Baynton House, Wilts, a son and heir.

29. At Havre-de-Grace, the Lady of William Davidson, Esq. a son.

29. At Glasgow, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Hastings, a daughter.

— At Sunny Side, the Lady of Captain Inverarity, a son.

— At Woodend Cottage, Mrs Leith Hay, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs H. D. Dickie, a daughter.

Oct. 1. In George Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Adolphus Ross, M. D. a daughter.

— At Portsmouth, Mrs Major Dalsell, a son.

2. At Mithurst, the Hon. Lady Stopford, a daughter.

3. At Huchlaw, the Lady of John Buchan Sydes, Esq. of Huchlaw, a son.

— At Sandgate, Ayr, the Lady of William Fullerton, Esq. of Skeldon, a daughter.

6. At Montrose, the wife of James Mackenzie, Esq., of three male children, which, with the mother, are all likely to do well.

— At Northumberland-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs James Moncrieff, a daughter.

— At Dean House, near Edinburgh, Lady Bradford, a son.

7. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Scott, Esq. Secretary to the Medical Board, Madras, a son.

— At Priory Cottage, St Andrew's, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Noddie, a son.

— In London, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Murray Macgregor of Macgregor, a son.

— At Helen's Lodge, the Lady of Capt. Thomas Park, 71st regiment, a daughter.

10. At Scalloway, in Shetland, the Lady of John Scott, younger, Esq. of Scalloway, a son.

12. At the Mount Harrow, Middlesex, the Lady of Archibald Campbell, Esq. a son.

13. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Robertson, Esq. 75, Great King Street, a son.

14. At Orchardhead, Stirlingshire, Mrs Walker, a son.

16. At Chester, the Lady of Major Dudgeon, 58th regiment, a son.

— At Monteith Row, Glasgow, the wife of Captain Lewis Campbell, R. N. a son.

17. At Powfoulls, Mrs Bruce, a daughter.

18. At Prestonpans, Mrs Hishop, a son.

19. Mrs Bell, 9, Queen-Street, Edinburgh, a son.

22. At Farme, the Lady of Hugh Mosman, Esq. younger of Auchtyfardle, a daughter.

— The Lady of G. J. Campbell, Esq. of Treesbank, a daughter.

23. Mrs Douglas, Great King-Street, Edinburgh, a son.

21. Mrs Johnstone, No. 1. George Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— The Lady of John Cay, Esq. advocate, a son.

— At No. 10, Coates Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Brewster, a daughter.

26. In Stanhope Street, London, the Lady of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, a son.

Latify, At Edinburgh, Lady Pringle, of Sticheil, a daughter.

— At St John's Town, Carmarthen, Mrs Margaret Davis, of three daughters, who, with their mother, are doing well.

MARRIAGES.

1825. July 25. At St Croix, West Indies, Joseph Bushby, Esq. to Ann Sarah, second daughter of William Stedman, M. D. of that island.

Sept. 15. At Berne, in Switzerland, Lord Viscount Sandon, eldest son of the Earl of Harrowby, to Lady Frances Stewart, only daughter of the Marchioness of Bute, and grand-daughter of the late Mr Coutts. Upon this happy occasion Mrs Coutts presented her grand-daughter with a present of £20,000, and to Lord Sandon, £1000 a-year.

25. At Langholm, the Rev. John Dobie, in Langholm, to Miss Janet, only daughter of Hugh Somerville, Esq. merchant there.

25. At Ealing Church, Thomas Mitchell Smith, Esq. merchant, London, to Primrose Margaret, third daughter of Edward Shaw, Esq. of Ealing.

26. At Union Place, Tain, Alexander McLeod, Esq. of the island of St Vincent, to Roberta, eldest daughter of the late George Sackville Sutherland, Esq. of Uppat.

27. At Chiddwall Church, Lancashire, Duncan Macdonald, Esq. son of the late Duncan Macdonald, Esq. of Ardstrive, Argyleshire, to Helen Ann, eldest daughter of William Macmurdo Duncan, Esq. of Aighburgh.

28. At the Grange, Humphrey St John Mildmay, son of the late Henry St John Mildmay, to Miss Baring, eldest daughter of Alexander Baring, Esq. M. P.

29. At Castlemaim, the Rev. John Wylie of Carluke, to Caroline Anne, daughter of John Dick, Esq. advocate.

30. At Maxwelltown, William Martin, Esq. of Blackford, to Margaret, fourth daughter of Thomas Hainstones, Esq. tanner, Maxwelltown.

— At Paisley, the Rev. David Allison, of Stewartfield, Aberdeenshire, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr Matthew Clark, manufacturer, Paisley.

— At Middleton, near Paisley, the Rev. Mr Adam, of Peebles, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr James Semple, farmer, Middleton.

Oct 2. At Lochbay House, John Stewart, Esq. of Farncliffe, to Henrietta, daughter of the late Murdoch McLaine, of Lochbay.

3. Mr James Nasmyth, Jeweller, Edinburgh, to Margaret Blair, third daughter of David Johnson, sen. Esq. merchant, Dundee.

4. At Weston Church, Bath, Major Alexander Campbell, of the 3d Guards, to Mary, sister of Captain Samuel Brown, R. N.

— At York, Gervas Stanford, son of the late Samuel Deverill, Esq. Clifton, Nottingham, to Jennima Kejar, only daughter of John Bland, Esq. of Ormside Lodge, Westmorland.

6. At Dumfries, David Johnstone, Esq. writer, to Ann, only daughter of the late William Jardine, Esq. Surgeon R. N.

8. At Slatefield House, Captain Charles McArthur, Adjutant 2d regiment, R.L.M. to Mrs Catherine Wylie, of Slatefield.

9. At Ditton Park, Bucks, the Hon. Peregrine F. Cust, M. P. to Lady Isabella Montagu Scott, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Duke of Buccleuch.

11. In St Mary's Church, Dublin, Robert Darlington, Esq. to Ellen, daughter of Mr William Folds, Great Strand Street.

— At Kimbolton, Evan Baillie, Esq. of Dochfour, to Lady Georgiana Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

13. At Craiglands, Alexander Allan, Esq. advocate, third son of Alexander Allan, Esq. of Hillside, to Jamima, only daughter of Wm. Younger, Esq. of Craiglands.

14. At Kirkenby, the Rev. Edward Irving, A. M. of Hatton Garden Chapel, London, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Martin, Kirkcaldy.

15. At Earlsley, Herefordshire, William Sarsfield Rosier Cockburn, Esq. M.A. of Exeter College, Oxford, only son and heir of Lieutenant-General Sir William Cockburn of Cockburn and Ryslaw, Bart. to Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. Francis Coke of Lowermoor, Herefordshire, Prebendary of Hereford, &c. &c.

22. At Hemel-Hempstead, Herts, Robert Playfair, Esq. nephew of the late Professor Playfair, to Miss E. White, youngest daughter of the late J. White, Esq. of Devonshire Place.

— At the Bridge of Earn, W. S. Laurie, Esq.

surgeon, Edinburgh, to Catherine, daughter of the late William Geddes, Esq. Cupar Fife.

Oct. 24. At Edinburgh, Mr J. Logan, of Abbey St Bathans, Berwickshire, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr John Sharp, writer in Culross.

27. Mr Thomas Crawford, merchant, Glasgow, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr William Hay, Kilmarnock.

— Mr Edward McKenzie, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr Wm. Welsh, merchant, New York.

— At Denbie, Thomas Dickson, Esq. of London, to Miss Mary Carruthers, second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Carruthers, of Denbie.

DEATHS.

1823, Jan. 9. At Batavia, in the 22d year of his age, Capt. Andrew Affleck, of the East-India ship *Vrow Helen*—a native of Dumfries.

March 19. At Parneth, in the East Indies, Mrs Bertram, wife of Captain William Bertram, of Nisbet.

May 21. At Calcutta, Robert Ross Young, Esq. son of the late John Young, Esq. of Bellwood.

July 8. At Kingston, Upper Canada, John Dickson, jun. W. S.

12. At Dominica, in the 22d year of his age, Henry Bower Tulloh, Esq. Colonial Secretary in the above island, and second son of Lieut-Col Tulloh, royal artillery.

23. At Savannah-la-Mar, Jamaica, Mr Alexander Lockhart Finlayson, son of the late Mr William Finlayson, Deputy Clerk of the Bills, Edinburgh.

24. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, Quartermaster Miller, of the 91st regiment of foot.

Aug. 11. At Bahia, Dugald William Campbell, Esq. merchant there.

— At Portsoy, Mr William Dawson, surgeon, aged 30.

23. At the Isle of Wight, Frances Murray, wife of Lieut. Murray, 91st regiment.

Sept. 1. At Leshbury, in the county of Northumberland, Alex. Robertson, Esq. Captain on half pay of the Royal Marines.

13. At Fortrose, R. K. Mackenzie, Esq. of Flowerburn, Convener of the county of Ross.

15. At Kinnesswood, the Rev. John Dun, many years minister of the Gospel, Maryport, Cumberland.

17. At Warriston Crescent, Edinburgh, John Mitchell, Esq. late Consul-General in Norway.

— At Glasgow, in the 80th year of his age, the Rev. Alexander Jamieson, of the Scots Episcopal Chapel.

18. At Candie, Stirlingshire, in the 74th year of his age, Matthew Ross, Esq. Dean of the Faculty of Advocates.

— At London, Joseph Charles Nelligh, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Charge d'Affaires and Consul General for the Circle of Lower Saxony.

— At Ford Path-head, near Edinburgh, Mr James King, aged 90 years.

19. At Cork Barracks, Lieut. J. A. Maxwell, of the 25th regiment of foot.

20. At the Crown Inn, Harrogate, in his 84th year, Sir Alan Chambre, Knt. late one of the Judges of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

— At Mendaide, Magdalene Cochrane, relict of the Rev. John Maclearen.

21. At Morriston, near Elgin, Major Lewis Carmichael, R. A.

22. At Kirktown of Glenbucket, Christian Benton, in her 110th year.

— At Kinloch, Helen, third daughter of George Kinloch of Kinloch, Esq.

— At Ecclefechan, Mrs Mary Mullender, wife of William Graham, Esq. in the 55d year of her age.

23. At his seat in Lincolnshire, the Right Hon. Lord Yarborough. He was created a Baron in the year 1794, and is succeeded in his title by his eldest son, the Hon. Charles Anderson Pelham, now Lord Yarborough, which succession vacates his seat for Lincolnshire.

— At Kilwinning, Mr John Burns of Reidston, in the 83d year of his age.

— At his seat near Cirencester, Dr Matthew Baillie.

25. At Elsinore, Mr William Gowan, merchant in Leith.

Sept. 26. At Kilburn, Mrs Margaret Tait, aged 93, relict of the late Mr Thomas Stevenson, tenant in Wester Downs.

— At Craigie Bridge, in the 79th year of his age, Mr John Manson, late hoser in Perth, and for nearly 30 years Treasurer to the Guildry Incorporation.

— At Balblair Cottage, Alrd, Mrs Fraser, of Culbokie.

27. Mr Robert Carr, schoolmaster of Marytown, in the 75th year of his age.

— At Greenock, Alex. May, Esq. Postmaster, in the 71st year of his age.

— At Fernie Hill, near Edinburgh, Robert Marshall, Esq. W. S.

— George Gordon, Esq. of Hall-head.

28. At Ayr, Allan Dunn, Esq. surgeon, Royal Ayrshire militia.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr David Christie, of the firm of Gibson, Christie, & Wardlaw, North St Andrew's-Street.

— At Montrose, Mr George Beattie, writer. The affable and unaffected manners of Mr Beattie, combined with a generous heart, superior talents, and an inexhaustible fund of humour, strongly endeared him to a numerous circle of acquaintances, by whom his memory will be long cherished.

— At Boreham, Sussex, Colonel John Carnegie, brother of the late Sir David Carnegie of Southesk, Bart.

— At Hank House, Rear-Admiral Sir William Ogilvy, Bart. of Inverquhar.

— At Lyons, France, Mr John Honyman, late merchant in London, sixth son of the late Patrick Honyman, Esq. of Greenway.

— At Livlands, the Rev. James Bain, LL.D. of Livlands.

30. At New Saughton, James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.

Oct. 1. At the manse of Barrie, the Rev. David Sim, in the 70th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

2. At Edinburgh, Colonel Robert Wright, of the royal regiment of artillery, who was for many years Aide-de-Camp to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, and Civil Secretary for that garrison at Gibraltar, and whose activity and zeal during the late contest in the Peninsula are well known to all who were connected with him in the service.

— At Leith Links, Mrs Wilhelmina Archibald, wife of Mr Thomas Newbigging, wine-merchant.

— Lately, on her passage from India, Jane, eldest daughter of James Burns, Esq. youngest son of the Ayrshire Poet.

— At his seat Willesley Hall, Derbyshire, General Sir Charles Hastings, Bart. G.C.B. late Colonel of the 12th foot, &c.

— In Portland Place, London, the Dowager Lady Templeton.

— At Cork, of consumption, Peter Kelly, Esq. M. D. surgeon, R. N. Oculist to the Cork Eye Dispensary, and late physician of the Fever Hospital, New Market, county of Cork.

— On board the ship *Marquis of Hastings*, at Calcutta, in April last, Mr Allan Farie, son of James Farie, Esq. of Farnie.

— At Bath, Jamaica, Alexander Milne, Esq. of Castle Gordon.

— At Paris, M. Garnerin, the aeronaut. About a week before, he had a sudden stroke of apoplexy in the Theatre du Jardin Beaujon, in consequence of which he let go the rope of the curtain which was in his hand, and the curtain fell on his head and severely wounded him. The hemorrhage caused by the wound retarded for some time his decease. M. Garnerin was the first who attempted the experiment of the parachute.

— At Petersburg, the Abbe Lemery, who taught Boussaye mathematics at the school of Brienne, aged 60. Although the ex-Emperor made him very brilliant offers to tempt him to return to France, he preferred remaining in Russia.

— At Henfield, Sussex, Martha Louisa, wife of Edward Ollershaw, Esq. daughter of the deceased Lieut-Col. Francis Robson, Hon. East India Company's service, and formerly wife of the late Captain Little, 92d regiment of foot.

— At Teddington, Middlesex, Mr Sergeant Marshall. He presided at the Chester assizes a fortnight before.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

DECEMBER 1823.

IMPROVEMENT OF SCOTCH JUDICATORIES.

No. III.

The law's a draw-well, unco deep,
Withouten rim, fouk out to keep;
A donnart chiel, when drunk, may dreep
Fu' sleely in,
But finds the gate baith stey and steep,
Err out he win. *Ferguson.*

It is the custom of the *Great Unknown*, and other eminent authors, to place at the top of their chapters short mottoes, descriptive of the subjects of them. In this we imitate them, by putting at the beginning of this, our third Number on the present subject, the above verse from the Scotch Poet Ferguson; and certainly it is quite apropos, at least in our own country. In our last article on this topic, we shewed the aptitude of it, even in a case of the most simple nature; but all the evils of vexation and delay are of course increased in questions of a more complicated kind, and particularly where proofs are necessary. These are frequently conducted now in the Jury Court; but all of them were, until of late, "led on-commission," as it was called; and that mode is still frequently resorted to. This induces us to say a few words regarding it.

A *PACOR ON COMMISSION* is where witnesses are adduced and examined, not before any Judge who is to decide the case, but in presence of some lawyer, Sheriff, or Sheriff-substitute, or other person nominated, who has the evidence taken before him, and all the depositions written down; and then being certi-

fied by him, these become the proof for the decision. This is the object; but as there is luck in leisure, we must proceed deliberately, and detail the progress of attaining it.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Forum.*

The Commission is granted during Session, but, for very obvious reasons, as we shall soon see, the Proof is generally delayed till Vacation. The witnesses, or many of them, are probably resident in some remote district, and it must be considered where the Commissioner is to sit: a village, convenient, in point of nearness, to the generality of them, is pitched on, care being taken that it is a place where there is some snug little inn; for, as the Agents say, "we must mak' our Commissioner comfortable," and we need not be altogether like M'Farlane's geese, who were "fonder o' their wark than their meat." The whole of the beds of the place are therefore made up; all the hens and ducks in it are put in requisition; provision is made for getting butcher-meat and white bread, by the carrier, from the next market town; and a modicum of guid port

from the pipe, with ample store of whisky (Glenlivet or Loch-Lomond), is laid in. All being thus provided, the Commission is produced, and the oath *de fidei* administered to the Clerk of the Proof; witnesses, who had been regularly cited on the diligence, are brought forward; and the business goes on. To those of the Craft we need not be particular; and Cowans, or men who are not of it, may care little for our being so; but if any of the latter description of persons were there, they would be *edified*, or at least amused, with the jarring wrangle which almost every moment occurs between the respective Agents, (or Counsel, if any attend,) on objections to witnesses or to questions, and with the noble heat into which they are apt to work themselves on the occasion. This may be easily supposed greatest, for obvious reasons, when the clients are themselves present; and we remember well an instance of an old bonnet laird, who was so delighted with the vehemence of his Writer, in repelling what he considered to be a frivolous and ungenerous attack on the admissibility of a witness of his, that he slipped quietly into his luif half-a-guinca, saying, "Ha'e, my lad; this is for yon *fine flam*!" The old portioner knew well that "monee makes the mare to go," and that ready cash would make her trot most briskly.

But let us dwell a little longer on scenes so interesting. Who has not admired the wise face of an old grey-haired Scotch peasant, when sitting and giving his deposition about the olden time, and the propinquities of the forefathers of the hamlet! He feels and enjoys an importance which he knows that few possess; and is not a little flattered that "sae mony hraw gentlemen ha'e come a' the way frae Embro" to learn what he knows. We have often been struck with the force of the expressions of such a person; and we remember a very old man, who, being asked the relationship between

two individuals, "Troth," said he, "it wad tak' a peck of peas to count that kin." The Indian, who pointed to the hairs of his head, to intimate a great number, was scarcely more impressive. But the best scene of the kind is a *redding of marches*, where there is a great muster of "auld men," to point out the just track of them, and where each, after deponing that he had the best opportunity of knowing, by having herded on the spot sixty or seventy years ago, walks the line of march with solemn tread, according to his conscience, and the best of his judgment. On one occasion, a very aged, white-headed person, as we well remember, was more positive than any of the rest; and his reason for being so, was connected with a curious Scotch custom mentioned by the most eminent of our law-writers. "For," said he, "on this very spot, where a muckle stane was placed, but which is now removed, I got my bottom weel payed, four-score years syne, when I was a bairn, to gar me mind the marches; and this was, in thae days, somehow according to law. At ony rate, what was sae weel caa'd into my tail cou'd na get out o' my head, and I have never passed this way since without remembering that place."

But it now approaches "the how and hungry hour, when fouk begin to *gaunt*," and Commissioner, Counsel, and Clerk, as well as the Agents, are all thinking of what their landlady may ha'e in the kail-pot. They quote the school-boys' adage, *Opere peracto ludemus*. Dinner is then put on the table. The Commissioner takes the chair there, as at the business-board, and says, "Gentlemen, the evidence to be led here is the *proof* of the pudding, which, we a' ken, is the eating o't." The whole party are country friends now, notwithstanding all their *flams* and debating before dinner; and, like good Christians, they change their swords into carving-knives, and their spears into punch-ladles. The Preses is a canty man, who does not

* Lord Stair is the eminent writer here referred to; and the following are his words: "When March Stones are solemnly sot up, boys use sometimes to be laid down on them, and *sharply whipt*, whereby they will be better able to remember, and be good witnesses, as to these Marches, when they are old—that impression on their fancy lasting long."—*Stair's Institutes, Book IV. Fol. 43, § 7.*

"throw his drink o'er his shoulder:" a large reaming bowl of punch is therefore made of our native liquor, which all parties are determined to countenance on patriotic principles, as for the guid o' the Revenue: like Presbyteries, and other social drinking meetings, they "bar a' husiness, after the grace is said;" the Preses declares, that if any man mention the word *marches* now, he shall either march off, or drink a couple of bumpers—an easy alternative. The healths of the contending parties, and of the Lord of the Manor, are drank, as also many loyal and other appropriate toasts, and the "evening is passed with the utmost hilarity." This, however, is only the first sederunt; but there is a continuation of *diets*: and *de die in diem*, there is the same forenoon fighting, and the same afternoon feasting, during all the sitting of the Commission. The latter part of the remark is applicable, in a special manner, to the concluding day, for that being always a kind of *foy*, is particularly mirthful; and a neighbouring laird or two, friends of the litigants, frequently join the party. Well do we remember a fine fellow, who came, on a final day of that kind, to "tak' his dinner" with us: he was of the old school, and no milk-sop; and he remained with us all night, because the roads were bad. "Weel," said he, "thae abominable new improvements ha'e, in maist places, (though not just here,) abridged hsaith mirth and hospitality. We used ay to tak' another guid jorum, and our friends kepted us a' night; but now the roads are sae confoundedly guid, that the skinflints have a pretence to let us ca' our horses, and trot awa' hame cauldri-fely, at ony hour o' the night, only *half-stocked*." So said our worthy visitor, in the glee of a hottle of wine; but it is only fair to do him the justice to say, that there is not a more public-spirited country gentleman than he, though, over his glass, he likes a hit at the new utilities, when they interfere with the old merriment in which his heart delights; and although he is now eighty years old, few contribute so eminently both to the business of the forenoon and the joy of the afternoon of every public meeting in his county,

as he does. This is no sketch of an ideal character, but represents a real person, well known to all the gentlemen on the eastern border, who are worthy the sitting down with, either at one time of day or another.

But we must return to what is more directly our subject. The Proof is finished,—*humbly reported* by the Commissioner,—and sent to Edinburgh, where it becomes, in course, the subject of much debate,—spoken, written, and printed,—adding greatly to that ocean of litigation which we have already seen that a Scotch law-suit contains, even without it.

The lawyers' shelves and printers' presses
Now graen fu' sair wi' weighty cases.

And here the defect of such evidence soon appears. It is a dry, cold letter, taken down in the language of the Commissioner, watched, as he is, by two keen razors of fellows acting for the parties, who squabble about almost every sentence of it. Those who read it, therefore, see not the open or scowling countenance, the intelligent look or stupid gaze—in short, the *tout ensemble* of a witness's appearance, which speaks more to an experienced Judge than even language itself. The science of *phrenology*, now-a-days, makes this objection quite palpable, for, like Sir John Prester, every one acquainted with it

Has a geometric scale

To gauge men's heads like casks of ale.

And any person well versed in it can say at once, from one's brow and pericranium, whether he is "a good man and true," or not. If written proofs are continued, we shall suggest, either that a phrenologist shall be allowed to every Commission, to report on the *developements* of the witnesses; or a painter might be appointed to each, who would place every man's face at the top of his deposition; just as, in some histories, the head of each king is put at the beginning of the account of his reign; and when the case comes into the Inner-House, a number of lithographic impressions of them may be thrown off, at little expence. Nor let cavillers sneer at this last suggestion, to have painters so employed;

for, let any of them turn up Hoggarth's prints, and examine the faces of the two apprentices, without distinguishing each, and then ask themselves to which of the two they would give, and to which they would deny all credit.

But a better way presented itself, of obviating such difficulties, and that was, without any feasting, to have the witnesses examined actually in the presence of those who should decide on their evidence. Now, this is done in England, at what is there called *Nisi Prius*, where the witnesses depone, not only in presence of the Jury, who are supposed to sift the fact, but of the Judge, who is to instruct them, determine on the law, and decide the cause. Except in very few instances, such, however, is not the case in Scotland. Our modern Jury-Court is, in fact, just a set of Commissioners, with this difference from ordinary ones, that the report is not made, by them, of the whole evidence, and all the *res gestæ*, as in the ordinary case; but it is the recital of a verdict on a set of *issues* prepared, not by the Judges of the Court of Session, who are ultimately to decide, but by the Jury Clerks, with those acting for the parties. The adjustment of these issues is often attended with not a little of that trouble and delay which we alluded to in last Number; because the business of addressing Juries has naturally got into the hands, or rather the mouths of a few of the speaking Lawyers, whom the Agents always call on to adjust and revise their issues; and it is no easy matter to make a *partibus*, or bring together those on both sides, for the purpose, amid their many other avocations at all the different bars, from one to another of which they are constantly running with the Writers' Clerks, calling on, or chasing them like so many boys, playing at *hide-and-seek*, or *bogly about the stacks*.

What next happens, according to our forms, after the Jury Trial? As Macbeth says, "when the brains are out, the man will die;" and, applying the simile, causes so end in England, but not in Scotland. As we have said, in most instances, the case is not over with the Jury Court, but the verdicts go to the Court of Ses-

sion, to be the bone of new contention there; and the course of procedure is then, in many instances, just as tedious and expensive as was the old Proof on Commission,—with this great difference, that it wants all its feeding and fun, which some very sensible men have considered to be no small defect.

But might not some of those evils have been prevented here, by WANTING A SEPARATE JURY-COURT, and leading the Proofs in the presence of the very Judges who were ultimately to decide, as is done in England? which mode, besides, would be less expensive to the country, than having a different Court, which is so costly an appendage. This last idea we cannot better illustrate than by telling the remark of a friend of ours, Mr Theodore Thrashie, on a subject not a little similar. He is an extensive farmer, and was erecting a thrashing-machine. "But," said he, "what an unthrifty chiel' wou'd I be, were I to mak' the dighting apparatus separate from, instead of attaching it to my other machinery, and were I to have it wrought by another pair of horses, and tended by another set of miln-men! Na, na! heavy rents winna bear such nonsense as that would be." The application of this is quite obvious, and needs no comment from us.

There is a subject on which, in our last Number, we promised to touch: it is that of EXTRACTS, and we must commence by adverting to the origin of them.

A law-suit, to a man in trade, is intended for *immediate* ascertainment of his rights; but not so with the idle. Lord Kames says, that, in the days of yore, before good agriculture awoke, a country laird would go every day to the top of some little eminence, to glower about him without object, till dinner time; and we have ourselves known some very good men spend not a little time, every day, sitting wagging their legs on the louping-on-stane—wearying for "somebody coming to their dinner," like the Laird o' Bonymoon, in the humorous story of old friend Creech. Let us reflect of what value a brisk law-plea would be to such a man as any of these, as it might regard his moesca, meadows, muirs, or his insets

or outlets; and how it would agitate his spirits, and help to circulate his blood, in his torpid and unlettered life. But then, as in hunting, it is a great misfortune when the fox is too soon worried; so a quick decision would end the interest of the litigant. Now, to have a written record of what, in its day, produced so much pleasure, is the origin of *extracted decreets*, which, till very lately, were *full copies* of all that had been written and printed in the cases. There was indeed a great avidity for such extracts,—

The country fouk to lawyers crook :—

Ab, weels me o' your bonny buik !

The benmost part o' my kist-nook

I'll ripe for thee,

An' willin' ware my hinmost rook

For my decree.

Those decreets, neatly half-bound and titled, were actually placed by their owners beside Taplin's Farriery, Bonar's Bee-master, the Whole Duty of Man, Hutchinson's Justice, and the rest of their scanty, but well-chosen libraries, and were perused again, and again, and again. The Spectator says, that the skins of the faces of foxes nailed upon the hunting-stable door of Sir Roger de Coverley were the trophies of his youthful victories, and that he was wont, on looking at them, to tell with delight the adventures of each chase. So did our litigants with their decreets, for, turning over their numerous pages, they used "to fight all their battles o'er again, and thrice to slay the slain;" though, in disastrous suits, the reading was, no doubt, sometimes of a more painful species, and resembled the studies of Old Rapid the tailor, in the Road to Ruin. He, when he wanted to appear peculiarly grave, on the great man's coming to visit him, and when his son Neddy recommended to him the attitude of reading, as fittest for gravity in an aged gentleman, desired Ned to bring him, for the purpose, his book of *bad debts*, "which," added he, "will doubtless, my lad, make me grave enough."

But of even such enjoyments litigants are now deprived, by pretended improvements; and, what is worse, they are obliged to pay for what they do not get. Long ago, a man, after an expensive process, got

at least a "*bonny buik*" for winter nights' amusement; and we have seen such a *work* amount to even a large folio, like an old-fashioned copy of Tillotson; hut, now-a-days, that is turned into little more than the Single Catechism, which a quick eye could glance over in a few minutes; and, what is certainly not "according to justice," that pamphlet, embracing little more than the summons and decerniture, must be paid for as highly as the old thick folio was. Professional men will see we allude to the effect of that war expedient, called the *Fee-fund*; and will think with us, that all its operations, in this respect, are clearly reducible on the civil law principle of *causa data, causa non secuta*.

Looking back, as from an eminence, on past times, we naturally ask HOW ANY THING so abominably dilatory and inefficient, as the present form of process, ever came to exist? There may be two reasons: 1st, As loquacity, and other defects, prevail most in old age in man, so it is probably in institutions that the old ones become most erroneous. But, 2dly, Every thing which is now called a defect, may, in an earlier state of manners, have been a merit. Historically, we have shown, in No. I., that our forms, which are servile imitations of those of the Parliament of Paris, were instituted by James V., almost 300 years ago; hut, as Lord Kames says on similar occasions, let us try to find a final cause, and discover a reason for his doing so. Doctor Robertson is at much pains to show the anxiety of our kings to stop their barons from private wars; and, like careful mothers, with relation to their wayward children, they adopted every expedient to "keep them out o' ill turns." It was a remark of old Dr Carlyle's, that men are just like game-cocks, and must always fight one way or another. Now, must it not have been a great matter, in a well-going law-suit, to provide a bloodless wordy war, of a good many campaigns, to engage any couple of chiefs, and to substitute it, if possible, for their raids and onslaughts, in which they brought fire and sword upon the estates of each other, and, *brevi manu*, drove off every thing which

could be taken away on its own legs? But civilization and law have banished such ferocity now; and lengthened litigations are no more requisite for keeping men quiet, now-a-days, than moats and portcullises, so general in the Peel-houses of our ancestors, would be for comfortable residence in our modern country seats. Surely, if a Birmingham manufacturer sues a Glasgow merchant, *dispatch*, not *delay*, should be the object; and let us, in future, avoid all the obloquy attached to our Courts, when an Englishman said, that they formed, in their great delays, as vexatious a defence against just creditors, as the mountains and morasses of our country were, of old, against the conquering arms of the Romans.

Having adverted to the defects of our Judicatories, we will next inquire what ought to be the remedy of them.

The error of them consists, *first*, in their beginning at the wrong end in procedure; and, *second*, in everlasting reviewing of sentences.

1. As to the first of these, we put the cart before the horse; and, before ascertainment of facts, we open a cause with long balderdash pleadings, which are a great waste of wind, as the client remarked; and *then*, (in the language of the old dancing-master,) “advancing backwards, we make an attempt at reaching the marrow of the case, by short statements; which inverted order we have observed to astonish many more persons than our friend Careful, who was the hero of our last Number on this topic.

We have not room here for entering at large upon the subject of English *special pleading*, which takes place in the commencement of causes. But our readers, though not lawyers, see, from its name, that it signifies something minute and accurate: such pleadings are not *viva voce*, but written; and they consist of reciprocal short statements, of both the fact and law, to be founded on in Court at the trial. They are composed with the greatest care, and being communicated by the Attornies for the two parties, to one another, and put by each of them into the hands of their Counsel, and also into those of the Judge before whom the case is to be tried, not only is *he* thus previously made

aware of the nature and bearing of the cause, but *both parties* come into Court acquainted with each other's pleas. The case is thus put upon *the very ground on which it is to be tried*; and all the spoken illustrations of Counsel are reserved till the trial comes on, instead of being the frothy, and unsubstantial, and useless thing, which they are now with us beforehand. In this manner, a case is tried there, in general, in *one day, out and out*, instead of hanging on for years, as we have seen that those of our own country do. Now, some such expedient should be adopted in Scotland; and we understand that our summons, defences, and answers, are proposed to be very carefully drawn, and to be converted into special pleadings like those of England. If this is closely attended to, they will answer the purpose; but we implore our Legislature to imitate the English in their mode of accomplishing the object, and so to order that these pleadings shall be concluded, as in England, before the cause enters the Court, instead of taking place there; for it is truly absurd that the valuable time of a Judge should be wasted in mere motions, and in ordering and re-ordering the giving in of papers, which, in a proper procedure, should appear of themselves in a cause, as regularly as the sun and moon in the firmament. Their failing to do so is one of the great sources of delay in our Courts, as they are now constituted.

Here we come to consider more generally the SUBJECT OF JURIES! and we must admit, that we have often had many doubts about the expediency of them. In early days, when, as we have shown, Jury Trial took its origin, it was a natural enough thing; and when all the community (who were then the Judges) were equally ignorant, any few decent men named to act as a sworn committee, or Jury, might be as good as any other set of such persons: besides, causes were then all plain in comparison to what they are now; and to use the language of the poet, “simple justice” had not then been “lengthened to a trade.” But now, when advancing society has made cases complicated, mere decent men frequently cannot be *up* to them;

and however well a wright may decide about the making of a floor, it does not follow he should be able to determine on a party's claim or right to have it made. We indeed often commit foolish mistakes in the choice even of arbiters; and observe too late, that a reference to tradesmen, about a matter of right, even as to the referees' own manufacture, is injudicious. On these principles, Judges of any kind should not be taken from such men as Foote's Orators, in his farce of that name; and the determination of the intricacies of *Meum* and *Tuum*,—even the disentanglement of the facts regarding them, should be placed in other hands than those of tradesmen of any kind, however eminent they may be on 'Change, or in their warehouses and work-shops. It is *there*, indeed, that their respectability will be found, and not in the seat of judgment.

But Jury Trial being an ancient favourite, we are aware that the expression of even this doubt (for it is no more) may bring upon our top a set of buzzing indignant patriots, who will blame us for depreciating it. "Where have we, (they will say) but in it, the advantage of immediate decision, against which there can in general be no reclaimers? and where else is that decision pronounced by men of *unsophisticated minds*? But what (they would continue) do you propose in the place of what was, in the days of brief and inquest, the universal mode of trying causes in our country, and which is gradually returning?" Now, our answer to all such tirade would be this, that each of our Divisions of Court are numerous enough of themselves to constitute what, if necessary, may be styled a *Jury*; and what is to prevent their determinations being made as immediate and reversible as those of Juries are? After hearing the evidence, they may *ven* retire, or proceed with shut doors, and their decisions may (to use the language of the letter to Mr Peel) as much resemble the *operations of fate*, as those of Juries do. As to the great value of *unsophisticated minds*, we assent to the remark; and probably sophistry is more apt to *chafe* from the libraries of the learned, than from either tan-pits or tal-

low-kettles: but do not our Judges possess such minds? and are such intellects better insured by the almost random mode in which Jurymen are now pitched on, rather than by the care with which our statesmen select, from the whole of the bar, the most able and enlightened body of the whole country, those men who are to decide its causes? Any person who has ever been in a Jury knows the truth of the remarks now made on its conclave; and when the stupid on the one hand, and the babbling on the other, are scummed off its mixture, the pure and accurate intelligence and understanding which may remain behind for pronouncing of verdicts, is oftentimes sufficiently small, however mysterious those verdicts may seem to the panting audiences, when they are read with all the solemnity usual on such occasions.

The plan now proposed would obviate the objections attendant at present on Trials in the Jury Court, that, in many cases, the Judges who are ultimately to decide on them, not being present at the giving of evidence, receive no aid from the physiognomy and general appearance of the witnesses. Even such as the verdicts are, they sometimes consider them not to establish some of the *minuter facts* on which it may appear to them that the cases rest; and the inadequacy of the issues to bring out these facts often gives rise, at present, to keen contest, and continues that very evil which Jury Trial was meant to prevent. We cannot better illustrate this our idea, than by quoting two passages from the letter to Mr Peel, beginning with that which shows the increase of litigation produced by such a state of things.

I observe a curious instance of the evils attending this involved course of proceeding, in a late case, (*Tennent v. Tennent*, 15th January 1822,) where the Lord Ordinary appointed a condescendence and answers, and a *debate* took place on the relevancy. The plaintiffs moved, that the case should be remitted forthwith to the Jury Court. The defenders resisted on three different grounds. The Lord Ordinary repelled two of these, but ordered minutes (written pleadings) on a third. Against this judgment a *representation*, followed by *answers*, was received, and then the Lord Ordinary re-

mitted the case to the Jury Court. A *further representation* was given in; and a *fight* took place regarding its competency. The Lord Ordinary pronounced his judgment; and *both parties presented petitions* against it to the Inner-House. *That Court overturned all that had been done*,—found that it was expedient, before remitting to the Jury Court, to address Issues in the Court of Session, and ordered *condescendence*; and, after all this cry, (*WHERE WAS THE WOOL?*) these highly-favoured individuals *returned back* to the Lord Ordinary, to *recommence* their combat,—not, however, reasonably despairing of *once again having to retrace the same steps!*

Observe, all this is in a procedure intended to *lessen litigation!* The following passage of the letter, regarding the unavoidable deficiency of verdicts, is very descriptive of it:

Where a question goes to a Jury, and they have to decide only for the one party or for the other, they have the whole substantive case, out and out, before them. But where the facts are taken by themselves, and split down into separate issues, it is quite possible, that the truth and justice of the case may be lost in this subdivision. It is quite possible, for example, that a Jury, upon a *complex* view of a transaction, might set it aside, upon the conviction, forced on their mind, on law and fact taken together, that a party has been wronged, or as, in law, it is called, circumvented. But what is circumvention? It is, that one of the parties has been so *weak*, has been so *inebriated*, has been so *old*, has been so *diddled*, has been so *whiddled*, has been so *played upon*, and so forth, that altogether he did not interpose a fair and valid consent to the bargain. But if this circumvention is reduced to all its component parts, and if a Jury are set to say, upon separate issues, and substantively, whether at the time in question he was drunk,—whether he was deceived, and so forth,—they may feel themselves unable, conscientiously, to say *yes* to each of these questions, while, conscientiously, they would undo his bargain.

We are aware that this plan of Judges deciding as Juries might be least manageable on Circuits, but even there it might be accomplished, by making it the duty of the whole Bench to go round on Assises, as they do in England; though, to save labour, they might be distributed into smaller parties than what the two present divisions form; or Juries

might be used in remote districts, though not in Edinburgh, where both divisions sit in full Courts. Nor does there appear any objection to this want of Juries in civil matters, on the score of feared oppression, or attacks upon liberty in troublous times; for those evils are not supposed to occur in civil, but in criminal suits,—and we propose no change as to these last. Besides, the trial of crimes being in most cases more simple and more dependent on matters of ordinary life than actions for civil right, common persons can more easily decide in it than they can do in discussions regarding the legal interests of individuals, which are far more lengthened and complicated.

II. In our general account of the law proceedings of this country in our last Number, we remarked the extreme distress and inconveniency which arise to parties from, what is now the 2d part of our subject, *the incessant reviewing of judgments* in all the stages of an action. Some satirical men have, on this account, compared a Scotch law-suit to the *Hydra's head*, which, though cut off repeatedly, immediately grew on again, and courted further heroic exertion to decapitate the monster. Others have assimilated it, with more propriety, to the vulgar idea of a *cat*, which, in its supposed nine lives, more closely resembles the number of reclaimers of different descriptions, which there must be in cases where one keen contentious party gives the other what, of old, were called the *lang sands o' the Parliament-House*; the allusion having reference to Leith Races, and one of the parties harrassing the other by giving him a good coursing of litigation, before he would "come down with his dust." Now, that evil would be considerably removed by the plan here proposed.

Whether their Lordships shall act as Juries or not, it would certainly be a great improvement, that *all the talent and attention of those who are to decide a cause, should be brought on it at once, and that they should be speedily done with it*, rather than that it should be necessary to recur to it so frequently, as is now the practice. The Court, 140 years ago, freed themselves from the teasing of private solicitations in causes,

by means of the Act of Sederunt, 29th Nov. 1690, which proceeds on the preamble, that the custom was a downright "*slavery to lieges, Lords, and lawyers*;" and, surely, with regard to the Judges themselves, any regulation which shall secure them from the necessity of *reading over the same case so frequently*, might proceed on a similar narrative. But, besides this, in any numerous Court, reviewing sentences is unavoidably attended with this evil, that, by the individuals on the Bench continually shifting, from day to day, from all the various causes of non-attendance, mentioned in our last Number, judgments come often to be *altered, not from change of opinion in the Court, but from mere accident*. Thus, suppose that a cause has been gained to-day by a *casting vote*,—that the sentence is reclaimed against,—and that it comes on again for decision at the distance of some months, when one of those Judges, who voted for the last interlocutor, is confined with a violent headache, caused by an east wind, (he being subject to it when the wind blows from that quarter),—here the judgment may be changed, and the most important consequences follow, *from no other cause, but that the wind has shifted*, and without fault on the part of any person whatsoever. All this is truly bad, and with a form of procedure which admits of such a thing, the Courts of the ancient ordeals were as good as our own, on such occasion; at least the decisions in ours might be defended on the very same principle with those of that antiquated mode of trial; and a result might be as well left to the expedient of Judge Bridle-goose, in Rabelais, who determined causes by throwing the dice, as depend on the direction of the wind blowing.

In a paper like this of ours, which is taking a range for the good of our country, among all the legal institutions, we must show a little law learning on the great subject of EQUITY, which Jacob (not the Patriarch, but the author of the Law Dictionary,) defines it to be "the interposing law of reason exercised by the Lord Chancellor, in extraordinary matters, to do equal justice, and by supplying the defects of the law, give remedy

in all cases." But why is the Chancellor the sole means of this remedy in England? Well might Blackstone say, that "the English system of remedial law resembles an old Gothic castle erected in the days of chivalry." The truth is, that his Lordship seemed to be the only means of attaining to a little good sense for decisions in that country, in those warlike days, when that Judge was generally the only person who, from attention to such matters, could pretend to any regarding them. But the separation of law and equity has had the precise evil effect among the English, which the form of process, in their law-courts, is so admirably fitted to prevent; for though a person may there have the law for him, he may be *turned round*, as it is called, in equity, and sent away to Chancery, where delay, and all its consequences of damage and disaster, arise, greater even, as we believe, than they do in our Scottish Courts; and we could not have used a stronger degree of comparison than by saying so. The truest account of the matter is probably given by the learned Selden, who says, "Equity is a roguish thing; while for law we have a measure, and know to what to trust. Equity is according to the conscience of him who is Chancellor; and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. It is all one, as if they should make the standard for measure a Chancellor's foot. What an uncertain measure would that be! One Chancellor has a long foot; another a short foot; a third an indifferent foot;—'tis the same in the Chancellor's conscience."

But without such ludicrous views of so grave a matter, let us remark, that as all lawyers study equity as well as law, surely *these two ought to go together*; and the Judges of the King's Bench, or Common Pleas, ought not to send applicants for equity into the next door—the Court of Chancery; just as a linen-draper would send away a customer wanting a penknife, telling him that he *dealt in no such articles*, but that he would find it with his neighbour, Mr Ironside, in the next shop. A Roman Court embraced both law and equity; and we are happy to say, so do ours; resembling, so far, the shop of

that respectable old man, *Tammy A'thing*, now in Elysium, late of Whitburn, who left a great fortune by dealing in all things; and in whose ample premises might be equally found honey and jelly, nails and tacks, bar-iron and broad cloth, all at the cheapest rates.

We have a great store of able Judges, and yet *one of the chief causes of delay, in law proceedings, before some of the Ordinaries, and in one of the divisions of our Court, is, that they have too much to do there, and are overloaded with business.* But this is certainly the consequence of some wrong arrangement and bad distribution of causes, arising from litigants flocking after one another in their enrolments, like so many sheep over a dike, whereby too many of them run one way. Now, might not this be prevented, in the distribution of cases, by an easy calculation of the average number of new causes brought forward weekly, and by allowing *no more than about such number to go before each Ordinary.* Were so equal a division of cases made in the Outer-House, a like even distribution would follow in the Inner Chambers, as a necessary consequence. Those allotments would, of course, not be minutely accurate, but they would be sufficiently so to remedy the evil. Ah! but say wise objectors to this, "*Will you not allow the lieges to choose their own Court?*" "Yes, (we answer) we will, but to get in *they must come in time;*" just as if any of them were going to Glasgow, and desire to take the morning-mail, he must enrol in due time in the mail-coach-office books for the day, otherwise he must take the evening-mail, or be content with a seat in the Prince Regent, or the morning or evening Telegraph, on some other coach. Or if he is in London, and must go to the play, but allows Drury-Lane Theatre to get choke-full before he comes from his beef-steak and pint of port, he must then slip into that of Covent-Garden in the best way he can. Or if, while in the metropolis, he is desirous to hear Orator Irving in a sermon of a good hour and a-half, "*of rattling and thumping, of roaring and of jumping,*" in a suffocating crowd, with Peers and Premiers in it, he

must compare in due time at Hatton-Garden with a ticket in his hand; for if he fail to do so, he must be contented to go, for the day, to some neighbouring sing-song establishment place, where a drowsy dean, or careless curate with a white sark, will, in a cold, comfortless church, without either a roar or a jump, and without either Peer or Premier, fob him off with a trifling little read essay, of nineteen minutes and a half, addressed to a congregation which a Scotch muirland minister would, on a winter Sunday, treat with *kail*, and instruct by his own kitchen fire-side; as is a common practice of some pious country pastors, when the weather is peculiarly stormy, and when there may be as many colleys as Christians of the party.

The application of these illustrations is quite obvious. In the distribution of the business of the Lords, let it be equally divided, or nearly so. This will not only be just towards the Judges, but expedient to the lieges; and if it is not done, depend on it, whatever other good regulations are made, new causes will soon again get into large masses, as they are at present; and the same inconveniences which occur from it now, will be the consequence. The Court was formed into two divisions, as it now is, on account of that evil existing in it before; but the disease remains uncured, as to one of those compartments, where the business is over accumulated nearly as much as it was in the old Court, just because no such precaution was taken, as that which is here recommended, for equalizing the duty.

The remarks which we have hitherto made have related to the delay in Courts within our own country. But there is *another great source of it elsewhere*; for if a case is of such magnitude that a few hundred pounds more are of little consequence, in proportion to the sum at stake,—or if a contumacious debtor either cannot settle with his creditor, or will not do so, after he has lost his cause in the Court of Session, but chuses, as he says, to "*put a sneck before his nose:*" in either of these cases, he makes his Edinburgh Agent write to Spottiswood and Robertson, or some other London

Solicitor, and send him up a PETITION OF APPEAL, rightly signed; and he thereon gets down a warrant for intimation. This little writ was wont, of old, to stop the whole of the law machinery for a long time; for without any discussion, as in the Bill-Chamber, about *passing* upwards, it carried the cause, *de plano*, at once into the House of Peers, which, being already too full of appeals, could not overtake it for at least seven years. This, therefore, in addition to all the long time spent in what is termed "the Court below," made a Scotch law-suit such, that we remember an antiquarian and naturalist remarking, that our form of law-procedure bore evident marks of being *antediluvian*; for, he observed, the duration of an action, according to it, was such, that though it might have suited the 969 years of the life of Methuselah, it was quite inconsistent with the modern age of man—three score and ten, or even four score years. It is true, that matters have been a little different for some time past, in as far as *interim possession* may be granted by the Court on cause shewn, and that the period during which appeals depend is generally somewhat shorter; but these are only slight modifications of a great evil. The day of renewed litigation, in the House of Lords, arrives now in four or five years; when the original litigants, who began the action, may be in their graves, and it has been left as a legacy to their descendants.

This evil of the NUMBER, AND CONSEQUENT DELAY, IN APPEALS, is certainly very great, and may be of very difficult cure. The intended improvements of the Court of Session have this as their object; but they will likely produce the opposite effect; because, if we mistake not, though they will abridge the procedure in actions, they will increase the number of them, just because they do abridge it. A reasonable culture has few abstractions; and when the Court becomes more efficient, less dilatory, and of course less expensive, there will be more suits in it. Men are at present, in truth, glad to fly to references on all subjects, where both parties are desirous of speedy decision, for the very purpose of avoiding a Court, whose antiquated,

lumbering, and expensive forms totally preclude it. But this change will just increase, instead of diminishing the business of the Court of Appeal; for where there are altogether more causes, a greater number will find their way there. The trouble, however, of the Court of last resort, will, no doubt, be diminished in proportion as the ascertainment of facts shall be rendered final in the Lower Court; and this will happen whether those facts shall be so settled by tailors, tanners, tallow-chandlers, and all other kinds of tradesmen and traders, which is the ordinary Jury system, or shall be fixed, as we recommend, by the Judges of the land,—men whose intellects are not borne down by mechanical habits, like those other descriptions of persons, (however able these may naturally be,) but whose minds, originally well cultivated, become more discriminating, from constant attention to the rights and interests of contending parties. We shall leave the subject of the Appeal Court, however, to a future opportunity, and when the report of the Commission is promulgated, we shall resume it; our readers being aware, that even as to what relates to our own Courts, we have hitherto confined ourselves to generals, and abstained from any attempt to enter into *minutiae*, until we shall see what the Commission points at.

But before concluding, a most natural question must occur to all and sundry limbs of the law, who are dependent on the great mill of the Parliament-House, and who, of course, are "fearful of change." The important query is, WHAT EFFECTS will all these intended alterations have on them? We are aware that many are gloomy on the occasion; but we see no very great cause for it, if we are right in our conjecture, that a better form of process, by abridging procedure, will produce more causes. It is true, the labour, and of course the gain, of many long representations and answers, will be withdrawn from the *youngsters of the wig and gown*; but the distinct ones among them will likely be then employed here, as such men are in England, in writing or revising special pleadings, which, if the example of such writs in the neighbouring country may be referred to, must be prepared on very

different principles indeed, from the present rubbish of the Outer-House, where we all know that lawyers often write long papers, because they have not time to make short ones; and because lengthened productions are apter, than short ones, to please clients and Agents, many of whom mistake size for sense, seek for large pennyworths, and want *guid measure*, without care as to the corn being *weel dighted*.

The individuals who, in our opinion, will suffer most by the improvements, will probably be the *copying-clerks*. These are a species of migrating birds, who flock in great numbers, at the beginning of every session, from all country jurisdictions, into the seat of the Supreme Court, with letters from their masters, in praise of their hand-writing and *sobriety* of manners; which last, however, often suffer woeful change from change of climate, and from all the temptations of caller oysters and reeking toddy. The sober ones, however, are generally good young men, often a *fendy* race, and sometimes eke out their livelihoods by meritorious, though humble enough means. They are, therefore, the less to be pitied. In the merry days of long extracts, a lady, a friend of ours, had a maid-servant about to be married, and when she asked the girl of what trade was her swain, "Oh, (answered she,) he is a fine, industrious lad, for he is a writer at the Register-office in Session-time, and he ca's coals in the vacance." It is to the same frugal and laborious habits that our poet, to whom we have so frequently alluded, refers, when he says,

"The farmers' sons, as yap as sparrows,
Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,
An' whistle to the plough an' harrows
At barley seed:
What writer wadna gang as far as
He cou'd for bread?"

Such will be the effects of the improvement on copying-clerks; and we naturally inquire how it will be relished by their masters, the *writers* themselves, who conduct the causes in Court. Now, the author of this article, who belongs to the most ancient and largest body of them, in the College of Justice, is certain that he expresses the sentiments of the whole of that part of them whose opinions

and feelings are most deserving of attention, when he says, that *nothing would be more agreeable to them, than such arrangements as would ensure speedy decisions in cases*; for oftentimes have all of them experienced the embarrassment of their friend 'Active, so fully detailed in our last Number; and oft have they seen, on the one hand, the vexatious impossibility of bringing a cause to an end; and felt, on the other, the difficulty of explaining, to an anxious client, how that impossibility existed. This perplexity is most likely to happen when the clients are Englishmen, sundry of whom we have known actually to retire from all commercial connection with the Scotch, from no other cause than the dilatoriness of their Courts, whenever it became necessary to render claims against them effectual at law.

But we have been forgetting for this long time, that we are, in all our disquisitions, but *REVIEWING A FEW PAMPHLETS*; and we dare to say our readers have been thinking that we are imitating our brethren, the Edinburgh Reviewers, by neglecting to say any thing of those works, though (as they are wont to do) we hung up their titles in the front of our first Number, to denote our subject, just as a lion stirring about a bowl of punch with a spoon in his paw, is sometimes placed over a country inn-door, to intimate the good cheer to be found within. But such conduct is wrong; and *authors* who are looking anxiously to see what we are to say of them, should not be so treated. Nor is such usage fair towards a very numerous body of *blue stocking*, as well as *booted perusers of reviews*, who care little about being bothered on the subjects treated of, but desire to learn enough of the *books* to acquire a literary smack, and to be enabled to gabble about them, as if they had read every word of them, so that they may either denounce them, with a confident and critical air, to be "perfect trash," or declare them to be "really extremely able," and "as pretty things as they have ever seen."

Now, our *principal sign-posts* so stuck up, were the act empowering the appointment of the Commissioners on this subject; and the letter to Mr Peel on the Courts of Scotland.

But as a tadpole soon becomes a

frog, so an act is sometimes soon changed into a report. Such has been, so far, the rapid progress of the *act on the Courts* referred to by us; and having generally treated of the subject of it, we must delay being particular, till we see the report of the Commission, when we shall give all due praise, or bestow censure, according to our idea of merit or demerit. But we have no such apology for putting off saying something of *the letter to Mr Peel*; and whether we think it good, bad, or indifferent, out we must speak, without shilly-shallying.

We are not the first Journalists who have noticed this work, for it has come through the hands of the Edinburgh Reviewers, who have termed it a *smart Pamphlet*; and so it is, as we have already shown, by two quotations from it. We might produce many more to the same effect, but have not room. One or two instances further, however, we shall not omit. Our author justly censures the lukewarmness of the English about matters which relate merely to Scotland; and Junius himself could not have used holder or smarter figures in doing so than he does. "Mr Taylor's dinners," says he, "are ate, Lord Holland's table continues unthinned, and Mr Arbuthnot never thinks of whipping-in from the coffee-houses, when only a *Scotch affair* is under question. The reporters are drowsy, and even the very Speaker begins to nod." Though we admire the spirit of the illustrations, we cannot, however, now join in the author's remarks regarding the inattention of the English to us in matters of improvement; for the commission for reforming our Courts has been sent us from Government, and it contains in it no less than four eminent English lawyers, from whose exertions in it we have the best hopes. When they have finished their labours, a *large and extensive act of sederunt* is to be made, regulating the whole matter of law-procedure; and it will supersede all the former similar ones, just as a new stamp act contains a general table, which is in lieu

of all the old stamp statutes, and as the Code Napoleon came in place of the French and Belgic laws and enactments. All our lumbering collections of old acts of sederunt regarding exploded forms will then be useless; and Mr Campbell, and Mr Cotton, in their snuff-shops, may buy as many of them as they like at the ordinary price of waste paper.

But smartness is not the leading quality of the letter to Mr Peel. If any one will turn over a few French newspapers, as we have lately done, what strikes him first is their tameness about all matters of public import. They want the fine John-Bullish growl, and tart fretfulness, which characterize the British Journals; and the same remark applies to the pamphlets of the two countries. Now, the letter to Mr Peel possesses these valuable qualities in an eminent degree; for its author, while he tells much truth, and many stubborn facts, is a *great grumbletonian*. The short Roman historian Florus, instead of the vulgar partitions into books and chapters, divides his work into *wars*, as the *Bellum Histricum*, the *Bellum Asiaticum*, the *Bellum Catilinarium*, and so forth. In any new edition of this letter, we would propose a similar division of the subjects of it into *grumbles*:—as the grumble against the Lord Advocate, the grumble against permanent Ordinaries, the grumble against the salaries of the Judge's clerks, the grumble against the Bill Chamber, the grumble against the late heavy fees of Court appointed by the sederunt 1821, "*and confirmed in slump by Parliament*:" as to which last, the author exclaims, in his best and smartest style, and with not a little justice, "Where was Mr Joseph Hume when this was done? where slept his caution and acuteness? where was his ubiquity?" Many more grumbles we might suggest, as a grumble against the sinecures of the first clerks of well-employed lawyers,—a grumble against unfreemen pretending to manufacture hornings and captions,—a grumble against the wild Irish practice of *houghing** among Agents of certain

* *Houghing* (anglice hamstringing) is here taken metaphorically, and means the artful tricks, in point of form, which law practitioners play to defeat one another in causes, similar to the *houghing* of neighbours' cattle by revengeful persons, who lame them by cutting the tendons of their legs.

descriptions, as well as many others: but our readers would then grumble at us for tediousness. But these may be in a new edition, and then we shall all "grunt and grumble to each others' groans:" at present, we shall content ourselves with allusion just to one grumble more on the part of our author, and it is that which regards the *Sheriff's-depute*. At present, the situation of a *Sheriff-depute* is a snug kind of thing, for the salary is good, and the Substitute resides in the country, and does the load of the business. In the true style of everlasting reviewing, the Depute is merely a court of review of the Substitute. But if the Depute has the sense to name a proper Substitute, this reviewing is a very simple matter; and many of the superiors may say of their subordinates, what Commodore, then Captain, Murray said of his first Lieutenant:—"The facetious old officer was the most absent man alive, and on one occasion he forgot himself ashore, till the fleet had sailed without him; "Well, well! (said he,) no matter, my friend Tom is a devilish deal cleverer fellow than I am, and the crew are so far fortunate, whatever may happen."

What our author strongly recommends, is the *abolition of the office of Substitute, and that the constant residence of the Deputes in their counties should be insisted on; and he thus expresses himself—*

The *Sheriff's-depute*, it has already been said, do not reside within their counties. They are *young Advocates*; or they are *practising Advocates*—or, at least, they would be *practising Advocates*:—and they would also be *Deputes-Advocate*, and *Solicitors-General*, and *Lords-Advocate*, and *Commissaries*, and *Admirals*, and *Lords of Session*, and *Commissioners of Teinds*, and *Lords of Justiciary*, and *Lords of the Jury Court*, and *Barons of Exchequer*. With all these fine things before them,—with the temptations, too, of a lucrative business, to withdraw them from their judicial duties,—and with all the pleasures and distractions of a luxurious society, of which they ever are acceptable members, to allure them from their counties,—is it to be wondered at, that they should either be indifferent about their judicial functions, or at least that they should give as little attention to the proper duties of a *Sheriff* as decency will permit?

Now, to all this we do not assent; for *put and row* between the two,—master and man, the *Sheriff's* duty wags on pretty well; but, exclusive of good public reasons, there is really something unjust in the very idea of banishing to constant residence in the dreary country, men who accepted their offices under no such terms; but who took them on condition of being allowed to live in town during the fashionable season, to walk the boards of the *Parliament House*, hearing news, and cracking jokes, in the forenoon, and to dedicate their evenings to parties, lively or literary, as they might like best. Would you really send to such places as *Foul-sykes*, or *Windywas*, or *Cauld-house*, or *Bentidool*, well-educated gentlemen, to give their spare hours to tups and turnips, the whole year round, instead of all the soft elegancies of city life? It is impossible; and you may depend on it, that every one of them would throw down his *Judge's* gown in indignation, were such a thing ever proposed to them. It would be worse, in short, than the *relegatio in insulam* of the Roman law, and must never be thought of more.

And now we must make our bows, and take leave of the subject. We repeat what we said in our last Number, that we reflect not on men, but on forms; that we have the greatest respect for our *Judges*, to whom all our suggested improvements would save much trouble; and who have no blame whatever in the present state of things. We have also all due regard for the rest of the *College of Justice*; but we must still say, that its form of process needs much amendment; and we know that we are joined in that sentiment by every respectable member of it.

We trust the author whom we have reviewed will take in good part all we have said; for we like the spirit, and truth, and boldness, and growling of his Pamphlet extremely; and we trust he will keep a sharp look-out, and be ready to rouse himself again whenever it may be necessary. We bid adieu to our readers with regret, for we have had a nice gossip with them—we shall be glad to renew it—and we leave them as merry companions,

Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.

MISERIES OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE—IN A LETTER FROM A COCKNEY.

MY DEAR NED,

Edinburgh, December 1823.

I HAVE NOW been upwards of a fortnight in this beautiful city, but so constantly occupied in the arrangement of these villainous affairs of my uncle's, that I might have almost as well been vegetating in the Steppes of Siberia. I believe, after all, the old fellow's matters will turn out to be worth the trouble, but truly this winding-up is a shocking affair. *Corpo di Buoco!* What I have endured, during the last ten days!—what posting per mail—what rummaging of trunks—what poring over parchments, to me, dark as an Egyptian papyrus—what consultations of lawyers—what raking up of old claims—what sifting of new! It was a thousand to one I got over it.

You remember I once had some thoughts of the English bar myself; heard the lectures at Oxford—read Cicero—and prosed at the debating societies. I have a dim recollection, indeed, of once making a splendid speech on the subject of Trial by Jury, and reading an Essay (pil- laged from Blackstone) on the English Constitution. But, alas! what have my studies availed me? verily, they are all vanity. My whole legal career here has been but a tissue of misfortunes. I have been sneered at, *sub rosa*, by my Agent, quizzed by his brethren, terrified by creditors, cheated by debtors. Every man's hand has been lifted up against me, and all owing to that mass of absurdity, the *vocabulary* of Scotch Law. Of all the unintelligible and ridiculous jargons I have ever had the misfortune to encounter, this Scotch law is the worst.

My blunders began almost the first day I was in Edinburgh. You know I availed myself of the invitation I received from my uncle's old Agent, Mr Caption, W. S., to take up my abode with him. He is really a good-natured, hospitable fellow, but wrapt up in the idea of his own sagacity, and very much disposed to put tricks upon travellers like myself, whom I can perceive he looks upon as something of a greenhorn. I was yawning over an old newspaper, beside him, in the office, occasionally

contemplating the ceiling, as if I had been taking an observation, and counting the nails on the W. S.'s arm-chair,—an operation which I had repeated several times, and always found the result different,—when I was roused by the question, what I intended to do with myself for the day? I was very much disposed, in the true Italian style, to stretch my legs on the chair, and answer—"Nothing;" but as I anticipated a quiz, I parried the inquiry, by saying "I had not exactly made up my mind." "Well," said he, "as you have got nothing particular to do, I think you had better go with me to the *Ordinary*." This I begged to decline, assuring him that I could not think of *dining* at that early hour. "*Dining!*" replied the man of law, with one of his knowing looks; "well, we won't insist upon that, but if you come, I think I can promise you a abundance of good company." I had rather, at any time, give up a point, than have the trouble of fighting for it, so, though not much in the vein, I set out along with him. To my utter astonishment, he landed me in their great legal Domdaniel, which I have since learned is called the Parliament House, before an old gentleman in a box in the wall, who was listening with great resignation to a long speech from a little gentleman with a large wig, and a croak like that of "*dira Celano*" herself. "And so this is the *Ordinary*?" "Why, yes," said Caption; "do you see any thing extraordinary about him?" I could have knocked him down with the greatest delight.

There is really something magnificent and imposing about this Parliament House. The lofty roof, fretted with ornaments and gilded projections—the fine proportions of the hall—the soft and varied light shed through the painted window—the moving sea of heads that undulates beneath; some who have "pinnaced in wigs their snowy scalps," gleaming out conspicuous amidst the black or sandy locks of the majority—the echo of debate—the din of criers—the buzz of conversation, combine to

form a whole, perhaps the most striking and amusing I had ever beheld. I have often lounged about in Westminster-Hall, but, compared with the Parliament House, it is silent as the school of Pythagoras, or the cave of Trophonius.

We began to explore our way through the eddies of this ocean of law in search of several *writers*, with whom Mr Caption told me he intended to have some conversation on the subject of my affairs. As I was aware that the conversation would be absolute Sanscrit to me, I was looking on in a *pocourante* way, when my attention was caught by some expressions, which I confessed appeared to me rather of an alarming nature. I heard one of them advise my Agent to have "*me seized immediately*." Another observed, that he supposed it would be unnecessary, and that I would "*enter with resignation*." A third,—an ill-looking fellow, with a withered face and ferret eyes, muttered something about "*staff and baton*," which I suppose he meant to be applied to my back, for I heard him afterwards say, that I had only "*a base title to my property*." I thought it high time to interfere, and was beginning to hint to Mr Caption the propriety of a retreat, when he tranquillized me, by explaining that the expressions which had so much alarmed me related only to the mode of "*making up my title*," and that no assault whatever was meditated on my person. When I asked him to explain what plan had been proposed, he told me, with great gravity, that I must claim as *heir female*, and then resign my property into my own hands!

Though my uncle has left a considerable value in landed property, I find he has contracted a good many debts, and some of the creditors have been rather restive. I went to call on one of them the other morning, in hopes of smoothing him down a little, till matters should be arranged; but I found him unrelenting as a University Proctor. He told me, in his vile jargon, that I had incurred a *universal representation*, and that if I did not pay quietly, he would have me *blasted at the horn immediately*. "*Blasted at the horn!*" there was something appalling in the undefined

nature of the punishment. I thought of Hamlet's adjuration: "*Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell*"—then of Edward of Caernarvon, who I recollected had been put to the horn in Berkeley Castle; and believing that I saw before me a second Maltravers, I felt myself perspiring with terror at every pore. At last I mustered up courage, "*I'll cross him*," said I, "*though he blast me*." So clapping my hands upon my nether man, and looking him in the face as steadily as possible, I gained the door, and hurried down stairs with all convenient speed.

When I had a little recovered my fright, I thought of converting the experience I had purchased to profit. If the idea of being blasted at the horn has been sufficient, said I, to throw me into a cold sweat, I dare say I shall find it an infallible specific for enforcing payment from some debtors of my own. Like the debtor in Scripture, who was no sooner dunned himself, than he commenced the same operation upon others, down I sallied immediately to the shop of a Mr M'Sicar, who owed my uncle rather more than a hundred pence, and accosting him, "*I will trouble you*," said I, "*for payment of a trifling account of yours, which has been due for some time*." "*Sir*," said he, with all imaginable coolness, "*I really do not find it convenient at this time*." "*Sir*," replied I, (with dignity, and speaking slowly, that every word might do its office,) "*I shall have you blasted at the horn immediately*." What do you think he did? Why, as Heaven's my judge, he laughed in my face, and told me he would treat me with a *Suspension*. Mercy on us! I thought I, what a country is this, where they blast a man if he don't make payment, and hang him if he asks for it!

When I returned, and told the story to my Agent, he laughed heartily at my mistakes, and assured me, that neither my bowels nor my neck were in any danger. "*But*," said he, "*we must have you confirmed immediately, to give you a title to collect your uncle's debts*." I assured him that I had received the benefit of confirmation long before, and that I understood it was a ceremony that

did not require to be repeated. "Not by the Bishop, I believe," said he, "but by the Commissary it does, and I am afraid we can't do without it here. In these matters you will find confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ." And accordingly I have been duly confirmed, not by the laying on of hands, to be sure, but by the laying out of more money than I felt inclined to part with.

There is really no end to the oddities of these Scotch lawyers. I heard one of them coolly complain to the Court, that he had been "removed in the very *Act of Sederunt*," and move that he might be allowed to "*purge at the bar*;" and, what appeared to me still more extraordinary, he obtained permission. You may easily suppose, however, I did not stay to witness the ceremony. By the bye, this is quite a common circumstance here, for I understand, that when they want to get *any thing out of a witness*, they *bring him up by the diligence*, and have him *purged* immediately. This explains the remark which I have always heard made

about the great *looseness* of procedure in the Court of Session.

These Scots must certainly have a natural inclination to litigation and abuse. I am told most of their actions begin with *libelling* somebody or other, and that they insert provoking paragraphs, called *irritant clauses*, in all their deeds. Caption came into my room the other day with a writ of some kind or other in his hand, and when I asked him what he meant to do, he told me he was going to render "*a subject litigious*." But, in fact, I could not be surprised at any thing, after hearing that the country is in such a frightful state of barbarism, that it is no uncommon thing for a person still to claim a property *by right of conquest*; that landlords generally reserve to themselves a right to *distress* their tenants in every possible way; and that they still collect all the *males* upon their estates, twice a-year, notwithstanding the disarming act.

I shall perhaps tell you more of the matter afterwards. Meanwhile, I must subscribe myself thine,

MARMADUKE TEMPLE.

CLASSICAL REVERIES.

No. II.

"*Est modus in rebus.*"

"There are moods in every thing."—*Crambo*, p. 4.

When a' the hills are cover'd wi' sna',
I'm sure its winter fairly:

So says the old song, and so say I too, as I survey, from my parlour window, the Lomond peaks, the more distant Ochills, with a certain segment of lower Perthshire. But this is the land, thank God, of coal-pits, and large, bulging, bleezing fires, and well-built houses, and window-curtains down to the floor—so, e'en let the tempest bluster—

"The storm without may rage and rustle,
Tam does na mind the storm a whistle."

A man's home is his empire, where he reigns in all the security and comfort of snugness, authority, and affection. And yet, in this, his kingdom, there are occasional commotions and disquietudes. He himself may indeed sit in his chair of state, in

his easy-chair, and, like the gravitating table in the cabin of a Leith Smack, he may remain comparatively steady and unmoved by the roll and swing, rattle and commotion, around and about him. But still, if the very foundation upon which he leans is up-heaved, and if the whole establishment is in a state of agitation, he cannot remain altogether at rest; he will begin to tumble about, like Diogenes in his tub, and to request some *little Alexander* or other, to stand from betwixt his person and the fire. He will begin to exert himself in reducing excitements, allaying heats, quieting uproars, and accommodating differences, and the exertion, even when most successful, will put an end to absolute and un-

interrupted quietude. "Leviu," however, it is still competent to observe, "*fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere nefas*;" and a man may at least allay the ferment within his own soul, by giving himself little trouble about any thing. In short, Sir, I can manage and arrange every thing but one in my home dominion. There are certain refractory things, agents, passions—I know not by what term to describe them, called *moods* or *modes*, which set all my management, and even authority, at defiance.

I ask my eldest daughter to sing my favourite song, "Upon the Banks of Allen Water," and to accompany this singing upon the stringed instrument, which serves us at once as a side-board and "a piano;" but her answer, not unfrequently, is, that she is not in the "mode" for singing or playing at present. I take up one of the younger ones upon my knee, and begin to tickle its sides, or tumble it about, according to use and wont; but find quickly that my blandishments are repelled, and that screams and tears ensue, instead of convulsive laughter. I inquire into the reason, and find that the little imp has lost its doll—broken its rattle—or upset its parritch-milk, and is consequently not in the "mode" to be teased. I look out at my window, and see some of my good and kindly neighbours coming to do me the favour of a forenoon's call, and when I make this discovery known in my family, I immediately see a dispersion; one runs to a bed-room, another to a closet, and a third to the nursery; and the universal voice is—I cannot be fashed wi' callers to-day, I'm not in the "mode" for seeing them. Nor is the modal influence confined, if I am correctly informed, to domestic economy. My good friend, the clergyman of the parish, tells me that he lost fully two chalders of yearly stipend¹ last tiend-day, merely because the Judges, somehow or other, did not happen to be in the mode to grant it. And independently of those court-modes and fashions, which re-

gulate dress and manners merely, I am made to believe that the very throne itself, in all its august and venerated dignity, is not exempted from the influence of this universal presence. Nor is this power, if we may trust the wisdom of antiquity, confined to rational and animated beings alone;

"EST MODUS IN REBUS"

is written in legible characters over the door-way of creation. This impalpable agent

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent!"

Nor is its influence confined to what may be designated "*rehus*" to the actual existencies of nature; but there are "*modes of the mind*," as my friend Muir expresses it; and, amongst others of this cast, the verb—that elder son, that Esau of the intellect, readily asserts a place. How the verb originally came by its "*modes*," whether from the corresponding humours, caprices, and unintelligible disputations of grammarians, or whether from some innate and inseparable character, it is of little use here to inquire. But certain it is, that though the thing, as has been seen, be "*neither scant nor rare*," we are well entitled to wonder how the deuce it got *there*. Were I in power over mind and matter, only for a single hour, the very first act of my regency would be to banish and expel these vile "*modes*," or "*moods*," from the universe—"a toro, et a mensâ, aba quâ, et igni;" and, ultimately, *ab rehus cognitis et incognitis, ab omnibus rebus*, in one word, *et pterisque aliis!* But even independently of such legislative measures, I am in hopes that an ultimate reformation may be effected. The fairies and "brownies" which were once so numerous and troublesome, have already vanished into thin air*. The witches

* We are informed that there is *still* "a couple of brownies" in the city of Edinburgh, whose aim and profession it is to pelt honest people with peat-cloaks, and all manner of nuisance,—who effect a kind of *perping*, precarious livelihood, by manufac-

and warlocks only linger on the very confines of departure. The stars are far less capricious in their risings and settings, their movements and influences, than they were in the age of Julius Cæsar. Even the moon, who, I verily believe, was the Bona Dea, the productive mother of all this "modal brood," has become quite serious and accountable in her movements and aspects. And as to this earth, it is quite an example to the whole planetary system, in respect of decency and uniformity. Kings have laid aside, except on gala and coronation days, much of their wonted privileges in this respect; and even in my own family I can perceive a growing improvement. The verb! the verb alone remains exactly where it was some centuries ago, and, amongst all the accountability which prevails around it, refuses to render a reason. It is on this account that I have taken the refractory culprit to task, and mean seriously, in the following "reveries," to investigate its claims upon our future indulgence, in an inquiry into the nature and use of the

"Verbal Moods."

The question respecting the "modal" difference betwixt the indicative and subjunctive tenses of the verb, has presented a subject of interminable discussion to grammarians and critics. Incapable of reconciling all, or even the greater proportion of classical examples, to any one theory, they have been compelled to relinquish almost every position in succession; still, however, adhering with a pertinacity quite in character to the term originally adopted. It seldom occurred to them to suspect the foundation upon which they were proceeding; and whilst superstructure after superstructure was raised and demolished, still workmen were found to labour on the same ground. Nor has this method of proceeding been confined to grammar alone. In astronomy, chemistry, mineralogy, and political economy, men have continued pertinaciously in fundamental errors, merely out of compliment to terms which

some popular author had adopted, and long use had sanctioned. "The rule! the rule!" is still the watch-word of every pedant; and whilst the use and wont of the language is doubtless paramount to all rule, and, in fact, the foundation upon which all rule is established, and from which it derives the full measure of its meaning; yet the process is unhappily reversed, and terms and modes of expression which were framed and adopted, before a single professional or professorial grammarian existed, are made amenable to this "ex post facto" tribunal. This is like trying Dr MacFarlane's case of double livings by the Act of Assembly 1824. It is Cupar, and we may now add, Glasgow justice. Had grammarians, therefore, kept to their text, and not allowed themselves to be led and misled by each other, there had been a great saving of paper, ink, temper, and time. Had they followed, for example, old "Peter Ramus," and assumed his definition, that a "*verb is a word of number with tense and person*"—or had they listened to Cæsar Scaliger, and Sanctius, then had "moods," these disturbers of the public peace, and promoters of eternal commotions, been altogether excluded. We should have come at once to the fountain-head, and without quarrelling with our beverage, on account of the pitcher out of which we meant to drink it, we should have applied our lips at once, and directly, to the waters. But this, unfortunately, has not been the plan adopted, and it may be worth while, before proceeding further, to inquire why it has not.

The general idea of a difference, in point of time or tense, betwixt various words corresponding in their general form, must have early led to a systematic arrangement upon this head. As all events must either have already taken place, must be considered as now occurring, or must yet remain to occur; the notion of past, present, and future tenses, almost spontaneously presents itself. In this stage of investigation, number and person are so immediately connected, and interwoven with tense, that

turing and selling "brimstone," as a cure for all sinful itchings of this flesh!—They are real curiosities of their kind!

when the one generalization is effected, the other naturally follows. And when this arrangement has been made, all, in fact, is done, which Sanctius*, with some of the more ancient grammarians, attempted. But still there remained various aspects in which these tenses were to be viewed. Now we find "amas," now "ames," anon "ama," and, lastly, "amare;" all at least capable of being conjoined with the same time, and number, and person, and yet varying somewhat in form and signification. This seemed to demand an additional investigation and a new arrangement, and hence the various moods, as they are termed, originated. "Amas" was termed indicative, because it was conceived as asserting or indicating the fact or supposition of your loving, and that merely. "Ames" was called subjunctive, because it was apprehended, somehow or other, as dependent upon something else, and to which it was in sense, at least, subjoined. "Ama" was designated imperative, because, in this sense, it usually occurs. And "amare" was denominated infinitive, or indefinite, from its general, or indefinite signification in point of tense, number, and person. At this stage of the investigation there were loud contests respecting a whole "posse committatus" of candidates for admission—"the potential, the optative, the permissive or concessive, the deprecativ, the interrogative, and the responsive," which, however, have generally been amalgamated, to avoid confusion or prolixity, with the other four. The fact is, that, by following out this plan of modal subdivision, in order to accommodate, and, as it were, absorb the varieties of use which the tenses exhibit, there are scarcely any bounds which could be fixed to the process. We might have "negative moods," and "suppositive moods,"

and "ironical moods," and "sedative moods," &c. ad infinitum.

"The infinitive mood" has been the first to expose the mutable nature of all human things, for, like the neuter gender, its original claim to any rank amongst its associates has been doubted. Here the modal difference has been said to consist in the absence of any difference, just as the Irishman's character resolved itself into "no character at all." And yet, somehow or other, the infinitive has a termination added to the fundamental word, as well as the other moods, and might reasonably be expected to retain something of a corresponding modification of sense. In the verb "amare," for example, the original, and consequently immutable part, throughout all the verbal changes, is "ama," which has induced some critics to consider the "imperative" as the primitive form; and whether you add "bam, bo, rem, verim, vissem," or "re," you are still led to expect some variety of meaning in consequence of such addition. Time, person, number, power, and contingency, are implied under various aspects, in the former instances; but, in the last, in the case of *re*, none of these is referred to, for the infinitive is of all persons, tense, and number†. In what, then, does its distinctive form and meaning consist? It is much easier, as every school-boy knows, to put than to answer a question; and in the "reveries" in which we are at present indulging, we do not assume to ourselves the severity and closeness of science or demonstration; it is our wish to make a dash, as it were, at Truth, as she lies, like a large salmon, basking in the bottom of her pool; and if, from the refraction and agitation inseparable from the interposed medium, we should sometimes miss our aim, we must console ourselves,

* In our opinion, Sanctius is worth a whole host of grammarians. He thinks for himself; and one had better err with Sanctius, than blunder into truth in company with some heavy-headed erudite German, "*doctus quidem et valde valde eruditus*!" On the subject of the subjunctive mood, in particular, Sanctius thus expresses himself: "*Modus in verbis non attingit verbi naturam, ideo verborum attributum non est.*" And again, "*Vides confusionem grammaticorum qui in modis explicandis, nulum modum tenuerunt.*" *Vide Sanct. Mener. Sect. I. cap. 13.*

† We say, "At Romani domi militaque intenti, festinare, parare, alius alium paritari, hostibus obviam ire," &c.

Sallust's Catiline, Chapter 6th.

and our "dinling fingers," with a certain number of resolutions or determinations, to be more cautious, and to take better "aim" in future. The accusative case then appears to us to possess and exhibit an approximation, at least, to the differential termination of the infinitive mode. When I say, for example, "eo," the word "eo" conveys the idea of my going, and of this alone; but when I add "Romam," I thereby indicate that the motion is directed by an expressed termination towards an expressed place, "Roma;" in other words, "Romam" does not signify Rome, but "to Rome," and might be written in one word, "Rometo,"—just as we say, whereto, hereto, and thitherto. When I say "amo puellam," the literal translation is, "I love to the girl," and the direction in which the sentiment of love passes is intimated by the termination, or rather wreck of a termination *m*. Now to apply this to the infinitive mood, the subject at present under illustration. In the instances "volo venire," "cupio discere," &c., it is evident that all which is expressed by the preceding verb, in each example, is a mere statement of present inclination, present desire on my part, without intimating in what direction, or towards what point that desire or inclination of mine is to pass: it is only when we come to the infinitive word that we conceive ourselves entitled to add "to"—the term expressive of addition or direction, to the sense of the word with which it is combined. "Amo puellam," and "amo ludere," appear to us to be brought out into meaning very much in the same manner; and although we are totally incapable of analyzing the terminations in either case, yet we conceive that our inference is at least plausible, "Valeat quantum valere potest." This may at least amuse, if it does not instruct. It may call up a smile, if it does not bring down a wrinkle.

In the next place, we have been advertised to look for the original verb, stript of all adjuncts, in the "imperative mood" *ama*. Here the "nuda veritas" of the verbal form has been supposed to have been lurking for ages, like the statue in the block of marble, just for the want of

good workmanship and chisel-work to bring it out. This supposition, however, is almost too ridiculous to stand a moment's investigation; for, independently of all the steps of reasoning by which "*ama*" can be deduced, first, perhaps, from "*amæ*," and ultimately from "*amaes*," by an elision of the *s*, let the curious inquirer just take the trouble of calling at the next door, and he will find "*amato*, *amate*," and "*amanto*," at home, very much disposed to disprove all uncompoundedness in their formation. The truth is, as every body knows, or may inform himself of, that the imperative form is, in all languages, only a variety of the present indicative, or present subjunctive; and that, when a master says to his servant, "You may go away;" or when he simply states, "You go away," he is uniformly understood "to command." The imperative is then merged in the indicative and subjunctive moods; and here we are on the ground at last, (freed from all incumbances,) where the great modal contest has for ages been conducted, and where it is still maintained—"haud sine conviciis." Let us mingle slapdash in the fray, and, with the help of such weapons as are at hand, let us try whether or not we can drive this last, greatest, and most indefinite of all enemies, the subjunctive, from the field. Thus setting apart the infinitive as a non-descript, we shall be in quiet possession of one, and only one mood or form, indicative or assertive, around which the various other accidents of the verb very quietly and compactly arrange themselves.

We are early instructed to say, that "*amem*, *ames*, *amet*," are of one mood, and that "*legam*, *leges*," and "*leget*," are of another; and yet, in point of spelling at least, there is no difference. In the case, indeed, of "*amabo*, *docebo*, *ibo*," and "*doceam*, *amem*, *legam*," the difference of form is palpable; but if it be taken into account that it is quite possible that the letter *b* was of Digamma origin, as in the case of "*sibi*, *tibi*, *nobis*, *vobis*, *omnibus*, *quibus*, *hominibus*," &c., and did not belong to these words originally, we shall have less cause for being startled at such ap-

parent anomalies. Be this as it may, "amabo" is just as "indicative" and "assertive" as "amem," and indicates or asserts intention, on the part of the speaker, "to love," with as much distinctness of assertion, and with no more than that which, under the notion of power or contingency, is indicated by "amem." In all the tenses of what has been termed the "subjunctive mood," there is a constant reference, directly or indirectly, either to *futurity*, which is said to be ultimately resolvable into present intention of future action, or into power and contingency; in other words, these terms are all compounds of the future indicative, which is considered as a present,—and of the present subjunctive, which is avowedly so. *E. g.* the imperfect subjunctive of "amo" asserts or indicates, that at some past time my "loving" was then future or contingent, or both. The perfect subjunctive intimates, that "my having loved," the completion of my act of loving, or my loving considered as past, is, *now* at the period of speaking, contingent, or possible; whilst "amavero," if there be any difference betwixt the two forms, states the same thing—my "having loved," namely, as *now* future. The pluperfect subjunctive, again, expresses the same notion of "my having loved," as *then* at some past period, future or contingent. And thus, in all the varieties of what are termed the subjunctive tenses, *one idea of contingency or futurity prevails*; and hence, in all probability, originated the unphilosophical plan of separating these tenses into a subjunctive, dependent, or uncertain mood.

It is quite true, that the future of the indicative ought, according to this method, to have found a place along with the present subjunctive, with which it so nearly coalesces, both in meaning and in form. But to this there would naturally occur considerable objections. The future indicative must have been felt even by those who might not be able to appreciate clearly the value of their own feelings, to be, in its

leading features, "a present tense," indicating a present intention of future action, as in the instances, "I will have it so; I will not shed tears; I shall not dispute any longer," &c. Again, it must have been felt, on many other occasions, as pointing, as it were, immediately and directly to the future action or event, without any "*palpable*" reference to present will or sense of duty; as, for example, "Quum faciam vitula pro frugibus," "eras habebis pecuniam tuam,"—"He is away just now, but he will come back to-morrow," and so forth. In all these, and a thousand similar instances, the reference to the future act, as apprehended by the mind, however it may be expressed in English auxiliary terms, is, apparently at least, direct and immediate. Under these two aspects, then, the future tense either assumes an affinity to the contingency of the subjunctive, or to the certainty of the indicative, according to circumstances. In the same manner, in the potential sense of the present subjunctive, this term is, strictly speaking, a present; but, in its contingent acceptation, it is as certainly a future. In the one case, a direct reference is made to present power; in the other instances, as direct a reference is had to the future time, when that power is to be exerted; *e. g.* "Quum tot sustineas," "Since you can now sustain, and consequently do actually sustain;" and, on the other hand, "cum veniam faciam," when I may come—when the point, now future or contingent, may arrive of my coming, "I will do it." From all these observations, it is evident that both the present subjunctive and the future indicative appear occasionally to be futures, or to point directly to events *now* future; and that, on other occasions, they as directly point to present power or intention; and hence there would arise a difficulty in arranging them: and, in order to cut the matter short, one form seems to have been appropriated to one station, and another form to another. Instead of regulating the business by "the sense," and calling those forms

* *Θέλω λέγειν*. "Volo," or "cupio dicere," might all be rendered by the future "dicam;" and "licet mihi dicere" forms a corresponding equivalent for the present subjunctive.

"futures," when and where they directly referred to *future events*, and these forms "presents" when and where they directly referred to *present intentions*, which would have seen the philosophical method, grammarians have jumbled both meanings into one tense, and either tense into a community of meanings.

Now, it is deserving of notice here, that this same "doubleness" of meaning, under each separate form, which adheres to the present tenses, viz. the future indicative, and the present subjunctive, likewise extends itself, to a still more perplexing degree, to the derivative tenses, which involve, amongst other things, the meaning implied in these. Thus, "*amaverim*," which connects itself, or is said to connect itself, with the present subjunctive; and "*amavero*," which says the same compliment to the future indicative; both contain a double meaning;—the former signifying that "my having loved," or the completion of "my loving," is *now* contingent, or *may* happen at some future time; and the latter, by a similar analogy, signifying that "my having loved" is now "my volition," or shall take place at some future period. In the one case, the radical meaning of "shall and will, may and can," is regarded as indicating present intention; in the other, it is understood as referring directly to the accomplishment of that "intention" at some time *yet* future or contingent. And hence the difficulty here, as in the case of the present subjunctive and future indicative, of arranging these tenses under their respective moods.

The pluperfect subjunctive remains yet to be discussed, and, after that has been said, requires little elucidation. It is likewise a child, or rather a grand-child, either of the future indicative, or of the present subjunctive, involving, along with their ideas, the distinctive meaning of these tenses; and involving, at the same time, an accumulation of difficulty in the apprehension of its double uses. "*Amavissem*," for instance, intimates, that at some past period, my "having loved," or my loving considered as finished, was

a matter of volition *then*, or was *then* future,—was to be considered either in the *then* power, in the *then* resolution, in the *then* inclination, in the *then* apprehended duty, or in the *then* future accomplishment or fulfilment of all these. "*Cæsar quum posuisset castra sensit hostem adesse et retro pedem tulit*," Cæsar, when he would have pitched his camp, when "the having pitched" his camp was *then*, at a past time, a matter of volition, of inclination, of resolution with him, perceived that the enemy were at hand, and, instead of pitching his camp, which he never, in fact, accomplished, he retreated. In this case, the intention of a future act, which future act was never realized, is all which is expressed by "*posuisset castra*;" and it corresponds to the *first* meaning of the future indicative, or present subjunctive, from which it is, in sense, derived. Again, and in illustration of the second meaning of these tenses, we are quite familiar with such expressions as this, "*Cæsar quum posuisset castra, rediit Romam*;" Cæsar, when the "having pitched" his camp, which was at a past time a resolution, had actually become a future event—had actually been accomplished, returned to Rome. "*Quibus rebus cognitum quum ad has suspiciones certissimæ res accederent; quod per fines Sequanorum Helvetios transduxisset, quod obsides inter eos dandos curasset, quod ea omnia fecisset*," &c. Cæs. De Bel. Gal. lib. i. cap. 19.: in this, and in a multitude of passages besides, the accomplishment of the intention is distinctly referred to; though, according to Dr Hunter, "all that is actually expressed is the intention merely. The fact, perhaps, may yet be found to be, that, although in English our auxiliary verbs are all in the present or past tenses, yet it does not of necessity follow, that, in Latin, the same thing should hold; the terms in that language seem, according to the Doctor's own admission, to be, in a case which he adduces, (the imperfect subjunctive) more generalized than any of which we are in possession; and if that holds true in the instance which he adduces, and in the sense

referred to, why may it not likewise hold true in the instances and sense for which we are at present contending? and why may not a form of the Latin verb be so *generalized*, as to intimate, not only present intention, but likewise and *directly*, not by inference only, action now future? or why may not the intention be inferred from the act, as well as the act from the intention? If this be admitted, then the various uses of the subjunctive, sometimes in what is termed an indicative, and sometimes in a subjunctive or contingent sense, are accounted for. The imperfect subjunctive, *amarem*, is likewise a chip of the same block. It refers to the act of loving, as *then* future or contingent, as future or contingent at some past time; and is likewise capable of the double acceptation, in reference to intention or accomplishment, which we have so fully illustrated. "*Prius illi oculos extinguerem, quam,*" &c. I had rather put out his eyes, "*than,*" not that his eyes were actually put out; but, I rather *would*, &c, it remains in the intention, and is not realized by the act. Whereas, in the sentence already quoted, "*Quam certissimæ res accederent*" were actually added, did not remain in contemplation, in the shoulds, woulds, mights, or coulds, of a *then* present intention, but in actual accomplishment. There is a manifest reference here to the future—or to what may be termed the *secondary* sense of these fundamental tenses.

These suggestions, we repeat it again, are made in all the playfulness and uncalculating humour of a leisure hour. They neither are, nor do they bear the impress of being the fruits of study, reading, and reflection. Yet, if they hold true, and at present we see no insuperable objection to their holding, they will serve to illustrate modes of expression which have hitherto been dark, confused, and unintelligible; they will account for the various, and seemingly contradictory uses, of what are termed the subjunctive tenses; they will shew distinctly, that "*est qui vult,*" and "*est qui velit, sunt quos juvat,*" and "*sunt quos juvet, sunt quibus unum opus est,*" and "*sunt quibus unum opus sit,*" with all the host of similar instances, are, in fact, different expressions, which come ultimately to signify the same thing, in consequence of the change of the tenses, and in consequence of that merely. We have a large account and reckoning with our very learned friend, the author of "*Qui Quæ Quod*" upon this head. But we must reserve our discussion for another month. We shall meet again, and then—

In the meantime, we,—

"Mystic we, grand next to none—
Large body corporate of one;
Important "*omnes,*" "*solus!*"

beg leave to remain, as in duty bound,

Yours truly,

SIGNS.

Sonnet, from the Italian of Filicaja.

"Italia! Italia! O tu cui feò la sorte, &c."

HESPERIA! O Hesperia! why wert thou

Curs'd thus with beauty? for it was to thee

A fatal gift of woe and slavery;—

'Twas stamping anguish on thy wretched brow!

Oh! hadst thou been less lovely, and more brave,

Then nations, trembling at thy mighty name,

Had scarcely dar'd to envy thee thy fame,

But, as it was, they lur'd thee to thy grave!

And now arm'd torrents rush with carnage down

Thine Alps' green sides; and Gallic herds are spread

O'er Po's dear banks—no longer now thine own;

And far to foreign wars thy troops are led;

In foreign wars their generous blood they spill,

And, conquerors or conquer'd, they are bondmen still!

ON THE SHERIFF-COURTS OF SCOTLAND.

THE attention of the Legislature, and of the public, has lately been a good deal occupied in inquiries with regard to the state of our several Judicatories in Scotland; and it is understood that a Commission, which recently sat at Edinburgh, has made a Report which embraces a great variety of changes on the forms of process in the courts of higher jurisdiction. To every man of candour and intelligence, whether he be a member of the legal profession, or an unfortunate litigant who has felt the tortures of a law-suit, it must be a subject of satisfaction, that those who have the power seem also to be acquiring the will to improve, in a rational and decisive, but deliberate manner, the venerable institutions of this ancient kingdom; and although we by no means expect that all the dust and cobwebs which have been gathering for centuries in our Courts of Law will be swept away at once, we congratulate the community on the prospect which is opened up by the appointment and proceedings of the Commission which we allude to. We are neither optimists with regard to all the existing institutions of our country, although we regard them with an attachment as devoted and patriotic perhaps as our neighbours,—nor are we fond of those innovations which would not leave a wreck behind of the offices and establishments which are indissolubly connected with the history of this nation, and blend themselves intimately with the laws, and usages, and habits of the people. But we earnestly recommend to those who are placed in situations of influence, to keep up a steady and incessant fire upon abuses; not to grasp, like visionaries, at a perfect whole, but, pursuing their object in detail, to take always what can be got. It is folly to grumble and clamour because we cannot get every thing our own way. Every practical evil which is remedied, even in an inconsiderable degree, is a point gained, a concession made to truth and justice, and should not be rejected by those who really seek the amelioration of Government *ma-*

chinery conscientiously, and not in the spirit of faction.

We have been led into these remarks, by our attention having been attracted to the Inferior Courts of Scotland, in several well-written papers recently sent us by a Correspondent. And although the clogs which have encumbered the greater legal machines have been felt to embarrass those who preside over them, and thus inquiry and amendment have been, as it were, forced on the Legislature,—we are well assured that the Inferior Courts, and especially the Sheriff-Courts, have at this moment as strong (if not stronger) claims to attention and amendment as the Court of Session, or even that most monstrous wen on our legal institutions,—the Jury Court itself.

The office of Sheriff is of as high antiquity, in our history, as that of any other of our peculiar judicatories. Yet, while the jurisdiction affected the great body of the people in every corner of the kingdom, (and perhaps most seriously in the most remote,) more immediately than that of any other Court, it rather carried oppression than justice down the land like a stream. Until the last insurrection in favour of the House of Stewart, in the year 1745, dictated the policy of crippling the feudal powers of the Scottish nobility, the dispensation of justice was held to be a matter of inheritance, which a lord or a laird transmitted to his eldest son, with the earth and stone which constituted his estate. The fruits were such as might have been expected. The chief delegated his authority to some dependent, whose highest duty it was to fortify the interests and promote the views of his lord and master; and this being done, it mattered not what became of law or justice. Accordingly, whoever has had opportunities of inspecting the records of those Courts, will find innumerable instances of the most flagrant iniquities, murders, plunderings, and the like, perpetrated in the guile, and in the name of the law. In truth, until the heritable jurisdictions were abolished in

Scotland by the Act of George II., (1748,) it may be said with great truth, that, *practically*, there was no law in Scotland except the will of the petty tyrants who possessed the land of the country. And although the highest Courts in the kingdom might be appealed to, yet these furnished no refuge to the injured and the poor; for there the corruption, by money and influence, was often as rank as in the meanest heritable Sheriff-Court of the kingdom. It was to the pure, the patriotic, and the benevolent spirit of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, that Scotland was indebted for the innovation which, in a great measure, communicated the blessing of substantial liberty to Scotsmen, and raised its peasantry and its burghers from the condition of slaves, to that of men living under the dominion of law. The heritable jurisdictions were taken away, and an equivalent in money paid to the gentry who laid claim to them: the authority was merged in the Crown, and the office of Sheriff, in each shire, new-modelled, was conferred by the King on a lawyer of three years standing, who was to hold his situation, not during pleasure, but *ad vitam aut culpam*, and who had the power of delegating his authority to a Substitute during his pleasure only. Both the Sheriff and his Substitute are paid by the Crown, like the other Judges of the realm.

Such is the present state of the office of Sheriff throughout Scotland; and when it is considered, that, in every county, he is not only the common law Superintendent of Police within his jurisdiction, but the Judge competent to almost every class of causes which can be carried into a court of law, it will, we think, be admitted, that, to the great body of the community—to the greatest number of the King's subjects—to the honest but humble classes scattered over the face of the country, who chiefly stand in need of justice and redress for their wrongs, speedily, and at moderate expence, the Sheriff-Courts are the most useful and the most important in the kingdom. And if they were put upon that footing, which, in our apprehension, they ought to be, they would be the chief, as they are the natural resort

of the greater number of litigants, who seek only for justice, without its ordinary attendants—ruinous delay and ruinous expence. Nothing, in our humble opinion, would tend more than a respectable and efficient establishment of Sheriff-Courts, to lessen the heavy pressure of business on the Judges in the Supreme Court, of which we hear so many complaints, or to stay that flowing and overwhelming tide of appeals to the House of Lords, which is held to arise, in some measure, from the Judges in the Court of Session being unable, amidst the too numerous calls on their time and attention, to bestow an adequate portion of either on the cases which pass before them; a theory, by the way, which is not quite reconcilable with a plurality of gowns, some holding seats in two, and others in three different Courts, in each of which there is surely enough of duty for separate Judges.

Being quite satisfied that great and most important improvements may be made on the Sheriff-Courts of Scotland, we take the liberty of throwing out a few hints, which may suggest to others reflections and proposals on the subject, and lead to some practical results. And we are prompted the more strongly to do so, by a rumour, that the only measure proposed on the subject of the Sheriff-Courts, is the appointment of a Committee of Sheriffs, to devise some new regulations as to fees and forms of process, with an augmentation of salaries to the Substitutes. All these are, doubtless, fitting and necessary; but, in order to render the Sheriff-Courts of Scotland what they ought to be,—the great forum of all litigation for their several territories,—and to inspire confidence in the talent, impartiality, and independence of the Judges, who officiate therein, something more essential and extensive must be done *by the Legislature*.

And, first, as to the appointment and duties of Sheriffs. When the Jurisdiction Act was passed, it seemed to have been reckoned a sufficient proof of a lawyer's fitness for the office, that he had been on the list of advocates for three years, and that a complete guarantee was furnished against liability to bias, because he

was debarred from being employed in the Supreme Court, in any causes which should come from the county over which he was to judge. Now these, we fear, are very inadequate pledges to the community that some Sheriffs, who have since been appointed, were fit, in point of attainments, or free, in their function, from influences calculated to pervert their judgments, and destroy confidence in their impartiality. We do not see why the professional attainments, and *probabilities* for fitness, should be placed on a lower scale than those of the persons who are to be Judges in the Supreme Court. On the contrary, Sheriffs, from being called to act in the provinces on their own judgment, not merely in reading processes quietly, but as conservators of the peace, and on sudden emergencies, require, perhaps, more discretion, promptitude, and legal knowledge, than even a Judge in the Supreme Court, whose duties are limited to deliberation and study, and who is enlightened, or supported, in his judicial functions, by the counsels and co-operation of his brethren. Three years *nominal* exercise of professional labours as an advocate of twenty-one years of age, is too short a space for the attainment of that experience and dignity which befit the station of every Judge; and no man should be named a Sheriff, who is not, at least, twenty-five years of age, and who has not actually practised at the bar for five years, or, at least, attended the sittings of the Court for that space, and directed some attention to professional pursuits. This is by no means the case at present; for we have known applications for the office of Sheriff by men who had indeed been three years on the roll of advocates, but who had never paid more attention to their studies than was necessary for the formality of passing, and who were utterly deficient in every attribute and acquirement requisite for discharging the duties of the office to which they aspired. This defect, in the express law on the subject, has of late, in many instances, been supplied by the good sense of those in whom the patronage in this department is reposed; and it

is now understood, pretty generally, that the candidate for Sheriff's gown must be a practising lawyer; not merely some country gentleman, who appends "Advocate" to his name, as a sort of honorary designation, or a passport to a Sheriff's chair; but one who has actually presented himself regularly in the arena of his profession. This, however, ought to be made a point of positive legislative enactment, and not left to the mere discretion of statesmen, who, to whatever parties in politics they may belong, are too often obliged to compromise what is permanently right, for what may appear to be expedient for the time.

Another qualification for Sheriffs ought to be, that they shall not be landholders, freeholders, or otherwise connected closely, by blood or interest, with the county in which they are to officiate. Until of late years, although the heritable jurisdictions were abolished, the *interest* of the great man of each county was the ordinary channel of appointment; and his interest was to be secured by the *interest* of County Gentlemen, as they sometimes call themselves, or of such sets of these as are attached to his general or local politics. A more pernicious course could scarcely be adopted; for before a Sheriff could be thus appointed, it behoved him to "make interest" with a particular class of those over whom he is to be Judge—to canvas all the great man's friends and voters—to solicit a favour of the most oppressive and embarrassing nature, because its value can never be estimated, nor its receipt requited; and thus, on the very threshold of his entrance into office, a Sheriff who gets his appointment in this way, through the influence of, or by his connection with, the county in which he is to act, loses some portion, at least, of that high and perfect independence of spirit which makes him no respecter of persons. It is true, indeed, that such favours may be sought and given, with an elegant understanding that the favoured person is, nevertheless, free from all implied fetters; and a man of strong mind and incorruptible integrity will never be moved, by any personal consideration, while in the

discharge of public duty. But all men are not of this order. And while such circumstances and connections render a bad man the mere tool of this faction or the other, for working out their several jobs, the best feelings of a good and grateful heart are subjected to temptations which it is not fit they should ever feel—are exposed to the operation of prepossessions of which they are scarcely conscious—and are liable to suspicions of partiality which they do not indulge, but which the vulgar, the uncharitable, and the disappointed, will impute, with little hesitation, to the unspeakable injury of a Sheriff's usefulness, and the destruction of all confidence in his impartiality and integrity—those fundamental and vital qualities, in the character of every Judge, without which every other attribute is “leather and prunella.” So strong is this feeling now, that Government have, to their unspeakable honour, set themselves decidedly against the whole system of local influence in the appointment of Sheriffs; and instances have occurred in which the most powerful interest that could be stirred up in a district was utterly disregarded; while gentlemen, totally unconnected, and unfettered by local ties and affections or antipathies, were placed, as they should be, independently of every man within their jurisdiction, and with every chance, in favour of their impartiality, of which the frailty of human nature admits. This, too, is a point of such essential importance, that it ought not to be left to the wavering and uncertain energies of administration, but fixed and sanctioned by the express and pointed statutes of the Legislature.

The system of appointing Sheriffs under the influence of the political interests in their Shires—a remnant of the barbarous spirit of feudal domination among the Scottish Lords and Gentry—has created a very general and absurd notion among the particular cast of persons called Freeholders, that *they* have some sort of divine right to be consulted in such appointments. But what concern they have in the matter, more than the merchants, manufacturers, or any other classes of the

community, it is not very easy to divine. Accordingly, whenever a vacancy occurs, they set to work to recommend some needy, grasping, and, perhaps, ignorant connection of their own, or they remonstrate against this man or the other, who may be competitors for the same office. All the forces of the several parties are mustered—all the jarring which honourable ambition, or sordid cupidity, or grovelling intrigue and angry feelings inspire or produce, naturally result. Whoever, in such a contest, may be successful, he carries thence, into the sphere of his new duties, feelings scarcely in accordance with the sacred nature of those duties; and whatever virtue may belong to isolated individuals, the average of human nature does not admit of our being sceptical, with regard to the real partialities and dislikes which will ever attend the collisions of interest or ambition. If the successful candidate has failings, (and who has not failings?) if he should have a vulnerable heel, which a well-aimed arrow may reach, his consciousness of this infirmity will occasionally make him halt: he will seek all sorts of shields for it, from the well-known hostility of his opponents; and when he stoops and shuffles for safety, his walk cannot always be upright and intrepid. The man who accepts of such an office, knowing that he is, perhaps, justly contemned, and, at all events, that he has been objected to by a considerable body of those amongst whom he is to judge, ascends the judgment-seat with a halter about his neck, and if without the effrontery, still with the trembling pusillanimity of an “acquitted felon.” He will attempt, perhaps, to soothe hostility by paltering and hollow hypocritical smiles; he will purchase forbearance, by rendering himself the tool and slave of every dirty jobber who chuses to sport with his fears; and to purchase an immunity from animadversion in his seat of honour, he will sacrifice every tie of integrity, and duty, and honour. It will be well for him, (putting usefulness altogether out of view,) if he do not finally entangle himself in the meshes of a thousand stratagems, which he has woven with his

own hands, and sink to the dust, inextricably, beneath the mingled pity and execration of all around him. We put the case hypothetically, of course, although it be one which is strictly within the limits of probability; and we ask if it be fit that any person should be doomed to the ignominious elevation which such a case implies?

The objection which we have last illustrated will apply still more strongly to Substitutes, than to their Principals, because their professional rank, their previous and peculiar connections, are generally in a lower sphere than those of persons who are eligible to the higher office: and no man can possibly be worse qualified for a Judge, than one who has been long inured, on the spot, to the low arts of pettifoggery, as a procurator before an Inferior Court, or who is imbued with all the narrow prejudices and vulgar gossip of a provincial district; to say nothing of the party and personal feuds with which his moral existence is there inseparably connected.

The matter of residence comes next to be considered. There have been various opinions expressed on this subject; and the doctrine, that constant residence by the Sheriff Principal would be beneficial, seems to be gaining ground. We are by no means convinced that this is a sound view of the matter, if we suppose the Sheriff-Courts to be, in other respects, properly regulated, and, in particular, the condition of the Substitutes rendered more respectable and independent. At present, the practice is very variable in this particular. A few Sheriffs reside constantly, and do almost all the business of their courts—the Substitutes doing little else than granting warrants *pro forma*, or sitting in Court while the interlocutors are reported. In other instances, the Deputes, although they do not reside constantly, yet *advise* (decide) almost every cause; and in both these cases, the Substitute seems to be a useless incumbrance—unless it be to decide causes in which his Principal is a party, which happens generally when the Depute is a country gentleman, connected with the miscellaneous business of the district, which residence

too often implies. There are, we believe, counties in which the business is differently regulated. The Substitutes do the whole business of the office—deciding every cause according to the best of their judgments. From these, if parties be dissatisfied, an appeal lies to the Superior; and this is obtained without any farther expence than that of transmitting the processes to his residence, and of a short petition of appeal, without any new matter, either of fact or of argument, being admitted. The latter mode is undoubtedly the best, if the Substitute be at all qualified for his duty, as it affords the lieges the benefit of two opinions in the Inferior Court, without plunging at once into the endless labyrinth, of which the Bill Chamber is but the entrance, in the Court of Session. If, therefore, the Substitute be qualified to conduct the business of the Court creditably and beneficially, and decide all cases, in the first instance, it were better that the Sheriff-Depute resided chiefly in Edinburgh, the seat of the Supreme Courts, where, from his practice, or his observations and intercourse with the biggest minds in the profession, he is in the way of improving or keeping up his attainments. His residence there, too, remote from daily contact with the petty affairs of his Sheriffdom, leaves him better qualified to correct any evils which may casually arise from the local excitements to which his Substitute may innocently or culpably be liable. And an occasional visit only, whilst it is more impressive on the minds of the lieges, really keeps his own mind more cool and elevated, than if he were in habits of daily familiarity and intercourse with the inhabitants in his shire. In a few cases, such as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and perhaps one or two other counties, where there is a very crowded population, and a great press of business, there will generally be so much duty, as, if fully performed, will require the constant residence of both Sheriffs—the Substitute doing the whole duties in the ordinary course of business, as a Judge in the first instance, and the Depute's province being that of one with appellate jurisdiction chiefly,

(excepting on important emergencies,) or to preside in all cases where the intervention of a Jury is requisite. The division of the duties thus hinted at might be expedient in all cases; and, on the whole, we apprehend the existing system, if only a little amended, as seems to be requisite, would be found most beneficial for the community, and most likely to render the Sheriff-Courts more useful for the general distribution of justice than any Courts in Scotland. The higher they are raised in character, and in the confidence of the country, the more effectually will they check the passion for litigation, and answer all the most important purposes of the Judiciary requisite in a civilized and commercial country: in this way, too, they will diminish, very sensibly, the pressure of business on the higher Courts.

This leads us, next, to consider some other requisites to respectability and usefulness in the Sheriff-Courts of Scotland; and on the supposition that there are to be, as at present, a Depute and Substitute, there are three particulars which especially require amendment, (to say nothing more of the Sheriff-Depute,) with regard to the Substitutes: *First*, They require an increase of salary: *Second*, They should hold their offices *ad vitam aut culpam*: *Third*, They should be expressly debarred from all private business of every description, which can by possibility interfere with their public duties. The details, however, on these particulars, are too minute to admit our statement of them in this Number, and will form the subject of another article.

II.

NUGÆ CAMBRICÆ.

Resemblance between Scottish and Welsh manners.

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love, whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws:
Hail, usages of pristine mould!
And ye, that guard them, mountains old!

Wordsworth.

THE similarity between the manners of the Highland Scotch and those of the mountain inhabitants of North Wales, must be obvious to every person who is acquainted with these two districts of Great Britain. The same steady courage, high spirit, and energetic animation, not omitting, also, the same wild superstition, are apparent in both; and, in times of discord and tumult, the Cambro-British have distinguished themselves with all the ardour, impetuosity, and headstrong valour of a race of untamed mountaineers. It should be observed, however, that the system of clanship, by which the Highland Scots were so distinguished, never prevailed in Wales to the same extent, or even upon a similar principle; although no people could be more attached to their chieftains than the Welsh were before, and, indeed, even after their conquest. Of

this we shall have ample opportunity of speaking hereafter; at present, we must be content with mentioning one striking example of a similarity of manners, which will remind our readers of the animated and inimitable description of the feast of a Highland Chieftain, so powerfully delineated by the "Great Unknown," in narrating the reception of Waverley, by the gallant, but unfortunate, Vich Ian Vohr.

Pennant, in his amusing "History of Whiteford and Holywell," gives a detailed account of Mostyn Hall, in Flintshire, and of the respectable family from which it derives its name. It appears that the late worthy head of this family, Sir Roger Mostyn, retained, during his lifetime, a strong partiality for certain of the old-fashioned customs of his progenitors, among which was the one of dining in the same apartment,

and, at the same time, with his servants and tenants—the ancient vassals of a chieftain's domain. Mr Pennant, in describing the house, introduces the "great gloomy hall," as he terms it, the scene of so much rude mirth and festivity. "The great gloomy hall," he writes, "is furnished with a *dais*, or elevated upper end, with a long table for the lord and his jovial companions, and another, on one side, the seat of the inferior partakers of the good cheer". To this day, (1795,) the similitude of old times is kept up, when the family is at home. The head-servants take their dinner at the *dais*, and the numerous inferior servants fill the long side-table. The roof is lofty, crossed with long beams. The *nenbren*, or top-beam, was in all time a frequent toast, when the master of the house's health was drank, and *iechyd y nenbren y ty* was the cordial phrase. The chimney-piece is magnificently plain, unless where the arms of the house, and its alliances, are cut on the stones, and properly emblazoned.

The "cordial phrase" here mentioned means, literally, "health to the upper beam of the house;" figuratively, to "the support, or head of the family." The phrase now generally used is "*y gwr a biau'r nenbren*," which has the same signification, and is a toast still given at convivial meetings in Wales.

But although the toast is still drank, the custom in which it originated is now perfectly extinct. And, perhaps, in the present refined, and comparatively artificial state of society, it would hardly be possible to preserve a respect for such customs, which, having their origin in the familiar and salutary connection that once existed between the great land-proprietor and his dependents, have necessarily vanished with the foundation on which they rested. And it may be observed, that Luxury, in her revolutionary career, has in no instance produced a more deplorable effect, than in the extinction of those innocent and happy holiday-

pastimes and customs, which were wont, in former times, to cheer the peasant's heart with a pleasing and salutary recreation. Well indeed has it been said by a modern Trans-Atlantic writer, that one of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty, old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, with the "sherris sack" of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished, in times full of lusthood and spirit, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously—times, wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its much attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation, and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels, where it flowed so sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone, but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities,—its home-bred feelings,—its honest fireside delights. The traditional customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlour; but are unfitted to the light showy saloons, and gay drawing-rooms, of the modern village. Nevertheless, we may permit the mind to dwell upon them (and it is all we now can do) with delight; and conclude, as we commenced, with the feeling apostrophe of the poet:

* As, in Scotland, the inferior guests were wont, in former times, to sit below the salt; so, in Wales, were they accustomed to sit below the pillars, by which the banquetting halls of the old Welsh castles were divided into two distinct compartments.

Hail, ancient manners ! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love, whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws :
Hail, usages of pristine mould !
And ye, that guard them, mountains old !

The Lledwigan Thresher.

During the civil wars of the Commonwealth, North Wales was the scene of much obstinate contention. The parliamentary soldiers, excited by the prospect of plunder, penetrated into the most remote districts of the country, and soon succeeded in satisfying their rapacity, at the expense of the lives and property of such of the inhabitants as remained at home, either through age or infirmity, or for the purpose of cultivating the land. The Welsh evinced, during this disastrous period, all the courage and patriotism of their ancestors, and we shall relate one example of heroism which occurred, in an individual of humble life, and which his countrymen, for many generations, preserved among themselves, with all the characteristic and eager fondness of their enthusiastic spirit. It is the humble record of a man whose heroic bravery excited very considerable admiration. He was, as we have already intimated, contemporary with the unhappy dissensions between Charles I. and the Parliament, and resided at Lledwigan, a well-known farm near Llan-gefnl, in Anglesey. He is hence known to posterity under the designation of the "LLEDWIGAN THRESHER." Upon the decline of the Royal cause, great disorder and misrule occurred in this part of the kingdom. Many of the Parliamentary soldiers, who had been exclaiming against the oppression of the throne, became, themselves, the worst of tyrants, and traversed the country in powerful bands, levying contributions upon the property, and exercising great cruelties upon the persons, of the more opulent, and, particularly, their loyal and defenceless neighbours. A party of this description, traditionally reported to have been about thirty in number, arrived at Lledwigan, and required the occupier, Morys Lloyd, who was then threshing in his barn, to surrender to them a

large sum of money, or his life. He instantly replied, "that he would not yield the one, without the other;" and partially closing the door of his barn, attacked them with his flail, as they successively attempted to enter. Eight or ten of them fell, in this contest, which would have been probably maintained for a much longer time, if the thongs, which connected together the two parts of the flail, had not been broken by accident, or cut asunder by the swords of the assailants. Then, indeed, the superiority of numbers and of offensive arms quickly acquired their natural ascendancy, and it is unnecessary to relate the sequel.

The grave of Morys Lloyd was marked by a stone, on which was rudely carved the following commemorative inscription: "Dyma yr lle y dayarwyd Morys Lloyd y trydydd dydd o Hydref 1647. Hwn a ymdrechodd ymdrech deg dros y Frenhyn a'i wlad. Wrthi yatllys i cladwyd i assen, Jane Rees Owain, ya gwely iddo y 4 o Dachwedd 1653."

"This is the spot in which Morys Lloyd was interred, on the third day of October 1647, after having fought a good fight for his King and his country. By his side was buried his rib, Jane Rees Owen, as a bed-fellow for him, the fourth of November 1653."

The tombstone, with its simple and affecting inscription, belongs, we may fairly conclude, to an era posterior to the Revolution. Its subsequent history affords a striking instance of a sacrilegious disregard for the monuments of our forefathers; a disgraceful proof of that cold-hearted insensibility which cannot appreciate what is venerable for antiquity, edifying in example, or pious in design. The memory of Morys Lloyd seems, in that neighbourhood, to have been held in great regard for many generations; but, in our own times, a new generation has succeeded, with very different feelings and ideas. Some repairs had become necessary in the church, and, a flag-stone being wanted in some part of it, the tombstone which covered the remains of the Lledwigan Thresher and his wife was, with due ceremony, appropri-

ated for the purpose. The lower part of the stone was, moreover, turned uppermost, apparently with the prudent view of burying the ancient history of Morys Lloyd, and the modern parsimony of the Wardens, in the same oblivion. From this disgraceful situation it has been lately rescued by Mr John Williams, the present respectable tenant of Lledwigan, and placed erect in some part of the church. But, as its present situation is not attended with security, it is to be hoped that there still exists, among the modern inhabitants of Cerigceinwen, sufficient public spirit to save this venerable relic from the wanton assaults of unthinking levity, as well as the barbarous parsimony of future Churchwardens.

Towyn—Merioneth.

At the south-western extremity of the county of Merioneth stands the miserable hamlet of Towyn: its utter wretchedness, added to its extreme seclusion, prevents the access of any foreign visitors; albeit the road thither from Dolgelley (a distance of about seventeen miles) is replete with that bold and romantic variety of landscape so common in North Wales. The traveller who would visit Towyn from Dolgelley, must proceed in a direction extending south-westerly from the latter, leaving the mountain-path to Cader Idris, above him, on the left. He will then find himself on a good turnpike road, bounded, on the one side, by the woods of Bryngwyn and Brynaldia, and, on the other, by some fertile meadow-land, leading down to the brink of the river Wnion. About two miles from Dolgellian he will arrive at Llyn y Penmaen, or Penmaen Pool, having previously passed an extensive peat-bog on the right. Ere he arrives here, the river Wnion has joined the Mawddach, and both together form a broad and beautiful estuary, having its opposite banks clothed with wood, or composed, in some parts, of luxuriant meadow-land, in others, of bold and undulating heather hills. Hitherto the tract is smooth and easy enough,—for a Welsh one; but beyond the Llyn,

an acclivity commences, leading to a district which may be justly termed the Western Highlands of Merionethshire. Having ascended Penmaen Hill, we find ourselves in a rude and rugged region, with few traces of cheerfulness, and still fewer of cultivation, and where that inexpressible emotion, caused by the awful silence and solitude of the hills, is experienced in its fullest extent. Here are no grassy glades, swelling out in richness of verdure,—no waving corn-fields, or “dew-be-spangled meads”,—and no mountain rivulet to lull the ear with the murmuring melody of its waters. Often, in our youth, have we traversed this dreary, but sublime solitude, the deep stillness of which was only interrupted by the clatter of our horses’ hoofs, as we rode onward on our way; or by the sharp, shrill bleating of the “fair-fleeced weather,” rising in alarm at the approach of the intruder on its solitude.

And scarce the eye encounters living thing,
Save, now and then, a goat loose wandering;
Or a few cattle, looking up askant,
With sleepy eyes, and meek mouths ruminant.

But this landscape is not extensive. The valley through which the road passes gradually contracts, till it terminates in a spot “so beautiful, so green, so full of goodly prospect,” that he must be a stoical dog indeed who does not enjoy the glorious scene around him, presenting, as it does, so strong and pleasing a contrast to the sterility which precedes it. This spot is at an old and weather-beaten mill, washed by the water from a river, which, falling in a small, but troubled stream, through a deep wood above the road on the left, passes under a bridge of one arch, and pursues its course through the midst of a lovely glen, to the Mawddach, whose glistening surface is just descried, between an opening of the hills, on the right. About two hundred yards above the bridge, the river swells out into a broad and bright pool, the pebbled bottom of which is distinctly visible through the clear transparency of the water. Here, during our

boyhood, have we often spent the afternoon of the smiling summer's day, sedulously bent upon the destruction of the finny tribe, and regardless of every thing save bites and nibbles. On a green bank, by the river's brink, there grew, and, indeed, still grows, a large oak, affording a comfortable canopy, and shading off, with its spreading branches, the parching beams of the sun. Under the unbrageous covert of this tree would we tarry, hour after hour, till the sun had descended behind the western hill, and twilight had wrapped in its soft gloom the hills and woods around us. But many a year has passed on since those days of idle wandering; and although we have mixed freely in the toil and bustle of the world, we have not forgotten those days of halcyon happiness. There are times when the days of our youth come back to us in all their pristine vividness; long years of care and sorrow are forgotten; and we are once more amongst our native hills, exulting in all the redolence of youthful happiness:—

The clouds, that mantle o'er, with folds opaque,
The calm, clear mirror of the soul, disperse
Like ice-bays from the Pole; and leave behind

Our boyish visions and romantic dreams,
Like landscapes pictured on a quiet lake.

Oh, youth indeed is the season of joy! And who has not carried back his thoughts, with delight, to that period, when all around him was fair, and beautiful, and innocent,—when the tender solicitude of a loving mother soothed all his infantile sorrows, and smiled, in delighted pride, upon her hopeful and happy child,—

when the cares of the world had not yet overshadowed his brow with sorrow, nor its stern lessons tinctured his mind and manners with distrust? These are days not readily forgotten; and their remembrance comes back upon us, amidst the turmoils of this busy world, like a bright sunbeam in a wintry sky, or like a pleasant breeze in the sultry days of summer. But this is a digression, for which we crave the reader's pardon*.

The most grand and impressive object in the scene from the bridge is part of the undulating summit of Cader Idris. We have seen it one mass of deep blue mountains, undimmed by speck or shadow; and we have also seen it crowned with a wreath of snow-white mist, and over-looking, in its might and majesty, the thousand "subject hills" which rise beneath it.

Towering from continent to sea,
Where is the mountain like to thee?
The eagle's darling, and the tempest's pride—
Thou! on whose ever-varying side
The shadows and the sun-beam glide,
In still or stormy weather!

Beyond the bridge, the country assumes a more smiling and cheerful aspect. The flourishing plantations of Garthyngard enliven the landscape, and evince in Mr Owen, the worthy proprietor of that estate, a commendable eagerness to clothe the sides of his rugged hills with something more valuable and ornamental than gorse or heather. The improvements which have been effected within these few years, under the auspices of Mr Owen, must carry with them their own reward, to say nothing of the gratification which "the Laird" must experience, as he views the declivities of his hills, once bleak and

* Being in this part of Merionethshire last summer, we paid a visit to the spot we have been speaking of for the first time since we left Wales, now many years ago, to reside in England. We found the branches of the old oak still spreading forth their foliage as greenly and as luxuriantly as they were wont to do; the pool as purely transparent as ever; but the wheel of the mill was stopped, and the old building itself falling fast into ruins:

The landscape hath not lost its look;
Still rushes on the sparkling river;
Nor hath the gloominess forsook

Those granite crags that frown for ever—
Still hangs around the shadowy wood
Whose sounds but murmur solitude.

desolate, now well covered with oak, birch, and fir. Having conducted our readers thus far, we shall avail ourselves of the journal of a friend, to describe the remainder of the route to Towyn—a route full of wild grandeur and magnificence.

“Our time at Garthynghard was chiefly occupied by excursions round the country. We went to the summit of Cader Idris, to Barmouth, and, amongst others, to Towyn. This was a distance of only twelve miles, but, from the extreme ruggedness of the roads, and from our easy mode of sauntering, it took us nearly the whole day to reach our destination. The whole family went; and we had a party of eight or ten, exclusive of two servants, so that we composed no despicable cavalcade. It was arranged that the ladies should go in the carriage, under the care and guidance of Mr Owen, while the remainder of the party should walk as far as Peniarth, an estate belonging to a branch of the Wynn family, nine miles on the road, where we might procure horses, if we pleased, for the remaining three miles of our journey. Having seen the ladies on their way, we took the nearest road over the hills; and having, during my stay at Garthynghard, become pretty well enured to the roughness of the Welsh by-roads, we trudged on, through bog and briar, over hill and dale, with admirable perseverance; now and then, however, stopping, ostensibly to admire the prospects, in fact, to rest ourselves. About half way between Garthynghard and Peniarth we passed the ruins of the old summer residence of Ednowain ab Bradwen*, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales†. The ruins of this castle, consisting merely of a few large stones, placed at irregular distances from each other,

mark the form, as well as the singularity of the habitations of the ancient Reguli of Wales; agreeing exactly with the description given by Whitaker, in his elaborate and valuable History of Manchester. ‘They were commonly placed,’ he says, ‘in the hollow of a valley, and either upon the margin of one stream, or the conflux of two, for the convenience of water, and for security from winds. The followers lived immediately about the person of their Chief, or in little bodies along the meandrings of the valley, to be within reach of the usual signal of their Lord—the striking of the shield, or the blowing of the horn.’ The ichnography of Llys Bradwen (for so was this castle called) presented, as nearly as possible, a figure, of which one part was a circle, and the remainder an oblong, the eastward circular apartments being the audience-hall and court of judicature, and the oblong building containing the common apartments of the Chief and his household. Round the ruins of the castle there are said to have formerly been traces of several other buildings, of various forms and dimensions. The remains of the principal buildings seem to have been more perfect in Pennant’s time, for he describes them as having ‘walls formed with large stones, uncemented with mortar.’ But the omnipotent hand of Time has now destroyed them, and obliterated every trace of the buildings mentioned above. All that now remain are a few large and dark-looking blocks of stones, presenting a striking contrast to the green sward of the valley.

“Having gained the summit of the southern extremity of the valley in which Llys Bradwen is situated, we enjoyed a most delightful prospect.

* Ednowain ab Bradwen, usually called Lord of Merioneth, lived in the eleventh century. He bore for his arms *Gules* three snakes rowed in a triangular knot *argent*. The venerable Sir Watkin Lewis, Knight and Alderman of London, is a descendant of Ednowain, as are the heads of many respectable families in North Wales. That Ednowain, however, was Lord of Merioneth may be doubted, as this was a title generally appropriated to the Sovereign of North Wales: at all events, he had considerable possessions in the country. The ruins of Ednowain’s house, called *Llys Bradwen*, (the Palace of Bradwen,) above noticed, are in the township of Cregenan, in the hundred of Tal-y-bont.

† The fifteen tribes, or peers, of North Wales, were certain chieftains who held their lands by baron service, being bound to particular ministerial attendance on their prince, in addition to those common to them as subjects, by homage and fealty.

A little to the west was the ocean, the mid-day sunbeams spreading a brilliant light on its broad and glistening surface, and the little Port of Barmouth almost in a line with the ridge of hills on which we stood. As far as the eye could reach towards the north, was to be seen the whole range of the Snowdonian mountains, with Snowdon itself rising proudly pre-eminent over all. To the east, we obtained an extensive and magnificent view, comprehending most of the Merionethshire hills; and we counted at least eight distant ridges of mountains in this direction, their summits tipped with the golden radiance of the summer sun. To the south, the dark rocks of Cadair Idris rose, towering to heaven; while immediately below us, on the left, and intersected by the river Dysynwy, extended the vale of Towyn, with the town from which it derives its name nearly in the centre, and the little straggling hamlet of Llanegryn in the distance. The prospect was really so beautiful, that we tarried a long time, actually for the sole purpose of viewing it;

And admiration feeding at the eye,
And, still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.

We were, however, rather anxious to reach Peniarth, with the loss of as little time as possible; and, resuming our walk, we passed a picturesque and lofty rock* on our left, and soon arrived there, being shortly afterwards joined by the ladies, and the rest of our party. The family to whom Peniarth belongs were from home, and the house, which is large, was under repair; but we gained access to the library, where we made a most sumptuous repast on the contents of a basket, which the ladies had safely stowed in the carriage. A decent, and rather antique-looking matron, and a sort of house-steward, (a cool, calculating,

shrewd Scotsman,) who were left in charge of the premises, supplied us with abundance of capital *Curry*, and some excellent porter, so that we found ourselves very comfortably situated, after our long and toilsome walk. We remained at Peniarth more than two hours, and having sufficiently refreshed ourselves,—

Postquam exempta fames, et amor compressus edendi,—

we recommenced our journey, the ladies by the turnpike road, and the gentlemen, including myself, through the marshes. Before we arrived at Towyn, we again joined the ladies, and, twelve in number, entered the town, and drew up to the door of the Raven Inn, amidst the wondering gaze of every inhabitant in the place, and, doubtless, to the most cordial satisfaction of 'mine host.'

"Having ordered supper, we left the ladies at the inn, and set off for the Well, (a very Pool of Bethesda, by the way, in the estimation of the natives,) celebrated for the many miraculous cures which it performs on those persons who bathe in it†. Here the arthritic, the rheumatic, the phthisical, *cum multis aliis*, find a sure remedy for their diseases; and a journey to Towyn Well is equal, in efficacy, to a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in time of old. The number of persons, all of the lower class, who resort to it, is astonishing. While we were there, and it was then late in the evening, we saw three patients undergoing ablution; and in a field on one side were several more, preparing to perform the same ceremony. That many persons have received benefit from bathing in Towyn Well is not improbable, as its water, being strongly impregnated with sulphur, may be found serviceable in many cases of chronic diseases; but most of the individuals who now resort to it are impelled to do so by a

* This rock is called Craig Aderyn, or the Birds' Rock, from the numerous birds of prey which nightly roost among its crevices. The noise they make, just about night-fall, is most hideously dissonant; and as the surrounding scenery is extremely wild and romantic, the ideas engendered by such an unearthly clamour, in the gloom of evening, and in so dismal and desolate a spot, are not the most soothing or agreeable. We saw, towards twilight, several kites, cormorants, and other birds, winging their way to the place of their rest.

† This is one reason, perhaps, why no Knight of the Pestle has yet ventured to take up his abode at Towyn. However this may be, it is very true that the Towynians are a very healthy, happy, and long-lived race: *estote perpetui!*

superstitious infatuation, for which they cannot account. I have heard that some of the most staunch devotees go so far as to drink this savoury beverage, which must be rendered infinitely more effective after it has washed the diseased bodies of a score or two of invalids, and pursued its course, as it does, in its way to the well, through the neighbouring church-yard!

"On our return to the inn, we found the ladies listening to the music of their national instrument, the harp, played by the landlord, Griffith Owen, deservedly esteemed one of the best performers in North Wales. The old man seemed influenced by the inspiration of the bards of old; and as he swept the strings of his instrument to the bold inspiring air of the march of the Men of Harlech, or to the milder and more soothing strain of Pen Rhaw, or Coliad yr Hedydd, every feeling, save that of the present delight, was chased away by the pleasing and impressive melody. His performance, however, was not confined to Welsh music. He played several of the favourite airs of the olden masters, and some with accompaniments of his own. He used formerly to compose a good deal, but the indolence natural to old age (for he is now nearly eighty years old) has deprived him, he told me, of all 'relish for composing.' He had a son, who died three or four years ago, who was also no contemptible musician, although by no means comparable to his father. He was unfortunately subject to fits of mental alienation, and his performance, I hear, used to denote the wild and unsettled state of his intellect.

"The next morning I accompanied two of our fair *compagnons de voyage* to view the town, and a wretched place it is. As for streets, it has none; and what the inhabitants would willingly term such, are merely lanes, adorned with wide and dirty ditches, meandering placidly along

their centre. It contains about half-a-dozen good houses, and a church*, with no great pretensions to elegance. After we had walked through the town, we strolled towards the beach, about half a mile distant, which affords a very pleasant and firm walk. On our return, we passed by a cottage, the door of which stood open, and some fine healthy children were gambolling on the threshold. We were tempted to peep in, and our curiosity was rewarded with a view of the humble interior of a Welsh cottage, rendered as neat and comfortable as manual labour could make it. The happy little rogues, who were playing by the door, regarded us with amazement, mingled, perhaps, with something like fear. A decent, good-looking woman, now addressed us from within, and very cordially invited us, in good English, to enter, and rest ourselves. We declined her invitation, and a small *douceur*, as an atonement for our intrusion, made the little folks very happy, while the mothers' fond eye glistened with delight and gratitude; and we left the cottage amidst the repeated thanks of this civil and contented cottager."

Caernarvon Castle.

There is no fortress in North Wales more interesting and conspicuous, in an historical point of view, than the Castle of Caernarvon. It must have been a noble structure in its day: even now—and the heavy hand of Time has not passed lightly over it—it is an imposing and extensive pile; and its massive architecture (for the walls are eight, and in some places nine feet thick) indicates that strength, rather than elegance, was the object of its construction. It was a place, indeed, of such power and solidity, as to withstand the most violent assaults of the enemy; and it possessed every convenience for the support and management of a siege†. It was

* This church is dedicated to St. Cadvan, a native of Armorica, who came over to this country, with other religious persons, in the beginning of the sixth century. He is supposed to have been buried on this spot. Some years ago, there were in the church-yard two rude pillars, one of which, of the form of a wedge, about seven feet high, and having a cross and inscription upon it, went by the name of St. Cadvan's Stone, and may probably have been a part of his tomb.

† A narrow gallery, or covered way, formerly extended round the Castle, by which, during a siege, communication could be had with the other parts without danger. On

built by the First Edward, who seems to have spared no pains in its erection, for, we are informed, twelve years elapsed before the building was completed. The state apartments were large and commodious, and even splendid, for the rude age in which they were constructed; they were situated in that part of the Castle which is denominated the Eagle Tower, and were probably occupied by the monarch and his household when his presence was required at the capital of his newly-acquired dominions. This tower, "the Eagle's Aerie," as it has been called, rises from one end of the inner court-yard, in the form of a parallelogram, and derives its name from the figure of an eagle placed on its summit,

Cowering with unsteady wing,
The royal bird prepares to spring
Upward, as his eye surveys
Radiant Sol's meridian blaze *.

We have said, that, in an historical point of view, Caernarvon Castle is conspicuously interesting. Even the very circumstance which gave existence to it, originated in the most memorable event which ever befell the Cambro-British—their conquest by Edward the First. After this surprising monarch had succeeded in subjugating the Welsh—and long and powerfully did he strive for the mastery—he built several strongholds in different parts of Wales, and garrisoned them with English soldiers, for the purpose of securing his conquest, by awing into subjection the murmuring mountaineers. The contumacious disposition of the natives of Caernarvonshire, together with the wild and mountainous state of that part of the country, most probably induced him to erect the Castles of Conwy and Caernarvon, two of the largest and strongest fortresses in North Wales. The grandeur of the latter—the most magnificent badge of our subjection, as Pennant calls it—displays a noble

monument of the Conqueror's policy; for the pertinacious disposition of the Welsh, particularly of those who dwelt among the Alpine recesses of Caernarvonshire, determined him to build a fortress, which should withstand the assaults of man, and be subject only to the inevitable ravages of time. This, among other facts, tends to prove, that the Conqueror of Wales experienced no trifling difficulty in curbing the eager patriotism of the Cambro-Britons. Even after he had annihilated the Royal power of the Principality,—after he had vanquished and slain the brave and generous Llewelyn, and exposed his lifeless head to the derision of the multitude,—and after he had cruelly murdered his brother Dafydd,—he still found that the Welshmen were unwilling to bend the knee to one whom they looked upon as a terrible and blood-thirsty tyrant, who came among them to destroy, and not to save; and it was not till the superior might and prowess of England had crushed the glowing patriotism of the mountaineers, and deprived them of all means of resistance and refuge, that they submitted, in sullen reluctance, to the yoke of the Conqueror. In none of the glorious transactions of his busy life did Edward display a greater depth of policy than he did in the preservation of his newly-acquired territory. At one time soothing and flattering the vindictive dispositions of the fiery Cambrians—at another, punishing with rigour their unbending contumacy, he effectually succeeded in removing all opposition to his dominion over Wales, and in fixing the foundation of his conquest upon a firm and secure basis.

But this glorious achievement was not effected without much bloodshed on both sides. Nay, the King himself was obliged to make more than one severe personal sacrifice, before he could obtain the homage of the Welshmen. He had promised them a prince who should speak no

one side, this gallery remains yet undemolished, though grievously ruinous: it was next to the outer wall, and was lighted by narrow openings, which served as stations from whence arrows, and other missiles, could be discharged upon the enemy.

* It was in this "Aerie" that the Conqueror's unfortunate successor was born and murdered; and a small, gloomy-looking chamber, is pointed out as the birth-place of the first English Prince of Wales. Unhappy man! thy days were indeed days of sorrow, and thy death the death of a martyr!

other language than their own, and who should be born in their own country: an old but faithful historian shall tell the rest:—"King Edward, perceiving the Welsh to be resolute and inflexible, and absolutely bent against any other prince than one of their own country, happily thought of this politic, though dangerous expedient:—Queen Eleanor was now quick with child, and ready to be delivered; and though the season was very severe, it being the depth of winter, the King sent for her from England, and removed her to Caernarvon Castle, the place designed for her to lye-in. When the time of her delivery was come, King Edward called to him all the barons, and chief persons throughout all Wales, to Ruthland *, there to consult about the public good, and the safety of their country. And being informed that the Queen was delivered of a son, he told the Welsh nobility, that, whereas they had often-times entreated him to appoint them a prince, he having, at this time, occasion to depart out of the country, would comply with their requests, upon condition that they would swear of, and obey, him whom he would name. The Welsh readily assented to the notion, only with the reserve, that he should appoint him a prince of their own nation. King Edward assured them he would name such an one as was born in Wales, could speak no English, and whose life and conversation nobody could stain; whom they should agree to own and obey, he

named his son Edward, but little before born in Caernarvon Castle †." Edward certainly loved his faithful and affectionate Eleanor, as much as was possible for his ambitious and warlike heart to love any woman; and it must be admitted that he put a considerable restraint upon his feelings, when he desired her to travel from London into the very heart of Wales, in the depth of the winter season, and in a situation so delicate and critical. The historian just quoted has omitted another fact, materially connected with this event; namely, that the Queen, notwithstanding her advanced pregnancy, performed her journey on horseback ‡.

There are two or three other historical incidents relating to the Castle, which are worthy of notice. In 1404, it was besieged by the gallant Owain Glyndwr, but was gallantly defended for King Harry by Jehan ab Meredydd, and Meredydd ab Hwlkin Llwyd, of Glynllivon, in Caernarvonshire. Jehan died during the siege, and his body was smuggled out of the Castle, and buried in the parish church of Llanvilhangel, in Anglesey, about twelve or fourteen miles distant. Owain, finding that he could make no impression upon its stupendous walls, raised the siege, and marched his men to another part of the country. In the civil wars of the Commonwealth, it was bandied about, from one party to the other, with the most capricious mutability. It was taken by a Captain Swanby, in 1644, one of the Parliament's men, and after-

ward it was also at Ruthland (*nodie* Rhyddlan, in Flintshire,) that Edward held his Parliament, to frame the famous code of laws for the government of Wales. Part of all of the house wherein the synod was held is now actually standing. It has been built upon, however, and metamorphosed into the gable end of a row of small houses, so that, to a passenger, there is nothing particularly antique or striking in its appearance. But the Dean of St. Asaph, in order to rescue this piece of antiquity from oblivion, has caused to be affixed to it a tablet with the following inscription:—

This Fragment

Is the remains of the Building,

Where King Edward the First

Held his Parliament,

A.D. 1283,

In which passed the Statute of Rhyddlan,

Securing

To the Principality of Wales,

Its Judicial Rights

And Independence.

Well's History of Wales, pp. 300, 301.

Strickland's History of Wales, Vol. II. p. 319.

wards re-taken and fortified for the King. Lord Byron, who was appointed Governor on this occasion, surrendered it, in 1646, to the Generals Mytton and Langhorne; and these two ferocious republicans were nearly taken prisoners, two years afterwards, by Sir John Owen, a gallant Welshman, and one of the most faithful and effective of the poor King's servants. He boldly besieged the Castle with only two hundred and seventy men, and was so resolute in his determination of gaining possession of the fortress, that he would most probably have succeeded in starving out the garrison, had not intelligence reached him that a large detachment, from the enemy's main army, was hastening, with all speed and diligence, to the succour of Mytton and his colleague. He immediately raised the siege, and marched boldly to meet the enemy. The contending parties met on the sands between Bangor and Conwy, and, after a furious encounter, Sir John was defeated, thirty of his men killed, and himself and an hundred others taken prisoners. This decided the fate of the King in North Wales, for the whole of the country became subject to the Parliament.

Caernarvon Castle is now the property of the Crown; it was formerly held by the Wynns of Glynllivon and Gwydir,—the Bulkeleys of Baron Hill and the Mostyns of Mostyn and Gloddaeth. The entrance into this fine old fortress, this stupendous monument of ancient grandeur, is through a lofty portal*, over which is yet to be discerned something like an effigy of the Royal founder. The interior of the building is falling fast, under the influence of the elements; in some parts, however, the walls are yet entire, and either covered with ivy, or rearing their gloomy masonry undecayed by time, and still strong and massive in their old age.

Welsh Loyalty.

We have already adverted to the alacrity with which the Welsh espoused the cause of the King during the

civil war of the Commonwealth. The following brief notice, still preserved by tradition among the peasantry of the district to which it relates, is only another proof of the truth of our assertion:—When the second civil war broke out in the year 1648, the Welsh were among the first to take up arms in favour of Charles II. Sir Edward Stradling of St. Donat's Castle, Sir Nicholas Kemys of Keon Mably, and Colonel Powel, raised, armed, and equipped, each of them, one hundred men, within their own county of Glamorgan, who, under their command, joined the division of the Royal Army; commanded by Major-General Langhorne and Colonel Poyer, whose men were chiefly raised in the counties of Brecon, Caermarthen, and Pembroke. Their collected force amounted to about eight thousand.

Cromwell, hearing of this, sent Colonel Horton before him, with three thousand horse, and two thousand foot, and followed himself with all the troops he could muster. The two armies met at St. Fagan's, a village on the banks of the river Ely, in the Vale of Glamorgan. On Monday, May 8th, 1648, Colonel Horton, attacked by Langhorne and Stradling, was compelled to give way; but being soon joined by three thousand men, with a heavy train of artillery, he charged the rear of the Welsh forces, and, after a bloody conflict of two hours' duration, the Royal Army was completely routed, about three thousand slain, and as many taken prisoners. Sir Nicholas Kemys retired to Chipstow Castle, which he vigorously defended for nearly three weeks: Col. Pride, however, arriving with the artillery, a breach was made, and the Castle carried by assault. Sir Nicholas was put to death there, in a very cruel and barbarous manner.

This battle made not less than fifty-six widows in the small parish of St. Fagan's, and lost more than seven hundred men to the county of Glamorgan. About fifty years ago, several old people lived in the village who solemnly asserted that the river was reddened with human blood.

* Under this portal are the grooves of no less than four portcullises; a barrier sufficiently impenetrable, one would think, to resist the effort of any earthly force.

SPECULATIONS ON CREATION, THE ORIGIN OF EVIL, AND THE HUMAN SOUL.

THE evidence for the existence and attributes of God is derived from two sources; *first*, our perception of the relation of cause and effect; *secondly*, our perception of the relation of means to ends. The first is the evidence of *causation*, the second is the evidence of *design*; or, as it is usually, though less properly called, the evidence of *final causes*.

The evidence of causation depends on the truth of two propositions; *first*, that every event must have an efficient cause; *secondly*, that the operation of an efficient cause implies the operation of a living and intelligent agent. The first of these propositions is a self-evident truth; the second is an assertion which might easily be disproved by the history of religious opinions. If we were compelled, by an original principle of our nature, to infer the operation of an intelligent agent wherever we perceive the operation of an efficient cause, we should recognise the operation of intelligence in *all* the phenomena of nature, or rather the terms "Nature" and "Deity" would be quite synonymous and convertible. It is well known, however, that, in popular writings, these terms are *always contrasted with one another*; that all men, whose ideas are not modified by an artificial theory, acknowledge the operation of a Divine intelligence *only* in events which they cannot refer to the operation of physical causes; that when a new physical cause is discovered, the Divine cause *appears* to be removed to a greater distance; and that the study of natural causes is always, in its first operation, favourable to atheism.

It is impossible to account for this undeniable and universal fact, consistently with the theory which ascribes intelligent agency to every physical cause. If this theory were *natural*—if it were agreeable to that original constitution of our mind by which *alone* we perceive the relation of cause and effect, no confusion could ever have occurred, either in our ideas of causation, or in the terms by which we express them. The operation of the Deity would have been as distinctly perceived, and as universally acknow-

ledged, in the ordinary course of nature, as in the apparent exceptions to it; the course of nature, and the operation of God, would be convertible terms; and a principle, which philosophy has never been able to reconcile with the common sense of the world, would be as evident as an axiom in geometry.

But if a theory of causation be contrary to *nature*, it must be destitute of evidence, because it is only by the constitution of our nature that we perceive evidence; and if the dictates of nature are ambiguous, the evidence for the theory must be equally uncertain. To substitute a metaphysical dogma in the place of a natural principle universally known and acknowledged, is to take away the very foundation of evidence, and to annihilate both theology and philosophy by a single assumption. The truth is, that metaphysical reasoning is just the natural road to universal scepticism; it leaves us no ground on which we can erect any system, either of physical or of moral truth; and nothing can be more inconsistent in philosophy, or more dangerous in religion, than to have recourse to such assistance.

The argument, therefore, which infers the existence of God from the relation of cause and effect, seems to be defective in one of its links. But the argument from *final causes*, or the evidence of design, seems to be quite satisfactory; and is indeed the very same evidence with that by which we discover the nature, extent, and modifications of the intellectual principle in other men, and regulate our actions and expectations accordingly.

To analyze that principle in our nature by which we *perceive* the relation of means to ends, and *infer* the operation of a living and intelligent being, is not necessary for the purpose which I have in view. It is sufficient to remark, that every mind perceives the relation of means to ends as *naturally* as it perceives the relation of cause and effect; that it discerns an intelligent agency in the former as clearly as it perceives a physical agency in the latter; and that

the principles of natural religion, which rest on the evidence of contrivance, are as certain as the principles of natural philosophy which rest on the evidence of causation. There is not one sceptical difficulty relative to the one, which may not be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the other. In both, we must ultimately acquiesce in certain fundamental laws of belief, of which no other account can be given, than that they are a part of our intellectual constitution.

It is a common, but a very striking and important remark, that the evidence for the intelligence of God is precisely the same with the evidence for the intelligence of men; and that the objections of the sceptic to the *mode of reasoning* by which we investigate the nature of God, are equally applicable to that by which we investigate the nature of other men, and gradually obtain a knowledge of the varieties of intellectual and moral character by which they are distinguished. The marks of intelligence are precisely the same in the system of the universe, as in Sir Isaac Newton's exposition of it. They are precisely the same in works of nature as in the works of art; and the *knowledge* of God, which may be acquired by observing the relation of means to ends in the works of nature, is just as certain in its evidence, though much more limited in its extent, as the *experience* of men, which we insensibly acquire by observing the same relations in their words and actions. Our knowledge of the nature of God is to our knowledge of the natures of other men, what astronomy or celestial mechanics is to terrestrial mechanics. We follow the same method of reasoning in theology as in the study of human nature; we obtain the same degree of evidence;

and the metaphysical difficulties with regard to the one, may, with very little modification, be transferred to the other. It is certain, however, that the practical conclusions which we acquire by observing the actions of men, however defective and however uncertain*, are of absolute necessity in the regulation of our dispositions and conduct with relation to other men; and it may be inferred, that the *practical conclusions* which terminate our inquiries into the character of God, are equally necessary in the regulation of our affections and actions relatively to the Supreme Being. We have much less knowledge of God than of other men; but our knowledge is obtained in the same way, and rests on the same evidence. Our inquiries into human nature begin at an earlier period of life, and are pursued with more constancy and ardour, because they are prompted by a more obvious interest. The conclusions to which they lead are more familiar to our minds, and therefore appear to be more certain. A more early and confirmed habit of belief is mistaken for a stronger evidence.

It is probably true, that we are ignorant whether the ideas of physical, or even of moral truth†, are the same in the Divine as in the human mind; but we are equally uncertain whether these ideas are the same in any two individuals of our own species. However various may be the *ideas* of men, their *expressions*, being the result of convention, must necessarily be uniform. The language of Dr Blacklock was the same with that of other men; but his ideas of light and colours, in whatever way he acquired them, must have been very different‡.

After these general remarks on the

* See Pope's Moral Essay "on the Characters of Men."

† The heavens are not clean in His sight, and he chargeth even His angels with folly.—Job.

‡ With respect to the metaphysical or sceptical objections to the principles of religion or of science, (for they are equally applicable to both,) it seems to me that they prove nothing but the imperfection of our intellectual faculties. When an argument that appears to be unanswerable, leads to a conclusion which we feel to be incredible and absurd,—when we can neither refute the argument, nor admit the conclusion,—when reason and intuition appear thus to be at variance with each other, and one part of our intellectual constitution serves no other purpose but to demolish the fabrics erected by another;—the only intelligible account of the matter is that which refers it to the imperfection of the human understanding. It is an *experimental discovery* of one of the limits to human thought; and it is just by multiplying and varying

nature of the evidence, I proceed to draw some inferences, which serve to limit the extent of the conclusions deduced from it.

I. The evidence of final causes proves that the universe is a work of art or contrivance.

II. Art or contrivance consists in the adaptation of means to ends; it is the exercise of intelligence in overcoming some physical or moral difficulty. It supposes, therefore, the existence of certain natural difficulties, and consequently the operation of certain natural principles, which exist independently of the will of the contriver, and limit the extent of his power. This is the only intelligible meaning which can be affixed to the term; and to assert that the meaning of the term, when applied to the operation of God, is totally different from the meaning which it bears when applied to the operation of man, is only to substitute a less questionable, and consequently a more dangerous kind of scepticism, in the place of that which we desire to avoid. If we change the meaning of the term, we take away the substance of the doctrine. *Facilis descensus Averno.*

III. But if the universe be a work of contrivance, and if the term contrivance is to be understood in the sense which it bears when applied to the works of man, it is evident that the hypothesis of creation, or of the production of the materials of the universe by an act of Divine volition, must be rejected. Contrivance is power operating by means; creation is power operating without means; and the same evidence which discovers the reality of the one, proves that the other is nothing else than a creature of human imagination. It is impossible to conceive how intelligence can operate, or by what evidence it can display itself, in a being who possesses creative and unlimited power. The operation and display of intelligence, where there is no difficulty to be overcome, no obstacle

to be removed or surmounted by it, is as inconceivable as the existence of matter without extension, or of mind without consciousness*.

It appears to me, therefore, that modern theists, (for the ancients reasoned more naturally and more consistently,) have inadvertently admitted into their system two contradictory propositions. The expression of creative intelligence, by which they have endeavoured to distinguish the Divine from the human agency, is a contradiction in terms. The error may have proceeded, either from a wish to propitiate the object of their worship by flattery, or from a wish, scarcely less unworthy, to increase, by exaggeration, the popular effect of their writings.

Let the doctrine of creation be rejected, and observe what follows:

1. The evidence for the moral perfection of God becomes stronger. If the universe was brought into order by the wisdom of the Deity, and not produced, out of nothing, by his unlimited power,—if the materials are eternal, and derive, from the Divine will, not their existence, but that harmony and arrangement by which they are rendered subservient to so many useful purposes, (and what can they owe more than this Divine arrangement and harmony?)—"what could have been done to the vineyard of God which he has not done for it?"—in short, if the universe be a work of art and contrivance, and not a work of creation at all, it is evident that we are not warranted in supposing the operation of Divine power, except when we see the operation of Divine intelligence. But it is a just and most beautiful remark of Paley, which he has illustrated in his own inimitable manner, that all the operations of intelligence in the works of Nature are of a beneficent tendency; that evil is never the object of design; that we never perceive the traces of intelligence, without perceiving, at the same time, the traces of goodness. There is nothing in all

these experiments, or, in other words, by the free and fearless exercise of our intellectual faculties, that we gradually acquire a knowledge of the extent of the territory to which they are naturally limited. Metaphysics is one of the means for acquiring self-knowledge, and is useless for every other purpose. This is the use which Dr Reid and Mr Stewart have made of the metaphysical writings of Hume.

* See note (A).

philosophy more obvious, more satisfying, more delightful, than the inference which instantly rises to the mind. "This is the revelation, THAT GOD IS LIGHT, AND IN HIM IS NO DARKNESS AT ALL!"

2. All the objections to the goodness of God disappear, when we consider the universe as a work of contrivance. If the materials of the universe are eternal, their properties must be necessary; the connection between physical causes and their effects must be as indissoluble as the connection between the premises and the conclusion of a geometrical theorem; and it will therefore be as *impossible* to separate the principles of good from the evils that *naturally* accompany them, as to separate one property of a geometrical figure from another. The power of the Deity, while it extends to the production of every thing that is *possible*, must be limited by the natural imperfection of the materials on which it operates; and a mixture of evil must consequently appear in the best of possible systems.

I conceive that it is not possible to reconcile the existence of evil with the infinite goodness of God, except by supposing that the materials of the universe are self-existent. Nothing that is evil can proceed, either immediately, or through any series of intermediate causes, (if such causes can possibly exist in a work of creation,) from the will of a Being that is infinitely good. There must be either imperfection in the agent, or impracticability in the materials; and the question is just this, which of these two suppositions is most probable? If we can exclude the first alternative, we shall establish the second.

1. It is impossible to view the works of Nature without believing that there is a spiritual and intelligent universe, as well as a material one*; and that the Being who presides over this intelligent universe must possess that intellectual superiority by which alone all other beings can be placed in a state of subordination, and rendered obedient

to his will†. In other words, this great Being must be *infinitely wise*.

2. The *power* of this Being must be proportioned to his wisdom,—his *happiness* proportioned to his wisdom and power.

3. Now, in every intelligent being, with whose nature we are acquainted, we perceive a natural affinity between happiness and *goodness*. The enjoyment of perfect happiness removes all the temptations to evil, and when these obstacles are taken away, the principle of benevolence operates *spontaneously*. Every emotion of enjoyment is accompanied with an emotion of love; and the union of benevolence with happiness, in the moral world, is as universal, as the principle of gravitation in the material. It is remarked by Dr Johnson, that the reason why old men are less susceptible of friendship is, because they are less susceptible of pleasure. The ordinary causes of malignity are just the passions that produce exquisite misery,—the passions of *fear*, *distrust*, *envy*, *avarice*, and that *loathing* and *disgust*, which is the natural effect of intemperate enjoyment. The delight which some individuals take in the infliction of pain, proceeds evidently from the misery caused by an unsatisfied and insatiable craving for excitement. There is a certain diseased state of the imagination, which produces an insatiable craving for excitement; as there is a diseased state of the body, that produces an insatiable craving for sensual gratifications; and the vice of cruelty is produced by the one, as that of intemperance by the other. There does not seem to be much positive pleasure in the gratification of cruelty, but there is a very great relative pleasure, which is exactly proportioned to the pain produced by the want of excitement. "Revenge and cruelty are sweet; so is death, after a painful and lingering disease‡." In short, the emotion of goodness will universally be found to be proportioned to the emotion of happiness; and the being who is unalterably and insat-

* *Spiritus intus agit, et toto se corpore miscet.*—*Ancient, VI.*

† This is the idea in Job xxxviii. 31, &c.

‡ This idea is from a sermon which I heard preached by the late Dr Leyden.

nity happy, must also be unalterably and infinitely good*. It is evident, therefore, that evil can in no case proceed from Divine volition. It must therefore proceed from something that exists and operates independently of the will of God; or (in the words of Dr Butler) "there are impossibilities in nature, of which we have no idea." There must be some obstacle which prevents perfect goodness from producing perfect happiness; and it is evident that there can be no obstacle to the goodness of God, in substances which owe their existence, and all their properties, to his will. If the universe has been created out of nothing, natural necessity is only another name for the Divine omnipotence; the laws of Nature and the ordinances of God are only different expressions for the same idea; and the evils which we refer to the laws of Nature, are directly referable to that irresistible and mysterious will, which originally produced, and permanently maintains them. "Can a fountain send forth, at the same time, both sweet water and bitter?"

It is remarked by Dr Paley, that misery is never the direct object of contrivance; but it is evident that though it were the *immediate* object of contrivance, it would furnish no objection against the Divine goodness. It is, at least, *possible* that temporary and partial evil may be necessary for the production of permanent and universal good, and that a good being may inflict the one for the sake of the other. But it is *not* possible that the wisest, the most powerful, and the *most happy* of all beings, can inflict misery for its own sake. He can have no passions which demand such a gratification,—no cravings which require such a supply. It is impossible that any sentient being can do evil without a motive; and there can be no motive to evil, where there is infinite and unchangeable happiness. GOD CANNOT BE TEMPTED OF EVIL, NEITHER TEMPTETH HE ANY MAN.

This view of the evidence of natural religion may be applied, *first*, to the material, and, *secondly*, to the moral universe. The first application of the principle will discover the origin of physical evil, and the second will discover the origin of moral evil.

The application of the principle to the material universe is not difficult. The evidence *for* contrivance, and *against* creation, is complete; we perceive both the means employed and the effects produced,—we perceive both the wisdom of the contrivance and the beneficence of the ends. In all the changes produced by chemical agents, or by vegetable or animal life, no *undoubted* instance, either of creation or annihilation, can be discovered; and the *apparent* instances are universally acknowledged to be delusions, produced either by the inaccuracy of our observations, or by the imperfection of our senses. In expressing, for instance, the doctrine of *latent heat*, we do not say that the matter of heat is *annihilated* when it disappears from our senses, and created when it again becomes sensible. We say, that it is *combined* in the first case, and *disengaged* in the second. The creation and annihilation of matter are ideas unknown in natural philosophy; they never occur, except in theological speculations. We do not hesitate, therefore, in admitting the eternal existence of matter.

The application of the principle to *mind* is not more difficult, but it is less obvious. The marks of contrivance are not so apparent. We see the beneficent ends, but not the arrangements by which they are accomplished. We cannot decompose the intellectual machinery,—we cannot distinguish the parts, or trace the progress of action, in that spiritual mechanism, by which every particular animal is furnished with propensities, with instincts, or with principles of reason and sentiment, adapted to its particular situation. We see the *index* of the watch, but the

* "Toute méchanceté vient de faiblesse : l'enfant n'est méchant que parce qu'il est faible ; rendez-le fort, il sera bon. Celui qui pourroit tout, ne feroit jamais de mal. De tous les attributs de la Divinité Toute-puissante, la bonté est celui sans lequel on le peut le moins concevoir. Tous les peuples qui ont reconnu deux principes, ont toujours regardé le mauvais comme inférieur au bon."—*Emile*.

interior fabric is altogether beyond our reach,—it is not only inaccessible, but inconceivable,—not only beyond discovery, but beyond conjecture. The whole intellectual machinery is so entirely concealed, that the effects appear to resemble creation, as the more ingenious operations of human art sometimes do, when the spectator is ignorant or credulous.

We cannot, therefore, affirm that the moral universe is a work of contrivance, *on the same ground* on which we affirm this of the universe of matter. We must argue from a different principle altogether.

Moral evil exists—Whence does it originate? Does it exist by a necessity in nature, or by an appointment of God? If by nature, the beings in whom it exists and operates must be self-existent: if by the will of God, it must be one of the *means* by which good is effected; and this word instantly leads the mind to the idea of contrivance*. The employment of moral evil, as the *means* of producing moral good, is inconsistent with creative and unlimited power. It is not conceivable, or rather, it is not possible, that the Being who created all other beings, and who gave them all their properties and all their propensities, can be under the necessity of employing moral evil as the means of accomplishing any of his purposes; and it is certain that a good being would never have recourse to moral evil, without necessity.

In the actual constitution of human nature, a certain portion, both of physical and of moral evil, seems to be absolutely necessary,—neces-

sary to the enjoyment of happiness,—necessary to the exercise of virtue. The faculty of enjoyment is weak, and liable to exhaustion; and happiness would cease to be the object of enjoyment or desire, if it were not contrasted with misery. The *means* of happiness would cease to act on the *principle* of happiness, which could no longer receive any effectual impressions from them. As there can be no idea of light without experience of darkness†, so there can be no true and permanent enjoyment of the means of happiness, without experience of misery. But there is an infinitely more important reflection to be made—

“Fall’n cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering!”

Who has not felt the power of these simple words‡? There can be no happiness without energy; no moral happiness without moral energy; no moral energy without the strenuous exercise of virtuous qualities; and no such exercise without the operation of vicious qualities, striving with virtue to the death. The happiness of virtue arises from the habitual and strenuous exercise of virtue—(*in labore quies*); and the exercise of virtue consists, almost entirely, in resisting the influence and counteracting the activity of vice. If the actual state of human nature, therefore, is the necessary state, the existence, and even the temporary triumph of moral evil, is not only consistent with the Divine goodness, but is its necessary consequence§. But if the actual state of human nature is not necessary, the existence

* It seems to me that we cannot use the word *means* at all, in speaking of the operations of a creative power.

† Edinburgh Review, No. XIX. p. 146.

‡ There is something very remarkable in the effect of this passage. It is like the effect of warlike and melancholy music. The same emotion frequently recurs in reading the *Paradise Lost*, and is perhaps the principal cause of that peculiar and growing delight which we receive from the poem. The influence of Milton’s genius seems to have in it a principle of progression beyond that of any other. It gives to the mind an idea of power, which consoles it under the oppressive sense of its actual weakness. *Sibi reddit amicum*.

§ This idea is expressed with exquisite simplicity in one of the most affecting, as well as instructive narratives, of the New Testament. “When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was.” It was just because he loved, that he allowed that evil to proceed, out of which permanent happiness was at last to arise.

of moral evil cannot surely be vindicated, by merely shewing that one evil is necessary to counteract the effects of another. Why are either the evils or the remedies allowed to continue, if the whole system can be taken out of the universe? "Why have recourse to means, where power is unlimited? Contrivance, by its very nature, is the refuge of imperfection." (*Paley*.) It appears to me to be as clear as any philosophical principle can be, that we must either deny that the human mind was created out of nothing, or ascribe every principle of wisdom or of error, of virtue or of vice, to the express appointment of that almighty and inscrutable Being, by whom it was created.

We cannot get rid of the difficulty by ascribing moral evil to the abuse of *free will*, because free will is not consistent with creation. The *will* is only a general term, to express all the active principles of a sentient being; and if that being was made out of nothing, it can possess no will which is not derived from the will of its creator. The relation of cause and effect is just the same in the moral as in the physical world. Every man believes himself to be a free, a moral, and a *responsible* agent. This feeling, which reason can neither explain nor subdue, seems to be the testimony of *nature* to the independent operation, and, consequently, to the undervived existence of the human soul. It is impossible, on any other supposition, to reconcile the instincts of the heart

with the conclusions of the understanding.

Nor can the difficulty be avoided by alleging that the origin of moral evil lies beyond the reach of our faculties. The inquiry into the origin of evil is quite similar to the inquiry into the origin of good. If the first is beyond our reach, the second is so also; and if we are liable to any natural delusions in the one, we are liable to the same delusions in the other. This argument evades the objections against the goodness of God, by taking away all the evidence both for his intelligence and for his goodness.

We are thus "*shut up into the truth*." We must conclude that the human soul is an eternal and self-existent substance, and that the principles of moral evil are a part of its original nature. Let us trace out the consequences of this hypothesis, and compare them with what we know of our own nature and history.

1. If the human mind has existed from eternity, it has existed in a state of being—probably in many states of being—of which it retains no remembrance; and it is probably destined to pass through many other states, and to undergo changes analogous to those which we observe in matter, when it is subjected to chemical agents, or to the principles of vegetable or animal life. As I cannot conceive how the mind can exist at all without being conscious of existence, I will take for granted that, in all these changes, the mind carries its consciousness along with it*.

When I quote passages from the Sacred Scriptures, it is not with a design to *prove* my opinions, but to *illustrate* them. It is evident that the authority of revelation is a consequence, not the foundation of our belief in natural religion,—or, in other words, that our confidence in the veracity of the Divine word is founded on our confidence in the rectitude of the Divine character. I find, however, that these illustrations are the most apposite as well as beautiful, and I see no reason why they should not be employed in this inquiry.

* I conceive that there is no loss of consciousness during profound sleep, or a swoon. The faculty of *attention* ceases to act; no impression, therefore, can be made on the *memory*; and an *apparent* loss of consciousness is the natural effect. A real loss of consciousness I conceive to be impossible, except by a total annihilation of the mind itself. Such a supposition cannot be admitted, if the facts can be explained without it.

All the operations of the soul, in our present state of being, seem to be referable to impressions made on the organs; and some may infer, that the loss of these organs will prevent the soul from operating at all, and thereby take away its consciousness. By the same way of reasoning it might have been inferred, that the setting of the sun would be followed by total darkness, because the light which we receive during the day appears to come all from that luminary.

2. In passing from one state of existence to another, it is probable that the mind loses old organs of perception, and acquires new ones. It is evident that our present organs of perception do not naturally belong to the soul, but are acquired by its temporary union with a material substance, from which it receives certain influences. These organs, therefore, may be lost, and new organs acquired, when the soul enters into a different combination, or when it exists separately.

3. Now, it is evident, that when old organs of perception are lost, and new organs, conversant with totally different objects, are acquired, the mind must lose all remembrance of the information communicated by the old organs, and of the mode of existence of which they formed a part*. Memory depends on the association of ideas; and it is evident that there can be no such association between two modes of being totally different from one another. Memory must cease when the mode of existence is changed; and the mind, which has only received a new form or modification, will appear to have been created. The appearance will be the same to the sentient being who has undergone the change, and to those who witness it. It is a delusion, like that by which we imagine that the earth is at rest, and that the sun performs his revolutions around it†.

If we suppose, in the eternal existence of the human soul, periods of alternate repose and activity; or, in more exact terms, if we suppose the faculties of attention and memory to be alternately quiescent and active, we shall suppose what is agreeable to the analogy of our bodily constitution,—to the imperfection of our mental faculties, (to which repose is probably necessary),—and to that law of *vicissitude* which pervades every part of nature that we are al-

lowed to explore. These periods of repose may gradually efface the impressions previously made on the memory; and it is evident, that no new impression can be made while the faculty of attention is exhausted.

If the operations of memory depend on the organization of the brain, a total change in the organization may destroy the action of memory, as a partial change impairs the action of memory. The memory may lose all its ideas by the one, as it loses some of them by the other.

It appears, then, that the eternal existence of the soul is as consistent with the evidence of memory, as the earth's motion round the sun with the evidence of perception,—that the loss of memory in passing from one mode of existence to another, is the necessary effect of certain laws of our nature which have been ascertained—and that the river of Lethe is not necessary to destroy the memory of all that we have done, or enjoyed, or suffered, during a past eternity.

It is unnecessary to add, that, if the soul be eternal, it must be indestructible; that the principle of consciousness will survive all the changes to which it can be subjected; that birth and death are only different names for the same thing; that it is merely the transition from one mode of existence to another, which, relatively to the latter, is called death, and, relatively to the former, is called birth. It is remarkable, that birth, as well as death, is accompanied with pain and terror; and the state of repose, in which death seems to terminate, resembles that of the foetus in the womb.

It is evident, that the happiness or misery of any soul, during a long series of transmigrations, will depend much more on its own nature than on any thing that is accidental and temporary. It is the nature of good affections to increase the joys, and to lessen the griefs, produced by exter-

* This remark might be illustrated by that very singular and interesting phenomenon which physicians call *double consciousness*, but which ought rather to be called *double memory*.

† It may be observed, once for all, that the language of the Bible is accommodated to the former of these delusions, for the same reason that it is accommodated to the last of them; and that the doctrine of the soul's eternity is not contrary to Scripture, unless the doctrine of the earth's motion is contrary to Scripture. The question put to our Saviour, in John, chap. ix. 1, 2, 3, implies a belief in the pre-existence of the soul, and the answer neither sanctions the belief nor condemns it.

nal causes; and it is the nature of evil affections to do the contrary *. If we suppose two minds of opposite moral qualities to pass through exactly the same situations, the one will be supported, in the worst circumstances, by the consciousness of virtue; and the other, in the best circumstances, will be depressed by the consciousness of vice. The great presiding Intelligence of the universe must be the friend of virtue, (because supreme intelligence, without the perception of moral distinctions, is a supposition contrary to all experience;) and if the interests of virtue, and those of vice, are naturally opposite, (which seems to be the case,) he cannot be the friend of virtue, without being, in one sense, the enemy of vice. He must, in the language of an old divine, have an infinite hatred of sin, founded on his infinite love of the sinner. It is evident, therefore, both from the nature of man as a moral agent, and from the moral perfections of God, that virtue must, on the whole, be productive of happiness, and vice of misery; and that it is our highest interest to give our natures all the

moral improvement which they are capable of receiving. The difference, in point of happiness, between the virtuous and the vicious, is not inconsiderable, even in this life,—it is probably much greater than it appears to be,—and it must become infinite in a period of infinite extent. The indestructibility of the human soul is, of all ideas, the most awful to a mind that is capable of comprehending its import. It is impossible to calculate how much happiness may be gained by the cultivation of good, or lost by the indulgence of evil affections, in the eternal existence of a moral being, subject to a moral government †.

But there is a still more awful reflection. That this world is a place of *exile*; that it is not the place of our birth, but of our captivity; that our natural fear of death is the *invisible chain* by which we are bound to the walls of our prison-house; that we have once existed, and that we shall again exist, in a much higher state of being, where our view of causes and consequences will be more comprehensive and extended,—where our moral sentiments will be more dis-

* There are some exceptions to the natural connection between goodness and happiness, vice and misery, (See Hume's *Essays*, I. 18,); but they seem to be accidental, and peculiar to our present existence, and perhaps they are greater in appearance than in reality. The same moral sensibility which renders its possessor more susceptible of misery, (whether from the excessive desire to avoid the appearances of evil, from excessive commiseration of others, or from an oppressive sense of some moral or constitutional weakness,) makes him more susceptible of happiness; and its enjoyments, in the long-run, are greater than its sufferings. The afflictions of a good man are accompanied with secret consolations, (Psalm xxxii. 3—7,) and the triumphs of a wicked man with secret bitterness. "All this availeth nothing, so long as Mordcai sitteth at the King's gate." It has been frequently remarked, that men are always more strongly attached by the benefits they bestow, than by those they receive; and that it is not the man who has received the injury that cherishes the deepest hatred, but the man who, without cause, has inflicted it. No fact can demonstrate more clearly that virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment; and that, in the divine words of our Saviour, it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

The pleasure attached by nature, to the exercise of courage and fortitude in a generous cause, particularly where the moral faculty is elevated by religion, seems frequently to exceed in intensity, as well as in duration, the severest agony which can be inflicted on the body. When Maccabæus was tortured to death by order of the Privy Council of Scotland, "he seemed to expire in the ecstasy of joy." "Farewell, sun, moon, and stars! farewell, world and time! farewell, weak and frail body! welcome, eternity! welcome, angels and saints! welcome, Saviour of the world! and welcome, God, the Judge of all!" Such were his last words; and these animated speeches he uttered with an accent and manner which struck all the beholders with astonishment."

Hume's *History of England*, chap. lxxiv.

† "Le moindre mouvement importe à toute la nature; la mer entière change pour une pierre. Ainsi, dans la grace, la moindre action importe pour ses suites à tout."

Pascal.

criminating and tender,—where the happiness naturally arising from good affections, and the misery arising from evil ones, will increase beyond all that we can anticipate, or even conjecture,—where the whole extent of the evil that either inheres in the nature, or arises out of the operation of sinful affections, shall be not only discovered to the understanding, but irresistibly borne in upon the soul*, —where we shall be admitted to the society of higher natures, and subjected to such penetrating and overpowering influences, as must either change our natures, or wither up our pride and happiness for ever †; —that “this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality:”—that “he who now weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return home with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves after him ‡,”—while the wicked shall call upon the mountains to cover them, not from the penalties, but from the *shame* of their wickedness,—not from the justice, but from the goodness which they have offended,—not from the misery which they have incurred, but from the view of the happiness which they have lost §,—is not an unfounded hypothesis, the offspring of imagination and pride, but an important *reality*, which, were we even to lay aside revelation, might be established by the strongest evidence. It is a hypothesis which throws as much light on the character and history of man, as that of Copernicus on the motions of the planets, and there is the same evidence for the one as for the other. We know that we have discovered the key, because

we can open the wards; we infer the truth of the hypothesis from the explanation of the phenomena ¶. There are prospective contrivances in human nature, an unsearchable and progressive *capacity*, a boundless *ambition*, and a *moral education*, adapted to these high qualities, which indicate our tendency and approach to a higher state of being; and there is a *melancholy* in this ambition, a feeling like that of a Swiss soldier when he hears the music of his country, a sort of *home-sickness*, of which it is impossible to assign either the cause or the end, without considering it as at once the remembrance of our past dignity, and the power by which we are destined to regain it **. These sentiments are to man, what instincts are to other animals (B.); and we infer the future intentions of Providence from the former, as we infer the present intentions of Providence from the latter. “Shall I bring to the birth, and not cause to bring forth? saith the Lord: Shall I cause to bring forth, and shut the womb? saith thy God.” (Isaiah, ch. lxvi. 9.) If I were to enlarge upon this part of my subject, I should make few reflections of my own, but rather appeal to the *effect* of a great many passages, cited from the poets, and from other writers who resemble them. We cannot give utterance to our own ideas, we cannot express either the vastness of our conceptions, or the energy of our hopes, without borrowing the language and imagery of those illustrious interpreters of Nature, those lights of the world, to whom we owe much more than we are able to express ††.

The tendency of affliction to increase

* The consequences of sin do not add to the guilt of the sinner, when they are not foreseen and intended; but, if they affect the happiness of other beings, or his own moral dignity, in another world, they must add to his remorse.

† 1 Samuel xviii. 12—16. Hebrews xii. 18—29.

‡ Psalm cxxvi.

§ “That look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it! Hide me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!”

Othello, last scene.

¶ See the conclusion of Adam Smith's History of Astronomy.

** See that passage in Telemachus, in which the melancholy arising from pleasant dreams, is represented as the cause that induces that hero to seek his father in the other world. Such dreams suggest the idea of the other world, as the tune of the *Ranz des Vaches* suggests, to a Swiss exile, the idea of his native country.

†† There is one remark, however, too important to be omitted. Though, in our present state of being, we retain hardly any remembrance of that from which we have

the capacity of enjoyment, by strengthening the principle of virtue, and to strengthen the principle of virtue by increasing the capacity of enjoyment, is so obvious, and so universal in its operation, even when the progress is most slow, and the first effects most unpromising, that we cannot doubt the intention of the Being who inflicts it. Let it once be granted that the Deity operates on the human character by means,—that *His* moral government is accommodated to *our* moral nature,—and the necessity of suffering, in order to lay the foundation of that generosity and energy in which consist both the honour and the happiness of our nature, and, above all, its necessity, in order to raise us to that *moral influence*, that power of elevating and supporting other minds, which is so flattering to the grandeur, and so dear to the benevolence of the human soul*, will become obvious to the most careless, and satisfactory to the most scrupulous observer. There is a *vis inertiae* in the moral, as well as the material world,—an inherent indolence in the human character, which seems to be an original and indestructible quality; and suffering is probably as necessary to produce improvement in the moral universe, as impulse to produce motion in the physical. This conjecture is confirmed by that most remarkable passage in the New Testament, where it is said that “even the Captain of our Salvation was *made perfect* by suffering.” It seems that even the highest of moral beings cannot reach the perfection of his nature in any other way.

The view which I have given of the power, the wisdom, and the good-

ness of God, (a power limited by necessity—a wisdom and goodness to which there are no apparent, or even conceivable limits whatever,) establishes the doctrine of a *general providence*, but does not exclude the doctrine of a *particular providence*. It is evident, on the one hand, that the more skilfully the machine of the universe is constructed, the less necessary will be the subsequent care of the artist. On the other, the construction of a machine which shall continue to perform all the necessary movements for ever, without disorder or decay, may be an impossibility †.

The occasional interposition of the Deity, or his particular providence, may therefore be necessary. The times and the modes of interposition may be concealed from us, either because the knowledge would be hurtful, or because our faculties are not yet capable of receiving it. The intellectual operations of the poet, the philosopher, the legislator, and of all who are distinguished by peculiar talents from the rest of their species, are not only unknown and unsuspected, but, in a great measure, incomprehensible to other men; and perhaps there is something in the *crassa Minerva*, or common sense, of other men, that is equally unintelligible to them. The particular providence of God must be still more inaccessible to discovery; or, if any discoveries of it are vouchsafed to men, they are obtained, not by philosophical inquiry, but by some *heavenly influence* operating on that mysterious principle of human nature by which it sometimes communicates with higher beings. “On ne sauroit nier, ce me semble, qu’il ne se passe en nous des mouvemens qui ne nous viennent en rien du

fallen, it does not follow that the memory of this life will perish with the body. The remembrance of happiness would only increase our present misery; but the remembrance of misery may serve both to increase *and* to *perpetuate* our future happiness. “What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?” Even in this state of being, we are not always able to *accomplish* the forgetfulness which we often madly seek. I have no doubt that many of the phenomena, both of dreams and of madnes proceeds, from the indistinct remembrance of the honour and blessedness that we once enjoyed, and of the crimes and follies by which we have lost them. The phenomena will vary according as the images that rise on the memory are delightful, or melancholy, or terrible, or calculated to awaken remorse. These secrets of the human heart cannot be communicated, but they may be *inferred*.

“Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth.”

* 2. Corinthians, i. 4.—7. John xii. 31. 32. 33.

† See Edinburgh Review, No. XXVII., p. 80-1.

dehors ; et qui nous calment ou nous soutiennent sans qu'on puisse les attribuer à la liaison ordinaire des evenemens de la vie."—(*L'Allemagne.*)

It will not be alleged, I am persuaded, that the preceding observations have a tendency to weaken any of the moral influences either of natural or of revealed religion. The only divine attribute to which they assign any limit whatever, is the attribute of power ; and all those religious systems which admit the principle of *free will*, do equally limit that attribute. (See Romans, chap. viii. 5, 6, 7, 8.) It is evident that a power, founded on a perfect knowledge of all the principles of activity and enjoyment in human nature, and of all the influences which can operate upon it, is just as adequate to all the purposes of moral government, as a power founded on creation *. Besides, by representing the Deity as the creator of our souls, we represent him as the author of moral evil. The relation of cause and effect is the same in the moral as in the physical world ; and if the being who created all material substances is the ultimate cause, or rather the *only* cause, of every event in the physical world, the being who created all moral agents, and who gave them all their qualities, must be the cause of every event in the moral world, and is therefore *responsible* (we need not shrink from the word) and is therefore, I say, *responsible to the moral universe* for all the evil that is in it. It was remarked by Cudworth, and the remark has been repeated by Dugald Stewart, that the doctrine of necessity lies at the foundation of all licentious systems of morality and religion ; hut they have not (I think) remarked, that the doctrine of necessity is an immoral doctrine, *only* because it is connected with the doctrine of creation ; and that it would become quite harmless if the last doctrine were rejected, as being not only destitute of proof, hut contrary to the evidence of final causes. If moral evil exists in nature, and has not been created by the will of God,—if the beings in whom it operates are as eternal and indestructible

as the Divine essence itself, misery must be equally necessary. It must exist, either as the necessary consequence of moral evil, or as the remedy for it ; or it may be *both* necessary and beneficial, being subject to Him who extracts good out of evil. On the first supposition, the misery of the sinner is not a divine act at all ; and on the other two suppositions, it is an act of goodness. The same attribute which, if I may use the expression, interests the Supreme Being in the happiness and improvement of his moral universe, requires the subjugation of every evil principle that is opposed to its improvement and happiness ; and the subjugation of the evil principles requires the infliction either of temporary or of *perpetual* misery (if perpetual misery is *necessary*) on the beings influenced by these principles. Partial evil is here evidently connected with universal good ; and its infliction, whether in the present or in any future state of being, is not only consistent with, but indispensably required by, that unalterable rectitude which maintains the harmonies of the moral universe.

It may also be necessary, that moral beings of a mixed character, and who are susceptible both of good and evil influences in an unknown degree, should be subjected both to temptation and to misery, in order that their natural qualities may be made manifest to higher beings, and thus brought under the power of their purifying and exalting influences. Great evils may be necessary in the progress of this history ; but infinitely greater good will follow †.

The *political* benefits of religion must be proportioned to its influence on the *people*. Its influence on the people must, in the long-run, be proportioned to its influence on those *predominating minds* that lead the people ; and its influence on such minds must be proportioned to the reasonableness of its doctrines. Whatever weakens the objections against religion, or strengthens the evidence for it, must increase its political influence, operating first on those who

* See the conclusion of the 421st number of the Spectator ; see also the concluding chapters of the book of Job.

† Luke's Gospel, ii. 34, 35.

lead the stream of opinions, and afterwards on those who follow it*. Irreligious systems are likely to be occasionally popular, so long as they exist at all; for scepticism can never be monopolized, so long as there are men interested in propagating moral and political evils, or so long as the principle of *destructive ambition* exists in human nature. It is the same spirit that operates in the sceptic as in the conqueror or the tyrant. The one is at war with our religious hopes, as the other with our political rights. "By this alone, *divided empire* with Heaven's King he holds†. Causes of a temporary nature have hitherto prevented the alliance of religion with philosophy; but these causes have nearly spent their force—*Redeunt Saturnia regna*. When old mines of thought are exhausted, new ones will be explored, for human reason is naturally progressive. Philosophy separated from religion, and religion separated from philosophy, are exhausted. In order to obtain either the honours or the pleasures of original thought, it will henceforth be necessary to combine them.

The beneficial influences of religion are derived, partly from its *terrors*, and partly from its *consolations* and *hopes*.

The restraints imposed by the *terrors* of religion are not of much consequence, except by the additional value which they give to the *hope* by which all terror will for ever be taken away. Crimes injurious to society may, in general, be prevented by the apprehension of those evils which, in this life, naturally flow from them,—by the influence of public opinion operating on that *sympathy* which draws mind to mind, as surely as gravitation draws matter to

matter,—by political restraint,—or by that branch of political wisdom, (as yet little understood, and capable of indefinite improvement,) by which the resources of life may be increased, and its temptations proportionally diminished. And, when these motives are ineffectual, it does not appear that the apprehension of punishment in another world is sufficiently strong to supply their place. If I am not mistaken, the moral and political benefits of religion proceed almost entirely from its influence in raising the *hopes*, and consequently the *ambition*, of man to the highest possible objects, and thereby increasing both his virtue and his happiness. It is this which "destroys all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior." (Spectator, No. cxi.) By extending our hopes of happiness and improvement beyond this world,—by enriching the imagination with conceptions more sublime and beautiful than the happiest inspirations of poetry,—by directing the affections to the highest and most permanent objects, and, above all, by exciting that divine principle of gratitude and charity which never faileth, it weakens all those malignant passions which originate in secret misery, while it strengthens every principle of enjoyment and affection. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath shewed us, that we should be called the children of God; therefore the world knoweth not us, because it knew not Him. Beloved, now are we the children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but this we know, that when He appeareth, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this *hope*, purifieth himself even as God is pure."

M.

* See the Dedication to Dr Law, prefixed to Paley's work on Moral and Political Philosophy.

† Paradise Lost. See pages 59—61 of "Fragments and Fictions, by Pococurante de Peudemots. Quoted note (C.)

NOTES.

(A)—The following passage from Dr Paley's work on Natural Theology (which deduces the principles of that science from the evidence of contrivance *alone*, while the evidence of causation, though not expressly excluded, is implicitly set aside, as belonging to a different science,) the following passage, I say, is designed to obviate an objection against the doctrine of creation, but it seems to me that it altogether destroys the evidence for that doctrine, and leaves no foundation for our belief in it, except the authority of philosophers. I have abridged Dr Paley's language, but have not altered his meaning.

"One question may possibly have dwelt in the reader's mind in the perusal of these observations," (On the mechanical structure of the eye, as compared with that of optical instruments,) viz. "Why should not the Deity have given to the animal the faculty of seeing *at once*? Why this circuitous perception, the ministry of so many means? Why resort to contrivance, where power is unlimited? *Contrivance, by its very nature, is the refuge of imperfection. To have recourse to expedients implies defect of power.* This question belongs to the other senses, and indeed to almost all the operations of nature. The question, therefore, is of very wide extent; and amongst other answers to it, besides reasons of which probably we are ignorant, one answer is this: *It is only by the display of contrivance that the existence, the agency, and the wisdom of the Deity, could be testified to his rational creatures.*" It is unnecessary to pursue the quotation farther, because, if Dr Paley's argument is good, it follows plainly that we neither have, nor (as our faculties are constituted) *can have, any evidence that the materials of the universe have been created.* We cannot infer the operation of creative power, either from the phenomena of nature, or from the operations of our own minds; and we can obtain no knowledge, and even form no idea of the Divine agency, independently of these phenomena and these operations.

Extract from Gambold's Sermon on the Reasonableness and Extent of Religious Reverence. "However common it is on the tongue, atheism it must ever be to term any effect or occurrence natural, with the intention to deny thereby that it is *divine*, or to exclude God *entirely* out of it. Which is, at the same time, most extremely absurd: for must not the Great Architect necessarily preside still over, and direct every wheel of his own machine?" (The architect does not direct the wheels of his machine, except by the arrangement which he gives to them, and the mutual action to which he subjects all the parts of the fabric.) "*He doth* (if we will believe the Scripture,) *whatsoever pleaseth him, in heaven, and on earth, and in the sea, and in all deep places.* He gives corn, and wine, and oil. It is He also that sends famine, sword, pestilence, and determines the operations of these his messengers *." One time, says the Bible, an epidemic distemper raged; and that no man hereafter, on such occasions, might look *alone to noxious qualities in the air*, or the like, the veil was for once drawn aside, and presented to open view the *destroying angel of the Most High.* This is the Scripture account of occurrences here below.

(It appears to me that this account admits both a natural and an intelligent agency. It would be easy to shew that the former is implied in the language of Scripture as clearly as the latter is affirmed.)

"Neither let any reasoner flatter himself that this is a system only for those who believe a Bible. It is impossible to conceive any religion at all, or to conceive any *trust, comfortable resignation, repentance, or gratitude*, towards the Deity, adapted to the successive scenes of human life, upon any other foundation. For what a dreary void are we left in—what a sullen and total suspense of all those sweetest emotions of the soul towards its Maker, which are to it as respiration is to the body, the moment the least *exception* is but imagined from the general rule, that '*the finger of God is in all things*!' As, on the one hand, with respect to such an excepted instance, there would be no intelligent and gracious being for us properly to honour, love, and trust in, to *supplicate or thank*, in that event; so, on the other, if but some things, were they ever so few, did then come to pass *without him*, more might; and then, to make short work, *why not all? and so we are without God in the world.*"

* There is inexpressible sublimity in Job xxxviii. 31, &c. But these images express the idea, *not of an omnipotent Creator*, but of an *omniscient Superintendent and Governor*, whose universal influence and authority is the necessary consequence of his *universal knowledge and infallible wisdom.* But knowledge, however universal, and wisdom, however infallible, can only extend to the production of effects that are possible.

If any one could warrant that this melancholy issue in practice shall not follow, and if we could be assured that the Almighty shall every where be acknowledged as concerned in some manner or other, be it as acting by a pure immediate power, or for purposes of favour or chastisement, overruling the already-settled causes, (*restraining secretly here, impelling and guiding the aim there, though sometime, perhaps, barely approving their spontaneous course,*) we might with more patience suffer men to abound each in his own philosophy, to delineate the mechanical rise and process of earthquakes, as they trace up every other event, to some ingenious, if not true spring. For, as to the result, each of the above-mentioned suppositions is much the same. Although we must declare, that the shortest, and, withal, most wholesome way of thinking, will always be with the wise vulgar, without refinement or inquiry, simply to say, "all things are God's doing *!" It is by following these short roads, that both theologians and philosophers are conducted into error. "We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion." (Locke.) Atheism is just the termination of another short road. Instances of this *brevi manu* style of reasoning abound in the poem of Lucretius, and in the writings of Hobbes; and the very same weakness may be remarked in the writings of some eminent divines.

(B).—It must be admitted that these heavenly attributes do not yet appear in most men, and that where they do not appear, we have no natural evidence even of their existence, or of the high origin and destiny to which we refer them. That they do, however, exist in all men, though apparent in very few, and that the Spirit of God is both able and willing to give them manifestation and activity, is a doctrine of Christianity which has raised our ideas of the moral perfectibility of man, by raising our ideas of the moral agency of God. It has revealed to us a new principle of improvement which philosophy could never have discovered. The difference between natural and revealed religion, and between the two systems of morality which necessarily arise out of each, is shown in the 18th chapter of Luke's Gospel, verses 18—27. The claims of Christianity are proportional to the powers which it promises: it demands more duty, because it gives more strength; it commands us to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, because God worketh in us both to will and to do. The obligations which it imposes are calculated to excite an anxiety and a terror, which can only be dispelled by the freeness and extent of its promises. This is that religion which is described as the savour of life unto life, or the savour of death unto death, according to the temper of those to whom it is addressed. "Can these dry bones live?" is the question of Nature. "Yes, they can live," is the answer which has come down from God. Much suffering, however, is necessary in our progress to this divine life; and Christianity, by revealing the means as well as the end, is undoubtedly calculated to excite greater terror, as well as greater joy and gratitude, than can be usually excited by natural religion. Its effect is like that of Jacob's vision; "And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!" John xii. 24, 25, and xvi. 17—22. See the two Sermons of Gambold, on the Joy and the Fear of Religion.

I am not sure that it is possible to reconcile natural and revealed religion with one another, except by adopting the principle of universal redemption. The salvation purchased by Christ is gratuitous, "not of works, lest any man should boast;" it must, therefore, be universal, like the Divine goodness. We are assured that there is no crime which the mercy of God, purchased by the blood of Christ, will not pardon,—no sin which the grace or moral agency of God cannot subdue. It appears to me, therefore, that the doctrine of universal redemption is implied in Christianity, though not expressly affirmed in the New Testament; and that it is just because it is implied, that it is not affirmed. Revelation is not designed to supersede, but to aid the exercise of reason, and to supply its deficiencies. It supplies all the necessary premises, and it leaves us to draw the conclusions by the exercise of reason and moral sense. The conclusions that we adopt cannot be contrary to the spirit of the

* "How little is the mind satisfied in the common road! yet how it trembles in leaving it! There seems to be a certain critical period or boundary set to every man's understanding, to which, when it comes, it is struck back, and recoils upon itself; a bird that has fled to the utmost of its strength, must drop down upon whatever ground is below it; so the mind henceforth will not be able to strike out any new thought, but must subsist on the stock of former conclusions, and stand to them, however defective." Gambold's Letter to E. V. Esq.

Christian doctrines, if they tend to forward the growth of the Christian character. It is by the faithful application of this moral test, Matthew vii. 15—20., rather than by minute criticism on the words of Scripture, that the Christian doctrines may be ascertained. This principle is not peculiar to the study of the New Testament. It is not by the analysis of words or phrases that we arrive at the meaning of certain obscure passages in Shakespeare, but by that sort of personal acquaintance which may gradually be obtained by the frequent perusal of his writings. The passage to be explained suggests a variety of meanings, and out of these we select, by a sort of acquired instinct, the meaning which is most agreeable to the scope of the passage, and the genius of the author. The errors that we commit, by following this method, may subject us to the censure of a verbal critic, but they do not lessen either the profit or the pleasure of our private studies. In fact, the human mind is capable of exerting only a certain degree of energy, and this energy must be withdrawn from little objects, before it can be applied to great purposes.

The following passage seems to me to exhibit, not merely the ingenuous character of an individual, but the natural progress of religious knowledge in every sincere and candid mind. The first step in the process is the discovery of so much evidence, and only so much evidence, as is sufficient to distinguish the true from the false; and the last verse seems to refer to such discoveries of the moral government of God as are not accessible in our present state of being. "Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph: And Nathaniel saith unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see. Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. Nathaniel saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee. Nathaniel answered, and saith unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel. Jesus answered and saith unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these. And he saith unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."—John i. 45—51.

(C)—"In those cases where men cannot hope for any direct control over one another's actions, we find them endeavouring to tyrannize indirectly, with regard to thought and feeling; and it is this absurd conduct that so frequently damps the pleasures of social intercourse. Even the solitary pleasures of the heart are not placed beyond the reach of malignant interference. In human estimation, it is better to inflict pain than to exert no power at all; and men therefore will often attempt to sap and destroy the finest emotions of their neighbours, by representing the object which excites those emotions as ridiculous or chimerical. In transforming it with falsehoods, they make a pretence of shewing its true nature; they call him a dupe; and, what is the most bitter of all insults, assume the language of a strong mind informing a weaker; while it is evident the laugh must always be on their side, because they possess a firm hold of his feelings, and can wound them as often as they please; and because, on the other hand, he has commonly no hold of theirs, and is unable to reciprocate. It is this circumstance which renders scepticism so inviting a creed to the generality of mankind. Human scepticism is, for the most part, nothing but a system of *unfair negotiations*, contrived with a view to insult and oppress those who derive emotion, or any other advantage, from the truth. But when men, living together in society, find that even their emotions place them at the mercy of others, an alarm is given to their pride; and at last no one dare cultivate any feeling, until he can be sure of a general sympathy from his companions. There is a singular resemblance between the extremes of barbarism and refinement. The courtier mortifies his imagination and affections for the same reason that a savage mortifies his body. The object of both is to guard against disgrace; which is very seldom the case, because there are few feelings in which an extensive circle will even join. A wretched meagreness of soul is the consequence. People walk about like shadows and skeletons, because they must not present any substance to be struck at; and after all their endeavours to shun laughter, become at last ridiculous in the mass, as an example of beings who have been forced to abandon all the best enjoyments of their nature, by the blindfold petulance of one another *."

Fragments and Fictions, by Pseudomots, p. 58. &c.

* "How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God only?" John, v. 44.

Contrast the preceding passage with the following one, from Boswell's *Life of Dr Johnson*. The weakness, inquietude, and *imperfect conviction* of the friends of religion, must give great advantages to the mischievous dexterity and heartless irony of its enemies.

"Mr Murray, one day, praised the ancient philosophers for the candour and good humour with which those of different sects disputed with each other. "Sir," said Johnson, "they disputed with good humour, because they were not in earnest. Had the ancients been serious in their belief, we should not have had their gods exhibited in the manner we find them represented in the poets. The people would not have suffered it. They disputed, with good humour, upon their fanciful theories, because they were not interested in the truth of them. Accordingly, you see in Lucian, that the Epicurean, who argues only negatively, keeps his temper; the Stoic, who has something positive to preserve, grows angry. Being angry with a man who controverts an opinion which you value, is a necessary consequence of the *uneasiness* which you feel. Every man who attacks my belief, *diminishes, in some degree, my confidence in it*, and therefore makes me *uneasy*; and I am *angry* with him who makes me uneasy". Those only who *believed* in revelation, have been angry at having their faith called in question, because they only had something on which they could rest as matter of fact." Mr Murray: "It seems to me that we are not angry with a man for controverting an opinion which we *believe* and value; we rather pity him." Johnson: "Why, Sir, when you wish a man to have that belief *which you think is of infinite advantage*, (changing the idea,) you wish well to him; but your primary consideration is *your own quiet*." (It is obvious that this consideration is a *selfish one*; that it must detract both from the *happiness* arising from religious sentiments, from the *humility* and *benevolence* arising from religious joy, and from the *moral influence* arising out of all these qualities. Superstition is a sort of religious hypochondria; the former has the same influence on the health of the soul as the latter on that of the body.) "If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand, no doubt we should pity the state of his mind; but our primary consideration would be, to take care of ourselves †. *We should knock him down first*, and pity him afterwards. No, Sir! every man will dispute with great good humour upon a subject in which he is not interested. I will not dispute very calmly on the probability of another man's son being hanged; but if a man zealously enforces the probability that my own son will be hanged, I shall certainly not be in very good humour with him."—"Consider, Sir, how you should like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury, for a capital crime, once a-week." It is evident that Dr Johnson's reasoning supposes that the principles of religion are not only exposed to attack, but easily weakened by it; and *this is not true*. There is no error in the reasoning, but the fact assumed is not true. Some writers have deduced the principle of toleration from the *uncertainty* of religious principles; but the inference follows much more easily and strongly from the opposite premises. The truth is, that the friends of religion do not know their strength, and the enemies of religion do not know their weakness. See Jeremiah xxiii. 25—29.

* If anger proceeds from uneasiness, and uneasiness from involuntary doubt, this anger may be considered as the homage which a less perfect conviction pays to a more perfect conviction. Is there any thing in political slavery so humiliating as this? *En quo discordia perduxit miseros!*

† "L'homme lay, quand il ot medire de la loy Christienne, ne doit pas deffendre la loy Christienne ne mais que de l'espée, dequoi il doit donner parmi le ventre dedans, tant comme elle y peut entrer."

Joinville, quoted by Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, Chap. lix. Note 93.

This is just Dr Johnson's opinion, translated into the style and idiom of a darker age.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

(Concluded.)

The Manuscript.

AND John heard of all this, and much was he grieved for poor Patrick, as he loved his brother dearly; and he would often say to Will, "I must see my dear brother Patrick, and know how he fares." "See your brother Patrick, Sir!" Will would say; "I wonder how a sensible gentleman could speak so; his fever's quite infectious, Sir:—quite infectious, or may I be roasted to a cinder:—besides, Sir, he'd think nothing of blowing your brains out;—never saw a man in such a pickle, Sir! But I'll see that he be cared for; leave that to me, I pray you: poor gentleman! I love him with my heart, and shall have him kindly used." Away he would go, and return again in a few minutes. "I pray you, how is it with poor Patrick?" John would say. "Don't ask me, Sir, if you love me," Will would reply. "On my soul I'm quite ashamed of him;—never thought before he had lost his senses altogether. Why, Sir, I made 'em baste him lustily with their cudgels before my own eyes;—nay, more than that, I took this stick myself, and gave him two or three hearty bangs with my own hands;—took that trouble myself, I assure you:—and, what do you think—he never said so much as 'thank you, Sir!'—an ungrateful, thankless dog! pray you, Sir, never trouble your head about him, but just let him go to pot his own way!"

Now all that I shall say more of Will's doings, shall be to tell how he behaved to one of John's neighbours, whose name was Toledo. This Toledo was one of those gentlemen whose steward Ferrara had turned away. He coaxed him out of his master's house, under pretence of treating him to a glass from Francis' cellar; but once he had got him out he kept him out, and put in one of his own brothers in his stead, as was his way. Indeed it was all one to Toledo; you might have changed the people about him six times a-day, and he would never have taken any notice; and

indeed if the roof had been blown off his house, he would scarcely have missed it. Let him have his pipe, and his bottle of wine, and he would bask in the sun, and take his nap, and let the world wag as it would. He had a steward, like all the rest of 'em (and a hopeful pack they were, except John's, who was a jolly, hearty fellow); but the chaplain—one of Peter's family—was the principal man in his house, and used his master in such a way as was never before seen. He would say to him, "Isn't the moon made of Dutch cheese, Sir?" or, "Doesn't five and three make nine?"—Then if Toledo should say, "I pray you let me consider the thing a moment," he would take his nose into a pincers, or hold his fingers into the fire, until Toledo roared again; and at last the honest gentleman would be glad to cry out, (as perhaps any of us would do,) "To be sure it is as you say, Sir, and I'm a blockhead not to see it at once!" But could Toledo submit to such usage as this?—why, no; neither did he indeed. So one day he called his household together, and, to their great amazement, (for it was the first time he had ever been heard to speak a mouthful of sense,) makes a speech to them about his affairs. "My lads," says he, "I'm not going to run mad, as neighbour Francis did; so there needs be no palaver,—as there always is in this country, when a gentleman talks about his matters:—and I tell you, on the word of a gentleman, (and if I'm not a gentleman, I know not who is,) "I tell you, my lads, as I say," continued Toledo, "that I shan't hurt a skin of one of you, if so be you behave yourselves discreetly, and attend to my orders. But look ye, now,—here's a crabstick, not a light one, I promise you,—and mayhap I know how to handle it a bit; and whoso makes any grumbling about doing what I desire, why, let him see how his bones will feel by this time to-morrow! Now, first and foremost, Mr Peter, you

may march to your own apartment, and wait thou till I have time to speak to you,—and you, Mr Steward, you'll follow me, and I'll let you know how I'll have my matters managed,—and the rest of you, go each to his own work, and that quietly ;—and I say, my lads—just mind the crab-stick—that's all ;”—and from that time forth Toledo ruled his house according to his own pleasure, and his brother Port, who lived next door to him, did the same in his house. Now when the other stewards, that lived in the neighbourhood, heard of all this, they were like to lose their wits (such of them as had any) for very rage ; and they swore they would make Toledo let his matters go on in their old way, say the contrary who would. So a parcel of them came together to consult upon this matter, and, after a great deal of talking and storming, it came to this, that Bourby, Francis' steward, said he would settle the affair himself, and this he set about accordingly. He got a rabble of idle fellows collected, and he posted them round Toledo's house in such a way that nobody could get out or in for them. And what reason did he give for this, think ye ?—why, he spread a report through the county that Toledo had got the Scotch fiddle into the house, and was diseased himself, and all his people with him ; and that he (Bourby, that is to say) had just planted some honest folks about the house, lest the infection should get out, and so he and Francis, being Toledo's next neighbours, should catch it. But behold what follows. Out comes Toledo, and asks him what he meant by bringing such a string of thief-looking rascals about his doors ?—whereupon Bourby, who by this time had made matters up with his fellows, called out to Toledo, “ I'd have you know, Sir, it's all owing to my regard for you ; and it's the opinion of all your friends and wellwishers, that you'll never thrive until you leave off those new-fangled ways you have lately fallen upon :—and also, that it would be for the benefit of your wealth to have your nose pulled, and your fingers broiled a little, by your haplain, who is a sensible man, and nows what agrees with your constitution. And to shew my love towards

you, as I say seeing that you, labour under a bit of a mistake, I mean to have you cudgelled into a better way of thinking—all in a friendly way, you know—and I'm sure you'll thank me for it afterwards !”

Now, the instant that John heard of all these doings he fell into a downright passion. “ What !” said he, “ Bourby !—the same that I picked off the streets not six weeks ago—and now to insult my particular friend—an honest, peaceable gentleman, too !—and to meddle with his private matters ! I'll break every bone in his body !” “ Aye, and well would he earn it at your hands, to my mind,” quoth Will, who had been overhearing his master ; “ but really, Sir, methinks you have had enough of quarrelling with your neighbours, and I can't see why you should be in the middle of every dog's fray ;—but, Sir, if you'll just allow me to deal with him, I'll teach him how to meddle with quiet people's affairs :—an impudent, crack-brained scoundrel, that he is !—I'll do for him, Sir.” Off goes Will, forthwith, and writes a letter to Bourby, as follows :

“ My dear and worthy Bourby !

“ I write you this, just to inform you, that you're a foolish, meddling, obstinate booby ; and you have no more ado with Toledo's matters than I have with the man in the moon. And, therefore, I have to tell you, once for all, that if you do offer to enter Toledo's door, or otherwise molest him,—mark my words, now,—I tell you, Sir, as I say, and you'll do well to take notice, that if you do fall out upon neighbour Toledo, as you propose, why, then, you may do so ;—and so, wishing you all success, I am your constant and affectionate friend, &c.”

And to Toledo he likewise wrote as follows :

“ Mr Toledo !

“ I'm told that your neighbour Bourby has taken it into his head, like an impudent puppy as he is, to meddle with your family affairs, and would have you give up every thing again into the hands of your steward—and, for my part, I'd see him at the bottom of the sea first ; only, if you don't do as he desires you,

why, I have no doubt but he'll cut your throat ;—which he may do, for all that I care,—and so look you to it !”

So Bourby sends a cousin of his own, whose name was Hilt, along with the vagabonds before mentioned, to break into Toledo's house. And Hilt immediately bethought himself how this was to be done ; so, after taking some time to consider, “ Harkee, my lads,” quoth he, “ I'll tell you a bit of a secret,—only, see you don't let it go abroad, as that might spoil all :—a cunning fox this Toledo !—but I'll match him, it's like. So, what am I to do, my lads, I pray ye ?—please to guess, if ye can ;—why, just this—I'll—I'll knock at the door !” “ A lucky fancy !” cried all the fellows ; “ who would have thought of it ?—this comes of being a steward's cousin.” So they knocked at the door accordingly, but nobody answered them. “ Why, if they don't come, it's no fault of ours,” quoth Hilt ; “ shall we go in, my lads ?” “ Aye, marry,” quoth they ; “ it's like we shall find him soon.” In they go, but no Toledo to be seen. “ Ho ! Mr Toledo !—a few gentlemen come to visit you—please, Sir, to come and receive them ;”—and roaring in this manner, they went scampering through the house. Still no Toledo to be seen. “ A devilish odd fellow this !” quoth Hilt ; “ what's to be done ?” “ Why, what signifies waiting here ?” says one fellow. “ For my part, I'll have a nap,” says a second. “ I pray ye, my lads, has any of you got a pack of cards ?” says a third ; and all stood looking at one another. But at last they came to a closet where Toledo had locked himself up, along with his steward, and Hilt and the rest of 'em immediately called to him to open the door, and let loose his steward ; to which Toledo replied, “ Open the door, forsooth !—I'd sooner be cut into hawk's meat, Sir. So, if you're wise, begone ; for you may as well expect to pluck down one of the stars to light your pipe withal, as that I shall open the door to you !” “ And for my part,” cried the steward, “ I sha'n't stir a foot, I promise you :—never had things more to my mind in my life ; and my master's a most kind, excel-

lent gentleman, and I'm mightily obliged to him for what he hath done.” “ Nay, then,” quoth Hilt, “ here goes, my boys !” letting a kick at the door with his foot. “ Mercy on us, Sir !” cried Toledo immediately, “ I had no idea you would behave in that rude way !—can't you ask one civilly to open the door, Sir, and it shall be done. Mighty glad to see you, Sir, I assure you,” continued he, coming out : “ hope Mrs Hilt, and the young Masters and Misses, are well.” But no sooner had Toledo's steward got out, than he swore he would have his master broiled alive, before he was an hour older, and then there was such a rumpus—but the rest of the story I shall tell at another time.

* * * * *

Mr Vision's Letter.

—Will you indeed, Mr Impudence ?—why, then, you may carry your crabbed scrawls to the Editor yourself ; I suppose Constable's shop is just as near you as my chamber is ; and perhaps the people there may never have seen a ghost before, —unless that some of their *spare* authors may pass for such,—so that you'll be a novelty to them. But, for my part, I'll have no more concern with you or your idle tales either. Who knows what may lie under all these stories of Johns, and Ferraras, and the like ?—If it had been in time of war, I might have stood the chance of being hanged, on suspicion of maintaining a treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Many a bloody plot has been hatched under much fairer appearances ! It may be as well, too, that the Habeas Corpus Act is not under suspension, otherwise I might perhaps have been required by my Lord Advocate, on this present occasion, to give some specimen of my skill in expounding parables and riddles,—for which purpose, no doubt, I should have been allowed the benefit of a quiet and secluded apartment, for the more undisturbed exercise of contemplation on these mysteries, and the farther advantage of that quality of regimen, which is understood to have the least effect in producing an obtuseness on the intellec-

tual powers! But I need not, Mr Editor, be tasking my invention in figuring to myself what mischiefs *might* have arisen from this unlucky history, which I, in some unaccountable way, have been brought into concern with; since there has been a reasonable quantity of vexations that have *really* sprung from it. It is only a fortnight ago since I received a letter from Lieut. M'Kilt, residing in Bookhridge, desiring an explicit disavowal of my having represented him under the name of Ferrara, or else to have the satisfaction of a gentleman! I am always disposed to contribute to the *satisfaction* of my friends, by every means in my power; but when a man is so unreasonable, that nothing will satisfy him but my taking upon myself the office of a *target*, for his improvement of archery therewithal, then I must be allowed to treat him with that piece of advice which philosophers generally tender to persons of immoderate wishes,—namely, to confine his desires to attainable objects. But supposing my complaisance to be as great as would here be required, I beg to know what chance I, a gentleman of £.231, 13s. 4d. a-year, free rental,—a justice, moreover, “in fair round belly, with good capon lined,”—what chance could I have at such a game, with a halfy-pa, and, consequently, half-fed Lieutenant? Why, Sir, if I were exposed to a fire of musquetry, with him right before me, he would afford me no more protection than a fishing-rod. I might be bored like a honey-comb, before ever he would get a scratch. Besides, Sir, manslaughter is his profession; and I'm told he will turn a guinea into a gold-ring, by tossing it up in the air, and letting a shot through it! Now there is a small circumstance that somewhat militates against my proficiency as a marksman, which is, an unfortunate practice I have of *shutting my eyes* when discharging fire-arms,—at least I did so on the only occasion I ever remember having fired a gun; and that was once, in the days of my courtship, in order to let Mrs Vision see I was no coward,—well knowing that “none but the brave deserves the fair!” I however made such a display of *marksmanship*, (is that what you call it?)

even under this disadvantage, that I have no doubt I should have made a distinguished shot, if I had duly cultivated my talents in after life; for next week thereafter, a piece of very fine mutton having been brought to my table, upon my inquiring if this was of my own rearing, No, I was told; not just exactly that, but it was of my own killing. And subsequent explanations led me to understand, that it was part of a sheep formerly belonging to my neighbour, Mr Herdwell, which had, it seems, met with a sudden death, and which the proprietor had afterwards offered to me for sale, under circumstances that would have rendered it somewhat unhandsome in me to decline the purchase. If ever, then, I should chance to have an “affair” with any person, you will see it must be *unwittingly*, as I shall certainly never embark in it with *my eyes open*. But while on this subject, I cannot forbear expressing my astonishment, that “men of honour,” who are in general so punctilious, have never established some formula for the adjustment of such differences as I have stated to exist between me and Lieut. M'Kilt: and I would humbly propose, that the distance from which each of the parties is to fire, should always be in an inverse ratio to his diameter, his periphery, or his solid content, whichever of the three methods may be thought to rest upon the fairest mathematical principle. For this purpose, there ought always to be on the field, along with the seconds and surgeons, two skilful *guagers*, who, from their experience in measuring *ardent spirits*, would obviously be best qualified for the performance of the office required. And this would only make it necessary, that all persons going to fight a duel should first *give notice to the excise-man*, in the same way as tanners and brewers are obliged, in many of the operations belonging to their respective callings, to hold previous communication with that obnoxious functionary.

But M'Kilt is not the only person who has imagined himself aggrieved by the history which I have furnished you with. Mr Lawliker desires me to make an apology to him, in the public papers, before the sitting

down of the Court of Session ; telling me, that, otherwise, I may expect to hear from his agent. And, since the mention of duelling has led me to propose some improvements upon that *honourable* mode of determining controversies, I might here, perhaps, render the same service to that other mode, generally resorted to by those who have less courage than cash, and less prudence than either,—the legal, to wit. But my doing so might perhaps offend such persons as are averse to sinecures, (averse, I mean, to other people's enjoying them ;) since I should thereby only be saving the present Law Commission a piece of duty for which, no doubt, they will be adequately paid. And if these should happen to be less qualified for the task than I am, the fault must rest with His Majesty's Ministers, for not having appointed me a Commissioner. And I am persuaded they have often been soundly rated for oversights of less moment.

You may believe I furnished M'Kilt and Lawliker each with a peremptory written disavowal of what they had imputed to me ; and of this document I have several copies lying by me, with blanks ready to be filled up, for the benefit of those who may hereafter assail me with similar complaints.

The third species of controversy into which I have been inveigled by this unlucky history, (if controversy it be called, where one of the parties is entirely passive,) is one, the evils of which press more closely upon me than those of either of the other two ; nor can I devise any means by which they may be shortened or alleviated ; for I happen, like many other sensible persons, to be less expert in providing remedies for those evils which I am actually experiencing, than for those that are, at the time, unfelt by me ; and, in like manner, I sometimes think I display more ingenuity in discovering how matters, in which I have no concern, ought to be managed, than I can always command for my own immediate occasions. In addition, then, to my other troubles, Mrs Vision has commenced an attack upon me, for my imprudence, as she calls it, in putting myself in print ; a piece of fool-hardi-

ness, which, she says, she never saw any one yet venture upon, (except authors by profession, who being "bred to the business," know how to guard against disagreeable consequences,) who did not from thence reap manifold perplexity and tribulation ; and she seems determined, as far as she has the means in her power, to prevent my case from forming any exception to the truth of this wholesome observation. What she complains of most heavily and constantly is a report which she says has gone abroad, that this house is haunted by an evil spirit ; but perhaps, Sir, I could furnish an interpretation of this alleged phenomenon, without being under any necessity of ascribing it to supernatural causes—*verb. sup.*

I expected to get some sort of information from the spirit, or from the continuation of the history itself, which would have enabled me to vindicate myself from the suspicions which I had incurred, of having intended to "take off" some of my neighbours ; suspicions which, however groundless, have been the cause of my being treated, of late, in a very distant manner by many of my most intimate acquaintances. I was perfectly ignorant, however, of the means proper for raising a spirit ; and, to say the truth, was not quite clear how far it was right, or safe, to try any operation of this kind, which would evidently savour too much of dabbling in the occult arts ; a species of pursuit for which I happen to have no predilection. I was determined, accordingly, that I would try nothing in the shape of incantations or charms : at the same time, I thought there could be no great harm in consulting the learned Dr Seleschwaknerius de Somniis—a book in which there are some curious observations upon dreams and visions ; and I found, that, by reading this book, I always accomplished what is held to be one indispensable preliminary towards dreaming—namely, that of falling asleep. But I may here take occasion to observe, that it is a vulgar error to imagine that sleep is necessary for dreaming ; for it is certain there are such things as waking dreams ; and to these, indeed, I myself was a good deal subject some forty years ago. It is this kind

of dreams to which I conceive the well-known rule of *interpretation by contraries* is most applicable; at least my individual experience has led me to this conclusion; for I remember, about the season now mentioned, having had, among many others, some very clear dreams of "the bliss supreme of wedded life," which, according to the rule of interpretation just noticed, have been exactly verified: others, in like manner, portending that I should be a great author, a great general, a great nabob, a great member of parliament, and many other great things, have received (always resorting to the same mode of exposition) an equally complete fulfilment. But I must proceed to unfold the theory of the learned Seleusnschwaknerius—(who, it must be acknowledged, has left a *great name* to posterity; so great, indeed, that I shall in future, for the sake of your printers, make it appear by its representation, the letter S,—the first and most distinguished, as a representative always is:—) he states the human mind to consist of two great faculties, reason and imagination; and adds, that every man possesses these two in such a manner, that what he has of the one he wants of the other—the proportion between them being always regulated in much the same manner as that between the weights at the extremity of a steel-yard. Those who are most famous for the perfection of reason, are mathematicians, East India Directors, lords and ministers of state, grocers and manufacturers. Those, again, in whom imagination is the prominent quality, are poets, travellers, metaphysicians, Whigs, liars, *et hoc genus omne*. There is an intermediate class, in whom the two faculties are so exactly blended, (as in the case of Dr S. himself,) that, as sometimes takes place in the mixture of two colours, you cannot perceive either is one or the other. But, in the case of the same individuals, each of these faculties exert, at different seasons, different degrees of influence; thus, as Dr S. observes, in our waking hours, reason enjoys the chief sway—in dreams and visions, ima-

gination. Now, Sir, as I am one of those readers that always try to improve upon their author's ideas, I immediately, after reading Dr S., bethought myself of the various means that might be devised for the improvement of the imaginative faculty; and it immediately occurred to me, that I had always felt my powers of imagination greatly increased, or, which is the same thing, according to the theory, those of my reason greatly diminished, when in the company of imaginative men, such as Mr Goodfellow, Bailie Drown-care, Dr Draindry, and others of the same character and disposition; and the effect has always been the greater, when, to the influence of such a circle, there has been super-added the genial air of that temple of liberty, a tavern, or *public*, as it is vernacularly styled: for freedom and imagination, you know, are ideas not admitting of separation. Perhaps some people might suggest, that a part, at least, of the peculiar effects now hinted at might be attributed to other causes, most generally brought into operation when loving friends meet in a house of entertainment. But, as a satisfactory reason for declining the discussion of this point, I shall merely put forward Sir Isaac Newton's very judicious rule of philosophy, "that more causes are not to be assigned for any phenomenon than what are both true and sufficient to explain it." But it will no doubt be objected, that the project which I am now describing myself as having conceived, for the cultivation of my imaginative powers, would, even if completely successful, be entirely insufficient, as a means of obtaining the ultimate end I had in view, since the dream or vision which I wanted to procure was not of that kind which could be called solely a work of my own imagination, the apparition that had been seen by me having left an actual substantial manuscript, which must therefore be something extrinsic of my mind or fancy. Now, Sir, it might be quite sufficient, on this occasion, to state what Mr Hume (David, I mean*) has so well proved, that matter, in general, exists merely

* His namesake, Joseph, so far from doing away with matter, often makes a very *loud* matter of what, in the good old times, used to be reckoned *no matter* at all.

in imagination :—and this, to say the truth, is the first practical purpose to which I have ever been able to apply his lucubrations on that subject. But, for the benefit of those persons whose confused intellects may be unable to perceive the precise applicability of this proposition to the point in question, I shall repel the objection in the way in which objections brought by Brougham, and Tierney, and other such wrong-headed people, against certain public measures, are sometimes repelled—by simply declaring it to be frivolous and vexatious, and advanced with no other view but to embarrass and perplex ; a most apt illustration, by the bye, of the prodigious advantage to be derived from generalizing : upon which I would now beg leave to offer a few words, as an appendix to Professor Dugald Stewart's chapter upon that subject.

Would you refute a man, then, who should maintain that a pea is bigger than a turnip, you must use one species of argument ; for one who should say that twice six is more than twelve, you must have another ; or, if it should be maintained that heavy taxes are not advantageous to those that pay them,—that delays of law are not beneficial to suitors,—or that the King of Spain has not more wisdom than all his subjects put together,—for every such absurdity you must have a particular refutation. But if, collecting all the different kinds of refutation you might thus employ, you throw away the individual differences and peculiarities of each, and retain the common generic quality belonging to all, the marrow, as it were, and essence of the whole ; then you will have such a logical canon, or theorem, as I have now (after the manner of some doughty dialecticians of the present day) used with such signal success ; what, in short, will serve to refute any arguments or reasoning whatsoever, of whatever nature, or on whatever subject :—just as an algebraist, by means of a few X's and Y's, and lines and crosses, will solve you more arithmetical puzzles, than could be done by all the rules of Cocker and Wingate. Every one must have observed how the mere word *innovation* has been made to confound, without further

ado, the multiplied arguments which silly people advance in favour of an improvement (as they call it) on some of our civil institutions ; and, in like manner, how the words revolution, faction, discontent, have grappled, single-handed, and with success, too, against all that has been written, or said, or imagined, about liberty, justice, rights of man, and such like visionary stuff.

But to return : you will perceive that I resolved to try the effect of pleasant company upon my imaginative powers ; and I accordingly contrived to meet with some choice companions at the Barrel and Jug, trusting that I might be able thereby to induce that frame of mind best calculated to invite the appearance of my airy visitant—for he, and all of his kind, are no doubt well acquainted with the mental variations peculiar to us mortals, and chuse to appear to us while in those moods which they know to be most favourable for our entering into communication with them. The first night, however, that I made my experiment, I did not fall upon that happy adjustment of the two great internal powers, which was desirable. I never learned from Dr S. which of them is most employed in the practical solution of that problem, which more than all the other operations of the mechanical philosophy put together, is a source of trial and vexation to the admirers of good fellowship, namely, that which prescribes the method of preserving the centre of gravity ; and on going past the miller's door, on my way home, I happened, by a small error in calculation, to suffer a trifling overplus of hulk and density to accumulate upon that side of the line of gravity which lay next to the mill-pond. I was brought to a cool consideration of the oversight, by the thorough immersion which followed ; and before I reached home, the illusions of imagination had given place to the more uninteresting perceptions of sense and reason. And among the realities to which I had now been rendered sensible, may be included the lecture which Mrs Vision took occasion to found upon the circumstance that had taken place. I afterwards, however, in a marginal note upon a particular chapter on Dr S.'s treatise,

mentioned this specific for restoring the balance of power in those cases where imagination might have assumed an undue supremacy.

I was more lucky, however, in my next experiment. I arrived in safety at home, with the reasonable faculty in a proper state of subordination to its colleague, and having taken possession of my easy-chair, began to think intently upon the personage I was so desirous of seeing; when at last, to be sure, appear he did! The manner in which he came in, by some strange fatality, entirely escaped my observation. I was determined, however, to watch his departure narrowly, and without attending to the MS. which he threw down, very unceremoniously, upon the table, I sat with my eyes steadily fixed upon him, trusting within myself that he should find his match for once. He seemed to guess my thoughts; and casting a malicious grin at me, suddenly stretched forth his hand, as I thought, to take up the MS. again from the table. Resolved to prevent this unexpected act of resumption, I started forward, and was suddenly awaked from my dream, or trance,—or, as Dr S. would say, my reason assumed its sovereignty over imagination, for the purpose of letting me understand that I had kicked down the table with the candles upon it, a decanter of water and a glass-inkstand, books, papers, &c. &c. I stood for a little in blank amazement, being now both literally and metaphorically in the dark; forthwith in comes my whole household together, alarmed at the uproar. “Did you see it?” said I hastily. “See what?” “The ghost! the ghost!”—then for screams, and shrieks, and wailings! Betty, Jemmy, Christopher,—all crowding and jostling about me, every one thinking his neighbour a ghost. But I shall not trouble you farther with the history of my disasters, except that I cannot help mentioning the astonishing effrontery of Mrs V., who not only maintained, against all my asseverations, that there had been no spirit in the room, but insisted that he had seen the MS., which I brought in proof of the occurrence, in my hands that morning! The MS. I now send you, but as I have had nothing but distress and indignities

since ever I first meddled with it, it is the last portion you shall ever receive from me. And so no more at present, or in future, (upon this subject, at least,) from your obliged servant,

ANTHONY VISION.

20th October 1823.

Letter from Mrs Vision, which did not arrive until after the foregoing had been put to press.

1st November 1823.

MR EDITOR,

I AM extremely sorry and ashamed to find that my husband has been writing some very foolish stories, and has sent them to your Magazine, to be printed and sold like other books; which is a misfortune that never before happened to any of our family, that any of them should make fools of themselves in that manner, as none of my relations, or Mr Vision's either, ever published a book before, or any thing of that sort: and I assure you, Sir, you will have little credit for bringing this disgrace upon people of respectability. And I think it was enough, in all conscience, for Mr Vision to expose himself and his drunken practices in his own neighbourhood, without spreading it out at Edinburgh, where I am informed there are persons who do nothing else but hunt for such stories about country people, merely to laugh at them; which is not good manners, to laugh at those who are perhaps as good as themselves. And more than that, many of the people in the neighbourhood, with whom I used to be on good terms, now taunt me with it; some saying, “So! there's no speaking to your husband now, or else it will be in print a week after:”—others again, “It seems, Mrs Vision, there's a ghost in your house:—was any body ever murdered there?—mercy on us!—I wonder you're not afraid to sleep in the house!”—Now, Sir, this story of a ghost is nothing else than one of my husband's drunken fancies, as there never were any ghosts in my family, or my husband's either, except a white calf that Mr Vision's father once saw, which was

all owing to his being drunk ; because I remember that the calf was killed, to prevent its appearing again, and that I eat of the flesh of it, made into veal-soup, which convinced me that there is no such thing as ghosts at all, except Macbeth's ghost, in the History of Scotland, which appeared to George Buchanan ; and they say there's a picture of it on the cover of your Magazine, with flames of fire all round it. And there has nothing been talked of in this neighbourhood, for two or three months past, but about this ghost ; and they are telling such stories about it, that I am quite ashamed to go to church, where every body stares at me as if I were a ghost myself ; though, I assure you, I'm no more like a ghost than my neighbours, neither is Mr Vision, though he were not my husband. They say that it appeared in the shape of a black dog, without a head, which came down the chimney at twelve o'clock at mid-night, and after running three times howling round the room, vanished in a blue flame, and was turned into a book of black art ! Others, again, say that it was a man ten feet high, with a white sheet round him ; and because the room was too low to let him stand erect, he took off his head, and laid it down on the table beside him ; and that whenever the cock crew, he burst, with a crack like a gun, and a smoke that killed all the rats in the house ; and that, instead of his head, there was found a book with German letters, all printed backwards, that could only be read by a particular kind of spectacles that turned the letters the right way ; and they say that Mr Vision wrote to Edinburgh, to some person that had swam across the Red Sea to Italy, to learn black art from the Pope of Rome, to get him a pair of spectacles ; and that Peter Packman brought them out, and lost them three times by the way, and found them again a mile farther on than the place that he had missed them. And some ill-natured persons say that Mr

Vision is to be taken before the Presbytery, to be burned for witchcraft, which is a great scandal to all his friends. And the worst of it all is, that, ever since, I can get none of my servants to go to bed, or even to go up or down stairs in the dark, without a white candle in their hand ; and I can assure you, however you may make light of it, that this is very expensive, for candles are very dear at present ; and all owing to your printing my husband's drunken whims ; which ought to be punished, to prevent peaceable people from being made a laughing-stock of, without their own consent, as I am told you and many others in Edinburgh do, not excepting the King and his Ministers, which is high treason. And I can assure you, that none of Mr Vision's family or mine were ever murdered, but all died in the ordinary way, with a doctor beside them, and as much physic as they could hold their face to ; and you know nobody ever troubled their friends after that ; which shews that they have died in a regular way, and according to their own satisfaction ; which is a great comfort to their disconsolate relatives, in this transitory scene. For which cause, this is to inform you, that you are not to print any thing my husband sends you in future, although he should be foolish enough to do so ; which is not to be wondered at, seeing that he is often in liquor, and then all manner of foolish fancies come into his head ; and take notice, that I won't be liable for any expense for paper, or printing, or any thing else of that kind, because I consider it an imposition. And I am told there is something about myself in Mr Vision's stories, and I'll know what it is, too, when I can lay my hands upon the Magazine ; because Mr Vision always keeps it locked up, no doubt, afraid that I should see it. But it is all lies, whatever it is ; to which I hope you will pay attention, to save farther trouble. And I am, Sir, your humble servant,

MARGARET VISION.

Loch-Lomond *.

I HATE a hackney'd, drivelling invocation,
 Of heathenish muse, whom Grecian
 poets feign'd,
 As if, forsooth, by such mad adoration,
 Any advantage had been ever gain'd.
 These fickle gypsies I despise, 'od-rot-'em !
 I always choose to write on my own bot-
 tom.
 Or if, at any time, I seek a muse,
 I look for some divinity in petticoats,
 Whose eyes, of diamond light, new fire in-
 fuse,
 And cram my brain choke-full of witty
 thoughts,
 And bright ideas, and amusing fancies,
 Till all my page in its own glory glances.
 It was a lovely morn ; the rising Sun, .
 Snuffing again the light and balmy air,
 His " coat of many colours " had put on,
 And golden breeches, none the worse
 for wear ;
 And for a morning draught, " to wet his
 gills,"
 He sipp'd the dew-drops of a thousand
 hills.
 We sail'd for that delicious place, Dum-
 barton,
 Proud of its castle—prouder of its
 rock,—
 Though, to speak truth, it looks just like
 a wart on
 The face of Nature : people surely joke
 When they compare it to those cliffs that
 frown
 So grandly on " my own romantic town."
 Between Dumbarton and Loch-Lomond
 stands
 A monument, to Smollet's memory
 rais'd ;—
 But such a monument ! ignoble hands
 Have been about it, and in grief I
 gaz'd
 Upon its ruin'd state—defaced and shat-
 ter'd,
 Vilely dishonour'd, and with mud bespat-
 ter'd !
 Ye swains of Leven ! are ye turn'd to
 stones—
 Ye who were made immortal by the
 poet ?
 Have ye no reverence for his mould'ring
 bones ?
 And if you have—why, then, in God's
 name, show it
 In some less barbarous and doubtful fa-
 shion,
 And put not thus the bard's ghost in a
 passion.
 Yet fear not, Smollet ! for thy name will
 last ;
 Thy monument is not of stone and
 lime ;
 And as for him who dar'd his hands to
 cast
 On this poor safeguard 'gainst the
 wreck of time,
 I'd fell him to the earth—the unletter'd
 tinker—
 With an old volume of your " Humphrey
 Clinker !"
 We reach'd the steam-boat, and Loch-
 Lomond then
 Burst on our view, in all its glory lying,
 Border'd by hill, and rock, and wood,
 and glen,
 And charms, like these, substantial and
 undying ;
 Lovely alike when cloudy or when
 sunny,—
 The steam-boat people must be making
 money.
 But, oh ! how much they would require—
 a treatise
 On the sublime and beautiful, who
 come to see
 This land of Nature—fresh from hust-
 ling cities,
 Before their minds can from the thralls
 get free
 Of low-born thoughts, mix'd, by the will
 of fate,
 With the dense air of Glasgow's Gallow-
 gate !
 We got on board ; (the boat was call'd
 the Marion ;)
 And on the deck a motley group there
 stood
 Of numerous passengers, who seem'd to
 carry on
 Various discourse, as people always
 should
 On similar occasions : to be affable
 Is always wise, and to be shy is laugh-
 able.
 But I, who always had a different way
 From other people, chose to stand a-
 part ;

* If the following verses have any merit, the author is perfectly aware that it must only be that of a successful imitation.

And in the sunshine of that glorious day,
A thousand fancies rush'd upon my
heart ;

I thought of all the pleasure—all the pain
Which I had known, and yet might
know again.

I look'd upon the lake, in radiance glan-
cing—

I look'd on many a rock, and many an
island—

I look'd on gay clouds through the air
advancing—

I look'd on Nature's face, and Nature's
smile ; and,

Seeing all this, 'twas surely not uncom-
mon

To sigh—and sigh—and think of darling
women.

Then—then at once my wild imagination
Brought many a lovely form to my
mind's eye—

Many a goddess born for adoration,
Bright as the brightest seraph of the
sky ;

But then, alas ! not one of them was real,
And of what use was all this *beau idéal* ?

Oh ! could I meet a woman with a soul,
With one bright spark of intellectual
fire,

Soaring superior to the weak control
Of womanish prejudice, by which ex-
pire

All manlier, nobler thoughts—high-born
and free,

Breathing of heaven, and wing'd with
extacy !

Oh ! could I find a woman such as this,
Methinks I have a heart she would not
scorn

To call her own—a heart that knows the
bliss

That love can give, when, like the light
of morn,

O'er all the mental world its rays diffuse
The brightest sunshine, and the richest
hues.

While thus, like wise *Aeneas*, "*multa
gement*,"

I pensive stood, and no doubt was es-
teem'd,

By the good people near me, "*homo de-
mens*,"

At once upon my gladden'd eyes there
beam'd

Ben-Lomond, prince of mountains ! tower-
ing far

Into the regions of the highest star.

I gaz'd delighted ; so did all the stran-
gers,

And some of them were connoisseurs
in scenery ;

In search of Nature's charms they came
as rangers

From Charing-Cross, and now all the
machinery

Of a good landscape they could tell by
rote—

Besides, they all had read Sir Walter
Scott ;

His "*Lady of the Lake*," I mean, and
therefore knew

Something about the Troshachs, and
Loch Caterine,

And they could talk, too, about Roderick
Dhu,

And hop'd, at Aberfoyl, to find a better
inn

Than that in which the Bailie's courage
rose,

When the red poker flash'd among his
foes !

And they had also heard of mountains,
and

Were all prepar'd for something very
striking—

Something—not like St. Paul's—more
wild and grand,—

In short, Ben-Lomond seem'd much to
their liking ;

So much, indeed, that several, from the
City,

Politely said, "they thought it vastly
pretty."

"Babblers !" cried I, "have you no spark
of feeling,

That thus unmov'd you gaze on scenes
like these ?

Look up—look up to yon blue cloudless
ceiling,

Breathe for a moment the pure summer
breeze,

And then, if you resist the wild control
Of honest rapture, there is not a soul

"Among you all !—Oh ! look on yonder
glen,

On yonder stream, on yonder giant
crowd

Of old primæval mountains, and oh ! then
Tell me if Scotland may not well be
proud !"

"Steward !" exclaimed a coxcomb ; "why,
Geud Gad !

"We're all in danger ; that there man
is mad."

At Rowardenman, eager to escape

From animals like these, I got on
shore ;

Alone and happy, then my course I shape
To where the inn, with hospitable door,

Shows, among some old trees, its white-
wash'd face—

A sweet, romantic, solitary place.

If ever you should spend a summer's day
On Lomond's fairy lake, be sure to land,
When evening falls, in Rowardennan Bay :
And then at last your heart may understand,
Why he—the sage of Ferney—lov'd so well
On the green banks of Leman's Lake to dwell.

If, as it did to me, the sun should set
In cloudless glory, whilst its golden rays
Fall not, indeed, on dome and minaret,
But lighten up, in one rich amber blaze,
Mountains and waters, cliffs, and isles,
and woods,
Glens and green fields, and rocks and
falling floods ;

If o'er the heavens its lingering beams
diffuse
Streams of soft light, that paint the
glowing skies
With all the rainbow tints and lovely hues
The varying dolphin shows before he
dies,
Then, as you gaze on these immortal
scenes—
Then will you know what Inspiration
means !

It means you'll find a sort of queer sensa-
tion
About the heart, and all the inner man—
A sort of odd and fluttering agitation—
Much like the flapping of a lady's fan,
Or like our feelings when we read the
Iliad,
Or take some of the " cordial balm of
Gilead."

After these strong emotions, how en-
chanting
Were the refreshments which the inn
afforded !
How sweet to watch John as he stood de-
canting
" Whitbread's Entire," and all its
praise recorded !—
They had no wine, which some might
think a pity,
But then I never saw such *aqua-vitæ*.

The fish was excellent ; and then the
chicken
So white and tender, and the sauce so
brown,
That as I sat, the wings and soft breast
picking,
I sigh'd to think, that, in the smoky
town,
Such chickens were not to be had ; the
fact is,
They never feed them there—a shocking
practice !

A simple, blue-eyed girl, with rosy cheeks,
Tapp'd at my door two hours before
the sun
Had left the sea, whilst only faint red
streaks
Of new-born light, that every morn
forerun
The orb of day, were in the eastern sky,
Long as the streamers that from topmast
fly.

I rose, of course, for I had fix'd to climb
Up to Ben-Lomond's top, and see the
world,
Whilst yet, around its lofty brow sublime,
The thick grey mists of dewy night
were curl'd ;
At sunrise they disperse, and then appears
A sight you will not see once in a thou-
sand years.

But you must know 'tis not so easy work
To climb Ben-Lomond as green Arthur
Seat,—
The one requires the vigour of a Turk,
The other's but a middling sort of feat ;
The one you may do without much pre-
sumption,
The other, at the risk of a consumption.

I do not wish to boast, but I must say,
That, though unus'd to scramble up a
hill,
I neither stopp'd nor rested by the way,
Till I had reach'd the highest pinnacle ;
And there, indeed, at my own strength I
wonder'd,
And sat me down, for I was nearly foun-
der'd.

" Creation's heir, the world ! the world !
is mine,"
Said Dr Goldsmith, looking proudly
down
From some high ridge of Alp or Appe-
nine,
On lake and river, valley, grove, and
town ;
'Tis pity that the Doctor never came
To see Ben-Lomond, he'd have said the
same.

Oh ! 'tis a glorious sight—a sight that
gleams
Full on the soul, and wakens high-
born thought,
And brings the bright creations of bright
dreams
Before our eyes, with life! and being
fraught ;
Oh, ye false poets ! after scenes like these,
Go prate to babes of " dull realities."

Well, Tennant ! hast thou sung—thou
bard of Fife,
In " Anster Fair," thy first lay and thy
best,

(A lay with richest thoughts and fancies
rife,

Compar'd with which thy "Thane"
is but a jest.)

"Oh ! I could throw me down, and wor-
ship there

The God who garnish'd out a world so
bright and fair !"

And who could not ? Did Atheist ever
stand

Upon a mountain's brow, and look
around

On the magnificence of sea and land,
To where, far off, the skies, descend-

ing, bound

The mighty landscape ? Oh ! in one short
look,

Reads he no words of light on Nature's
book ?

And with these holier feelings comes
there not

The patriot's fire—bright burning in
the breast ?

Oh ! then, is Wallace or is Bruce forgot,
Montgomery's sword, or Douglas's
snowy crest,

Or names like these that shine in Scottish
story—

The best and dearest on her page of
glory !

As for myself, (not being Atheistical,
I have another failing, which, just now,
is very common—I am egotistical.)

As for myself, I really don't know how,
A fit of inspiration coming on,
I thus apostrophiz'd old Caledon :

Lines

Written on the Top of Ben-Lomond.

"LAND of the mountain and the flood !"

Land of the rock and nodding wood !

Land of the wild melodious song !

To whom the minstrel harps belong,

That wont to ring, in loud acclaim,

To many a warrior's deathless name !

Land of the North ! to slaves unknown,

Proudly I greet thee as my own !

I lov'd thee, Scotland ! when a child

I wander'd by thy streamlets wild,

And saw the foaming torrent's spray

Take o'er steep rocks its giddy way ;

Or rambled, far from haunts of men,

Along the deep secluded glen,

Or where high cliffs look'd sternly down

On wildest beauties—all thy own !

And though in distant lands I've stray'd—
Lands in bright sunshine's charms ex-
ray'd—

Lands where the olive and the vine

Together bloom, together twine,—

Yet, Scotland ! still thou hast for me

All of thy former witchery !

What though my youthful hopes are gone?

Bright Nature's gifts are still thine own.

Shame on the poet in whose heart

The love of country holds no part !

Who, smiling at the patriot's fire,

Can wander far, and tune his lyre

To the soft notes of other climes,

Singing their follies and their crimes,

Forgetful of that land alone

He might be proud to call his own.

Dear land of all my soul holds dear,

Of all I love, admire, revere—

Land where the happy Muses roam,

Land in which Freedom finds her home,

Land in which Beauty smiles to see

Those scenes that waken extacy,—

High from this green immortal throne,

Proudly I greet thee as my own !

Thus having said, I travell'd slowly down

The green hill's side ; and, when I

reach'd the Inn,

My fit of inspiration, I must own,

Was nearly over, so I ~~was~~ no sin

In doing all that hands and teeth were
able

Towards the light'ning of the breakfas-
table.

And now, dear lake and mountain, fare-
ye-well !

He who has seen you once in his life's
spring,

As I have done, will ne'er forget the spell

Your thousand beauties o'er his spirit
fling ;

Gloom, clouds, and woe, may o'er his
fate be cast,

But, 'midst the darkness, thy fair scenes
will last.

Green on his soul, and, mingled with his
dreams

Of childhood's happier days, and
brighter skies,

That seem'd to glitter in eternal gleams

Of sunny light, your beauties too will
rise,

And he will feel once more their magic
spell ;—

But now the world recalls me :—ye dear
scenes, farewell !

Sept. 1823

THE FEELINGS AND FORTUNES OF A SCOTCH TUTOR.

No. VI.

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes."

THIS has been the song of my heart in prosperity and in adversity, whilst jammed up amidst the bustling population of a crowded city, and under all the bewitching influence of dell, and strath, and valley. "*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*" I have done all that man could do, to obliterate every trace of the early impressions of these mountainous scenes amidst which my infancy and boyhood were spent; I have jostled and elbowed my college chums; I have debated, and contested, and replied, and re-discussed, in debating societies; I have adjourned to supper parties at Johnny Dowie's, and got home to my lodgings at four o'clock in the following morning; I have lived, as it were, in libraries, and read, indiscriminately, whatever letter A, or letter B, or letter C, supplied; I have devoured *Encyclopædias*, as one would eat an apple from rind to pulp, from skin to seed; I have been a politician too in my day; thought deeply about kirks, and patronage, and interest, and recommendations, and Whiggery, and Toryism; I have seen the French Revolution, and have heard the shouts of the Friends of the People, whilst pikes were fabricating, and gun-powder was collecting; I have enjoyed literary suppers and dillettanti dinners, whilst catch, and glee, and song, and scenic buffoonery, were the order of the hour; I have even given into the pride, and the parade, and the ostentation of the farming population around me, and have danced to the music of claret and three-pound-ten per boll. All this I have been, and done, and suffered, and enjoyed, and yet, notwithstanding, I can, and do, "lift mine eyes to the hills" with as much delight and enthusiasm as ever. My feelings, in many respects, have been blunted, sadly obtused, and seared, and petrified; but, in regard to my affection for mountain scenery, I am still the same man. Amongst the hills I live, I move, I breathe, I expand,

I swell out into an immeasurable extent of being; I become altogether elastic; and not the pressure of past recollections nor future anticipations, of the ills that are, and of those that are merely possible, can sink my spirits or shipwreck my happiness. And it has been always thus with me: even in boyhood I was better acquainted with the stunted thorn and the raven nest; with the plover, and the lapwing, and the kite, and the heron of the mountain and of the marsh, than with all the softened and civilized objects and inmates of the village and the valley. The heath that blooms and blossoms in October, and that shews so lovely in red and white, bell and flower, whilst all of Nature's more favoured children are clothed in decay, or stripped even to nakedness,—the mountain stream, which, originating in the marshy regions of crane and crawberry, of fog and moss, of peat and turf, soaks and oozes its way into tiny, creeping puddle, or half-formed rivulet, till, having gathered in and in from all the wide expanse of level waste around, it becomes at last a burn, inky and languid, yet prepared to descend, with brawl, and rush, and resistless impetuosity, from the mountain's brow to its base; from the land of sheep, and shepherd, and spret, and spunginess, to that of green pasture, and rustic labour, and smoking cottages;—the great and sweeping stretch of bulky height and extended rotundity, which cuts and carves its progress along the blue sky, and seems to form the nearest line of communication betwixt earth and heaven, betwixt the realities of experience and the world of dream and visionary reverie; and, above all, and over all, the cloud which towers, and tosses, and tumbles, as it were, into castle and fort, and every grotesque sublimity of shape and seeming; or the creeping, and trailing, and dividing, and concealing, and disclosing mist, through which, at intervals of time and space, the grey rock, or the

brown foamy torrent peep, the flap of the shepherd's plaid becomes visible, or his flocks are spread out into sudden, and quickly intercepted observation ; the freshness and elasticity of life, which dwells in the shepherd's hut, by the summit cairn, and which gives, to an extended and almost unbounded horizon, its great and peculiar charm ;—these permanent, and, I had almost said, unchangeable features, and accompaniments, of a mountainous residence, have pre-occupied all that is worth possessing within me, and have thrown into shade and insignificance the garden and green-walk, the well-paved street, the gas-lamps, and the Commissioner's table. I have often, in my travels through this valley of tears, as it is emphatically styled in Scripture, turned aside many miles to visit the summit of some mountain which way-laid my vision on the right hand or on the left. And I never get sick or indisposed (tooth-ache ever excepted) but I ruminate upon these visits to the upper world with inexpressible delight. I can, at this instant of my writing, under the damping influence of a bilious affection, and whilst all Nature (which is indeed limited, at present, to the furniture of my study) mourns a-

round me,—I can, I say, at this very instant, figure out to myself, on the canvas of memory, a peristrepic panorama of all my leading mountain recollections. There passes Queensberry under my vision, with his two tops like Parnassus, and his clothing of mist, and all his conical peculiarities of form. Here comes Cairn-Kinna, sailing past, clothed, and glorified in the beams of the setting sun ; lying, like a leviathan, in the brine, and stretching forth into one bulky mass. Anon Criffle ascends over his Solway flood, heaped up into eminence, and displaying still the shape and vast capacity of that Creel, from which he descended on Scottish territory *. By-and-by, I visit, in my imaginary survey, Tintock, with its "kist and its cap †;—" Ben Lomond ascends like the "Andes, Giant of the western star," holding, as it were, the mirror up to Nature, and shewing me hill tumbled against hill, mountain projecting over mountain, in one vast undulation of sublimity, from Ben Nevis to Plinlimon ;—Helvellen, with its eagles, and its lakes, and its "misty and wide" accompaniments, shoot up in the dim distance of my memory ;—whilst the nearer Grampians, and the more distant Cheviots, form "a

* Criffle, or Creel-Fell. The Devil, according to the veritable voice of tradition, having borne this hill from the opposite coast of Cumberland in a creel, and intending to carry his burden a little more inland, was frustrated in his purpose by the breaking of the cordage by which his load was suspended, and the consequent falling of the creel, where it still remains.

† The old nursery crambo runs thus :

" On Tintock tap there is a mist,
And in the mist there is a kist,
And in the kist there is a cap,
And in the cap there is a drop,
Tak' up the cap, seip out the drop,
And set it upon Tintock tap." *

Should any one think it worth while to ask what the meaning of all this senseless jingle is, we can satisfy him to the full on this point, by asking him to try how often he can repeat these lines correctly without drawing breath. Our good forefathers had many of these rhymes, hard to articulate, with the repetition of which, as a trial of address and wind, they were accustomed to shorten the long winter evenings. Of this description are the following :

" Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pepper—
If Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pepper,
Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper pickt ?"

Or thus,

" Peacock pick a peck of pepper
Off a pewter plate,
Pick, peacock, pick !

Should the intelligent and philosophical reader wish any further information on this subject, we beg leave to refer him to a very excellent paper in "The Adventurer !"

wilderness of wilds," amidst which, how enchanting it is to lose one's self in forgetfulness, in solitude, in all the reality of an independent existence! And, truly, such a residence is worthy of Independence herself. For here, amidst all the convulsions of aggression and conquest, has civil and political Freedom, from age to age, and from revolution to revolution, fixed her standard and displayed her banner. Seated on her munition of rocks, and allied, in spirit and elevation, with the lights and the powers of heaven, she has taught men of a lower world to bear the front, and wield the sword of patriotism.

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes"

has been the language of the Swiss on his Alps, of the Caledonian amidst his Grampians, and of the Guerilla on his Pyrenean frontiers of steep, and cliffs, and ravines inaccessible. And here, even amidst the wilderness by which I am now encircled, there is sufficient of association and suggestion to cast a moral interest over every mountain height and deep glen. Here, during an age not long gone by, over which the genius of cruelty and despotism presided, the persecuted remnant of a covenanting band found a refuge and a retreat; whilst the valley beneath echoed with the frequent shot, and the life of man was deemed a meet sacrifice to the mistaken policy of a besotted and misconducted Government. It was but a few miles to the south of this mountain barrier, and whilst he was straining every nerve to reach it, that Daniel MacMichael felt the bullet reach his heart, and experienced the tramp and the iron-tread of a troop of horsemen in his soul*. It was in

the adjoining glen, or pass, that a rescue was effected of prisoners who were in the act of being conveyed for trial, or, in other words, for execution, from Dumfries to Edinburgh; and that, with the exception of one individual, who was shot in the effort, upwards of twenty escaped into the refuge and security of these bewildering mountains. Not far from the spot where I am now seated, surveying, with delight, this majestic scenery, did Lag and Clavers drag, by means of blood-hound and traitorous informer, the intrepid and unsubdued Nonconformist from his cave, and recoil, even in the very hey-day of their atrocity, at the firm and fearless resolution which he presented to their threats and menaces. I could feel in my heart to fall down and worship thee, thou bleak land of heath, and storm, and cairn, and precipice, and green spring, and sounding rivulet, for thou art hallowed all over with the sweet breath of liberty, and the most kindly and unconstrained pulsations of my heart leap, and bound in unison, with thy voice and expression.

In reflections and meditations such as these did I pass on, in my travel from Leadhills towards Crawford-John and Douglas, which I had resolved, for reasons which it is not now necessary to state, to visit in my way towards the great metropolis. I crossed the Dunion water, and arrived at the small muirland village of Crawford-John, about one o'clock p. m., to dinner. The landlady of the inn, or public-house, where I dined, displayed a very great anxiety to become acquainted with all the particulars of my history; and whilst a sheep-head and trotters were in the

* Daniel MacMichael was shot upon Dalveen-croft, by Dalzell, as he was trying to reach that most striking pass, through which the public road now runs. He was buried in the adjoining church-yard of Durisdeer, and has, to this hour, the following inscription on his grave-stone:

"As Daniel was cast amidst the lion's den,
For praying unto God, and not to men;
Thus lions cruelly devoured me,
For bearing unto truth my testimony.
I rest in peace till Jesus rend the cloud,
And judge 'twixt me and those who shed my blood!"

The church, the vault, the church-yard, the situation of the whole in the neighbourhood of a Roman camp, render this romantic spot most interesting to the curious and intelligent traveller; and we know well how much gratification the present clergyman of the parish takes in shewing the lions.

act of being disengaged by her from a broth-pot, she proceeded to address me in a kind of indirect series of questions, thus—"Ye'll be hungry, man, Is'e warrant! and cam' ye a' the way frae Leadhills this morning? I wat weel it's a lang, and a wearisome, and a hungrysone road—(Sirs! I have burnt my fingers wi' the sheep feet—di'el be in them, gin I should ban', they are as het as a burning harsel)—and sae ye're gain' on to Douglas-town, ye tell me, an' a dreech and an errie road ye'll find it—ye'll likely ha'e business *there*, that's taking ye sae far frae hame, an bringing ye on fit, and yourleaf' lane, a' the way frae Dumfries—preserve us!" I assured the dame that I had no business in Douglas whatever, but was just taking this course on my way to Edinburgh. "And dear guide me, laddie," for the lady became familiar, as we continued our colloquy, "and ist thou gain' a' the way to Edinburgh on thy fit, an' no a stick in thy han', and no a dog at thy tail? *Here, John!*" vociferated mine hostess, with a look of vast knowledge and importance, "here's a young colleginer on his way to Edinburgh, an' he has clean mista'en his road—(di'el be in thy guts, beast, if thou has na eaten the half o' the gudeman's dinner—vile brute!—take that, and the door-back for thy pains!)" Having returned from the chastisement of "Fittie," as a large shaggy, swirl-tailed colley was designated, she found leisure and breath to resume her narrative. "He's gaun into Edinburgh, by Douglas-town, and through by Carnwath and the Lang-whang, which is a' straught nonsense, as ye ken brawly. Had na he better just had aff to the east-ert, wi' you and your cart, the morn's morning, an' ye'll maybe be able to gi'e him a cast, nows an' thans?" I thanked mine hostess of the sheep's-head and trotter, (for Fittie had disposed of three out of the usual compliment,—dined heartily, in company with herself and the gudeman, upon what Providence and my dame's vigilance had preserved for us,—assured them that I was no "colleginer,"—that I had a friend, whom I wished to visit in Douglas,—left sixpence for my repast,—and after a thousand directions, as to the road across Craw-

furd-John lang-muir, proceeded on my journey.

For some time after my departure from the village, I found a cart track, which served to guide me across one of the wildest and most extensive wastes, mosses, or muir, or rather, all three combined and commingled into one, in Scotland. But by-and-by this track began to diverge strangely, and subdivided itself into separate and almost invisible traces, and I was not a little puzzled, at times, to select, amidst such a perplexing variety. I could see peat-mosses on all hands, filled with peat-stacks, and, occasionally, pretty large foshens, or collections of moss-water. Accordingly, ere I was aware, and before I had begun to anticipate the result, I found myself in the midst of an impassable morass, having followed the track of a peat-cart, instead of pursuing the "Douglas road," as, "par excellence," a rude cut in the heath was designated. To advance was impossible, to deviate on either side almost equally impracticable, so that nothing remained for me now but an immediate and a direct retreat. Accordingly, I succeeded in retracing my steps, till I had fairly cleared the soft and spongy moss in which I had been entrapped. But, as my evil genius would have it, at this very time, and whilst I was looking about me, in great anxiety, searching for some adjoining land-marks, by which I had been directed, at the village, to guide my course, a close mist, which had encircled the higher grounds for some time, thought proper to descend, and to advance across the bleak and level muir. I instantly saw, felt, and lamented, my situation,—but the die was cast, for I should have found it as difficult to return to Crawford-John, had I even attempted it, as to advance towards Douglas. Having been born and educated in a mountainous district, and having been acquainted, from my earliest life, with mists and vapours of every colour and description,—from the close and deep grey, through which no light can penetrate, to the soft and fleecy white, which is all splendid with reflected sunbeams,—I estimated the dangers of my situation coolly and collectedly;

and had I been at all acquainted with the localities of my route, I should not have felt uneasy on the occasion. But to be thus swallowed up, as it were, and entombed in a soaking, drizzling, creeping, and darkening atmosphere,—to see no further around me, in a plain of at least ten miles in diameter, than just enough to avoid ditches, and peat-hags, and moss-lochs, and quagmires,—this predicament, however rationally and favourably considered, was none of the most encouraging, and I would have given even my favourite copy of Virgil, my constant fellow-traveller, to have had another colloquy with mine host and hostess of the sheep-head and trotter. However, there are situations where deliberation is dangerous, and delay inexpedient, so, without much premeditation, I advanced, keeping the wind upon my larboard tack, and my stern, as I supposed, towards the town of Douglas. For some time the mist seemed to play at hide-and-seek with me, for ever and anon, as the darkness became the deeper, and the fog the denser, a rent or opening would take place, and I could see myself surrounded, to the distance of a mile or two, with the usual display of heath, peat, and general barrenness. Again, and with equal celerity, a strong blast would bring down, as it were, the loaded atmosphere, in which I felt it difficult to discover any object at ten yards distance. As the day, however, “drove down” into the afternoon, and the afternoon towards the night, things became worse. I felt exceedingly chilled, from the almost imperceptible rain, and still more dispirited, from my complete ignorance of the ground over which, without the assistance of trace or track, I was now pretty rapidly passing.

There is something peculiarly discouraging and depressing in mist; one is constantly fancying out objects out a little way off, which are ever retiring from a nearer investigation, and taking up their station on the more advanced confines of vision. Things that actually exist, and mere creatures of the fancy, are so imperfectly and indistinctly shaded and discriminated, that the realities are apprehended as imaginary, and de-

ceptions are again admitted as realities. Besides all this, from the imperfect notion or perception of distance, the comparative magnitude of objects is altered, and thrown into a state of apparent derangement, and even inversion. A cow or a horse will often be mistaken for a dog, whilst a sheep, appearing on the very horizon of limited perception, will assume the size of an elephant. A cottage, with its thatched roof, will come upon the eye in all the extent and acclivity of a steep “brae,” or hill-side, whilst the latter, differently situated, will contract into the dimensions of a cottage roof. He who wanders in the night, and who has the inconvenience of moonless and starless darkness alone to contend with, has day dawn to look forward to, when he shall, to a certainty, be enabled to rectify his course, and proceed on his way; but he who is overtaken, particularly in a wild mountain country, by mist or fog, has no certain boundary of his sufferings. He may be doomed to travel about, like the wandering Jew, or the unburied spirits on the banks of Styx, for nights and days without limit, till his heart, and his strength, and his limbs, fail him, and he sink down lifeless, through hunger and exhaustion. It was not till the darkening downwards, shade after shade, of night, had taught me the full measure of my misfortunes, that I began to consider them seriously, and to quicken my step, even to a race, with the view of regaining some pathway, or of lighting upon some cottage, or shieling, in the waste. I had run myself, in this manner, out of breath, and was advancing, with my hat in my hand, and my pocket-handkerchief tied across my brow, when I suddenly encountered a figure, as it appeared to me, of the most gigantic stature, and alarming presence. Upon a nearer and closer inspection, this turned out to be a horse feeding at large, in some meadow pasturage, and eyeing me, in passing, with a mixture, as I thought, of surprise and pity. I naturally inferred that a human habitation must be at no great distance, and, accordingly, advanced with increased circumspection, listening, at intervals, for the

bark of a dog, and looking keenly, in order to catch the gleam of a window light. My hopes, however, were not yet to be realized, and I had the mortification to find, after a whole hour's travel, that I was still in the proximity of this same horse. I seemed, in fact, to be held, and constrained towards it, by some preternatural spell, for it came three times within the very limited sphere of my vision, and every time it was less welcome than it had been before. At last, I was quite worn out, and alighting upon a stone, covered with whitish moss, in the midst of the heath, I threw myself hastily and freely down, and gave up all for lost. At this very moment, I was accosted by a dog, and, latterly, by a human voice, and found myself in the custody of a shepherd, who, after catching the yad, had me conveyed safely home to his humble shieling, in the muir.

Wet, weary, and worn out with travel, I was, when I entered the low door and turf-built walls of this muirland hut; but I immediately encountered a good peat-fire, around which I found assembled a large family, consisting of mother, children, and dogs innumerable. I was introduced by the husband, father, and master, as a stranger who had been benighted on the muir, and I found the value of this introduction, in the good woman's solicitude for my comfort—in the children's numerous and kindly inquiries and attentions—and in the careful licking and spunging, as it were, of my dripping dress, by every cur and whelp of the steddin'. Here I encountered no impertinent questions, or teasing assumptions, respecting my character, profession, or views. I was a human being, to whom these honest and kindly-hearted individuals had it in their power to afford rest and comfort, a supper and a bed, and they inquired no further. My supper, which was served up in the plainest style imaginable, but without preface or apology, consisted of well-beat potatoes; and into the merits of my bed, I have never, up to this hour, had the heart to inquire;—of one thing I am satisfied, that in it I slept soundly, and that from it I was only awakened by a kindly in-

timation that breakfast was ready. In fact, I had slept, contrary to my usual custom, till near nine, and rose from my couch like a giant refreshed with wine. The kindly-hearted woman bade me farewell, with a prayer for my future welfare, and an invitation not to pass her house on my return. Her children offered, all in a heap, to convey me as far as Douglas, whilst the shepherd himself undertook that service, which he discharged before mid-day, with a most perfect fidelity. Money was refused, with something bordering on indignation; and I have often regretted since, that, amidst the contingencies and adventures of a bustling life, I have never had an opportunity of inquiring after the "feelings and fortunes" of Willie Goldie, and his wife Margaret Johnston. Sure I am, however, that a better specimen of what may be termed the pastoral population of our sublime and interesting land, is no where to be found, and that the gradual, but unequivocal diminution and extirpation of such characters, is the worst

Of a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er has dree'd, or ere can dree.

I arrived at the town of Douglas in good time to dine with an uncle and aunt, who occupied a small tenement in that town. I was kindly received, as I was told, *for my father's sake*; and, in a few hours, made myself acquainted with all the curiosities and marvels of the place. I was conducted into a vault, or tomb, constructed some twenty feet below the surface of the surrounding ground, and containing the dust of the Douglasses for many generations back. I was exceedingly struck, not only with the thing itself, the vault, namely, with its arched roof, and damp, dripping walls, but still more with the scale and aspect of mortality which it exhibited. Here, at the bottom of a whole heap of leaden coffins, all huddled together, without arrangement or order, lay squeezed into a double conjoined plate, the oldest of the Douglasses, whose very dust had perished,—"etiam periere ruinae,"—and whose leaden receptacle did not even retain a letter, to intimate the rank and the honour of

him who had once been a man and a Douglas—of him who had spoken with learned men—belled the cat—and taught even the Sovereign upon the throne to tremble at his power. Ascending, in the scale of decay, I found myself amongst the Archibalds and Patricks of more recent times. On the summit of this funeral, or rather funereal pile, two coffins lay, covered over with crimson velvet, and exhibiting all the circumstance of plated inscription and shining nails in profusion. These contained the bodies, as yet probably entire, of two female Douglases, who, as I discovered, had died early in life, and whose characters were therefore less particularly recorded. I actually said a great many very striking things, on this occasion, to my uncle, who was my guide; and I found that he was at least equally prepared for moralizing, like Solomon, on the vanity of human life, in his turn; and there were thoughts and reflections in my heart, which no bucket of language could reach; for I had read Robertson's History of Scotland, and even fallen in with a copy of the Douglas Trial; but the observations and the reflections have both vanished into forgetfulness, and all that I can now recall is my uncle's suggestion upon locking the vault-door: "There let them rest," said he, "till the great day of the resurrection!" A slight recollection of the poor culprit who perished in a Douglas vault through hunger, whilst his lord and jailor was rioting in forgetfulness in Edinburgh, came like a sudden cloud over my soul, as I looked upon the rusty nails, and locks, and stanchels before me; so I hastened away, and in twelve hours found myself in the midst of the "Lang-whang," on my way to the capital.

There is just one kind of road which is absolutely intolerable. If you travel across a mountainous district, you have sublimity above, and sublimity beneath you; you shrink from the steep and the precipice on the one hand, and you eye, with looks of deep emotion, the projecting brow and threatening rock above you. If you travel through a level and agricultural country, you have all the traces of civilization—parks, steddings,

fence, and cultivated field—to arrest and interest you. If you get entangled in a moss, in a thicket, in a wilderness of impervious uncertainty, you have the pleasure arising from discovery; every step you take discloses something new. Besides, you are gratified by having surmounted difficulties, unravelled intricacies, and piloted your limbs through devouring and absorbing quagmires. If you find yourself walking, in solitary sadness, upon the level, pathless, meaningless sea-shore, you can look seaward and landward, contrasting the fluctuations of the one with the more fixed and permanent features of the other; you can see, or fancy out, ships sailing along on the great deep; you can dive and dig into the profundity of the waters, bringing up, into subjects of interesting reflection and amazement, the Mermaid, the Craken, the Norwegian Worm, with the one thousand and one fishy-fancies of reason run mad. But, in walking over a boundless, level, barren, heathy moor, or waste, "the Lang-whang," for example—and there cannot be a more appropriate instance—where your eye reaches constantly at least ten miles in advance, and where the only object which arrests your sight is the everlasting road along which you are advancing, but which ever appears to advance along with you; thus circumstanced, you are in a fair way, either to lay yourself quite down, as I did, on the road-side, and fall asleep, or to cut your throat, under the persuasion that the act will undoubtedly pass unobserved, unless by the muirfowl or heath-cock. How long I slept here I know not; but I was awakened by a loud and a protracted burst of thunder, which came down upon me from the Pentlands, and seemed to herald a storm of no ordinary violence. The whole extent of heath had now become more bleak and dreary; and towards the mountains I could hear a rush, and a sweep, and a hesitating commingling of various hollow noises, which alarmed me exceedingly. I looked out for shelter, but I looked in vain; I might as well have sought for the Milky Way in the muirs of Craufurd-John; a few sheep were swirling about-and-about on the hill-side, whilst a grey glade

was sailing past in the opposite direction, as if flying from the approaching hurricane. I had not even the shelter of an excavated rock, or sand-pit, or burn-bank, or bush, or hay-rick, or peat-stalk, or any thing that bulks and bulges, ten inches above the surface of the level plain, to fly to. Had I been squatting in the midst of the Arabian desert, on my passage from Scanderoon to Bassora, and had the red and suffocating Simoom been advancing, in all its terrific and life-extinguishing undulations upon me, I could not have felt more helpless, shelterless, and exposed. Whilst I was sitting, eyeing the brewing storm, and expecting every instant to be blinded by an insufferable blare of lightning, I beheld with surprise, commingled with dread, a sudden convulsion, and twisting together, as if it had been of cloud within cloud, and colour within colour. The dense and the rare, the dark inky-black and the soft blue verging and shifting occasionally into grey, streamed all of a sudden, and with encreasing velocity, inwards, and towards a comunon-centre. There was an intensity of working, and justling, and squeezing, as it were, within a very narrow compass; immediately beneath which, and whilst all around was lurid and shadowy, there floated a bright and glowing spot on the heath, as if from the reflection of an excited and enraged furnace. This spot was neither stationary nor uniform, but swept and hurried along, now right, now left, now backwards, and now forwards, like some *ignis fatuus*, in the hesitating uncertainty of a still and foggy evening. At last, however, it narrowed exceedingly, whilst it encreased proportionably in intensity and rapidity of motion, affording the appearance of the sun-beams collected, by a convex mirror, into a focus, and thrown by the sporting and shifting hand of childhood on every surrounding object in succession. At this instaut, the lightning burst downwards, and a sudden collapse of piercing and sawing sound instantly followed. For a few seconds, all was still and seemingly motionless, when, on a sudden, I heard the reverberation amidst the hills, and the rush of water from the cloud, and beheld the spout assum-

ing the aspect of an elephant's proboscis, and pouring out its contents in an overwhelming torrent. All this took place at about two miles distance from the spot where I sat, and towards which an inclined plane lay sloping downwards from the scene of action. I saw the red and roaring rush of the very first break of the flood, as it cleared the cloud and the hill-side, and was led to apprehend, that, from the lie of the ground, I should probably be sweptaway, another *Herculaneum*, in its lava course. My fears, however, were but of short duration; for a bank, or clough, happening, though unperceived by me, to run nearly in a transverse direction betwixt the flood and me, the former seemed suddenly to sink out of view into the earth, and did not reappear till it had reached a descent considerably below the level of my position. All this while it neither rained nor hailed, and, in an hour's time, the horizon was clear, and the sun shone forth with his wonted brightness.

It was late in the afternoon ere I reached the inn which terminates this dreary waste, and with the aid of the usual quantity of appliances and means, such as a kind landlady, and a very communicative host, a warm supper, and a snug bed, I contrived to rise, on the following morning, not only refreshed, but vigorous, and prepared to have my first view of Edinburgh, from a rising ground about two miles further on. I cannot easily forget the first impression which this magnificent scene made upon me. I had been long familiar with the villages of Penpont, and Croalchapel, and Closeburn-town, and the Keir Mill, and, above all, with Thornhill. I had visited Dumfries, been an inmate for days in Leadhills and Douglas, seen Carnwath in passing; but beyond this enumeration my experience did not enable me to go. Of towns or cities in general I had formed a peculiar notion, imagining them all to lie in hollows or glens, and to be visited by burns or rivers, figuring out tall crosses in the market-place, and a solitary steeple chiming and doling out the hours to the loitering inhabitants. Of castles I had still a more outré notion, surrounding

them regularly with the ruins of an old moat and draw-bridge, planting turrets on their summit, and a square wall or enclosure, fourteen feet thick, and fifteen feet high, all round the building. Edinburgh, with its castle, I had conceived to resemble, very nearly, Thornhill, with its inn, or public-house, only making suitable allowances on the score of size and magnificence. I fancy every body is sensible of this disposition to anticipate the form and bearing of objects, respecting which they have heard much, but which they have never actually seen; and, at the same time, must recollect the total dissimilitude which always exists betwixt the fancy-work and the reality, the mind's image and the eye's information. No matter how accurately the city, for example, may have been described, even by an inmate: the words which are made use of convey not the images they were intended to give; and whilst the speaker seems himself to be using language incapable of misapprehension, the listener wanders amidst a multiplicity of imperfect and indistinct notions, which settle down at last, and collect into a resemblance to some similar object with which he chances to be already acquainted. Under these misguided and inaccurate apprehensions, I came, all at once, and whilst the sun was in full flame, upon the western view of the Castle and Castle-hill of Edinburgh. There were large, white, and turreted clouds, which lay, or rolled along at the time, on the back-ground towards the east. Arthur's Seat seemed to communicate and connect itself with the heaven, whilst a ribbon of blue, and beautiful green, lay stretched across the extremity of my view. My first impression certainly was, that the grand and arresting objects which I saw were all of the same nature, as they evidently shared the same character and expression, and that a combination of sunshine, cloud, and sky, might turn out to account for the whole. This impression, however, was but of short duration, for the windows of the New Barracks began to sparkle out, and I could individualize roofs, walls, rock, and flag-staff, almost mid-way betwixt earth and heaven.

It was not the size and magnificence of the objects, arresting as, in this respect, they no doubt were, which struck me most; but it was the apparent elevation which the castle and hill seemed to occupy in the bosom of a cloud, and distinctly raised above all the intermediate country. This deception, however, was but of short continuance; short as it was, however, it made an impression upon my soul more deep and lasting than even the sublime and magnificent reality has ever been able to effect.

My mind had been early imbued with the Gentle Shepherd. I had lately been visiting the place of the author's nativity, and I was well aware that these Pentlands, which sloped away on the right, contained, within their recesses, or were said to contain, the scenery of this truly Scottish drama. Habbie's Howe,—the washing-pool,—the cottages of Mause, Simeon, and Pate,—the bleaching-green appropriated to the two lasses,—and the height, and the brae, and the burn-side, upon which the shepherd lads were wont to stray,—all these recollections crowded in upon my heart, and I had resolved, ere I was well aware of my resolution, to deviate towards the right, with the view of encountering my old and endeared acquaintances by the way. After two hours wandering under the guidance of many a most circumstantial and sage adviser, I found myself in a narrow pass, and as much amidst the mountains, as if I had still been at Capple-yetts, or Belly-bought, under the Queensberry fells. A shepherd guided me to the spot, and left me to meditate with enthusiasm on the bumbling-pool, and wimpling waters, and "singing din," of Habbie's Howe.

The classical traveller, who has reached the southern side of the Alps, and casts, for the first time, his eye along the Po and the Arno—along the Appenines and the far-stretching vales of Tuscany and Campania,—the patriot, who has paid his first visit to the spirit of Freedom at Bannockburn, and who has just been enabled to figure out the field where the destiny of his country was so nobly determined,—the Presbyterian, who has just lifted up his eyes on the towers and the

ruins of St. Andrew's, and has called unto his aid those recollections which involve the ashes of the martyr and the labours of the reformer,—the banished and expatriated nobleman, who has again been permitted, unattainted, to revisit his paternal halls, and to rekindle the light of departed glory, where it had once shone in brightness;—all these individuals feel, and deeply, the value and the interest of an existence thus rendered a thousand times more valuable and interesting. But none of them, perhaps, ever exceeded, in deep and delirious rapture, the intensity of that half-hour's pause, which the objects around me, in this sweet and retired spot, so unavoidably occasioned. There are minutes which are worth whole years of existence; and I could willingly exchange, at any time, a half-year's dining out, and noisy, restless hilarity, for one other half-hour of such happiness as I then enjoyed.

The author of the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Character," all glorious and splendid in the midst of a boundless aim as he is, has endeavoured, with considerable art and effect, to elevate the author of the Gentle Shepherd over the Bard of Ayr, and to represent the light and sportive excursions of the Muse of Coila as mere pastime, in comparison with the more sustained and protracted flights of Ramsay. Where, it is asked, again and again, did Burns ever produce any thing to be compared with the Gentle Shepherd? Thomas Campbell is not the author of "Thalaba," nor John Wilson of the "Lord of the Isles;" and yet we are very much mistaken, if, judging from their works, from what they have chosen, or chanced to do, these authors could not have written, had it so pleased them, better poems, and more popular too, by one-half, than either. Burns, it is true, never wrote a pastoral comedy, though he once planned it, and the subject was "MacGauchan's Elsin," which went through nine ply of *ben-leather*, and penetrated, at last, into "King Robert the Bruce's Heel;" but Burns has written the Saturday Night—Halloween—the Holy Fair—Tam o' Shanter—and the Twa Dogs; and Burns has penned lyri-

cal ballads, which as far excel any that Allan Ramsay ever wrote, as the notes of a thrush do those of a Robin,—ballads and songs which will remain engraved upon the hearts of our peasantry, and will contribute to the formation of their character, for centuries and millenniums to come.

* * * * *

"She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she
 wil'd,
She charm'd my soul—I wat na'
 how—

But ay the stoun', the deadly woun',
 Cam' frae her een sae bonny blue."

* * * * *

I should like to know if the author of

"My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy,"

ever wrote, or was capable of writing, any thing comparable with the above. Burns's forte lay in an intuitive acquaintance with the feelings of our common nature, and in a power almost equally instinctive of expressing them in simple, but elegant and forcible terms. Allan, again, was more the child of art: he dealt in Dianas, Venuses, Sols, and Cynthias; and his poetry often smells offensively of vulgarity and filth: the vulgarity, and even the obscenity of Burns, is ever redeemed by the air and the manner of an elevated and refined mind. That of Allan is often not rural, but rustic,—not natural alone, but offensively low. When his Peggy is meant to appear in a winning attitude, she comes bouncing onwards, like Mary Lee of Carelha,

"With her green coats kilted to the
 knee;"

for we immediately discover, that

"Her coats are kilted, and can brightly
 shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter are
 than snaw."

And when the interview takes place, and true lovers meet, it is quite a substantial *audible* courtship; no "jactare basia," no "suaviter in modo," whilst "fortiter in re," for

"Sair, sair she pled, 'twixt ilka smack,
But weel I kenn'd she meant na' as she
 spak!"

but no matter; there is no relaxation

to her pleading; he holds her with
the grasp of a smiddy vice;

"Whilst hard and fast I held her in my
grips,
My very soul cam' loup'ing to my lips."

And, of the married state, Peggy had
rather a delicate presentiment, when
she says,

"Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernoonie
He's free to tousel, ere or late,
Whar corn rigs are bonny!"

All this is natural, and is quite suited
to the longitude and latitude of
byre-maids, ploughmen, and city-
porters, but is very different from

"Gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie,
And warl'y things and warl'y men
May a' gang tapsulteerie."

Or,

"I gned a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue,
I gat my deed frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue."

Or,

"All Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O,
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O!"

But I see the sun setting and
flaming against the windows of the
New Town of Edinburgh,—I see the
smoke of Auld Reekie beginning to
gather down, like a blue night-cap
over her brows before she retires to
rest,—I see the mountains looking a
little darker, and the skies a little
bluer than formerly,—so I must on-
wards, by the West Port and Grass-
market, to my lodging at "the
Harrow;" but, in the mean time,

"Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat pruta bi-
berant;"

which Allan Ramsay might have
translated into,

"Shut up the flood-gates—Lord pre-
serve us!
The half o' this might freely serve us!"

I am, Yours, &c.

MR KNOWLES' DRAMAS: VIRGINIUS—CAIUS GRACCHUS.

WE think highly of the talents of
Mr Knowles. He has produced two
dramas, vigorously conceived and ex-
ecuted; with some passages of great
power and eloquence, and many of
tenderness and poetical beauty; and
he has generally steered very suc-
cessfully between the dangerous ex-
tremes of a poverty, and superabund-
ance of imaginative dialogue—be-
tween the mere poetry of action, and
the discursive and lyrical strain,
which is so commonly substituted,
at the present day, for the "thwes
and sinews" of the drama. He has
"his affectations," no doubt, as Sir
Hugh Evans says, and deals rather
too much, occasionally, in the "*sim-
ple natural*:" but the general tone of
his plays is manly and energetic; and
we are too well aware of the danger-
ous grounds on which a poet treads,
to wonder, that, in the search after
simplicity, he sometimes oversteps
the thin partition which divides pa-
thos from absurdity.

We do not think, however, that he
has been at all successful in the
choice of his subjects; and this ob-
jection appears to us peculiarly appli-

cable to *Virginius*. Were we to judge
from our own feelings, we should
say, that it was impossible to render
attractive this "murder of the inno-
cents," even by all the colouring of
impassioned dialogue or poetical ima-
gery. Still the native horror of the
scene predominates;—still we ask,
What was the "sufficient cause" that
compelled a father to stain his hands
with his daughter's blood? and what
the moral beauty of that sanguinary
patriotism, which, instead of endea-
vouring to avert the fate of Virginia
by a timely appeal to arms, thinks
only of the effect which such a ca-
stastrophe may have in increasing the
force of a declamatory invective, or
a theatrical appeal to the infernal
gods? Such themes might suit the
affected stoicism of Alfieri, but they
are not—we trust they never will be
—the popular subjects of tragedy.

Mr Knowles, however, has esca-
ped the difficulty thus arising from
the nature of the subject more suc-
cessfully than Alfieri. He conducts
us to the catastrophe more artfully.
The hopelessness of the struggle—
the sense of an overpowering fata-

lity, are impressed upon us with more force and probability; and if we are not reconciled to the atrocity of the denouement, we are at least less startled by its abruptness. Indeed the general arrangement of Mr Knowles' play is far superior to Alfieri's. Virginia—timid, gentle, and affectionate—sets off the Roman majesty of her father, while she deepens our interest in her own fate;—but Virginia, anticipating Cornelia or Porcia, and deliberating, in a family party, on the exact arrangement of her death*, is a portrait that could have pleased none but a political enthusiast. The same sententiousness—the same affected insensibility, pervades the character of Alfieri's Icilius. His Appius only is superior to that of Mr Knowles. Alfieri's is the very beau idéal of despotism;—cool, calculating, undaunted—equally unmoved by the pleadings of innocence, the eloquent invectives of Icilius, and the stormy murmurs of popular discontent, and pursuing his deep-laid plans with an unbending and majestic consistency.

* * * * * a me sostegno
Io son; soi io: l'amor ne' tuoi fautori
Al par che l'odio, è inefficace e lieve.
La plebe sì—ma non gli Icilij estimo;
Me il lor garrir non move; ira non temo,
E rie lusinghe di tal gente io sprezzo.

Mr Knowles, from an apprehension, it seems, of "rendering the character of the tyrant too prominent," has sunk him into a wavering, vacillating villain.

Both authors have erred in the winding up of the play. Alfieri drops the curtain too soon, Mr Knowles too late. Alfieri concludes just as the scuffle is commencing between the populace and the lictors of Appius, leaving all those who have the misfortune to be ignorant of Roman history in a state of great anxiety as to the distribution of poetical justice: Mr Knowles closes the Fourth Act with the death of Virginia, and then introduces the "needless Alexandrine" of a Fifth, to assure us of the death of Appius, who is strangled by Virginius in a fit of insanity. The incident of recalling Virginius to his senses, by shewing

him the urn of his daughter, we scarcely know whether to admire or condemn. The idea is striking, but it seems to us rather *recherché*—too much in the melo-dramatic taste. At all events, it is a little absurd to see Icilius carrying this urn about, from the house of Virginius to the dungeon in which the insane father is found gazing on the dead body of Appius. Does Mr Knowles think that a funeral-urn is like a "pouneet-box," to be held "betwixt the finger and the thumb," or transported in a side-pocket of the *subligacula*?

There seems to us something lame and impotent in the way in which both authors have treated the character of Icilius. Alfieri, after exciting our feelings by splendid promises, never allows him to appear in the Forum at all. He is murdered on his way by the populace, deceived by the misrepresentations of Appius. Mr Knowles allows him to be overpowered by the lictors, almost without a struggle, and only releases him from the grasp of the soldiers, to support the dying Virginia. Both incidents, we think, are unsatisfactory.

These, however, are slight blemishes, and, on the whole, we take leave of Virginius with regret and respect. It is a vigorous and unaffected play, poetical without effort, and natural without prosaic meanness.

Caius Gracchus is infinitely inferior. It wants domestic interest. The attempt of an eloquent enthusiast to introduce a law obnoxious to the Patricians, his failure and his fall, are events too coldly political to awaken a tragic interest. Even had we tears at command, we should hardly be "prepared to shed them now." We pity Gracchus; we regret that his talents, his eloquence, and his lofty integrity, should have been wasted on a thankless and undeserving multitude: but still we can only look upon him as a political partizan, playing the dangerous game of revolution, and

As he has set his life upon a cast,
So he must stand the hazard of the die.

An attempt is no doubt made to awaken something of a more natural and

* Alfieri. Virginia. Att. 3. Sc. 3.

individual interest, by the introduction of the mother and the wife of Gracchus, but it is by no means a successful one. Mr Knowles has wisely softened the sterner features of the character of Cornelia, but enough remains, to neutralize, in a great measure, that feeling of compassion which a mother, noble and unfortunate as Cornelia, would otherwise awaken. Licinia, again, is "a very foolish, fond," young woman,—as weak and wavering as Cornelia is decided and unbending. Neither of these females, therefore, are really interesting. "Here he gives too little—there too much." We dare not offer the tribute of tears to one who feels not for herself; and we should, in the other case, feel more ready to express our sympathy, were it less clamorously called for.

The whole interest of the play, in fact, is concentrated in Caius Gracchus. The other male characters are mere sketches, mere foils to the finished portrait of the republican orator.

He is the master-cloud. These ragged ones

That lower before, move only in subservience

To the ascendant of the other.

And that ascendant is not undeserved. His character, notwithstanding the defects of the plot, has a captivating frankness about it, and that sad spirit of prophetic anticipation with which Mr Knowles has shaded his enthusiasm,—the desponding conviction that *he*, at least, was marked for destruction, whatever might be the happier fate of those ungrateful and wavering Plebeians "whose rights he battled to resume," gives to the whole a touching and melancholy beauty.

The piece opens with the trial of Vettius, the friend of C. Gracchus. As he is on the point of being condemned, the quiet, studious, retired Gracchus, unexpectedly appears in the rostrum, and, by an animated appeal to the assembly, procures the acquittal of Vettius. The first part of his speech is eloquent and dramatic;—what follows appears to us in a much more questionable taste:

C. Grac.—Romans! I hold a copy of the charge—

And depositions of the witnesses.

Upon three several grounds he is arraign'd—
First, that he strove to bring the magistracy

Into contempt; next, that he form'd a plot,

With certain slaves, to raise a tumult; last—

And were there here the slightest proof, myself

Would bid him sheathe a dagger in his breast!—

That he conspir'd with enemies of Rome—
With foreigners! barbarians! to betray her!

The first, I'll answer—Vettius is a Roman,

And 'tis his privilege to speak his thoughts.
The next, I'll answer—Vettius is a free-man,

And never would make compact with a slave.

The last, I'll answer—Vettius loves his country,

And who that loves his country would betray her?

But, say they, "We have witnesses against him."

Name them!—Who stands the first upon the list?

A Client—I'll oppose to him a Senator.
Who next? A Slave—Set down a Roman Knight.

Who follows last? The Servant of a Questor—

I'll place a Tribune opposite to him!
How stand we now? Which weighs the heavier?

Their Questor's Servant or my Tribune?—
Their

Slave, or my Roman Knight?—Their Client, or

My Senator?—Now, call your witnesses!

Whether the speech be good or bad, however, it produces the desired effect, and at the same time seals the fate of the orator, who is from that moment marked out for Patrician vengeance. In order to remove him from the city, he is promoted by Optimus to the office of Questor. The measure, however, intended for his humiliation, adds to his fame. He returns to Rome, covered with glory,—solicits and obtains the Tribuneship. His mother, Cornelia, hears of his success with blended feelings of triumph and despondency.

Cor.—It would come to this!

I knew that it would come to this, Licinia!

And I could tell what further it will come to,

If I would! No matter! Two such
 sons as mine
 Were never made for mothers that have
 eyes
 Which are afraid of tears—that come to me
 As old acquaintance. I did rear my boys
 Companions for the gods!—Why wonder I

If they will go to them ere other men!
 Many a time, when they have stood before me,

Such things as mothers seldom look upon,
 And I have seem'd to feed on them with mine eyes,

My thoughts have ponder'd o'er their bier, where they

Lay stiff and cold!—I would not see them so

If I could help it—but I would not help it
 To see them otherwise, and other men.—
 My Caius must be Tribune!

[*Shouts several times, approaching nearer.*

Licina.—And he is so!

Those shouts proclaim it. See, Cornelia,
 He comes! Behold!—Look how they hem him round!

Why do you turn away?

Cor.—I turn away

To see that flush of triumph on his cheek,—

Which lights it up as he did feel a god—
 And think how I may after see that cheek,
 And think upon that flush.

The Patrician party now resort to more insidious measures. Drusus, the colleague of Gracchus in the Tribuneship, a weak, well-meaning man, is worked upon by Opimius, to believe that Gracchus aimed only at his private advantage, and prevailed upon to assist the views of the Senate. Accordingly, when Gracchus appears in the Forum, to propose some decrees in favour of the citizens, he is fairly out-bidden by Drusus, who follows up every additional bounty by disclaiming all share in the favour, and ascribing the whole to "the Senate." This scene, we confess, appears to us rather ridiculous. It is a mere trial of purses between the competitors.

The popularity of Gracchus is now on the decline. He is dismissed from his office of Tribune, and a proposal made to abrogate his laws. This last insult rouses him to a determined resistance, and, after some hesitation, he resolves to strike a last blow in defence of the liberties of Rome. The following scene contains some passages of that more quiet

and tender feeling which is rarely met with, and would indeed be out of place, in the bustling scenes of this drama. It forms a fine repose between the contention in the Forum and the burst of the conspiracy.

Licina.—I wish

He would come home!—Why should he
 sup abroad

To-night? Most like it is my brother's fault.

He never lets him rest with taking him
 To Carbo's house—or Flaccus's—or to some

Such place. I would he had a wife himself,

To keep him more at home.—Cornelia's right;

I'm half asleep already.—A heavy lid
 Is strange companion to an anxious heart!

Come thou that canst discourse without a tongue,

Cunning beguiler of the lonely! talk to me,

And for my dear lord, help me to keep watch!

[*She sits down and reads—grows gradually drowsier—the scroll presently falls from her hand, and she sleeps.*

Enter CAIUS, without seeing her.

C. Gracc.—What meant the boy by starting when he let

Me in?—What's in my face, to make him hold

His breath, and change his colour at? I thought

At first the house was not my own—and never

Look'd it so like my own.—A hundred objects,

Day after day I've pass'd, with just as much

Of consciousness as they had not been here,

I now distinguish with a feeling of

Such recognition, as invests them with

The worth of precious things.—The common couch

Stands in our supper-room, a dozen times
 A day I've thrown myself upon, without

Thought it supported me—when now I pass'd it,

I could not help but stop, as it had been
 Some special minister of happiness

Did challenge salutation.—What!—
Licina!—

Asleep too.—She is sitting up for me!

Come now, conspiracy, thou bold redresser
 Of grievances, dost doubly stake thy life

Thou wilt achieve beneath the peaceful brows

Of the household cave, that never thought to see it,

What were done better in the stony eyes
Of frowning battlements—and lead along
The streets, where children, wives, and
matrons tread,

Mars' revels, fitter to be acted on
Some far removed, unfrequented waste ;
Come now, and while the silken bands of
sleep

Hold thy unconscious, unoffending victim,
Look on, and scan thy plea of conjura-
tion,

And see if it be proof.—Thou canst
not do it !

Already is the ague creeping o'er
Thy flesh, at longer trial of the test
Would shake the weapon from thy hand,
though clench'd

With thousand oaths !—That I should
see her thus !

I must not look on her again—nor speak
to her—

I'll call her maid to watch by her, and
then

I will to bed and sleep—or feign to sleep !

The morning dawns upon a scene
of blood. Gracchus, after endeavouring
to persuade the citizens to leave
him to his fate, is at last prevailed
on to lead them to the combat. They
are defeated. Cornelia, Licinia, and
a terrified group of women, have taken
refuge in the temple of Diana,
while Caius Gracchus seeks a tem-
porary protection at the altar.

*C. Gracc.—(Still without.)—Thank-
less hearts !*

Not one presents himself to aid my sword ;
Or lend a charger to assist my flight ;
But, as I were a racer in the games,
They cry, " make haste !" and shout, as
I pass by !

May they remain the abject things they
are,

Begging their daily pittance from the
hands

Of tyrant lords that spurn them !—May
they crawl

Ever in bondage and in misery,
And never know the blessed rights of
freemen !

Here will I perish ! *[Enters.*

*Licinia.—(Rushing up to him.)—
Caius !*

C. Gracc.—My Licinia !—

My mother too !—

*Licinia.—Why should you perish ?—
Fly,*

And save your life, my Caius !—Fly.—
A steed—

A steed ! There are a hundred ways to
save

Your life ; take one of them, my Caius.

Cor.—If

There's any hope, my son.—

C. Gracc.—My child too !—

Tit.—(Entering.)—Caius !—

Caius, remain not here ! Pomponius and
Licinius, striving to keep back the Consul,
And give you time for flight, have fallen
beneath

His hirelings' blows.—They have the
scent of you.

Another moment's pause, and you are
lost.

Cor.—Make the attempt, my son !

Licinia.—Fly !—Fly !—

*Lucius.—(Entering.)—It is
Too late.*

*Cor.—Embrace me, Caius !—O my son,
The gods do bare no sword 'gainst vir-
tue !*

C. Gracc.—No !—

No, mother !—My Licinia ! Give me
my child.

Mother, be you a parent to my wife,
[Aside to Cornelia.

A tutor to my child. The lessons you
Did make me con, teach him ; none
else—he cannot

Learn better !

*Licinia.—Caius ! Caius !—Do you
know*

No means of flight ?

C. Gracc.—I do.

Licinia.—I hear them—Use it !

Use it, dear husband !—Now !—

C. Gracc.—I will.—I'd kiss

My boy first.—Mother !—

Licinia.—They are here !

*C. Gracc.—Now thee !—(Embraces
her.)*

*Licinia.—Away !—What's that you
feel for, Caius,*

Under your robe ?

*C. Gracc.—Nothing, love, nothing.—
Rome !*

O Rome !

After these extracts, we have no
wish to conclude with censure. Yet
we would notice one or two slight
defects, because we think they are
rather too common in Mr Knowles'
poetry. In his wish to be natural,
he sometimes stoops to a familiarity
that is almost ludicrous. Thus, in
Virginiius :

Come to the supper-room. Do you wait
for me

To lead Virginia in—or will you do it ?

Who does not perceive that this
piece of modern politeness is quite
out of place. We think we see Ici-
lius offering one arm to the lady,
with an opera hat under the other.

Again, in one of the finest passages of the play :

I never saw you look so like your mother
In all my life.

The conclusion is an absurd modern tautology. In *Caius Gracchus*, Licinia observes :

Shan't we be happy ? say we shall !

C. Gracc.—We shall ! to be sure—

Licinia.—Say it out.

C. Gracc.—To be sure we shall !

We had marked a good many pass-

ages of the same kind, but we shall spare ourselves and our readers the unwelcome detail.

On the whole, we feel ourselves justified in saying, that Mr Knowles has produced two dramas superior to any that have appeared in our own days, with the exception of the admirable *Sardanapalus* of Byron, whose dramatic powers it seems the cant of the time to undervalue. Another age, we doubt not, will think differently.—meantime, we think we cannot pay Mr Knowles a greater compliment.

ST. DOMINGO, OR HAYTI *.

THIS island, the finest of all the West Indies, was one of the discoveries of the Columbus, and consequently, at one time, the entire property of Spain. France having obtained a footing in it, the possessions of that country in St. Domingo, in the year 1790, had risen to such a degree of eminence, as to rival, if not surpass, every other European establishment in the New World. Though its colony did not extend over more than about one-third part of the island, yet, at this period, the exports from the French part of the island of St. Domingo will be found to double those of the whole Island of Jamaica at the same period. The population, at this period, is stated at 30,831 whites, 480,000 negro slaves, and about 24,000 mulattoes, or people of colour.

Such was the flourishing state of the French colony in St. Domingo, when France was destined to all the horrors of the Revolution. During the innovating spirit which, at that period, prevailed in the mother country, laws were passed exceedingly disagreeable to the white colonists, and, among others, the ill-judged one of at once emancipating all the blacks and mulattoes. Such a measure was fraught with ruin to the unhappy planters ; and the awful consequences were soon felt.

In 1791, an insurrection broke out among the negroes ; the mulattoes took part with them in the rebellion ; and this flourishing colony and beautiful spot of the globe became the

theatre of a warfare, the most revolting in its nature, and the accounts of which must be distressing to every feeling mind. France, when it was too late, saw the evil produced by its ill-judged liberality, and annulled the law which it had passed in favour of the slaves. But it was now too late ; they had tasted the sweets of liberty, and were not to be reduced to their former state of dependence. Arms were resorted to. The French endeavoured to reduce the negroes and mulattoes to their former situation, while they were determined sooner to perish than again be slaves. This horrid contest continued with little interruption until 1804. The accounts which are given of it are of the most appalling kind ; and it is to be regretted, and, indeed, matter of surprise, that beings so loose from the wilds of Africa, and who had been accustomed to all the enormities of savage life, are represented as not surpassing in acts of cruelty and barbarity their enemies—men who had been brought up in civilized life, and from whom might have been expected feelings of greater humanity.

To give you an idea of the vindictive feelings then existing between the combatants, and of the outrages that they led to, I need only take notice of one of the many acts of brutality which is related of this savage conflict. Upon one occasion, the French having been unsuccessful in an attack on the blacks, their General caused five hundred of the pri-

* Extracted from the Journal of a gentleman who lately visited the Island.

soners of the latter to be wantonly put to death. Many of them, not having been killed outright, were left, their bodies all mangled, exposed to the heat of a scorching sun, or thrown into pits made for the purpose, with life half extinct.

In retaliation for such an atrocity, five hundred of the French officers and soldiers, who had fallen into the hands of their enemies, were led out, and the same number of gibbets being erected in sight of the French army, these miserable victims were thereon hanged, to atone for the guilt of their countrymen—

In this dark hour of deep distress,
What feelings on the mind would press !

In 1804, the French were entirely expelled from St. Domingo, and the blacks and mulattoes formed a Government of their own, at the head of which they placed Desalines, a negro who had taken an active part in the rebellion. They renounced, for ever, all connection with France; and pledged themselves, by oath, rather to perish than yield again to her dominion.

Desalines was appointed Governor-General for life, and entrusted with the power of enacting laws, making war or peace, and nominating his successor; and in order that nothing might remain to remind them of the French yoke, they abolished the name of St. Domingo, and restored to their newly-acquired possessions that of Hayti, the original name of the island when discovered by Christopher Columbus. Desalines was afterwards created Emperor, under the title of James the First, and, at the same time, a regular code of laws was drawn up by delegates, chosen by the people for the future administration of the Government.

Their new Emperor proved unworthy of the honour conferred on him, and in consequence of many acts of tyranny and oppression, a conspiracy was formed against him. On the 17th October 1806, the conspirators put their scheme in execution. He was surrounded by his enemies head-quarters, and while attempting to escape, he received a wound, which he immediately expired. At the time of Desalines' death,

his two chief officers were Christophe and Petion. Both aspired to the Sovereignty, and each succeeded in forming a party for himself. Christophe assembled his friends in the North, and took up his quarters at Cape François, the former capital of the French. Petion's adherents lay in the South, and he established himself at Port-au-Prince.

A war now ensued betwixt these two candidates for power. Christophe was at first successful, and having gained a victory over the army of his opponent, he led his troops even to the walls of Port-au-Prince. Some disturbances in his own capital obliged him, however, to raise the siege of Port-au-Prince, and return thence.

In 1810, though no regular treaty had ever taken place, yet each party seemed to desist from any future aggression; and, by a sort of tacit agreement, the boundary of their dominion was fixed by the River Artebonite; Christophe's sway extending over all north of that, and south of it being under the dominion of Petion.

At first, the form of both Governments was Republican; but, in 1810, Christophe was invested with the title of Sovereign, under that of Henry the First. The other part of the island under Petion still adhered to the Republican institutions. From the above period, until the death of Christophe in 1820, little of much interest has occurred in the two Governments of Hayti.

The death of King Henry was the first intelligence announced to us on our arrival at Jacquesnel. It had happened some weeks previous, and the following particulars were afterwards communicated to me:

For some time previous to his death his subjects had betrayed symptoms of discontent at his harsh and cruel treatment of them, and their dislike to his arbitrary government had been much increased, by comparing their situation with that of their neighbours. But while Christophe's subjects were represented to me as having been subjected to every inconvenience which the caprice of a cruel and despotic tyrant could occasion, those of Boyer, the successor of Petion, enjoyed every advantage

that could result from the mild government of a man who had their happiness and interest truly at heart. Such, however, was the terror with which Henry had inspired his subjects, and the ascendancy he had acquired over them, that while he enjoyed his wonted health and activity, no insurgent could have anticipated success. But his frame had of late become more enervated, and he had for some time been confined to his palace at Sans Souci, in the neighbourhood of Cape Henry.

It was at a town called St. Mares where the rebellion first broke out. The captain of a regiment stationed there succeeded in withdrawing his troops from their allegiance to Henry, and making himself master of the town. He then dispatched a messenger to Boyer, communicating these circumstances, and stating that he would deliver over the town to him. Boyer did not at first credit this information; but the officer alluded to finding this the case, transmitted to him the heads of the former commandant of the place, and another person in Henry's interest. All doubts being thus removed, President Boyer did not fail to take advantage of so favourable a coincidence, and assembling his troops at his capital, Port-au-Prince, he marched at their head into the dominions of Christophe.

When the news of the revolt reached Cape Henry, the King immediately commanded his guards to march against the insurgents. Finding, however, that they refused to obey his orders, he lost all patience, and abandoning himself to despair, he retired to his dressing-closet, and there put a period to his existence.

I am aware that in Great Britain a variety of opinions exist with regard to King Henry. That he was brave, and possessed great natural abilities, must be admitted by all; and even by his enemies he is represented as having been a kind husband and an affectionate father. But while, by some, he is represented as a good and just monarch, anxious for the happiness of his subjects, and the prosperity of his country, by others he is held up as a remorseless and bloody tyrant, intent only on his own personal aggrandizement,

and keeping his subjects in a state of the most abject misery. Every account given me of him, during my residence in St. Domingo, represented him in the latter point of view; but I am inclined to make some allowance for these, as coming from those who had formerly been his enemies; and I would fain believe that it was the great freedom enjoyed by the subjects of Boyer, from their Republican form of Government, which, upon a comparison, made the subjects of Henry consider that they were hardly treated, and not any atrocious acts of cruelty in the King himself; at least I could never hear of any particular act of cruelty which Henry committed. As a proof, however, of the detestation in which he was held, the moment his death was announced, the infuriated populace broke into his castle, and stripping his body naked, dragged it out, and threw it on a dung-hill. His two sons, the young Princes, were afterwards butchered, and his wife and daughters with difficulty escaped. The description of events of this kind can neither be pleasant to the writer nor interesting to the reader; and I assure you it is with pleasure that I now turn my back upon them.

Having learnt the death of Christophe, President Boyer continued his route to Cape Henry. Upon reaching it, he found matters in the greatest disorder. The people were without a leader, and the soldiers and populace had broke into the Royal Treasury, and plundered it of a great part of its contents. Boyer, however, succeeded in securing eleven millions of dollars, which he shipped off for Port-au-Prince; but I was informed this was not near the sum which Christophe was understood to have accumulated.

After some days, order was restored, and Boyer having proposed the union of the whole of Hayti under one government, and offered himself for their chief, it was agreed, that the two governments of the Blacks should be united, and Hayti declared one Republic, under the dominion of President Boyer. Port-au-Prince was fixed upon as the capital, and, not to cherish the name of Christophe, Cape Henry once more changed its name for that of Cape Haytian.

Thus were again united a people whom two ambitious chiefs had succeeded in keeping so many years distinct,—who, in the cause of their liberty, had fought and bled together, and from whose mutual exertions the soil on which they had formerly laboured as slaves, had been secured to themselves and their children for a possession, and could now be hailed under the endearing name of their country. That one portion of such a people should be at variance with another was unnatural. Their interests were in every respect the same,—their situations (I speak of the blacks, the mulattoes forming but a small proportion of the Haytians,) had been the same,—their language was for the most part similar,—and, more than all, their complexion formed the strongest tie of connection betwixt them.

An idea is pretty generally entertained, that the subjects of Boyer were composed principally of mulattoes; while those of Christophe, or Henry, were all negroes; but this is far from being correct. The population of Hayti, at present, is estimated at about 500,000 blacks, and 20,000 mulattoes. (I allude to the subjects of Henry and Boyer, previous to the late revolution in the Spanish part of the island.) The far greater proportion of the latter resided, undoubtedly, in the dominions of Boyer; but his subjects were estimated fully as numerous as those of Christophe, and consequently the greater number of them were likewise negroes.

It is the interest of the Haytians to remain united. Should France ever think again of subjugating them, she will find, in their united force, a power not to be easily overcome, from the mountainous nature of the country, and the climate of St. Domingo; and while they are at peace among themselves, having time to devote to commerce and agricultural pursuits, their country will flourish. But however much it would be for their welfare, the prejudices existing among such a mixture of human beings makes it extremely doubtful that they will long enjoy the blessing of peace.

The present population of Hayti consists of the most motley group of

the human species possible to imagine. There is to be witnessed, countenances from the jettest black in all the gradations, until the distinction from a white is scarcely perceptible; and to be found, a people speaking a variety of languages: fugitives from Cuba, who can speak only a kind of Spanish jargon; from Jamaica, whose only language is a sort of broken English; emigrants from Curacao, talking Dutch; and the original blacks and mulattoes of the island, whose language is a sort of bastard French. All these that I have mentioned are either blacks or mulattoes, and whose complexion entitles them to all the privileges of the Republic. There are, besides, several white people settled in Hayti, natives of Europe and America, but who are not permitted to interfere in any government matters. Indeed their number is too small to give them any weight. It is of the Haytians alone that I speak, in alluding to the feelings of jealousy that exist. Those betwixt the blacks and mulattoes are particularly observable to a stranger, and would induce him to believe that the union of these two classes cannot be of long continuance. At present, it is matter of surprise how Boyer succeeds in pleasing both parties; and to me nothing could yield a stronger proof of his wisdom.

I have heard it alleged, that, previous to the revolution, those of the mulattoes who possessed slaves treated them with far more cruelty than the white planters; and from this cause, no doubt, has arisen the feelings of dislike on the part of the negroes towards the mulattoes. They, on the other hand, are proud and overbearing, priding themselves on their complexion and superior information; they consider the negroes as their inferiors, and refrain from being on any familiar footing with them. I am therefore inclined to fear that the sentiments of animosity that are at present observable amongst the blacks and mulattoes will be an obstacle to Hayti enjoying a lasting peace. At this moment, the negroes would manage very ill without the assistance of the others. All the mulattoes have received education, and many of them having been brought up and educated in France,

they form by far the most intelligent part of the community. In general, the negroes have as yet made but little progress in civilization. The consequence is, all the principal offices under Boyer are managed by the mulattoes; and I believe this does not arise from the partiality of Boyer (who is himself a mulatto) for the people of his own complexion, but from the incapacity of the blacks for such employment. It is in the army in which the negroes are found most useful; several of them are also commandants of the towns, which situations requiring only activity and perseverance, they are better fitted for than any civil employment.

In the part of Hayti which I visited, the population of the towns consists principally of mulattoes. The houses are, in general, erected of wood; for the most part, not higher than one story, and having the apartments fronting the streets allotted for shops. I was surprised at the number of shops in all the towns. In every house there appeared one of them. The females have the charge of them, and not only attend to the sales, but almost invariably make the purchases themselves, without consulting their husbands. Indeed, so complete a cypher is the husband in their mercantile transactions, that his name is never mentioned in the wholesale merchants' books. The accounts are all kept in the ladies' names, and it is them only whom the wholesale-dealer holds responsible. As for the men, I could never discover any ostensible employment they had. They appeared to spend their time in a listless indolence, consuming the greater part of the day in smoking segars. They smoke at all hours, and every situation—riding, walking, and sitting—and this appeared to be the chief pleasure of their lives. The women, on the contrary, seemed always actively employed in vending or sorting their goods, and anxious to provide for their husbands and families.

So intent are the Haytian fair on making money, that their passion for gain seems to overcome the tender feelings of their sex. While I was in Hayti, a disease, called the seram-pion, was raging among the natives.

It is the same as that known by the name of the measles in this country. It affected old and young, and, among others, a mulatto lady at Aux-bages, at the time her mother was absent in the country, upon some mercantile business. Hearing of her daughter's indisposition, she wrote her, expressing her sorrow for the situation she was in, but telling her, that until she got her business accomplished, which would require some time, she could not return. In the meantime, her daughter was at the gates of death, this distemper having proved very fatal to the Haytians. How different, in such circumstances, would have been the conduct of a countrywoman of our own!

The negroes who reside in the towns are chiefly those people employed in building houses, and unloading and reloading the different vessels that trade to the Republic. They have lost none of their savage character, which, with the freedom enjoyed by the Haytians, under the Republican form of government, renders them in every respect most disagreeable servants. It is not sufficient that these fellows' wages are exorbitant. Flattery must likewise be made use of to get them to work. To have any thing to do with them requires the greatest exercise of patience possible. The foreign merchants are not unfrequently put to their wits, from the absurd freedom these negroes enjoy, and the treatment which they can with impunity bestow on any white person. I cannot conceive any thing whatever more provoking than the contagious conduct of the black labourers in St. Domingo; but in order that I may make this more evident to you, I shall state only one case, which I think will sufficiently support my opinion.

In embarking coffee, it is conveyed from the merchant's store to the customhouse, where it is weighed. The customhouses are situated on wharfs about 150 yards into the sea; and after the coffee is weighed, it is carried from the customhouse to the extremity of the wharf, or pier, from which it is conveyed in boats to the vessels at anchor in the bay. On these wharfs there is no shade or covering whatever, and it frequently

happens, that before the coffee can be taken off, deluges of rain take place. When the coffee is in hags, it is apt to be very much injured by the rain, and it becomes necessary to transport it back to the customhouse warehouse; in effecting this, the greatest celerity is necessary, for the rain there falls in such torrents, that in a few moments the whole coffee would be destroyed. It is when threatened with one of these showers, and his property lies exposed on the wharf, that the foreign merchant, however respectable in circumstances, has to cringe, and behave with every submission, to these black vagabonds. He is not permitted to use any compulsory measures, and can only expect to save his property by entreaties and submission. If he appears at all out of humour, he will only be laughed at; they delight in bringing to the remembrance of white people that they are no longer slaves, and though of a different complexion, that they consider themselves in every respect their equals.

I was amused with a gentleman from Jamaica, who happened to be in Hayti while I was there. He had been accustomed to all obsequiousness from the negroes of that island, and seemed to expect the same submissiveness from those he was now amongst. He had, however, the mortification to find his ideas of superiority here treated with contempt, and giving way to his feelings, he threatened to flog some of them; but he was informed in return, that they were not only their own masters now, but his also while he was in the island; and if he did not behave well, they would flog him. This gentleman seemed to weary very much of his residence among the blacks of St. Domingo, and to long for a country where such an expression of disrespect would almost amount to a capital crime.

In the southern parts of Hayti, the negro population, with the exception of the few who reside in the towns, the most of whom are of the description I have given, occupy the mountains. Many of them have coffee plantations, and from the high price which that article has for some time brought in the markets of Europe and America, they have acquired

greater riches than they know what to do with. Some of them were pointed out to me who were said to possess many thousand pounds, but there appeared nothing indicative of such wealth. Their habitations were simple constructions of wood, with an earthen floor, and the interior of them but poorly furnished with articles of use. The men and women were plainly dressed in the manufactures of Europe; the men's dress being comprised of a short blue jacket of woollen cloth, and waistcoat and trowsers of white chintz; the women's consisting of a cotton shift and petticoat, made much after the English fashion, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads as turbans. For articles of food, however, besides the productions of their own plantations, such as coffee, yams, plantains, with poultry, such as geese, fowls, turkeys, which are reared about their cottages, they had supplied themselves with rice, flour, and dried-fish, imported into the sea-port from America, and with wines and spiritous liquors brought from France.

There are others of the negroes who live in the rudest state possible. They obtain a subsistence by raising a few yams, and from poultry reared about their huts; and in general, they have a few coffee trees, from which they may reap a sufficient quantity of coffee for their own consumption, and have a little to spare for other necessities; but their exertions are seldom equal to produce them any comforts or luxuries. The interior of *their* huts present scarcely a single article of use; no bed, nor table, nor even so much as a chair.

In one of these miserable habitations which I entered, was seated, in one corner of the room, on a mat, a young negro, about twenty years of age, with three infants; and in another corner, a more elderly female, with a family more advanced. Both were the wives and families of the proprietor of the house, a negro apparently about sixty. The women wore nothing on their bodies except a chemise, made of coarse Osnaburg. The younger of the two was suckling an infant, and two round apertures were made in the garment, through which the full breasts projected, and were entirely exposed. The husband

had no clothing, with the exception of a pair of Osnaburg trowsers, the upper part of his body being altogether naked: all the younger branches of the family were in a state of entire nakedness. It is true, that in such a climate little covering is necessary, but the inmates of this abode presented, upon the whole, such a spectacle of wretchedness, as to make me naturally conclude, that notwithstanding they never enjoyed the freedom of their own will, yet, in point of comfort, their situation would not bear a comparison with that of any slave in our plantations.

The manners of the better classes of the mulattoes and blacks participate of the French. Their mode of living is similar, and they pretend to all that politeness and etiquette observable in the French character. Even among the lower classes, it is not uncommon to observe two wretches, almost naked, salute each other after the French style.

In their intercourse with one another, the Haytians are upon a footing of the utmost equality. Their form of government prevents all distinction of persons. Liberty and equality reign throughout their republic, and the meanest inhabitant in it considers himself upon a footing, not only with his own countrymen, but with any stranger that may come in his way, whatever be his rank, wealth, or information. The religion throughout the whole Republic is the Roman Catholic. It was, however, only lately that the head of that church took any notice of the blacks. While I was in Hayti, eleven priests and bishops arrived direct from Rome, to take charge of the church in that part of the world, and were received with great respect by President Boyer. He, however, has since had reason to believe, that these gentlemen were attempting to make some innovations in the government, and he has consequently obliged every one of them to leave the country. The religious affairs of the Haytians will, therefore, be managed as formerly, any person becoming their priest who sets up pretensions to that holy character. The office of the priest has, heretofore, been generally filled by adventurers from the Spanish Main, and has

been a profession attended with no small emolument. The exactions of the priests, from the ignorant blacks, were enormous. For giving absolution, their customary charge was one hundred dollars, and for attending a funeral, sixteen dollars.

The funerals in that climate, even among the natives, are very frequent. Scarce a day that I was at Jacquemel but one of them took place, and sometimes more. A funeral in Hayti presents to a stranger a novel and interesting spectacle. It forms a grand procession. In the front is the priest's attendants, carrying flags, and chanting occasionally a hymn. The holy man then follows, attired in a loose sable cloak, and afterwards the repository of the dead, carried on the shoulders of four men. Then come the attendants, both male and female, in full dress. The men are attired in black coats, and chints or nankeen waistcoat and trowsers. The women form far the most numerous part of the group. Their dresses are composed of white muslin gowns, white silk stockings, white kid shoes, and yellow Madras handkerchiefs, elegantly tied in the forms of turbans, round their head. In the one hand they carry a white muslin handkerchief, and the other is employed in holding a red silk parasol over their head. Their neck is surrounded with a gold chain, their fingers covered with gold rings, and their hair, which is an object of their greatest care, plaited in ringlets round their face. The funerals afford the ladies an opportunity of displaying their fine dresses, and they crowd to this parade as to a ball-room. No invitation is given or expected, nevertheless these processions are always well attended; seldom by fewer than two or three hundred.

Previous to being conveyed to the church-yard, the coffin is brought and placed in the interior of the church: the whole company enter along with it, and some ceremonies are then gone through, such as sprinkling with holy water, &c. It is then removed to the church-yard, and as it descends into the grave, each person present takes a handful of earth, which he throws after it. This is considered as a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased,

and an expression of anxiety that he may soon escape the gates of Purgatory.

Sunday is the great market-day of the Haytians. On the morning of that day, crowds of the country people are seen pouring into town, with baskets of their different commodities, such as fruits, yams, and plantains. There are large squares in all the towns I was in, allotted for their market-place, and here is to be witnessed a very busy scene betwixt the country people and town merchants, bartering and vending a variety of articles. At the funerals is to be witnessed the greatest display of town elegance; and upon this occasion, a person is gratified with a sight of the Haytian peasantry. They are, upon this occasion, all dressed in their best attire, and though far behind the citizens in splendid equipment, yet I must do the blacks the justice to say, that where they are not in very miserable circumstances, they are generally to be seen clean, with what raiment they have neatly put on. Though I have before given a description of the miserable appearance of the inmates of a hut which I entered, in the country, yet such wretchedness, I should fain hope, is not general. Those country people who frequent the Sunday markets have a healthy, clean appearance, and all of them are clothed. I must, moreover, say, that their appearance, in general, is indicative of happiness and contentment, and their manners are of a more pleasing nature than those blacks to be met with in the town. The markets are over about nine o'clock A. M., at which time it is customary to go to church. I remarked that very few indeed of the Haytian men attended the church-service. The churches, however, were always crowded with women, who appeared to join very devoutly in the devotions. The men spend their time at home, and make this a day of feasting. I am inclined to believe, that the Haytians know but little of the pleasures of domestic life. The ceremony of marriage is but little attended to by the mulattoes, and, by the blacks, not at all. They, in general, attach themselves to one female, but incontinency is no uncom-

mon matter among them. Frequently, besides the person who passes for their wife, they have one or two other mistresses. It will occasion surprise, no doubt, when I mention, that no Haytian female is permitted to marry a white man. They are not, however, prevented from residing with foreigners, as their "friends;" and most of the foreign merchants resident in the Republic have formed such connections, principally with mulatto ladies. They are excellent managers of household matters, and give a preference to living with white people, both on account of their being more kindly treated than with the men of their own colour, and because they are better supplied with articles of dress, a passion for which is a predominant feature in their character. When they have the means, they adorn themselves with great art, and are so capricious in their taste, that the variety and elegance of their wardrobe will seldom be exceeded. It is no uncommon matter for a respectable Haytian to possess upwards of a hundred Madras handkerchiefs, of different patterns, thirty or forty gowns, and other dresses in proportion. Their minds, however, are but poorly informed. In general, they can read and write, but their reading is of the lightest nature, consisting chiefly of French plays and novels.

Having taken notice of what I consider may give you some little idea of the Haytian, I shall now call your attention to a subject which, from our profession, should be the most interesting to both of us—I allude to the trade of St. Domingo.

During the time that the French planters flourished in that part of the world, as I have already stated, the exports from their colony were greater than those from the whole Island of Jamaica. To the best of my recollection, the exports at that period were calculated at nearly six millions sterling. In the war which ensued betwixt the negroes and their former masters, it was not to be expected that care could be taken of the fine plantations then in the island. Both the sugar and indigo plantations were permitted to go to ruin; and the only remains of the French industry in

this delightful Island, are the coffee-trees, which now constitute the wealth of the Haytians. The coffee tree does not produce for the first three years after it is planted, but after that, an acre of good ground planted with coffee trees, will yield about £.750 sterling. The coffee plantations always thrive best in the mountains, whereas the savannahs, or plains, were better adapted for the growth of the sugar and indigo plants. Coffee being now the only article cultivated by the Haytians to any extent, and the plantations of that article not having been increased since the French lost their possessions in St. Domingo, the trade of the country has, in consequence, considerably diminished. The yearly produce of Hayti is calculated to be thirty millions of pounds of coffee, or about fifteen thousand tons, which, at a hundred pounds per ton, would only yield one million and a half sterling. The import into the country should not exceed that sum, for coffee being the only article allowed to be exported in return, any increase upon the imports must occasion a loss to the parties concerned. Indeed, the average I have taken coffee at is a very high one, and perhaps eighty pounds per ton is a high enough price for the foreign merchant to pay for his returns, when it is taken into consideration that he is often obliged to sell his goods in Hayti at a very low price, and sometimes even at a loss. This would reduce the exports to one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling. The imports, heretofore, into Hayti, have always very greatly exceeded in value what the country had to give in return; and the natural consequence has been, the trade has proved a ruinous one for those concerned. From the over quantity of goods which have been sent there, a competition has always subsisted, among the disposers, to such a degree, as to reduce the price of commodities very low; and, on the other hand, a proportional competition has been created in the purchase of coffee, which has enhanced the price of that article far beyond its value in the markets of Europe. But this is not the only evil which has occurred from the excess of im-

ports into Hayti. From the competition that has in consequence arisen, credit has become very cheap, and the goods of the foreign merchants have frequently been put in the hands of those who were by no means entitled to credit. The outstanding debts due by this description of Haytians to the British adventurers amounts to a very large sum, of which there is but little chance of their recovering any part. Twelve months is a customary credit in Hayti, and when you take into consideration the frequent casualties that happen in that climate, and that, when a person dies, his property is not to be got out of the hands of his relatives, you will admit that transactions become doubly hazardous. I believe myself justified in asserting, that few or none, engaged in the trade to the Republic of the blacks, have been successful in their adventures; on the contrary, that all of them are disgusted with the result. The trade to that part of the world, like every other which has opened to the enterprize of the British merchant, has been overdone. But while foreigners have been losing money by their adventures to Hayti, that country has been reaping advantages, both by its government and its inhabitants: the former from the taxes, and the latter from the cheap rate at which they have purchased from the foreign merchant, and the high price they have, at the same time, received for their own produce.

No foreigner, or white man, can commence business in Hayti, without a patent from the government, for which he pays sixteen hundred dollars annually. I calculate that there are at present about fifty foreign merchants established in the Republic, which alone will produce a revenue of eighty thousand dollars. Upon all imports into the country, there is an *ad valorem* duty levied, of twelve per cent., on the goods of all nations, except those of Great Britain, which are only charged with a duty of seven and a half per cent. From this source the revenue is very considerable. I was informed that the trade of the town of Auxbages alone, including an export-duty which is levied on coffee, yielded annually

five hundred thousand dollars. That of Port-au-Prince must at least double that sum; and there are, besides, several other towns in the Republic, the trade of which is considerable. The Haytians find the revenue arising from their exactions from foreign merchants, and foreign commodities, amply sufficient for defraying all the expences of their government, and I have no doubt money is accumulating fast in their treasury. The principal expence of their government is an allowance made to their President, of fifty thousand dollars a-year. Their army, which amounts to about twenty-five thousand men, is but poorly paid; and now, when peace reigns throughout their Republic, there will be no occasion for its services, and consequently this item of expenditure will be saved.

Considering the exactions that are levied from the foreign merchants resident in the Republic, it would be but just that they enjoyed every free privilege of carrying on business; but their operations are, nevertheless, very much hampered. They are not allowed to purchase any merchandise on their own account. If they want coffee, they must employ one of the Haytians to procure it for them, and to whom they have to pay a commission. If a cargo of merchandise arrives under the charge of the supercargo, they are not allowed to buy it even from him—only to receive it on consignment, and sell it on his account. Indeed, I may say, all the laws of Hayti are framed for the protection and encouragement of its own trade, with very little respect for the interest of foreigners. During the period that the French were masters there, if a white and a mulatto went into a Court of Justice, the latter could seldom expect any redress. The reverse is now completely the order of things. And I cannot conclude this letter, or whatever you may choose to call it, without expressing my opinion, that the white residents in Hayti are by no means to be envied. The frequent mortifications which they are subjected to, and the danger which they every day run of being sacrificed by the fury of some ruffian negro, with the great want of society, of books, and

of every thing that can make life agreeable, renders their situation not only unpleasant, but scarcely supportable for any length of time.

You will perhaps be disappointed that I have proceeded thus far, and taken so little notice of President Boyer, but the truth is, I know but little of that gentleman. The greater part of my residence in Hayti was spent at Jacquemel and Auxbages; and as the President's head-quarters were at Port-au-Prince, I had not an opportunity of being introduced to him. The short time I was at Port-au-Prince I was myself unwell, and when I recovered, though I might have had an opportunity of being introduced, yet, as the chateau where he resides was at some distance from the town, I did not wish to put any of my friends to the trouble of paying him a formal visit. He spends the greater part of his time at this chateau. It is pleasantly situated in a grove of trees, about four miles from town, on the road to Leagane, and has much the appearance of a nobleman's seat in our own country. The person whom President Boyer has fixed upon as his partner for life, is a mulatto lady, the widow of the former President Petion. Boyer, at the time of the late Petion's death, in 1818, was an officer in his army, and it was in consequence of Petion's recommendation that he was appointed his successor. Boyer was, I understand, originally a tailor; and I have heard it hinted, that he owed his aggrandizement to the partiality of Lady Petion, who had great influence with her former husband. The memory of Petion is very much revered by the Haytians. The latter years of his life he was subject to melancholy, and, I was informed, starved himself to death. His remains are interred in a tomb, built for the purpose, in the centre of the city of Port-au-Prince, where lamps are kept constantly burning.

Speaking generally of the Island of St. Domingo, no language of mine could convey to you an idea of its beauty. Business had formerly called me to almost every corner of my native country, and I used often to dwell with delight upon the many romantic spots to be met with in Caledonia. But what are all these,

when compared with the stupendous mountains and beautiful scenery of Hispaniola? It may well be termed "the Garden of the Sun," or "Eden of the World." Excuse me when I say, that our most romantic and rugged spots of Scotland,—our loftiest hills, and steepest precipices, are tame, when compared with the scenery of St. Domingo. From the summit of one of the high mountains of that Island, the prospect is inexpressibly grand. Nor does Nature appear less magnificent when the traveller, following the track of a river which sweeps along the foot of some of those stupendous steeps, casts his eyes upwards, and contemplates the summit of the lofty cliff that overhangs him. Take into consideration, also, that Nature here always wears a smiling appearance; the chill blast of winter is never felt. A continual summer seems to reign in this climate, and an effulgent sun gives even to the rugged rock a more lively aspect than it presents in our northern latitude. In travelling through some parts of St. Domingo, I found myself shaded by groves of orange trees, giving to the air an agreeable perfume, and the beautiful fruit of which hung over me in the greatest abundance. I confess to you, that in such a novel situation, I almost conceived myself in fairy-land, and had some difficulty to reconcile myself to the reality of the appearance before me.

Of the climate of St. Domingo I am inclined to think favourably. The heat, through the greater part of the day, is certainly oppressive, but the evenings and mornings are delightful—far more delightful than even "a still summer evening in the Shetland Isles." The atmosphere is in general clear, and a person is enabled to respire freely, which makes the excessive heat less distressing. I had no thermometer with me, but I believe the average heat of St. Domingo is about 85°, though frequently 90°, and I was informed, that off Cape Tiburoen, it was so high as 115° in the shade. In certain situations, the sea-breeze through the day has an invigorating effect. It is when its refreshing influence is not felt that the West Indies are most unhealthy.

Since my arrival in this country, another change has taken place in St. Domingo, which I certainly did not look for. It is the annexation of the Spanish part of this Island to the dominions of Boyer. This has been effected without bloodshed, but as the accounts of it have appeared in the public prints, I need not enlarge on the subject. By this arrangement, Boyer has obtained, I am informed, the addition of about thirty thousand to his population, besides the quiet possession of a country double the extent of his own. From such an extent of territory, Hayti becomes now no contemptible portion of the world, nor ought its policy perhaps be altogether disregarded. Its independence has never yet been acknowledged by any power, and it remains to be seen what steps other nations may take with regard to this curious Republic. It is my own opinion, that France will never again attempt to reduce it, because, as the slave-trade is now abolished, it would only be to the country a useless possession. I am far from thinking that France has not the means to conquer the Haytians. Fifty thousand of her soldiers, I am of opinion, would compel them to submit; and far less than that number, were the climate different. I consider the negroes great cowards, and having now become more luxurious, they are not able to undergo the same fatigue as formerly. Hayti has no navy; one frigate at Port-au-Prince, and which, I believe, is going fast to decay, composes its whole maritime strength.

I shall now conclude this recital with an account of a journey which I undertook, from Jacquemet to Port-au-Prince. From the roads in Hayti being frequently intersected by rivers, over which there is no bridge, and also passing over precipices over which no wheeled vehicle could mount, a horse or a mule is the only conveyance in some parts of it. The road which I had to travel, upon this occasion, had both these disadvantages, and, besides, was so intricate, that it is never undertaken without a guide. I therefore furnished myself with a horse for my own use, and a negro for a conductor, whom I got mounted upon a mule. Notwithstanding the heavy

dews which fall during the night, and which are understood to be dangerous, rather than be exposed to the scorching heat of the sun through the day, I determined upon travelling all night. It was moonlight, and we set out about eight o'clock *p. m.* In St. Domingo, the days are about twelve hours long, the sun rising about five, and setting about the same hour in the evening; the day had, therefore, about two hours closed when we took our departure. We continued our way through thickets, and other intricate places, until we reached the foot of a mountain, over which we had to pass. Here I halted, and allowing our animals to eat some of the fine natural grass, which grows luxuriantly every where, my guide and myself partook of some refreshments, which had been provided for the journey. After thus attending to our own wants, and those of our quadrupeds, we again set out, and began to ascend a stupendous mountain, which in many places was almost perpendicular. My horse found his way over these precipices with wonderful alacrity, but the mule and its rider came on very slowly, and kept me frequently waiting. At last, I lost all patience, and determined to push forward. I reached the summit of the mountain, where I had been informed there was a house, generally made a resting-place by travellers; but I could observe none such. I therefore began to descend the other side, allowing my horse to plunge over steeps, alarming to contemplate. I reached the foot of the hill, but here I found every trace of a road disappear. You may figure to yourself what an unpleasant situation I now found myself in. From not falling in with the house which I expected to have found on the top of the mountain, and from the disappearance of the road which I had been following, I was afraid I had gone out of the right path. On the other hand, I was led to believe that the track I had come along must lead to some frequented place. In this situation of perplexity, I determined upon crossing the river, which I effected without much difficulty, and had the satisfaction to find, on the other side, a beaten track,

like a foot-path, leading along the river side. I followed this for some time, and at length descried a hut, which I repaired to; and it is the reception which I there met with, that makes me take notice of this journey. It was now the dead of the night, and a solemn stillness reigned around. I was amongst savages, to make known to whom my lost and unprotected situation, might only have served as an inducement for them to take advantage of it. With a variety of unpleasant reflections crowding upon my mind, I however approached the door of the hut, and knocked gently. In a moment, I heard the sound of human voices, and a man came to the door, naked, to be sure, but whose manners possessed a degree of mildness and hospitality which I was not prepared for. He informed me, in the kindest manner, that I was in the right road to Port-au-Prince, and that when a star, which he pointed to, had sunk below the horizon, I should reach Leagane. I knew that I had to pass through this town, and therefore all my doubts were removed; but the kindness of this Haytian did not end here; he made his wife get up, and prepare some coffee for me; and little as he appeared to have to spare out of that little, he gave me abundance. I was completely exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, and never in my life did I feel so refreshed as from the repast of these good people. Even yet I think of this inhabitant of the wilds of Hayti as my benefactor. It is when our wants are the greatest, that favours conferred on us implant in our breasts the more lasting gratitude.

I reached Leagane about day-break. This is a healthy town, composed of one broad street, about a mile long, and is much resorted to by invalids from Port-au-Prince. I had some difficulty, here, in getting myself accommodated. There are no inns in Hayti, and I had to request the favour of being admitted into a private house, where, with difficulty, I got some grass for my horse, and breakfast for myself. Of the latter, the landlord of the house partook plentifully, and washed it down with a cup of claret. This, however, was at my expence, as I found in

settling the bill. He perhaps thought, that from his honouring me with his company, though without an invitation, the least recompence I could make was to pay his repast.

It was late in the evening before I reached Port-au-Prince. As I passed along the road, which runs through a level country, I was surrounded with myriads of the fire-fly, emitting a light which illumined all around. It was impossible not to be interested with this *ignis-fatuus*; but had I not been prepared for the appearance of these spirits of the night, I might not perhaps have felt so comfortable.

Port-au-Prince is the most unhealthy town in the whole Island of St. Domingo, and perhaps in the whole world. It is so situated, that it seldom enjoys the sea-breeze, and the inhabitants have, in consequence, to breathe a close, cloudy atmosphere. There many a European has found his grave, and few escape from it without having the fever of the country, the recovery from which

is so uncertain in that place, that when a person is known to be indisposed, his life becomes a matter of speculation, and large odds are given that he will not escape. This statement will not give you a very high opinion of the feelings of those I speak of, but casualties are there so frequent, that I believe the feelings get blunted, and death is less thought of. Both the British and American merchants in this city, as well, indeed, as all those who are settled in other parts of Hayti, are most hospitable, and their table is always open to strangers. The house of a Haytian merchant has more the appearance of a tavern than that of a private family. The society in Port-au-Prince is better than in any of the other towns in the Republic. There is, however, only one English lady in the whole town, who, with an Irish lady at Auxbages, form the sum-total of our fair countrywomen whose fortunes have led them to the dominions of President Boyer.

St. Domingo.

ST. RONAN'S WELL. BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," &c.

THIS novel is, in most points, the Antipodes to its predecessor. Compared with *Quentin Durward*, it is evening after the brilliancy of noon,—a simple melody after the clangor of martial music,—a quiet tale of familiar life after the magnificence of a foreign pageant. It seeks no aid from historical association, from the remembrance of great names or heroic deeds, from the pomp and circumstance of chivalry, or even the majesty of nature. It is a domestic tragedy, appealing to the heart from the narrow theatre of a deserted village, surrounded only by the scenery of pastoral life, and pictures of loneliness and decay. Its incidents are neither numerous nor uncommon; its range of character is rather limited, and the personages of the story, with the exception of the principal, are of that uninteresting class, that come like shadows, and depart without exciting any wish for their stay, or any anxiety for their return. And yet this retired and insulated scene is so

chequered with the lights and shadows of a poetical imagination,—this domestic story so diversified with scenes of humour or tenderness, and occasionally with darker pictures of impassioned and tragic eloquence, that, even when we are disposed to regret the absence of the brilliancy of effect to which we have been accustomed, we must express our special wonder at that creative alchemy of genius, which, from these simple and unpromising elements, can extract a compound of so much interest and beauty.

Still, however, to confess the truth, we are disposed to regret that the author should have quitted the high ground of historical romance, to descend into the humbler arena of novel writing. Every one must have felt that it was *there* he stood alone; imitated, yet inimitable. It was this that called forth that singular combination of powers which characterizes the Author of *Waverley*. The novelist can bend his characters and

incidents to his own peculiar habits of thought, and tinge his work with the colouring of that one master-feeling in which he feels his own superiority: but he who adventures on the field of historical delineation, and looks on the varying passions and strange anomalies of this world as they really exist, has need of powers, subtle, yet comprehensive as those of Nature herself; and here it is that the immeasurable superiority of this author to his rivals is most visible. In the possession of some one qualification, in the delineation of some one solitary feeling or passion, he has been often equalled, sometimes excelled. In humour, he must yield to Smollet and Fielding; in stern painting of misery and mental desolation, to Godwin; and in deep feeling, to the author of *Anastasius*: but who, since Shakespeare, has blended, in one harmonious whole, so many varied powers and scattered excellencies—such acute and unwearied observation—such profound antiquarian knowledge—so deep a sympathy with all that is generous and noble—such powers of mingled pathos and humour—of splendid painting and picturesque description? Beneath his touch, forgotten generations live again. He breathes on the dry bones, and animates the skeletons of history. Every scene, which he has touched on, is so much ground redeemed from the waters of oblivion—a *point d'appui*, to which we can refer, with the confidence of acquaintance, amidst the dimness of historical recollection. Philip de Comines may slumber in peace, for his occupation is gone; the monastic tyrant of France has found a greater annalist. Can all the lore of Rymer or Gervase place before our eyes the state of England, under the Lion-Heart, with the graphic fidelity of *Ivanhoe*? The foibles of the Maiden Queen—the learned folly of James—the versatility of Buckingham—the *bonhomme* of Charles—are they not inseparably associated with Kenilworth, and Nigel, and Peveril?—Shakespeare and the Unknown are the true historians of England; and we cannot willingly consent that the latter should abandon his high and undisputed prerogative, to occupy a

field, where, if he cannot meet with a superior, he must at least expect to find a rival.

But to come to the point, (for really we have no time for digression,)—*St. Ronan's Well*, we must say, has, in some measure, disappointed us. Something of this might be owing to the discovery that this romantic title refers only to the humours of a watering-place, and something more, perhaps, to that taste for splendour and courtly magnificence which the author himself has fostered, and which may have partially impaired our relish for

“The common thoughts of mother earth,
Her simplest mirth and tears;”

but still, for the credit of our own taste, we must hold that the construction of the plot is rather unsatisfactory—that the coterie at the Well are a tiresome set—and that even the hero and heroine of the piece are by no means very striking or interesting portraits. Our impression certainly is, that the whole dramatic personæ, with the exception of the old landlady and the traveller, are but sketches;—sketches, no doubt, of masterly power and freedom, and as superior to the finished compositions of ordinary writers, as an outline of Raphael or Michel Angelo to the most elaborate effort of weaker heads or feeble hands, but still sketches, in relation to that standard by which no author can in justice refuse to be tried—his former works.

We have always held it bad policy for all parties, to attempt any analysis of the plot of a popular novel: it is mortifying to the reviewer, who knows that his *precis* is not looked at by one in twenty,—and tantalizing to the reader, who acquires about as correct an idea of the spirit of the book from such a digest, as an intended purchaser might have done of the house of the pedant, in Hierocles, from the specimen brick which the proprietor carried in his pocket. We shall therefore take the liberty of assuming, what we dare say is pretty near the truth, that the majority of our readers are as well acquainted with the plot as ourselves, and compress, into a few sentences, all the information with which

we think it necessary to preface the specimen we intend to quote.

Be it known, then, that the little village of St. Ronan's is situated about thirty miles from the English frontier; that in consequence of the erection of some fashionable buildings round the mineral well in the neighbourhood, and the increasing celebrity of the watering-place, it had sunk into a gradual and complete decay; the old residence of the Mowbray family, the Lords of the Manor, having dwindled into an inn, graced by the effigy of St. Ronan catching hold of the devil's leg with his episcopal crook, and dignified, from that circumstance, with the title of the Cleikum of Aulton. This tenement is inhabited by Martha Dods, a fiery old landlady, whose peculiarities of temper, blended with real goodness of heart, are brought out, a little too fully, perhaps, but certainly with great spirit and effect, and whose principal characteristic is a most unbounded contempt and dislike to the whole rival establishment of the Well, and the strangers within its gates. Among the occasional visitors at the Well are the two last members of the house of Mowbray, with whose fortunes, or rather misfortunes, the whole web of the story is connected. John, the brother, is a ruined gambler, rash, rude, and obstinate, with scarcely a redeeming feature about his character, save some touch of brotherly love and kindness for the unrepining companion of his misfortunes, his sister, Clara Mowbray, round whom some early sorrows have thrown a mysterious interest. What those incidents were which had thus blighted her prospects, we could hardly hope to render intelligible in any outline which we could afford to give: suffice it to say, that, through the treachery of a friend, the lady had committed an *error personæ*, and married one brother, when she intended to marry another; and that her distresses are caused by the total wreck of her early hopes, and the revival of those claims which her pretended husband had at the time been compelled to abandon. The difficult character of the heroine is touched with great delicacy. The

slight tinge of insanity which shades her mind,—her apparent gaiety, when forced by the officious kindness of her brother into the giddy circle at the Well,—her hope-less, silent melancholy at home, and her tender attachment to her brother, are finely conceived and executed. Throughout the whole, it is on the scenes between the brother and sister that the deep interest of the story rests; and we doubt if the author, in his happiest moods, has ever written any thing superior to the one we are about to quote.

Lady Penfeather, the Priestess of the Spring, by the incautious disclosures of an absent clergyman, who had celebrated the marriage between Clara and the pretended Tyrrel, becomes acquainted with some particulars of the story, and drops some hints on the subject in the ball-room at St. Ronan's, which reach the ears of John Mowbray, just as his passions had been unusually excited by the loss of his whole remaining property at play. In a state approaching to delirium, he returns, with the speed of lightning, to his residence at Shaw's Castle, to interrogate his sister. He prefaces the inquiry by announcing that he is a ruined man, and that the last hope he had entertained of bettering his fortune, by an alliance with Lord Eilerington, had been extinguished by her obstinacy.

"I am glad of it, with all my spirit," said Clara; "may it take with it all that we can quarrel about!—But till this instant, I thought it was for this very point that this long voyage was bound, and that you were endeavouring to persuade me of the reality of the danger of the storm, in order to reconcile me to the harbour."

"You are mad, I think, in earnest," said Mowbray; "can you really be so absurd as to rejoice you have no way left to relieve yourself and me from ruin, want, and shame?"

"From shame, brother?" said Clara. "No shame in honest poverty, I hope."

"That is according as folks have used their prosperity, Clara.—I must speak to the point.—There are strange reports going below.—By Heaven! they are enough to disturb the ashes of the dead! Were I to mention them, I should expect our poor mother to enter the room.—Clara Mowbray, can you guess what I mean?"

It was with the utmost exertion, yet in

a faltering voice, that she was able, after an ineffectual effort, to utter the monosyllable, "No!"

"By Heaven! I am ashamed—I am even afraid to express my own meaning!—Clara, what is there which makes you so obstinately reject every proposal of marriage?—Is it that you feel yourself unworthy to be the wife of an honest man?—Speak out!—Evil Fame has been busy with your reputation—Speak out!—Give me the right to cram their lies down the throats of the inventors; and when I go among them to-morrow, I shall know how to treat those who cast reflections on you! The fortunes of our house are ruined, but no tongue shall slander its honour.—Speak—speak, wretched girl! why are you silent?"

"Stay at home, brother," said Clara; "stay at home, if you regard our house's honour—murder cannot mend misery—stay at home, and let them talk of me as they will,—they cannot say worse than I deserve!"

The passions of Mowbray, at all times ungovernably strong, were at present inflamed by wine, by his rapid journey, and the previously disturbed state of his mind. He set his teeth, clenched his hands, looked on the ground, as one that forms some horrid resolution, and muttered almost unintelligibly, "It were charity to kill her."

"Oh! no—no—no!" exclaimed the terrified girl, throwing herself at his feet; "do not kill me, brother. I have wished for death—thought of death—prayed for death—but oh! it is frightful to think that he is near—Oh! not a bloody death, brother, nor by your hand!"

She held him close by the knees as she spoke, and expressed in her looks and accents the utmost terror. It was not, indeed, without reason; for the extreme solitude of the place, the lateness of the hour, the violent and inflamed passions of her brother, and the desperate circumstances to which he had reduced himself, seemed all to concur to render some horrid act of violence not an improbable termination of this strange interview.

Mowbray folded his arms, without unclenching his hands, or raising his head, while his sister continued on the floor, clasping him round the knees with all her strength, and begging piteously for her life and for mercy.

"Fool!" he said, at last, "let me go!—Who cares for thy worthless life?—who cares if thou live or die? Live, if thou canst—and be the hate and scorn of every one else, as much as thou art mine!"

He grasped her by the shoulder, with

one hand pushed her from him; and, as she arose from the floor, and again pressed to throw her arms around his neck, he repulsed her with his arm and hand, with a push—or blow—it might be termed either one or the other,—violent enough, in her weak state, to have again extended her on the ground, had not a chair received her as she fell. He looked at her with ferocity, grappled a moment in his pocket; then ran to the window, and throwing the sash violently up, thrust himself as far as he could without falling, into the open air. Terrified, and yet her feelings of his unkindness predominating even above her fears, Clara continued to exclaim, "Oh, brother, say you did not mean this!—Oh, say you did not mean to strike me!—Oh, whatever I have deserved, be not you the executioner!—It is not manly—it is not natural—there are but two of us in the world!"

He returned no answer; and, observing that he continued to stretch himself from the window, which was in the second story of the building, and overlooked the court, a new cause of apprehension mingled, in some measure, with her personal fears. Timidly, and with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, she approached her angry brother, and fearfully, yet firmly, seized the skirt of his coat, as if anxious to preserve him from the effects of that despair, which so lately seemed turned against her, and now against himself.

He felt the pressure of her hold, and drawing himself angrily back, asked her sternly what she wanted?

"Nothing," she said, quitting her hold of his coat; "but what—what did he look after so anxiously?"

"After the devil!" he answered, fiercely; then drawing in his head, and taking her hand, "By my soul, Clara—it is true, if ever there was truth in such a tale!—He stood by me just now, and urged me to murder thee!—What else could have put my hunting-knife into my thought?—Ay, by God, and into my very hand—at such a moment?—Yonder I could almost fancy I see him fly, the wood, and the rock, and the water, gleaming back the dark-red furnace-light, that is shed on them by his dragon wings! By my soul, I can hardly suppose it fancy!—I can hardly think but that I was under the influence of an evil spirit—under an act of fiendish possession! But gone as he is, gone let him be—and thou, too ready implement of evil, be thou gone after him!" He drew from his pocket his right hand, which had all this time held his hunting-knife, and threw the

implement in the court-yard as he spoke; then, with a mournful quietness and solemnity of manner, shut the window, and led his sister by the hand to her usual seat, which her tottering steps scarce enabled her to reach. "Clara," he said, after a pause of mournful silence, "we must think what is to be done, without passion or violence—there may be something for us in the dice yet, if we do not throw away our game. A blot is never a blot till it is hit—dishonour concealed, is not dishonour in some respects.—Dost thou attend to me, wretched girl?" he said, suddenly and sternly raising his voice.

"Yes, brother—yes indeed, brother," she hastily replied, terrified even by delay again to awaken his ferocious and ungovernable temper.

"Thus it must be, then," he said. "You must marry this Etherington—there is no help for it, Clara.—You cannot complain of what your own vice and folly have rendered inevitable."

"But, brother—" said the trembling girl.

"Be silent. I know all that you would say. You love him not, you would say. I love him not, no more than you. Nay, what is more, he loves you not—if he did, I might scruple to give you to him, you being such as you have owned yourself. But you shall wed him out of hate, Clara—or for the interest of your family—or for what reason you will.—But wed him you shall and must."

"Brother—dearest brother—one single word!"

"Not of refusal or expostulation—that time is gone by," said her brother. "When I believed thee what I thought thee this morning, I might advise you, but I could not compel. But, since the honour of our family has been disgraced by your means, it is but just, that, if possible, its disgrace should be hidden; and it shall,—ay, if selling you for a slave would tend to conceal it!"

"You do worse—you do worse by me! A slave in an open market may be bought by a kind master—you do not give me that chance—you wed me to one who—"

"Fear him not, nor the worst that he can do, Clara," said her brother. "I know on what terms he marries; and, being once more your brother, as your obedience in this matter will make me, he had better tear his flesh from his bones with his own teeth, than do thee any displeasure! By Heaven, I hate him so much—for he has outreached me every way—that methinks it is some consolation that he will not receive in thee the

excellent creature I thought thee!—Fallen as thou art, thou art still too good for him."

Encouraged by the more gentle and almost affectionate tone in which her brother spoke, Clara could not help saying, although almost in a whisper, "I trust it will not be so—I trust he will consider his own condition, honour, and happiness, better than to share it with me."

"Let him utter such a scruple if he dares," said Mowbray—"But he dares not hesitate—he knows that the instant he recedes from addressing you, he signs his own death-warrant or mine, or perhaps that of both; and his views, too, are of a kind that will not be relinquished on a point of scrupulous delicacy merely. Therefore, Clara, nourish no such thought in your heart as that there is the least possibility of your escaping such a marriage! The match is booked—Swear you will not hesitate."

"I will not," she said, almost breathlessly, terrified lest he was about to start once more into the fit of unbridled fury which had before seized on him.

"Do not even whisper or hint an objection, but submit to your fate, for it is inevitable."

"I will—submit—" answered Clara, in the same trembling accent.

"And I," he said, "will spare you—at least at present—and it may be for ever—all inquiry into the guilt which you have confessed. Rumours there were of misconduct, which reached my ears even in England; but who could have believed them that looked on you daily, and witnessed your late course of life?—On this subject I will be at present silent—perhaps may not again touch on it—that is, if you do nothing to thwart my pleasure, or to avoid the fate which circumstances render unavoidable.—And now it is late—retire, Clara, to your bed—think on what I have said as what necessity has determined, and not my selfish pleasure."

He held out his hand, and she placed, but not without reluctant terror, her trembling palm in his. In this manner, and with a sort of mournful solemnity, as if they had been in attendance upon a funeral, he handed his sister through a gallery hung with old family pictures, at the end of which was Clara's bed-chamber. The moon, which at this moment looked out through a huge volume of mustering clouds that had long been boding storm, fell on the two last descendants of that ancient family, as they glided hand in hand, more like the ghosts

of the deceased than like living persons, through the hall, and amongst the portraits of their forefathers. The same thoughts were in the breasts of both, but neither attempted to say, while they cast a ffitting glance on the pallid and decayed representations, "How little did these anticipate this catastrophe of their house!" At the door of the bed-room Mowbray quitted his sister's hand, and said, "Clara, you should to-night thank God, that saved you from a great danger, and me from a deadly sin."

"I will," she answered—"I will." And, as if her terror had been anew excited by this allusion to what had passed, she bid her brother hastily good-night, and was no sooner within her apartment, than he heard her turn the key in the lock, and draw two bolts besides.

"I understand you, Clara," muttered Mowbray between his teeth, as he heard one bar drawn after another. "But, if you could earth yourself under Ben Nevis, you could not escape what fate has destined for you."

The tottering reason of Clara is overset by the shock of this fearful interview. She wanders out from her room in the darkness of a stormy November night,—overhears the confession of her early companion, who had occasioned her misfortunes,—and dies almost by the side of Tyrrel, who, like her, had been the victim of that imposture.

Of the secondary characters, that of the traveller Touchwood appears to us by far the most spirited and successful. There is infinite humour in his introductory visit to Mr Cargill, the absent clergyman, who, by the bye, is first cousin, at least, to Dominie Sampson; in his interview with Jekyl, and in the conversation with Mowbray, where he discloses his relationship. The party at the Well are no favourites of ours;—Sir Bingo Binks (a vile name) and his lady are mere supernumeraries;—Winterhlossom is a good sketch, but nothing more. The only member of the coterie, who seems to have any thing original about him, is Captain M'Turk, the Caranza of the party, who is labouring eternally to involve his acquaintances in duels, that he may act as second, and always ready, where the principal fails to appear, to supply his place.

On the whole, though the composition of the work bears obvious marks of haste, and must have been a mere *délassement* to the author, after the more laborious efforts which have preceded it, the tale is evidently that of a master hand—bold and decided, even in its least finished designs, and superior to others, even when inferior to itself.

Wealth.

From the Anthologia Græca of Grotius, by De Bosch.—Vol. I. p. 50.

Author uncertain.

WHEN old Diogenes, with bitter sneer,
Saw royal Croesus 'mongst the shades appear,
In tatter'd cloak before the ghost he stands,
For whom once roll'd Pactolus' golden sands,
And, smiling, thus the monarch he address,
A cynic pride still rankling in his breast—
"Croesus! thy wealth is vanish'd now to smoke,
Mine I brought with me, for I brought my cloak."

JOURNAL OF TWO DAYS, WITH AN INTERVAL OF FORTY YEARS.

—————"Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?" Hor.

April 20th, 1783.

Six o'clock, A. M.—Sprung nimbly from my bed, and threw open my shutters. It was a beautiful morning; sun up—birds singing—flowers blooming—dew glittering. Hurried on my clothes. Took my rod in my hand;—threw my fishing-basket over my shoulder, and soon found myself on the banks of the neighbouring stream. Recollected it was my twentieth birth-day;—sighed to think I was so old;—determined to correct all former faults, and begin a new life;—threw back into the water every fish I caught;—walked home with the conviction that I should one day be a second Howard.

Nine o'clock.—Made dreadful havoc at the breakfast-table;—sent rolls, eggs, ham, jelly, tea, and coffee, chasing each other down my throat;—dad said he was glad to see me so hungry; and granny whispered something to my mother about white teeth, blue eyes, and beautiful complexion;—talked of Ellen Tracey;—dad looked glum;—mother frowned;—and granny said she was a sly gipseey—not worth a farthing;—thought granny an old bore.

Eleven o'clock.—Called on Dick Oliver;—rode out together;—never saw Dick so merry;—met Ellen Tracey;—both bowed;—our eyes met;—never thought her more beautiful;—told Dick I was determined to marry her, whether dad consented or no;—Dick said I was right;—thought Dick a sensible fellow;—knew him to be my staunch friend.

Two o'clock.—Returned home;—found the Honourable Miss Aubrey in the drawing-room;—mother and granny in a great fuss;—was sorry I had come in;—wished to retreat;—stumbled over Miss Aubrey's lap-dog;—dog yelped—Miss Aubrey screamed—mother shrieked—granny scolded;—wished either them or myself at the devil;—tried to turn it off with a joke;—failed, for nobody laughed;—never felt so foolish,

or looked so sheepish;—Miss Aubrey rose to go;—carried her lap-dog down stairs, and handed both into the carriage. (*Mem.* Never to call any dog of mine Pompey.)

Three o'clock.—Lectured by pa, ma, and granny;—Miss Aubrey's charms, personal, moveable, and heritable, drummed into my ears;—protested that I could see nothing agreeable about her;—was told by the whole trio, in grand chorus, that she was worth six thousand a-year;—thought six thousand a-year more than any married man could have occasion for.

Five o'clock.—Dined with my uncle in town;—a large party,—mostly old people,—all upwards of forty;—not a single topic brunched in which I had the slightest interest;—sat at the bottom of the table beside my uncle;—carved every dish for him;—never saw people eat so voraciously;—had not a moment to swallow a morsel myself;—cut too thick a slice of mutton for an elderly gentleman who sat above me;—he sent away his plate, and requested me to give him a thinner;—blushed from shame and vexation, but sent him his mutton, and abundance of gravy;—was asked by my uncle to drink wine;—in filling my glass, gave the elderly gentleman's plate a touch with my elbow;—plate fell, and deposited its contents,—mutton, potatoes, and gravy, in the elderly gentleman's lap;—thought I should have died, but put on a methodist face, and begged a thousand pardons;—after dinner, drunk a dozen bumpers of my uncle's claret, and then left him and his old cronies to make the best they could of the remainder of the evening.

Eight o'clock.—Went to the theatre;—knew that Ellen Tracey was there with her aunt;—got into their box;—Ellen made room for me to sit beside her;—felt myself in the third heavens;—would not have exchanged

places with the king had he been in the house ;—saw Miss Aubrey in an opposite box ;—thought she looked angry ;—did not care ;—Ellen looked pleased. The play was “*Venice Preserved* ;”—saw tears in Ellen’s eyes ;—thought what rapture I should have felt had I been allowed to kiss them away ;—led Ellen and her aunt to the carriage ;—was asked to go home and sup with them ;—scarcely took time to answer, but leapt after them into the carriage like a flying Mercury ;—never was in such spirits ;—was afraid lest they should think me tipsy ;—thought Ellen’s hair more tastefully dressed than I had ever seen it ;—how beautifully her light auburn ringlets danced over her dark blue eyes !—sat with them till her aunt gave me a pretty broad hint that it was time to be gone.

Twelve o’clock.—An enchanting night ; the moon travelling through a cloudless sky ;—composed half a sonnet as I walked homewards ;—passed Dick Oliver’s ;—saw a light in his room ;—thought I would call in, and tell him of the pleasure I had been enjoying ;—knew that Dick was my best friend ;—found him sitting over a tumbler of negus ;—was prevailed upon to take some also ;—repeated my half sonnet ;—Dick laughed, but I knew that he was no judge of poetry ;—left him at two in the morning ;—went home ;—got into bed ;—fell asleep, and dreamed of Ellen Tracey.

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April 20th, 1823.

“*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume! Posthume!
Labuntur anni.*” *Hor.*

Eight o’clock A. M.—Was awakened from a comfortable nap by the horrid rumbling of a detested dust-cart ;—heard at the same time the horse neigh immediately under my window, and the dustman ring his bell with the most consummate violence and cold-blooded impertinence ;—felt inclined to load a pair of pistols, and shoot both the man and his horse through the head ;—was convinced that I should not get the better of the shock for a whole week.

Ten o’clock.—Sat down to breakfast ;—eat nothing ; the bread was sour, the eggs rotten, the tea too

weak, coffee too strong ;—started when I recollected that it was my sixtieth birth-day ;—went to the glass ;—thought there was something wrong about it, for most of my hair appeared grey, and innumerable wrinkles were visible on my face and forehead.

Eleven o’clock.—Laid my hand on some old manuscripts ;—found among them a part of my journal, written many years ago ;—read that part which was dated April 20th, 1783 ;—wondered how I could ever have given way to so much levity and frivolity as it convicted me of ;—thought of my father, and mother, and grandmother, whom I had long, long since laid in the dust, and could scarcely restrain from weeping at the recollections thus excited in my bosom. Placing my elbow on the table, leaning my head upon my hand, and involuntarily closing my eyes, I thought upon my past life as on a long and troubled dream ; here and there bright objects flitted quickly before me, but they, as well as the darker and less pleasing figures, were soon hid in a dim and uncertain twilight. A melancholy sensation of loneliness stole over me ; I felt that the heyday of youth and youthful enjoyment was gone for ever, when

“*Simply but to be,
To live, to breathe, is purest extacy.*”

One o’clock.—Ordered the gig to the door ;—wrapped myself up in my great-coat, and set off on my morning ride ;—horse rather fiery ;—determined to sell him, and get another ;—met Mr and Mrs Oliver ;—took no notice of either, but felt my heart beat irregularly for some minutes ;—found myself in an excellent mood for misanthropy. When a man becomes the dupe of his own erroneous opinions and false judgment, he very often degenerates into a misanthropist, eager to revenge upon his fellow-men those misfortunes which he imagines they, and not his own foolishness, have brought upon him. Felt, however, that my misanthropy had something like a just foundation to rest upon. It is surely hard to be deceived by him whom you considered your best friend, and to be jilted by her, upon whom all your affections had been irrevocably placed.

Thought of my grandmother ;—recollected that I had often treated her advice with too little deference ;—wished that she were still alive, that I might have told her how exactly we agreed in our opinion of Ellen Tracey,—I mean of Mrs Oliver.

Three o'clock.—Visited the family burying-place ;—stood beside the tombs of my father, my mother, my grandmother, and my only sister ;—did not shed any tears, but earnestly prayed that I might soon lie beside them ;—felt as if all my previous existence had been a blank, destitute of thought and action ;—reflected that the only sincere, disinterested friends I had ever known, had long since gone down into the grave, and that I was left a solitary wanderer, without a tie to bind me to the world ;—ruminated on the deceitfulness of youthful love, and youthful hope, and youthful friendship ;—felt something like tears trickling down my cheeks ;—tried to dry my eyes, but could not.

Five o'clock.—Dined with a newly-married couple ;—there was a large, merry party, but the bride and her young husband seemed to be more than merry,—they looked perfectly happy ;—they had known and loved each other from childhood ;—almost envied them ;—could not help thinking, just for a moment, of what Ellen Tracey once was ;—eat nothing ;—thought the young people very boisterous in their mirth ;—could not bear their loud peals of

laughter ;—sought for refuge among several old ladies ;—found that they were all watching, with delight, the merriment of their children or grandchildren, sighed deeply, and contrived to get away unobserved ;—need not say *contrived*, for few knew that I was in the room, and none missed me when I departed.

Eight o'clock.—Went by myself to the theatre—with me a very favourite place of amusement ;—Lady Howard (formerly the Honourable Miss Aubrey,) happened to be in the box into which I went ;—was received politely, I may even say cordially, by herself and her husband. Lady Howard must, at one time, have been a decided beauty ;—she is, even now, a fine graceful-looking woman. Saw Dick Oliver and Ellen—Mr and Mrs Oliver I mean, in an opposite box ;—did not think they looked happy ;—felt half angry at myself, but could not help pitying Ellen ;—did not like the play—it was “ Venice Preserved.” Probably the acting was not good, yet Miss Kelly played Belvidera ;—observed that the ladies never think of shedding tears in a theatre nowadays. Did not stay to see the after-piece.

Ten o'clock.—Felt no inclination to eat supper ;—read a few pages of Young’s “ Night Thoughts ” ;—went to-bed, and dreamt that I was wandering alone, at midnight, among the ruins of Rome.

May 25th 1823.

A Point for the Critics.

From the French of Armand Gouffé.

“ WRITE just as you speak,” say modern critics,
That desperate band of merciless ascetics :
O ye ! who fix the laws of composition,
Have ye no pity for *my* sad condition ?
Tell me, in God’s name, how should I compose,
For, gentle critics, I speak through *my* nose !

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Professor Buckland is printing a Description of an Antediluvian Den of Hyenas, discovered at Kirkdale, Yorkshire, in 1821, and containing the remains of the hyena, tiger, bear, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and sixteen other animals, all formerly natives in this country; with a comparative view of many similar caverns and dens in England and Germany.

Sir Richard Phillips will, in a few days, publish a small cheap tract, under the title of *Illustrations of the Interrogative System of Education*.

A new edition of Mr B. P. Capper's Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom being in the press, the author invites corrections and communications. It will, of course, include the new population returns. The three kingdoms will be in separate alphabets, and not confused in one alphabet, as in the former edition.

Capt. Batty announces a Narrative of the Operations of the Left Wing of the Allied Army, in the Pyrenees and South of France, in the years 1813-14; illustrated by numerous plates of mountain and river scenery, views of Fontarabia, Irun, St. Jean de Luz, and Bayonne, with plans, &c.

Sir F. Henniker, Bart. is printing his Notes during a Visit to Egypt, Nubia, the Oasis of Egypt, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem.

Mr Pierce Egan is employed upon a new work, entitled the "Life of an Actor," to be published in eight Monthly numbers, embellished with Twenty-four coloured plates, and also enriched with numerous wood-cuts.

Vol. III. of Travels by the late J. L. Burckhardt in the Hedjaz, with plates, will soon appear.

A new Quarterly Review, to be called the Westminster Review, is announced for the first day of the new year.

A Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Description of the Empire of China, and its Dependencies, by Julius Klaproth, member of the Asiatic Societies of London and Paris, of the Royal Society of Gottingen, of the Imperial Society of Naturalists in Moscow, &c. is preparing for publication: it will be handsomely printed in two quarto volumes, and illustrated with a map.

Early in December will be published, the Graces, or Literary Souvenir for 1824; being a collection of tales and poetry, by

distinguished living authors, with literary, scientific, and useful memoranda.

Speedily will be published, a Key to Guy's Tutor's Assistant, for the use and convenience of tutors.

It is the intention of Mr J. F. Stephens, F.L.S. &c. to publish, in the course of the spring, the first part of a General Synonymical Catalogue of all the British Insects hitherto discovered, amounting to nearly ten thousand in number, exclusive of the *Crustacea*, *Arachnoida*, *Acari*, &c. of modern systematists. In addition to the above, he also proposes to publish, periodically, an elucidatory work, entitled *Illustrations of British Entomology*; in which will be detailed, in systematic order, the character of the genera and species, with observations on the economy, locality, &c. of each species, illustrated by figures of those newly discovered, or but little known.

The Night before the Bridal, a Spanish tale, Sappho, a dramatic sketch, and other Poems, are announced by C. G. Garnett, daughter of the late much-esteemed Dr Garnett, of the Royal Institution.

The Painter and his Wife is preparing, by Mrs Opie.

A work, called the Book of the Church, by Robert Southey, is again announced.

Messrs J. P. Neale and J. Le Keux's Original Views of the Collegiate and Parochial Churches of England, with historical descriptions, will commence publication on the 1st of February next.

Mr Gifford's edition of the Plays and Poems of Shirley, now first collected and chronologically arranged, and the text carefully collated and restored, with occasional notes, and a biographical and critical essay, will soon appear.

A fifth volume is in preparation of Original Letters, written during the Reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV. and V., Richard III., and Henry VII., by various persons of rank or consequence, containing many curious anecdotes relative to that turbulent, bloody, but hitherto dark, period of our history; and elucidating, not only public matters of state, but likewise the private manners of the age, with notes, historical and explanatory, fac-similes, &c. by the late Sir J. Fenn.

Speedily will be published, Odes of Pindar, translated, with notes critical and explanatory, by A. Moore, Esq.

The Suffolk Papers, being Letters to and from Henrietta Countess of Suffolk and her second husband, the Hon. George Berkeley, are in the press. They com-

prise letters from Pope, Swift, Gay, and Young; the Duchess of Marlborough, Buckingham, and Queensberry; Ladies Hervey, Lansdowne, Vere, and Hester Pitt; Lords Bollingbroke, Peterborough, Chesterfield, and Bathurst; Mr Law (the financier,) Mr Pelham, Mr Hampden, Mr Earle, Horace Walpole (senior and junior;) and several other persons of eminence in the fashionable, political, and literary circles of the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., George II., and George III.

Mr William Smith, author of separate *Geological Maps of the English Counties*, has completed his very elaborate and minute Survey of the Northern Counties, and another number of this truly-important work will shortly appear.

An account of Mr "Scurry's Captivity under Hyder Ali and Tipoo Saib," is printing. It contains a simple unadorned statement of the horrid cruelties and insults exercised on himself and his companions in misfortune by those two eastern despots.

Duke Christian of Luneburg, or Traditions from the Hartz, by Miss Jane Porter, will speedily appear.

No. 1. of Views in Wales, engraved in the best line-manner by Finden, from drawings by Capt. Batty, F.R.S. to be completed in twelve numbers, will be published on the 1st of January.

Mr Landor's Imaginary Conversations of eminent literary men and statesmen, will be completed in December.

The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a seaman, a work possessing all the interest of Robinson Crusoe, with the additional recommendation of its being a true narrative, will soon be published in one volume, with engravings after Bird and Pocock.

On the 1st of March will appear, No. XIII. being the first of the second volume of Woolnooth's Engravings of Ancient Castles.

The Rev. H. F. Cary, author of the "Translation of Dante," has just completed a Translation of the Birds of Aristophanes, which will appear in the course of this month.

Prose Pictures, a series of descriptive letters and essays, by E. Herbert, Esq. illustrated by etchings by George Cruikshank, will be published in a few weeks.

Mr B. Cohen is preparing for publication, Memoirs of the late Pope, including the whole of his private correspondence with Napoleon Bonaparte, taken from the Archives of the Vatican, with many other hitherto-unpublished particulars.

Several scientific and literary persons

are employed in preparing a new ephemeris, to be entitled *Perennial Calendar*, with the history, natural history, astronomy, &c. of every day in the year.

In a few days will be published, embellished with a portrait of Addison, the *Spirit of the British Essayists*, comprising the best papers on life, manners, and literature, contained in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian*, &c. The whole alphabetically arranged, according to the subjects.

The Rev. D. P. Davies, author of the "History of Derbyshire," and also of several County Histories in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," proposes to publish, by subscription, the *History and Antiquities of the Town of Carmarthen and Parish of St. Peter*.

A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. J. Contes, A.M. late vicar of Huddersfield, and formerly fellow of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, is proposed to be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained.

The late A. C. Buckland, Esq. author of "Letters on Early Rising," commenced a Series of Letters to an Attorney's Clerk, containing directions for his studies and general conduct, but was prevented, by an early death, from perfecting his plan; but his brother, Mr W. H. Buckland, having completed the Series, they will be published in a few days.

Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia, with a map and views, are in the press.

A volume of poems by Mr Conder, under the title of the *Star in the East*, and other Poems, will appear in a few days.

The *Connexion of Christianity with Human Happiness*, by the Rev. W. Harness, A.M. is in the press.

In a few days will be published, illustrated with a portrait by E. Scriven, and an interesting plate by J. Scott, "*Nouveaux Morceaux Choisis de Buffon*," with interesting anecdotes descriptive of the character of each animal, and the Life of the Author, written expressly for this work; being the Fourth Part of the series of French Classics, edited by M. Ventouillat.

A Latin Grammar, by I. J. G. Scheller, has been translated from the German, with an appendix and notes, by G. Walker, M.A. and will soon be published.

A small volume of Poems is in the press, by E. Sweedland, containing the *Gamester's Grave*, &c.

The Rev. H. Marriott is about to publish a *Third Course of Practical Sermons*, adapted to be read in families.

T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. has in the press an Epitome of Greek Prosody, being a brief exposition of the quantity, accentuation, and versification, of the Greek Language.

A Father's Reasons for not Baptizing his Children, are preparing for publication by a Lay Member of the Church of England.

Dr Carey has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, *Lexicon Analogico-Latinum*, on the plan of Hoogeveen's Greek Lexicon, with an *Index Etymologicus*, nearly like that of Gesner.

A Praxis on the Latin Prepositions, being an attempt to illustrate their origin, power, and signification, in the way of exercise, will soon be published, by S. Butler, D.D. F.R.S. &c.

Mr J. Curtis has in the press, the First Number of his Illustrations of English Insects.

Mr J. Shaw, Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery in the Hunterian School in Great Windmill-street, announces a work on the nature and treatment of the various Distortions to which the Spine and Bones of the Chest are subject.

The indefatigable W. Kitchiner, M.D. is preparing a work on the Economy of the Eyes, consisting of precepts for the improvement and preservation of the sight.

Mr Frank's Hulsean Lectures for 1823, on the Apostolical Preaching, and Vindication of Christianity to the Jews, Samaritans, and Devout Gentiles, in continuation of his former Lectures "on the Evidences of Christianity as stated in our Lord's Discourses," is in the press, and will speedily be published.

An Egyptian Tale is printing, called *Rameses*.

A Treatise is preparing for publication on Organic Chemistry, containing the analyses of animal and vegetable substances, founded on the work of Professor Gmelin on the same subject, by Mr Duglison, member of several learned societies, foreign and domestic, and one of the editors of the "Medical Repository."

Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., the distinguished Secretary to the Admiralty during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., will soon appear.

A Tour through the Upper Provinces of Hindostan, comprising a period between the years 1804 and 1814, with remarks and authentic anecdotes; to which is added, a Guide up the River Ganges, from Calcutta to Cawnpore, Futteh Gbur, Meeratt, &c. and a vocabulary, is nearly ready for publication.

The Deformed Transformed, a drama, is announced from the pen of Lord Byron.

The Life of J. Decastro, Comedian, including anecdotes of Garrick, Dr Johnson, Sheridan, &c. is in preparation.

On the 1st of January will be published a new and most interesting Map of most of the Principal Mountains in the World, embracing, on a large scale, a clear and distinct view of the various elevations of the earth. This Map has been arranged with immense trouble and expense, and contains the names of above 300 mountains, with a view of the Falls of Niagara and the Pyramids of Egypt; and the whole arranged in alphabetical order.

Typographia, or an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Art of Printing, illustrated by numerous wood-engravings and portraits, will soon be published, in two parts.

A series of original sketches of men and manners, under the title of *Life's Progress*, which are to be illustrated by engravings after Cruikshank, are preparing, and will be published periodically.

The Historical Life of Johanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, is announced.

Early in December will be published *Procrastination, or the Vicar's Daughter*, a tale.

An Essay on the Inventions and Customs of the Ancients and Moderns in the Use of Inebriating Liquors, will soon be published, by S. Morewood, surveyor of Excise.

Mr A. Bernardo is preparing for publication, a work under the title of the *Italian Interpreter*, consisting of copious and familiar conversations on subjects of general interest and utility, together with a complete vocabulary in English and Italian; to which are added, in a separate column, Rules for the Pronunciation of each Word.

The concluding Portion of the Naval History of Great Britain, from the declaration of war by France in 1793 to the accession of George IV., Vols. IV. and V. is at press.

The Rev. T. Smith, editor of the accented edition of the Eton Grammar, with notes, is preparing a new edition of *Phædrus*, with the scanning from the text of Sterling.

A full Account of the Murder of the late William Weare, of Lyon's Inn, London, including the circumstances which first led to the discovery of the murder, the depositions taken before the magistrates, the Coroner's inquest, and the trial of the prisoners, &c. with engravings, is preparing by G. H. Jones, clerk to the magistrates.

The Rev. G. C. Gorham is about to put to press, a *Copious Abstract*, in En-

glish, of the 800 Deeds contained in the two ancient Chartularies of St. Neot's Priory, with outline engravings of nine seals of that monastery, or of its priors. It will form either a Supplement to the "History of St. Neot's" already published, or a separate volume.

EDINBURGH.

Novels and Romances of the Author of *Waverley*; comprising *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and *Quentin Durward*. Handsomely printed, with illustrative Vignette Title-pages. 9 vols. foolscap 8vo.

A New Edition of the Philosophical Writings of David Hume, in 8vo.

The Reveries of a Recluse, in one volume, post 8vo.

Revelation, a Poem, on the Immenes, Importance of the British and Foreign Bible Society. By George Martin.

Critical Researches in Philology and Geography, in one volume 8vo.

Among other articles in this work there will be found a review of Dr Lee's edition of Jones's Persian Grammar, and an examination of the various opinions that, in modern times, have been held respecting the Source of the Ganges, and the correctness of the Lanas Map of Thibet.

Tournay; or, *Alistair of Kemplecain*. By the Author of "The Fire-Eater." In one volume 12mo.

The Pic-Nic; or, *Recreations in Literature*. 7s. boards.

In the press, A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Teeth and Gums; with an account of a late professional excursion to Belfast, containing the substance of a Lecture on these subjects delivered there. By Edward Brehm, Surgeon-Dentist, Edinburgh.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Rivington's and Cochrane's Catalogue of Books, in various languages, and in every department of literature. 8vo. 8s. bds.

The Second Part of Robert Triphook's Catalogue of old Books and Manuscripts for 1823.

BIOGRAPHY.

Portraits of the Worthies of Westminster-Hall, with their Autographs: being fac-similes of Original Sketches, found in the Note-Book of a Briefless Barrister. Part 1. 8vo. containing 20 portraits, coloured. £1.

Memoirs of the late Mrs Henrietta Fordyce, relict of James Fordyce, D.D.; to which is added, a sketch of the Life of James Fordyce, D.D. Post 8vo. 6s. boards.

BOTANY.

First Steps to Botany, intended as Popular Illustrations of the Science, leading to its Study as a Branch of General Education. By James L. Drummond, M.D. 12mo, with 100 wood-cuts. 9s. boards.

CHEMISTRY.

A Course of Lectures on Chemical Science, as delivered at the Surrey Institution. By Goldsworthy Gurney. 8vo. 13s. boards.

CLASSICS.

Senecæ Tragediæ, in continuation of the Regent's Pocket Classics.

Haack's Thucydides, Greek and Latin, 4 vols. 8vo. £2.2s. boards.

Haack's Thucydides, without Latin. 3 vols. 8vo. £1.11.6d.

The King Œdipus of Sophocles, literally translated from the Greek. By T. W. C. Edwards, M. A.

EDUCATION.

An Epitome of the System of Education, established at Hazelwood School. 1s.

The Exempla Minora, or Eton English Examples, rendered into Familiar Latin. By the Rev. T. Smith, of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Shinton's Lectures on Writing. 8vo. 10s.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, Theoretical and Practical. By J. R. Young. 8vo. 12s.

GEOLOGY.

A Geognostical Essay on the Superposition of Rocks in both Hemispheres. By M. De Humboldt; translated into English, under his immediate inspection. 8vo. 14s. boards.

Supplement to the Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaicical Geologies; relative chiefly to the Geological Indications of the Phenomena of the Cave at Kirkdale. 8vo. 5s.

JURISPRUDENCE.

A translation of all the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian Sentences and Quotations, in Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England; as also those in the Notes of Christian, Archbold, and Williams. 8vo. 9s. boards.

A Compendious Abstract of the Public General Acts passed in 4 Geo. IV. being the fourth Session of the present Parliament, with notes and comments. By T. W. Williams, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Kearsley's Tax-Tables for the Years 1823-4, containing tables of reduced and unrepealed assessed taxes, stamp duties, new duties on post horses and hackney coaches, &c. 1s. 6d.

The Ancient Laws of Cambria, translated from the Welsh. By William Probert, 8vo. 12s.

LAW.

Decisions of the First and Second Divisions of the Court of Session, from November 1820 to November 1821. Collected by J. Wilson, R. Rollo, M. A. Fletcher, and F. Sommerville, Esquires, Advocates. By appointment of the Faculty of Advocates. Folio. 18s.

MATHEMATICS.

A Dictionary of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences. By W. Mitchell, L.L.D. royal 18mo. 10s. 6d. boards. 12s. 6d. calf gilt.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

The Pupil's Pharmacopœia, being a literal translation of the London Latin Pharmacopœia, the English following the original in Italics, word for word; and the Latin text marked to facilitate a proper Pronunciation, &c. &c. By W. Maugham, surgeon. 18mo.

The Elements of Pharmacy and of the Chemical History of the Materia Medica. By Samuel Frederick Gray. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Lectures on the General Structure of the Human Body, and on the Anatomy and Functions of the Skin. By Thomas Chevalier, F.R.S. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Part II. Vol. XII. of the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions. 8vo. 18s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Calcutta Annual Register, Vol. I. for the year 1821, to be continued annually, in one volume, 8vo. £1.1s. bds.

The Forget Me Not; being a present for Christmas and the New Year, 1824; with twelve highly-finished engravings. 18mo. in a case. 12s.

Time's Telescope for 1824, or the Astronomer's Botanist's, Naturalist's, and Historian's Guide for the Year, forming also a complete illustration of the Almanack; to which will be prefixed an Introduction, containing the outline of historical and political geography; and an ode to flowers, written expressly for this work. By Bernard Barton.

Friendship's Offering; or, the Annual

Remembrancer, a Christmas Present and New Year's Gift for 1824; containing a series of views and other embellishments. 18mo. in an embossed case. 12s.

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London and Paris, or Comparative Sketches. By the Marquis de Vermont and Sir Charles Darnley. 8vo. 9s. boards.

Eccentric and Humorous Letters of Eminent Men and Women, remarkable for Wit and Brilliancy of Imagination in their Epistolary Correspondence, including several of Dean Swift, Foot, Garrick, &c. &c. 18mo. 3s.

An Essay on Apparitions, in which their appearance is accounted for by Causes wholly independent of Preternatural Agency. By J. Anderson, M.D. post 8vo. 2s.

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Two Dialogues between an Oxford Tutor and a Disciple of the Common Sense Philosophy, illustrative, in a popular manner, of the Proximate Causes of the Phenomena of the Universe. 3s. 6d.

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Italian Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance, translated from various authors, with 16 plates. By G. Cruickshank. 8vo. 10s. Proofs 14s.

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Mary Stewart and the Maid of Orleans, from the German of Schiller, with a Life of the Author. By the Rev. H. Salvin, M.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

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The Nun, a Poetical Romance; and two others. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Derby at the Visitation at Derby and Chesterfield, 1823. By the Rev. S. Butler, D.D. 4to. 3s. 6d.

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Observations on the Antichristian Tendency of Modern Education, and on the practicability and means of its Improvement. By John Campbell of Cartbrook, F.R.S.E. 2s. 6d. boards.

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The Phrenological Journal and Miscellany. No. 1. (Published Quarterly.) 4s.

A Sermon on Infidelity, preached at the Meeting of the Synod of Fife on the 14th October last. By the Rev. John M'Lachlan, Minister of Wemyss.

The Oratorical Class-Book; with the Principles of Elocution simplified and illustrated by suitable examples; intended for the use of Public and Private Seminaries. By A. M. Hartley, Teacher of Elocution, Glasgow. 12mo. 4s. boards.

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Statement in regard to the Pauperism of Glasgow, from the experience of the last eight years. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 2s.

Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh. Instituted August 2d 1821. With Plates. One thick volume octavo. 18s. boards.

Metaphorical Sketches of the Old and New Systems, with opinions on interesting subjects. By Abram Combe, Edinburgh. 2s. boards.

Supplement to Morison's Dictionary of the Decisions of the Court of Session. By M. P. Brown, Esq. Advocate. Vol. I. Part I. Containing Decisions reported by Durie, Spottiswoode, and Auchinleck. 4to. 15s. sewed.

An Address, read November the 26th 1823, to the Members of a Class for the Critical Study of the Greek New Testament. By William Day. 1s.

An Inquiry into the Doctrine of Original Sin; with a Critical Dissertation on the words "All," "All men," "Many," &c.—Romans v. 12. &c. and 1 Cor. xv. 22. &c. By the Rev. John Cornack, A.M. Minister of Stow. 12mo. 5s.

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Account of the proceedings which took place in Glasgow on the occasion of Dr Chalmers's leaving St. John's Parish, for the Moral Philosophy Chair of the University of St. Andrews. 1s.

Legendre's Elements of Geometry; and of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; edited by David Brewster, L.L.D. Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh; with additional Notes and Improvements, Woodcuts, &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

A Selection of Antiquarian and Historical Notes. By R. O. Jenoway, Esq. 8vo. 9s.

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Percy Mallory. By the Author of "Pen-Owen." 3 vols. post octavo. £1.10s. boards.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

SPAIN.—King Ferdinand and his family entered Madrid on the 13th November. The Gazette of the 20th contains a decree, creating a Council of Ministers; in which Council, with the King at its head, is to be vested the supreme power of the state. It does not appear that Ferdinand proposes to have any legislative body. This Council is to be the organ of his will; and even the forms of a free government are to be dispensed with.

The utmost anxiety still exists as to whether the King of Spain will acknowledge or reject the loans made by the Constitutional Government, and no positive information of his intentions on the subject has yet been received. Respecting the political intentions of Ferdinand there is not the least indication in the letters from Madrid of any leaning towards mildness and forbearance, but all his actions and expressions manifest as much coldness and reserve as if he intended to put to death half his subjects; it is still insisted upon, however, in letters from Paris, written by persons who are said to possess the confidence of the French Ministry, that the King of Spain has been prevailed on to issue an amnesty, and that it would appear in the public journals in the course of a very few days.

In the private letters from Madrid of

the 20th November, it is stated that the greatest wretchedness reigns in that city; a large majority of the rich inhabitants have emigrated or retired from Madrid, and the poorer classes consequently can neither find employment or food in the usual channels. The Madrid Gazette of the 20th instant contains a list of contributions by the clergy for the support of the Government. These donations are understood to have been made through the influence of Don Victor Sacz, the King's Confessor, and Minister for Foreign Affairs. They amount in the whole to about £19,000 sterling.

A letter from Seville, dated October 28, states, that although the cause of the Constitutionalists now appears annihilated, and the priests and the lower classes rejoicing, yet there is little hope of tranquillity being entirely or speedily restored. Tumults are continually taking place in the streets of Seville; and the Liberals, who are certainly the weakest in point of numbers, are insulted with impunity. The King is much blamed for his decrees, but our correspondent says it would require a person of more nerve and determination than Ferdinand VII. possesses, to resist the clamours of the priests, the nobles, and the mob, for vengeance; the King is, in fact, goaded to acts of resentment.

Sir John Downie, who was dispossessed of his place of Alcayde, or Governor of Seville, by the Constitutional Government, and kept in close confinement in Cadiz from the 14th of June to the time the King left that city, has been restored to his office, and is in great favour at Court. It is supposed that Sir John will possess sufficient influence to procure the liberation of his brother, Colonel Charles Downie, who was severely wounded in the action of the 13th of September, near Jaen, and was taken prisoner, but afterwards allowed his parole, with a passport to proceed to Malaga.

Guerilla parties are so numerous in Spain, that a large escort is necessary for travelling safe; for the Constitutional troops that have been dispersed have no means of living but by plunder, and they are very daring in their attacks, frequently entering small villages, and levying contributions; and our correspondent adds, that unless a large army of occupation remains in the Peninsula, these bands will again unite, and be too formidable for the Army of the Faith to contend with.

The gallant Riego, who, we stated in our last Number, had been arraigned for high treason, has been tried, condemned, and executed. The King having, by a previous decree, deprived him of his military rank, he was condemned to the ignominious death of the gibbet. The alleged crime was, that he took a part, as a member of the Cortes at Seville, in carrying the King to Cadiz. The putting to death of this gallant soldier, who was entitled to all the privileges of a prisoner of war, will reflect indelible disgrace on the new Government, and, considered as the pledge of its future policy, must have the effect of retarding the settlement of the country.

The following extracts of letters from Madrid, contain an account of the death of Riego:—

“*Madrid, November 7.*”

“As soon as his Royal Highness the Duke d'Angoulême had quitted the capital (which was on the 4th inst.) the second Court of Alcades d'Casa y Corte hastened the necessary preparations for making the ill-fated Riego drink the last drop of the chalice of bitterness. Many of those occupied in these preparations had but eight months before hailed him as a hero. He was transferred from the prison where he had hitherto been to the public prison at an unusual hour of the night; there his sentence was read to him, which was as follows:—‘Don Rafael Riego is condemned to the capital punishment of the gibbet; he is to be

dragged through all the streets leading to the place of execution, his property to be confiscated to the profit of the King's Chamber, and he is to pay the expenses of his trial.’

“At ten o'clock on the morning of the 5th he was led into the *burning chapel*, (a room lighted up with funeral candles, and other emblems of death.) In this situation, which struck with grief every man possessed of a spark of proper feeling, Riego showed the most unshrinking firmness. All he said was, ‘May God grant that my death may conduce to the happiness and tranquillity of Spain!’ These words will not be forgotten. The unfortunate Riego was sent to the scaffold in virtue of an *ex post facto* law, a circumstance which history will not forget, in recording these deplorable times.”

“*November 10.*”

“On the 4th inst. in the middle of the night, Riego was removed from ‘El Seminario de las Nobles,’ where he had been confined, to the prison ‘de la Corte,’ and at noon the next day, the sentence being read to him, he was conducted to the chapel, with a couple of friars to assist him in his devotions, as is customary, forty-eight hours previous to execution. A table with a crucifix was placed in the street, opposite to the prison, to receive the offerings of the pious and charitable for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the funeral, and for the saying of masses. Curiosity was excited to see something of the last hours of a man whose name had resounded so much throughout Europe during the preceding three years, and numbers applied for permission to see him, both before and after the trial, but none were indulged. The lawyers connected with the proceedings and the friars chusing to be his only observers, advisers, and consolers.

“On the 7th, the crowd began to assemble as early as nine o'clock round the doors of the prison, and in the Calle de Toledo, through which he was to pass to the Plaza de Cavado, where the scaffold was erected. Riego had requested that none but the Spanish guards or troops of the line might attend, the French Commandant therefore only interfered so far as to place a few picquets of French cavalry at the opening of the streets, to preserve order; and there were no Royalist volunteers or other soldiers to line the streets, a few lancers riding up and down to keep the way clear. About half-past twelve, the unfortunate man was brought to the outward prison door, pale and emaciated, scarcely exhibiting signs of life; his coat had been stripped off, and he was covered

from the neck to the feet with a white linen *robe de chambre*, fastened with a cord round the waist. His hands and feet were tied, and he was seated on a sort of matted hurdle, with a pillow to support him, and friars on either side, to keep him up, and afford him spiritual comfort. In his hand was placed a small print of the crucifixion. A few horse soldiers went first; the constables and officers belonging to the prison, an image of Christ on the cross, the ass dragging the hurdle, a number of ecclesiastics and friars, and a body of cavalry, completed the procession. In the streets and at the balconies, with few exceptions, there were multitudes to witness it: the exceptions were of those houses (and those the best) whose proprietors or occupiers had been friends to Riego. The greatest order and silence prevailed. Not an insulting word escaped from any one. Little could be seen of him, as he bent his head on his bosom, except once or twice he raised his looks to the friar, who kept speaking to him. On arrival at the foot of the scaffold, he was lifted from the hurdle, and seated on the first step, where he made his confession. This ended, he was lifted up the ladder almost to the top, and while the executioner fastened the rope about his neck, the priest addressed the bystanders, desiring for him the forgiveness of those whom he might have offended, as he forgave his enemies. The Bellef was then begun, and on coming to the words Jesus Christ, he was thrown off the side; and here occurred the most barbarous spectacle, though a humane act to the sufferer. The hangman jumped upon his shoulders, jerking himself several times, and covering the face with a handkerchief, which he soon took off again, and waved in brutal triumph, as a signal for the people to cry out *Viva el Rey*; but, among some thousands, a few hundreds only joined in it, and few repeated it a second time. Two men were below under the scaffold to pull the legs, so that a sense of pain could only be momentary. A savage from the crowd struck the body with his fist, which was the only insult offered.

FRANCE.—The political intelligence from this country is of little importance. The *Moniteur*, and other Paris papers, of the 3d instant, are principally occupied with the account of the Duke d'Angoulême's triumphant entry into the capital on the preceding day, which, it has been remarked, was the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz. If so, the coincidence, we think, was unfortunate. His Royal Highness distinguished himself during the campaign as much as the nature of

the campaign itself would allow. But after all, the truth is, that there was very little real fighting in Spain, very little opportunity for the display of generalship, and none for acquiring the appellation of a hero. It was not a bloodless campaign, certainly; but the French troops marched from the Bidasoa to Cadiz, without encountering an enemy in the field except a few disorganized bands of Constitutionals.

PORTUGAL.—Lisbon Gazettes of the 15th November contain a royal decree, the preamble of which states, that it has come to his Majesty's knowledge, that some Portuguese subjects, who have taken refuge in foreign countries, intend to write, in their mother tongue, journals or pamphlets, with the criminal intention of again circulating irreligious and subversive doctrines throughout the kingdom; to counteract which, the King has ordained, that no native or foreigner, residing in Portugal, shall receive any journal or pamphlet, printed in a foreign state, without a royal license. Should any such publications fall into their hands, they are required to deliver them up to the Intendant-General of the Police. The penalty for contravention of this law is a fine of 480 *milreas*; in addition to which, the offender, if a native, is to be imprisoned six months, and if a foreigner, to be expelled the Portuguese dominions. The fine is to be given to the informer, whose name is to be kept secret.

GREECE.—A letter dated in Zante has been received from a gentleman filling a high public situation belonging to the Levant Company, which places beyond a doubt the intelligence mentioned in the foreign journals, of the surrender of the Castle of Corinth to the Grecian forces, by whom it had been so long invested. The garrison consisted of 800 Mahomedans, who receiving no relief from the Turkish fleet, were compelled to submit to want of provisions, and to a deficiency of every military store.

Vienna, Nov. 14.—“Authentic news from the Ionian Isles announce that the Pacha of Scutari has been completely beaten in his last attempt on Missolonghi. He had penetrated with a body of Turks and Albanians, whom he had got together, by force of money, into the mountains of Etolla, where he was attacked on all sides, by Constantine Bozzaris, Lepantotes, Mactrys, and other Greek chiefs. The Turks lost the greater part of their artillery and stores. Two divisions laid down their arms; the remains of the army went to Arta and Janina. The Pacha is said to have gone to Scutari, to drive out the Montenegrins, who have

got possession of that part of his province."—*Gazette of Nuremberg*.

Semlin, Oct. 28.—"Since the death of the heroic Marco Bozzari, his brother Constantine has made himself known; and, according to a letter from Tino, dated October 13, and which has been received at Nissa, he has avenged the death of his brother in a manner worthy of him. He is said to have completely defeated the Pacha of Scutari, who had advanced with fresh troops, towards the end of September, and to have destroyed the greater part of his army. Among the prisoners were 600 Latin Christians, whom Bozzari sent to their homes, after reproaching them for having fought against their Christian brethren. May all the Christians of the west appreciate this conduct! According to the latest private letters from Macedonia and Thessaly, we learn that, as far as the Peloponnesus is concerned, the Greeks have nothing more to fear. It is true that bags full of human ears, stated to be those of slain Greeks, and for which the Porte, according to ancient custom, pays a certain sum, are sent from time to time as trophies to Constantinople. But the Franks are no longer deceived by this, as it is a certain fact, that the Turks cut off the ears of their own dead, which they deliver to the Porte as those of Christians."

ASIA.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—By late accounts from these settlements, it appears that trade is already much overdone there, notwithstanding the immense distance from Great Britain. English manufactures are being poured in, in the same ignorant excess as was so fatally exemplified at the opening of Buenos Ayres. One instance of this thoughtless liberality in shipping goods must suffice; among the arrivals at Sydney last spring was a quantity of Epsom salts, equal to two millions of doses, such as are sold in the druggists' shops in England; this, at the rate that article is consumed there at present, where the people enjoy the best health, is equal to more than fifty years' consumption, allowing them all to physic themselves once a-week; of course it will be a total loss; and the same might be said of numerous other articles. Men and women are the commodities in the greatest demand, young women particularly; and there is a fine opening to active, industrious mechanics; and we are informed, that £30 cannot be better laid out than in securing a passage to either of these colonies; but goods should certainly be let alone, except upon the best and latest information, and then only in very small quantities.

AMERICA.

MEXICO.—Intelligence from Vera Cruz, dated the 16th September, state, that much agitation exists in some of the Mexican provinces on the subject of the new organization of the government. The majority of the inhabitants are favourable to a confederation similar to that of the United States, but there are not wanting persons violently opposed to so liberal a constitution. Subsequent accounts, dated 22d September at Vera Cruz, state, that a disagreement exists between the garrison of San Juan and the inhabitants. The misunderstanding had reached such a height, that it was hourly expected to break out into open hostilities. The cause of quarrel is the island of Sacrificios, which the Mexicans intended to occupy, but in this they were anticipated by the garrison. The foreign vessels, on the 24th, were all leaving the place, in consequence of orders from the constituted authorities.

BRAZIL.—We learn from Brazil, that the commissioners who had been sent out by the King of Portugal to notify the counter-revolution which had taken place in the mother country, have not been very graciously received by the Brazilians, who do not seem to have the least inclination to return under the yoke of Portugal. They informed the commissioners that such a deputation would never have been sent, had not the Government of Portugal totally misunderstood the state of things in Brazil; and that no propositions would be listened to without the recognition of independence as a preliminary point. A copy of the free constitution which they have adopted has been drawn out, and approved of by the Emperor Don Pedro, who seems, as far as professions go, to be friendly to the new order of things; though we would not be inclined to put much trust in these professions if they were brought to the test.

Advices have been received from Monte Video, dated the 5th of August, which mention that a Portuguese division of about 3000 troops, under General Alvaro de Costa, still continued in possession of that place, although it was surrounded by a large Imperial force of Brazilians, commanded by General Le Cor, alias Baron de Laguna. Skirmishing generally took place between the blockaded and the blockaders; but it appeared to be the plan of the latter to starve the garrison of Monte Video rather than risk an attack. The garrison, however, being in want of provisions, they lately made a sortie, attacked and repulsed the Brazilians, and succeeded in bringing in several horned cattle. Lord Cochrane, who had finished the affairs of Maranhão and Pará, was

16.—*Dreadful Occurrence.*—On Monday night last the town of Whitehaven was thrown into the utmost agitation, by an awful explosion of fire-damp, from the William pit, a coal-mine belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale, when it was known that a considerable number of colliers were at the moment employed in the workings. It was impossible to ascertain the extent of the calamity immediately, but the fatal certainty soon became apparent. No less than fourteen men, sixteen boys, and two girls, have come to a premature death by this catastrophe.

23.—*Execution.*—Yesterday, Francis Cain, cotton-spinner, aged 17, for highway robbery, and Geo. Laidlaw, wright, for house-breaking, were executed at Glasgow, pursuant to their sentence. They exhibited an uncommon degree of fortitude, the result of sincere repentance and perfect resignation, which was never more conspicuous than in the conduct of these unhappy criminals. Cain, who was a Roman Catholic, was attended by a clergyman and another person of his profession; Laidlaw was accompanied by the Rev. Mr Smyth and Mr Stewart. After a considerable time spent in fervent prayer, the culprits were launched into eternity. Laidlaw died with scarcely a struggle; Cain was more convulsed; but in a few minutes they were both dead. On the same day, Robert Scott, convicted at the Jedburgh circuit of the murder of two men, Simm and Aitchison, was executed on a scaffold erected near the spot where the crimes were committed, a little to the eastward of the village of Fauna. The unhappy man behaved with great penitence, firmness, and resignation.

28.—*John Watson's Trust and Hospital.*—We have to congratulate our fellow-citizens upon the near prospect of a new and important Hospital being to be added to the list of Charitable Institutions with which this Metropolis abounds. This extensive charity takes its rise from the funds of the late Mr John Watson, W.S., who, in the year 1759, conveyed his whole property to trustees, the late Lord Milton, and Mr Mackenzie, of Delvin, W.S., to be laid out in such pious and charitable purposes within the city of Edinburgh, as they might judge proper. The funds being insufficient for the purposes pointed out by the trustees, and, besides, doubts being entertained of the usefulness of such an establishment, the fund was in the meantime preserved, and accumulated by the care and attention of the Keeper and Commissioners of the Signet; and we need not add how well, when it is mentioned, that the fund, which,

in 1781, amounted only £4721, 5s. 6d. now exceeds £90,000. After much discussion among the Keepers and Commissioners of the Signet, relative to the proper charity to which this fund should be applied, an Act of Parliament was last year obtained, appropriating it "For the Maintenance and Education of Destitute Children, and bringing them up to be useful members of society, and also for assisting, in their outset in life, such them as may be thought to deserve and require such aid."

Funeral of the Dean of Faculty.—This day the remains of Matthew Ross, Esq., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, were interred in the Greyfriars' church-yard. As had been previously arranged, the Members of the Faculty, in their robes, assembled in their hall at half-past one o'clock; from whence, about two o'clock, they proceeded in a body to the Greyfriars' Church. About the same time, the hearse, followed by a long train of mourning-coaches, set out from the late Dean's house in Queen-Street, and proceeded slowly along Princes-Street, the Bridges, College-Street, and Lothian-Street, to the church-yard. The coffin, which was very superb, was then removed from the hearse, and carried upon the shoulders of the attendants into the church-yard, followed by the friends of the deceased; Alexander Ross, Esq., the brother of the deceased, being present as chief mourner. Among those who assisted to bear the pall, were observed John Clerk and Francis Jeffrey, Esqrs., advocates, James Ferrier and Colin Mackenzie, Esqrs., Clerks of Session. At this stage of the solemnities, the Faculty, preceded by their officer, carrying his insignia, mounted with crape, moved off from the church towards the grave, on the north-west side of the church-yard, where they formed a line on each side of the footpath, and raised their hats as the coffin passed. The body was then consigned to the earth, after which the company retired. Exclusive of those who attended in mourning coaches, there were at least sixty of the Faculty present, and among them the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General.

30.—*Salisbury Crags.*—It is said that the Magistrates have resolved to discontinue, for the future, the destruction of Salisbury Crags, by refusing to purchase stones taken from the quarries there. It appears that material, from the neighbourhood of Ratho, for paving the streets, can be laid down at Port Hopetoun at the same expence as it may be had from Salisbury Crags; and it is to be hoped that the example set by the Magistrates

will not be lost on such parties as still continue, directly or indirectly, to facilitate dilapidations, which, if persisted in, would, in the course of time, leave hardly a vestige of one of the noblest natural ornaments of our city.

NOVEMBER.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—

1.—D. Beaton, a boy about 15 years old, was sentenced to 7 years transportation for street-robbery.—Andrew Menzies and George Spicer, or Spears, were afterwards found Guilty of housebreaking and robbery, the former upon evidence, and the latter on his own confession. They were adjudged to be transported for fourteen years. John Reid and Thomas Black, the one 16 and the other 17 years old, were then tried for a similar crime, and found Guilty. This was an aggravated case of housebreaking, and the prisoners, being found Guilty, were sentenced to be executed on the 10th December. [The sentence of the younger one, Reid, has been since respited. Black was executed at the time appointed.]

5.—This day James Anderson, David Glenn, Margaret Frew, and Margaret Anderson, were placed at the bar, accused of the murder of John M'Clure, weaver in Townhead of Ayr, by assaulting and wounding him on the 6th of July, on the road leading from Ayr to the village of Ochiltree, of which wounds he died in a few hours afterwards. The prisoners pled Not Guilty to the charges in the indictment. This was a case of wanton and barbarous cruelty. The first witness, Thomas Young, a student of divinity, detailed the facts of the assault. He was acquainted with John M'Clure, and was present at the celebration of the Sacrament at Ochiltree, on Sunday the 6th of July. Left that village about half-past five. On the road he passed James Tod, and some other persons in a gig, who spoke to them. Saw other persons on the road behind them. About nine o'clock, when within about a mile of Ayr, saw four persons on the road, two men and two women. Mr M'Clure and witness walked together, and he observed one of the men attempting to catch at the gig, but the gig passed on. When M'Clure and witness came forward, they went off the road, on purpose to give these persons no molestation; Glenn, who attempted to stop the gig, fell, and Anderson also fell on the side-way, and as they were rising, witness and M'Clure came up. Witness knew both the prisoners. They appeared much intoxicated. When they got up, they struck at M'Clure, who, with witness, attempted to escape from them. They swore at witness;

and Anderson asked whether he was an Orangeman, or what was he? Glenn was upon M'Clure at this time. Witness was knocked to the ground by several strokes. The two women came up at this time. M'Clure was down, and Margaret Anderson went to M'Clure, and appeared to strike him. When witness defended himself from Anderson, she came up and said, "would you strike a drunk man that way?" She then struck witness, and after that returned to M'Clure. At this time, Mr Tod and Mr Bryden, who had stopped their gig, came up. They went up to where Mr M'Clure was lying, and placed him on his feet, and they came back to disentangle witness from Anderson, who had hold of witness, and kicked him with his feet. Another person came up and freed witness from the grasp of Anderson. Witness then ran a few paces, and on looking back, saw M'Clure again upon the ground, and Anderson standing over him; he was then striking him with his clenched fist behind the ear. By this time several persons had come up, but witness was so confused he does not recollect seeing the other prisoners. Saw a person pull Anderson off M'Clure. After M'Clure was rescued, Mr Todd and Mr Bryden supported him to their gig. He appeared weak from the blows, and his mouth was bleeding, and the back of his ear was also bleeding. He complained of pain in his back, where he said he had been kicked by some of the prisoners. Witness did not see any of them kick M'Clure. The assault continued about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Thinks M'Clure was twice knocked down before any one came to his assistance. Had the men been so drunk as they seemed to be, they would not have been able to have committed the violence which they did. Witness saw no appearance of their being drunk after they commenced the assault. Before Mr Todd came up to them, they seemed unable to keep their feet. M'Clure said to witness, on being asked whether the women struck him, that they were bad women. When witness saw M'Clure on the ground, he thinks the women were also striking him. After getting M'Clure to his house, witness called in about half an hour; he was then sitting on a chair, and looked very ill. He did not see him again, as he died soon after. M'Clure nor witness offered no provocation to the prisoners; no words passed betwixt them till they struck them. The prisoners had no sticks, and it was the impression of witness that the woman Anderson had a stone in her hand. The evidence of Mr Young was corroborated

by the persons in the gig. The Jury retired about a quarter of an hour, when they returned a verdict, unanimously finding James Anderson and David Glen Guilty of the charge libelled; but, on account that the commission of the crime was unpremeditated, or not concerted betwixt them, recommended them to mercy; and found the charges against Margaret Anderson and Margaret Frew Not Proven. The two women were accordingly assolvied and dismissed from the bar. Anderson and Glenn were sentenced to be executed at Ayr on the 12th December. [The sentence was put in execution at the time appointed.]

7.—*Knights of Malta*.—A very strange new loan was brought forward on Tuesday last in London, entitled—"A loan of £.640,000 Stock for the service of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, commonly called the Knights of Malta!"—As a money-jobbing transaction, this loan, from the smallness of its amount, has no great consequence, but the terms of the loan issued by the contractors contain assertions, which, if true, are of considerable importance, viz.—That the Order is to be re-established as a Sovereign Order, with the consent of all the Sovereigns of Europe; and, secondly, that treaties have been entered into, and cessions made to the Order by Greece. It is stated also, though not by the contractors, that the Sovereigns of the Continent have consented to the re-establishment of this Order as a sovereign power, for the purpose of extending its authority over Greece, and that the sum raised is intended to be applied to the organization of the Grecian armies.

Nautical Science.—Mr Adam of the Academy has just returned from a ten day's cruise on board the *Clio*, commanded by Captain Strangways. We learn that the results of the experiments which were made at this time among the Orkneys, and between the coast of Caithness and Fraserburgh, were fully more satisfactory than on any former occasion. These experiments, as our readers already know, are meant to lead to the important object in nautical science of determining the situation of a ship by obtaining the altitude of any of the heavenly bodies where the horizon is obscured; and for which very considerable rewards are held out by the Board of Longitude. In a great number of observations made by Mr Adam on his new principle, and quite independent of any visible horizon, he did not differ much above 1 min. from the calculations of the officers of the *Clio* taken in the ordinary way.—*Inverness Courier*.

Coal Mine Explosion.—On Monday morning last, between five and six o'clock, another of those awful occurrences which so frequently happen in coal mines, took place at the Plene Pit, at Rainton, in the county of Durham, the property of the Marquis of Londonderry. By an explosion of fire-damp, 53 men and boys, and 12 horses, were killed.

12.—*Caledonian Canal*.—It is in contemplation to allow steam-boats to ply on the Canal, free of dues, for the purpose of tracking vessels. The requisite operations for receiving and retaining 15 feet of water throughout the Canal are now going on, viz. raising the clay lining along the lands of Bught and Kinnymies, and above Fort Augustus, and dredging the shallows in the lake.

Resignation of Dr Chalmers.—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Glasgow on the 5th instant, Dr Chalmers tendered his resignation by a letter, in which he stated in substance, that having been appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrew's, and as his installation would take place on the 14th current, it was with deep emotion, and sentiments of unfeigned esteem for every member of the Presbytery, that he tendered to them his resignation of the charge of St. John's parish; but he did not resign the office of the ministry, of the importance of which he was well aware, and which he would always hold in the highest estimation. He requested that they would not declare the church vacant till he was installed in his new office, of which he would give due information to the Moderator.—After some remarks by Dr McLean, Dr Taylor, Dr Rankine, Dr McGill, and several others, testifying their esteem for the talents and usefulness of the Reverend Doctor, and expressing their regret at the loss they were about to sustain by his departure from among them, the Presbytery accepted his resignation, in terms of his letter, which was engrossed in the minutes, with a suitable expression of the esteem of the Presbytery, and their regret at his departure.—A public dinner was given yesterday to the Rev. Gentleman, by his friends in Glasgow, the Lord Provost in the chair.

13.—*Execution*.—Yesterday, David Wylie was executed in front of the Court-House, Glasgow. He was found guilty (along with William Johnston, whose sentence has been respited,) of breaking into the house of Mr Rodgers, in Gordon Street, Glasgow, and carrying off upwards of £.400 worth of property.

IRELAND.—The report on the condition of the poor in Ireland has been laid before the public, and clearly establishes

the reality and extent of the distress in that unhappy country. The Committee have proved to demonstration, that "the employment of the people of Ireland, and the improvement of their moral condition, is essentially necessary to the peace and tranquillity of that island, as well as to the general interests of the United Kingdom." It would appear from the report, that the distressed districts constitute half the country, and that one half of the entire population are supported by charity. A pretty clear estimate of the miserable poverty of these unfortunate beings may be formed from the fact, that in the county of Clare, 26,846 persons, most of them unfitted, from age or disease, to procure by labour the means of existence, have been supported at an expence of not quite one penny per diem. The Countess of Glengall, a lady of great and active benevolence, in her examination by the Committee, described the labourers under the better sort of farmers in Ireland as worse off than the slaves in the West Indies.

17.—*Falkland Palace.*—The Royal Palace of Falkland, formerly the favourite residence of several of our ancient Scottish Sovereigns, has lately undergone important improvements, and is destined to receive farther protection in the course of next season. Mr Bruce, now proprietor of the extensive and valuable estate of Falkland, and, as such, Heritable Keeper of the Palace, has inclosed the grounds immediately attached to it, consisting of several acres, with a substantial wall of freestone, about eight feet in height. The inclosed space forms a garden ground, which is kept in good order, and is open to the public.

Improvement in Printing.—The Courier of Friday announces that the press-work of that paper is now executed by a machine of such extraordinary mechanical power, that it is capable of throwing off considerably above 2,000 papers per hour. It, indeed, on the occasion, produced at the rate of 2880 impressions within the hour! No steam-apparatus is employed, but two men alternately turn a fly-wheel, which acts as the impelling power.

New Gold Coinage.—The double sovereigns have been issued; but the number cast is so limited, that there is no chance of any being in general circulation, as each banker is only allowed twenty-five, and the Bank-of-England Clerks one. As a medal, the double sovereign is finely executed. The coin nearly resembles the single sovereigns, only upon a larger scale, and with the addition on the rim of *Anno Hegni IV. Decus et Tutamen*; on the exergue is the year of coinage, 1823.

Election of a Dean of Faculty.—At a meeting of the Faculty of Advocates on Saturday, the Lord Advocate, in a neat and affectionate speech, passed some well-merited compliments on Mr Cranstoun, and proposed him as a person well qualified for the distinguished situation of Dean. The motion was seconded by Mr Thos. Thomson, and carried by acclamation. Mr Cranstoun expressed his gratitude for the honour conferred on him, in a beautiful address to his brethren. He did not fail to eulogize the rare and valued acquirements of his predecessor, the late Mr Ross, who, to his other qualifications, added that of kindness and regard to his younger brethren, who never failed to find in him a friend and adviser. With a becoming humility, he said that the successors of Mr Ross had it in their power at least to follow his example.—The election, and the manner in which it was conducted, has given general satisfaction to the gentlemen at the bar.

20.—*Weaving Machinery.*—The model of a machine, invented by Mr James Cross of Paisley, for weaving harness loom-work, without the means of a draw-boy, has, since its arrival in Edinburgh for public inspection, attracted very general attention. Several meetings of the manufacturers and operative weavers have been held, for the purpose of examination and inquiry, and the consequence has been, that very favourable reports, from these respective bodies, have been jointly and severally given. Pieces of different kinds of cloth, wrought by the machine, were forwarded from Paisley on Monday evening, with the view of being submitted to the Trustees for the encouragement of manufactures. It is expected that this invention will soon be applied to damask and carpet-work.

Deepening the Clyde.—This great work, which must be attended with such beneficial consequences to Glasgow, is, we are happy to learn, to be proceeded in with spirit and dispatch. The celebrated engineer, Mr Telford, has been here within these few days, and is, we learn, at this moment engaged in making a survey of the river, and to report upon the practicability and utility of deepening it from this city upwards to Carmyle. Coals will then be obtained in plenty, and at a cheaper rate. Inverted arches will carry the deepening upwards past the bridges without difficulty; while the bed of the river, so much lowered, will prevent the lower parts of the city being inundated in heavy floods, as the water will be carried off with greater rapidity.—*Glasgow Courier.*

24.—*Heriot's Hospital.*—The Gover-

nors of George Heriot's Hospital have lately directed their attention to the improvement of the exterior of this noble endowment, by directing Mr Playfair, the architect, to make out a design for the attainment of this object. He has accordingly done so, and the following is the outline submitted by him for their consideration:—The principal entrance is at present so unworthy of the structure to which it leads, that some alteration is absolutely required; and to effect this, it is proposed to throw open an approach from the south, directly opposite to the centre of the building, by which means the porter's lodge would be placed so as to border on the Laurieston road. In addition to this, it is planned that the space

all round the hospital shall be excavated and levelled, so as to place the building, as it were, on a terrace, which shall encompass it on every side, and form a delightful promenade for visitors, who may thus obtain what is at present impracticable—a full view of the edifice, in all directions. This terrace would necessarily be raised ten feet above the play-ground on the north side, and six feet above the lawn on the south side. The present entrance would of course be dispensed with, farther than that it might continue to be used as a private gate. According to the plan, a considerable enlargement of the play-ground would also take place, by throwing into it the vacant spaces to the east and west of the building.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Nov. 1. The Hon. Francis Reginald Forbes to be Secretary of Legation at Lisbon.
— Peter Brown, Esq. to be Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen.
14. Viscount Granville to be Ambassador to the King of the Netherlands.
17. The dignity of a Viscount of the United Kingdom granted unto Richard Earl of Glancarty.
22. The honour of Knighthood conferred on William Macleod Dunnatyne, Esq. late one of the Lords of Session.

II. JUDICIAL.

Nov. 10. John Clerk, Esq. Advocate, appointed one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, in room of Lord Bannatyne, resigned. Mr Clerk took his seat on the 22d, by the title of Lord Eldin.

III. LITERARY.

Nov. 4. The Rev. A. Baird inducted as Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's.

Sir James Mackintosh re-elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

The Earl of Aberdeen re-elected Lord Rector of King's College, Aberdeen.

IV. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Oct. 30. The Rev. Robert Copland admitted Minister of Durris.

31. The Rev. Hugh McKennie admitted Minister of the Gaelic Chapel of Faxe, Aberdeen.

Nov. 11. Mr William Noy elected pastor of the Relief Congregation, Tolleross, Glasgow.

13. Mr Ralph Robb elected pastor of the Original Burgher Congregation at Kinnairdine.

— The degree of Doctor in Divinity conferred by the Marischal College of Aberdeen on the Rev. Andrew Thomson, and the Rev. Robert Gordon, of Edinburgh.

15. William Campbell, A.M. presented by Col. Forbes to the Church and Parish of Coull.

18. Mr Robert Brown ordained to the pastoral charge of the United Congregation of Cumnock.

19. The Second United Associate Congregation, Tannery Street, Aberdeen, gave a call to Mr Stirling, Preacher of the Gospel, to be their pastor.

The College of Princeton, in North America, has conferred the degree of Doctor in Divinity upon the Rev. James Stark, of the United Presbyterian Church.

20. The Rev. Gilbert Wardlaw, A.M. ordained to the pastoral office over the Church assembling in Albany-Street Chapel, Edinburgh.

27. The Rev. Mr Henderson inducted to the charge of St. Cuthbert's new Chapel of Ease, Claremont-Street, Stockbridge, Edinburgh.

V. MILITARY.

Brevet Maj. Hon. J. Finch, h. p. R. W. I. R.
Lieut. Col. in the Army 23 Oct. 1823

1 Life Gds. Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Hon. H. M. Up-
ton, Lieut. by purch. vice Moseley,
prom. 10 Oct. 1823

C. Henage, Cornet and Sub-Lieut. 37

purch. do.

3 Dr. Gds. Lieut. Bolton, Adj. vice Towell, res.

Adj. only 6 Nov.

7 Vet. Surg. Anderson, from h. p. 24 Dr.

Vet. Surg. vice Nesbitt, dead do.

8 Dr. Assist. Surg. Farnham, from 70 F. Assist.

Surg. vice Carter, dead do.

10 Surg. M'Roberts, from 70 F. Surg. vice

Chermade, h. p. 30 Oct.

11 Cornet Partridge, Lieut. by purch. vice

Crois, 41 F. do.

C. Johnson, Cornet by purch. do.

12 Reg. Serj. Maj. White, Quart. Mast.

vice Bull, dead do.

Lieut. Lanc. Capt. by purch. vice Pat-

ton, ret. 6 Nov.

Cornet Harrington, Lieut. by purch. do.

14 W. Hyde, Cornet by purch. do.

Lieut. Gen. Sir J. G. Vandeleur, K.C.B.

Col. vice Earl of Bridgewater, dead 20 Oct.

Gren. Gds. Bt. Major Hon. R. Clements, Capt. &

Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Packer, ret. 6 Nov.

Lieut. Lyster, Lieut. & Capt. by purch. do.

7 F. Lieut. Orr, Adj. vice Hay, res. Adj. only

23 Oct.

23 Bt. Lieut. Col. Dahmer, Maj. by purch.

Lieut. Beale, Capt. by purch. 30 do.

1 vice Keightley, prom. 15 do.

2d Lieut. Mathison, 1st Lieut. by purch. do.

G. Besudenck, 2d Lieut. by purch. do.

24 G. K. Tucker, Ens. by purch. vice Ben-

nett, pr. m. do.

25 Lieut. Millar, Adj. vice M'Leod, res.

Adj. only 6 Nov.

37 Hosp. Assist. Neill, Assist. Surg. vice

Robertson, 70 F. do.

39 Lieut. Gen. Sir G. Alrey, K.C.B. Colo-

nel, vice Gen. N. Balfour, dead 25 Oct.

41 Lieut. Crole, from 11 Dr. Capt. by

purch. vice Johnson, cancelled 30 do.

37 Assist. Surg. Latham, from h. p. 34 F.

Assist. Surg. vice Inglis, dead 23 do.

67 Ensign Pilfold, Lieut. vice Laxford,

dead 30 do.

L. Carey, Ens. do.

70 Assist. Surg. Robertson, from 37 F. As-

sist. Surg. vice Farnham, 8 Dr. 6 Nov.

Lieut. Dashwood, Capt. by purch. vice

Roy, ret. 23 Oct.

71 Ens. Stewart, Lieut. by purch. do.

J. Barry, Ens. by purch. do.

74 F. Lieut. Yates, from Cape Corps, Lieut. vice Herron, h. p. 24 F. 6 Nov. 1823
 78 Staff Surg. Bolton, from h. p. Surg. vice M'Roberts, 10 Dr. 30 Oct.
 84 Capt. Cruise, Major by purch. vice Arden, prom. 6 Nov.
 92 Ens. Bayly, Lieut. vice Sutherland, ret. 23 Oct.

W. F. Sawbridge, Ens. by purch. do.
 2 W. I. R. Lieut. Hughes, from h. p. 2d Bahama Gren. Comp. Quart. Mast. vice Dukes, h. p. do.

Ceyl. Reg. 2d Lieut. Lewis, 1st Lieut. vice Burke, dead do.
 R. Jefferson, 2d Lieut. do.

Cape Corps } Lieut. Harvey, from h. p. 24 F. Lieut. Inf. vice Yates, 14 F. 6 Nov.

1 R. V. Bn. Lieut. Hawstorne, from h. p. 10 F. Lieut. 25 Oct.

Lieut. Knox, from h. p. 3 F. Lieut. do.

Collins, from 26 F. do. do.

Fleeson, from h. p. African Corps do.

Fielding, from h. p. 3 F. do. do.

Frazer, from h. p. 36 F. do. do.

Nicholls, from h. p. 31 F. do. do.

Johnson, from h. p. 5 F. do. do.

Thompson, from late 9 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

Assist. Surg. Keoghoe, from h. p. 44 F. Assist. Surg. do.

2 Lieut. Bell, from h. p. 2 Gn. Bn. Lieut. do.

Stewart, from h. p. 95 F. do. do.

O'Neill, from h. p. 83 F. do. do.

Dickens, from h. p. 28 F. do. do.

Kirkley, from h. p. Rifle Brig. do.

Butler, from h. p. 37 F. do. do.

Waddell, from h. p. 48 F. do. do.

M'Grath, from h. p. 96 F. do. do.

Griesbach, from h. p. Meuron's Reg. Lieut. do.

Staff Assist. Surg. Lawder, Assist. Surg. do.

3 Lieut. Crofton, from h. p. York Light Inf. Vol. Lieut. do.

Waters, from h. p. 85 F. do. do.

O'Reilly, from h. p. 6 Gn. Bn. do.

Mackenzie, from h. p. 72 F. do. do.

Searman, from h. p. 67 F. do. do.

O'Beirne, from h. p. 96 F. do. do.

Bowen, from h. p. 63 F. do. do.

Dickson, from h. p. 25 F. do. do.

Ensign Harrison, from h. p. 81 F. Ens. vice Greenham, ret. list. do.

Lane, Adj. vice Yellon, ret. list. do.

Assist. Surg. Gardiner, from h. p. 53 F. Assist. Surg. do.

Unattached.

Major Hon. R. P. Arden, from 84 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Maj. Gen. Chabot, ret. 30 Oct. 1823.

Hospital Staff.

Surg. Maling, from h. p. Surg. vice Clarke, prom. 3 July 1823.

Assist. Surg. Clifford, from h. p. 68 F. Assist. Surg. vice Flolayson, cancelled 23 Oct.

Magrath, from h. p. 20 Dr. Assist. Surg. vice Lawder, 2 Royal Vet. Bn. 6 Nov.

Hosp. Assist. Gallagher, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Lough, h. p. 23 Oct.

J. Wyllie, Hosp. Assist. vice Neill, 70 F. 6 Nov.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Popham, from 24 F. with Lieut. Col. Fleming, h. p. 35 F.

Major Johnson, from 95 F. with Major Allen, h. p. 10 F.

Bt. Maj. Mackworth, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Heyman, h. p. 4 Dr.

Capt. Webb, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Capt. Stevenson, h. p. 42 F.

Lieut. Towell, from 3 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Todd, h. p. 8 Dr.

Smith, from 4 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nash, h. p. 21 Dr.

Lieut. Grayson, from 15 F. with Lieut. Hammond, h. p. 94 F.

M'Leod, from 25 F. with Lieut. O'Brien, h. p. 22 Dr.

Cornet Cunningham, from 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Sir W. H. Clarke, Bt. h. p.

Ensign Young, from 17 F. with Ensign Farwell, 31 F.

Michel, from 27 F. with Sienor, 60 F.

Collings, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Pothergill, h. p. 85 F.

Assist. Surg. M'Chetock, from 1 Dr. with Assist. Surg. Teillie, h. p. 89 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. Viscount Chabot, late of 50 F.

Colonel H. P. L'Estrange, King's County Mil.

Lieut. Col. Peache, Gren. Gds.

Capt. Patton, 12 Dr.

Boy, 71 F.

Lieut. Sutherland, 92 F.

Appointment Cancelled.

Capt. Johnson, 41 F.

Deaths.

General Sir A. Farrington, Bart. Royal Art. Director General of the Field Train Dep. Blackheath, Kent 3 Nov. 1823

Barclay, late of Royal Marines, Tannton 12 do.

Lieut. Gen. Peche, East-India Company's Service April

Maj. Gen. Steuart, late of 1 F. Edinburgh Sept.

Durand, East India Company's Service Port St. George, East Indies 24 Dec. 1822

Colonel Uniacke, h. p. 104 F. 31 Oct. 1823

Chichester, Cardigan Mil. Lieut. Col. Miller, 87 F. Chancery, Bengal 17 May

Earl of Athlone, h. p. 95 F.

Sir M. Grant, K.C.B. h. p. Portugal Service, Macracks, near Grantown 22 Oct.

Capt. Lennon, h. p. Royal Wagon Train 25 do.

Kelly, h. p. 80 F. Clashmore, Youghall 21 do.

Gardiner, h. p. 89 F. Isleworth, Middlesex 16 Sept.

Hunt, h. p. York Rang. London 17 July.

Umbilini, h. p. Malta Reg.

de Harling, h. p. 3 Dr. Germ. Leg. 7 Nov.

Taylor, of late 15 Vet. Bn. St. Athan 9 May

Finch, of late 9 Vet. Bn. 10 Oct.

Lieut. Stuart, 32 F. Corfu 25 Aug.

Bowra, 64 F. Isle of Wight 8 Nov.

Hon. F. Lascelles, 67 F. London

J. Gordon, late Iovalida July

Doughty, do. 29 Oct.

Rushton, do. 24 Jan.

Aitkin, of late 4 Vet. Bn. Jedburgh, North Britain 10 Sept.

Nussen, h. p. 3 Dr.

Crawford, h. p. 2 F. Lambeth 24 Sept.

Daniel, h. p. 12 F. Wheelock, Cheshire Sept.

Doig, h. p. 25 F. 26 do.

Barr, h. p. 26 F.

Donald Campbell, h. p. 27 F. 24 Nov. 1822.

Mulkern, h. p. 63 F. Aug. 1823.

Uniacke, h. p. 60 F. 10 July 1823.

Duff, h. p. 67 F. Isle of Man 29 Oct. 1823.

Ruddiman, h. p. 71 F. 13 Sep. 1.

Andrews, h. p. 84 F. 21 May.

Peters, h. p. 88 F. 18 Feb.

Patton, late 6 Vet. Bn. Oct.

Frey, h. p. 80 F. Regt.

Robertson, Stirling Mil. Edinburgh 25 do.

Ensign Le Menurier, h. p. 9 F. 15 March.

Cheney, h. p. 72 F. 14 Dec. 1822.

Chaplain Pulejo, h. p. Sicilian Regt.

Quart. Mast. Bull, 12 Dr. Cork 21 Oct. 1823.

Andrews, h. p. 72 F. 22 Jan.

Elliott, South Devon Militia.

Medical Department.

Surg. Groskopp, h. p. 1 Dr. Germ. Leg. 21 April

Surg. Duon, Ayr Militia.

Staff Assist. Surg. Rossiter, Frome, Somersetshire 7 Sept.

Assist. Surg. Duval, h. p. 1 Light Inf. Germ. Leg.

Dep. Purv. Sherria, E. p.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Nov. 1	M. 25 A. 30	29.775 .710	M. 42 A. 42		Frost foren. fair aftern.	Nov. 16	M. 33 A. 42	29.999 .999	M. 44 A. 44	NW.	Dull, slight rain aftern.
2	M. 33 A. 41	.665 .804	M. 43 A. 43	SW.	Fair & mild.	17	M. 38 A. 45	.904 .904	M. 43 A. 43	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.
3	M. 33 A. 40	.439 .296	M. 48 A. 46	SW.	Dull, with rain foren.	18	M. 39 A. 43	30.188 29.989	M. 45 A. 46	Cble.	Sunsh. foren. dull aftern.
4	M. 37 A. 42	.250 .229	M. 43 A. 43	E.	Dull most of day.	19	M. 39 A. 43	.664 .539	M. 43 A. 43	SW.	Foren. fair, aftern. rain.
5	M. 51 A. 37	.427 .504	M. 50 A. 44	E.	Frost morn. dull day.	20	M. 40 A. 52	.538 .575	M. 50 A. 50	NW.	Fair, but dull.
6	M. 37 A. 40	.684 .676	M. 48 A. 48	E.	Dull but fair.	21	M. 44 A. 48	.642 .642	M. 48 A. 49	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.
7	M. 37 A. 47	.736 .886	M. 48 A. 48	E.	Very foggy with rain.	22	M. 43 A. 49	.515 .580	M. 50 A. 49	SW.	Ditto.
8	M. 41 A. 44	.994 30.180	M. 47 A. 45	E.	Very foggy, but fair.	23	M. 41 A. 50	.561 .561	M. 51 A. 51	W.	Morn. sunsh. dull day.
9	M. 37 A. 42	.198 .230	M. 44 A. 44	NE.	Ditto.	24	M. 46 A. 50	.580 .691	M. 51 A. 49	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
10	M. 38 A. 45	.328 .329	M. 45 A. 44	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M. 42 A. 48	.725 .725	M. 49 A. 48	W.	Dull, but fair, cold.
11	M. 37 A. 41	.314 .292	M. 45 A. 44	Cble.	Foggy foren. clear aftern.	26	M. 42 A. 47	.735 .735	M. 47 A. 48	W.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. dull.
12	M. 36 A. 41	29.996 .691	M. 45 A. 45	Cble.	Fair, but dull and cold.	27	M. 45 A. 49	.594 .492	M. 49 A. 49	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
13	M. 37 A. 42	.975 .902	M. 43 A. 43	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	28	M. 30 A. 45	.480 .612	M. 49 A. 47	SW.	Fair, with sun. cold.
14	M. 40 A. 48	.905 .916	M. 50 A. 47	W.	Ditto.	29	M. 30 A. 41	.156 29.612	M. 44 A. 44	SW.	Fair foren. rain aftern.
15	M. 36 A. 46	.591 .596	M. 48 A. 48	W.	Ditto.	30	M. 30 A. 47	.610 .784	M. 48 A. 45	SW.	Heavy dew, hail & rain.

Average of Rain, 1.207 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

On the 11th of October, an immense fall of rain did considerable damage. The weather was more favourable after the middle of that month, and, by the 24th, the crop was, for the most part, secured in the early districts, but by no means in good condition. The temperature was low, and on the two last days it fell as low as 8° Fahrenheit, in northern exposures, and potatoes were considerably injured. Depth of rain for that month, 395 inches. Moist weather continuing all the first week in November, the crop was not secured in the later districts till the 15th, and such oats had been cut in a green state. From the 10th, dry and pleasant weather prevailed till the end of that month. December was ushered in with hail and sleet, with snow on the high grounds; but frosts have, as yet, given little interruption to the plough and turning over. Winter fallow is going rapidly forward.

Various estimates were formed of the crop while handling in harvest; it is now, however, found out, that a greater deficiency exists than was supposed. Oats, in late situations, do not, in many instances, yield nearly an average, and the quality is exceeding light. Barley contains much refuse, and wheat is fully as deficient in quality as was expected. On clay lands, the usual breadth has not been got sown of this species of grain. Notwithstanding the above universally-acknowledged state of the crop, such is the soft state of much of the corn in sack, and such, unfortunately, are the necessities of farmers, that a glut is already produced, which has lowered prices of grain from 1s. to 2s. per boll. Best new wheat sells at from 23s. to 25s.; barley about 22s.; oats 15s. 6d. to 18s. per boll; potatoes 8s. to 10s. per boll, weighing thirty-two stones.

That such prices will enable farmers to pay the war-rents is out of the question; for landlords to give temporary reductions of rents is not so advantageous for the farmer as would at first sight seem to appear, as it still supports a high nominal rent, to which the landlord may recur at pleasure; they also encourage adventurers to offer more than they have any intention of paying. Many judicious landlords have therefore regulated their rents by the rate of prices as fixed by the fairs. This may prevent farmers from amassing much wealth, but it also secures them from absolute ruin; and if the landlord's rent-roll is sometimes not so high, payments are at all times more secure.—*Perthshire, 10th Dec. 1823.*

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1823.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Load.	Potat. p peck.	1823.	Oatmeal.		R. & P. Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
Nov. 19	542	20 0 38 0	30 0 1	20 0 26 0	18 0 22 0	18 0 21 0	9 8	8	Nov. 18	404	1 3	76	1 1
26	644	20 0 35 0	30 1	23 0 26 0	16 0 20 6	18 0 20 0	9 8	8	25	443	1 3	89	1 1
Dec. 3	680	18 0 35 0	30 8 1	20 0 25 6	17 6 22 0	19 0 21 0	9 8	8	Dec. 2	410	1 3	80	1 1
10	704	19 0 35 0	29 9	20 0 25 6	15 0 22 0	19 0 21 0	9 8	8	9	460	1 3	73	1 1

Glasgow.

1823.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantals.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.
Nov. 20	s.	s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.
27	30	—	—	30 0 31 0	15 0 20 0	13 0 20 0	27 0 26 0	23 6 26 6	22 0 24 0	18 0 20 0
Dec. 4	30	—	—	31 0 33 0	15 6 20 0	19 0 20 6	28 0 30 0	23 6 26 6	22 0 25 0	18 0 20 0
11	30	—	—	31 0 33 0	15 6 20 0	19 0 20 6	28 0 30 0	23 6 26 6	22 0 25 0	18 0 20 0
				16 6 20 0	19 0 21 0	28 0 29 0	24 6 26 6	22 0 25 0	17 0 20 0	49 50 0

Haddington.

1823.		Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1823.		Oatmeal.		
		Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.	
Nov.	21	738	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	Nov.	17	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	
	28	624	18 0 34 0	26 0	20 0 24 0	16 0 22 0	18 22 0	18 0 22 0		24	17 0 18 0	1 2	
Dec.	5	760	20 0 33 0	27 0	20 0 24 0	16 0 21 0	17 21 0	18 0 22 0	Dec.	1	15 0 18 0	1 2	
	12	615	19 0 33 0	26 11	21 0 24 0	16 0 20 0	17 21 0	18 0 22 0		8	12 6 17 6	1 2	
			22 6 34 0	28 3	21 0 25 0	16 0 20 0	16 21 0	17 0 21 0					

Dunkeith.

1823.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 380 lb.		Quar. Load.
				Fd & Pol.	Total.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
Nov. 17	42 56	30 34	23 35	19 27	22 29	34 42	31 37	36 42	33 36	45 50	38 44	— 9
24	42 56	30 34	22 33	19 27	22 29	35 42	31 37	36 42	33 35	45 50	38 44	— 9
Dec. 1	40 37	32 36	21 32	19 26	21 28	35 40	30 36	36 40	31 34	45 50	38 44	— 9
8	40 38	36 40	21 32	19 26	21 28	35 40	30 36	36 40	31 33	50 55	40 45	— 9 1

London.

Liverpool.

1823.	Wheat. 70 lb.			Oats. 45 lb.			Barley. 60 lb.			Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.									
	s.	d.	s.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.				Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.								
Nov. 18	4	0	9	3	0	3	4	3	5	34	36	34	40	38	46	35	43	28	33	27	30	23	25		
25	4	0	8	3	0	3	3	4	3	34	36	34	40	32	48	38	43	36	47	28	33	27	30	23	26
Dec. 2	4	0	8	3	0	3	2	4	3	34	36	36	42	32	50	38	48	36	47	28	33	27	30	23	26
9	4	0	8	3	0	3	2	4	3	34	36	36	42	32	50	38	48	36	47	28	33	27	30	23	26

England & Wales.

1823.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
Nov. 8	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
15	49 7	31 8	27 10	20 10	35 2	34 0	—
22	49 8	29 2	28 7	21 1	35 8	34 6	—
29	50 4	30 11	28 6	21 1	35 10	34 7	—
29	51 4	31 10	28 8	21 0	37 3	34 9	—

Course of Exchange, London, Dec. 9.—Amsterdam, 12: 3. Ditto at sight, 11: 19. Rotterdam, 12: 4. Antwerp, 12: 6. Hamburg, 37: 8. Altona, 37: 9. Paris, 3 days sight, 25: 70. Bourdeaux, 25: 90. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 157. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Naples, 38½. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 52. Rio Janeiro, 49. Dublin, 9½ ½ cent. Cork, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, &c.—Portugal Gold in bars, £0-0-0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3-17-6.—New Doubloons, £3-15-0.—New Dollars, £0-4-9.—Silver in bars, Standard, £0-4-11½.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. a 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. a 30s.—Belfast, 25s. a 30s.—Hambro's, 20s. a 50s.—Madeira, 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. a 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from November 19th to December 10th 1823.

	Nov. 19.	Nov. 26.	Dec. 3.	Dec. 10.
Bank Stock.....	222½	224½	—	—
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	82½	83½	83½	85
3 ½ cent. consols.....	83½	84½	—	—
3½ ½ cent. do.....	96½	97½	97½	98½
4 ½ cent. do.....	99½	100½	100½	100½
Ditto New do.....	103½	104½	104½	—
India Stock.....	—	268½	—	—
— Bonds.....	77	80	78	84
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	46	50	50	55
Consols for account.....	83½	84½	84½	85½
French 5 ½ cents.....	89 fr. 50 c.	90 fr. — c.	90 fr. — c.	91 fr. 50 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of October and the 20th November 1823: extracted from the London Gazette.

Arnold, W. J. Idol-lane, wine-broker.
 Atkinson, T. Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner.
 Ball, R. Bristol, baker.
 Beale, W. and J. H. Wrathall, Union-street, South-wark, hatiers.
 Benson, J. Lancaster, linen-draper.
 Bignold, T. Bridge-street, Black friars, boot-maker.
 Bisher, T. Ilfracombe, tallow-chandler.
 Birchall, J. Macclesfield, cotton-spinner.
 Bird, D. P. Bristol, grocer.
 Bolton, E. Mare-street, Hackney, butcher.
 Bottrell, H. Ostend, merchant.
 Brookes, C. Southampton, cabinet-maker.
 Brown, A. Plymouth, ship-builder.
 Brown, H. W. Surrey-street, Strand, merchant.
 Burraston, J. Hereford, coal-merchant.
 Burridge, J. Ironmonger-lane, merchant.
 Cardlin, J. J. Fenchurch-street, merchant.
 Carpentier, J. Romsey, Hants, coal-merchant.
 Chabert, P. Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant.
 Charraud, J. and J. N. Shootbred, Great St. Helens, merchants.
 Clark, J. Trowbridge, linen-draper.
 Colton, Rev. C. C. Princess-street, Soho, wine-merchant.
 Cone, J. Crutcher Friars, victualler.
 Cort, R. Cow Cross-street, currier.
 Coulston, R. Tewkesbury, plumber.
 Coupland, W. and W. B. Colton, Liverpool, merchants.
 Cox, J. Wells, Somerset, miller.
 Croft, W. P. M. Smithfield, victualler.
 Davis, R. London, ironmonger.
 Day, R. and R. H. Tovill, Oil Mills Maidstone, Kent, seed-crushers.
 Dickenson, R. Hexham, Northumberland, book-seller.
 Dow, J. Bow-common, rope-maker.
 Dowman, T. and J. Offley, Bread-street, Cheap-side, warehouseman.
 Ewan, J. Canterbury, ironmonger.
 Gagey, S. Letchingden, Essex, farmer.
 Giffell, W. J. Norton-street, Mary-le-bonne, turner.
 Glynn, E. J. Launceston, banker.
 Gordon, W. High-street, Gravesend, merchant.
 Greathead, R. Bristol, dealer and chapman.

Greenland, S. N. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier.
 Haines, H. J. Jernyn-street, oil-merchant.
 Hamer, S. B. Furnival's-inn, broker.
 Harnage, Sir G. Chatham-place, merchant.
 Harrison, C. Aldgate, cheese-monger.
 Hassan, W. Charles-street, Middlessex Hospital, brass-founder.
 Hawkins, E. Hereford, dealer and chapman.
 Hewitt, T. Carlisle, iron-founder.
 Hills, T. Southend, builder.
 Hoar, T. Flimstad, Hertfordshire, baker.
 Holl, C. A. Worcester, printer.
 Holt, W. F. Cannon row, Westminster, surgeon.
 Honeyhome, J. Kingswinford, Staffordshire, coal-dealer.
 Hucksan, J. Bristol, butcher.
 Ingram, E. Castle-street, Reading, dress-maker.
 James, J. J. A. and Co. Liverpool, ship-builders.
 Jewson, J. C. High Holborn, linen-draper.
 Lacey, L. Garden-row, London-road, horse-dealer.
 Lacom, W. Ovestry, ironmonger.
 Lamy, G. Dunster-court, Mining-lane, merchant.
 Lewis, J. Goyfre, Monmouthshire, timber-dealer.
 Linde, J. Bulbier-street, broker.
 Longton, J. and J. Liverpool, ironmongers.
 Marshall, R. Jury Farm, near Ripley, Surrey, farmer.
 McChenne, D. Fenchurch-street, merchant.
 McKenzie, J. Manchester, draper.
 Monatt, J. Lower Thames-street, ale-dealer.
 Murgatroyd, W. Scarr Bottom, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner.
 Myers, J. Preston, wine-merchant.
 Nash, J. Bristol, tanner.
 Neale, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Northover, H. Nunby, Somerset, farmer.
 Nunn, R. and T. Fisher, Grub-street, timber-merchants.
 Oakley, T. Titchfield-street, carpenter.
 Ord, J. St. Paul's Church-yard, haberdasher.
 Peacock, J. Manchester, merchant.
 Peet, G. & J. Gutter-lane, ribbon-manufacturers.
 Pelham, J. Chart, Kent, seed-crusher.
 Pickard, W. Knaresborough, lime-burner.
 Prosser, J. Abergavenny, grocer.
 Randall, R. Truro, draper.

Ringshaw, G. Tooting, huddler.
 Roach, R. S. Bishop's Waltham, plants, tanner.
 Smith, E. Chatham, hatter.
 Smith, R. Piccadilly, fruiterer.
 Stave, T. King-street, Seven Dials, stove-grate manufacturer.
 Stephens, W. C. Westbury-on-Trim, Gloucestershire, grazier.
 Steward, H. Old Burlington-street, victualler.
 Stokes, W. Liverpool, carver and gilder.
 Thorncliffe, J. Ipswich, cheese-factor.
 Turner, T. Stoke Goldington, Bucks, baker.

Ubbell, C. Warminster, linen-draper.
 Vince, W. Lucas-street, Commercial-road.
 Watson, R. City-road, coal-merchant.
 Watson, T. Turf Coffee-house, St. James's street, wine-merchant.
 Watts, S. Yeovil, Somersetshire, banker.
 White, J. Princes-street, Storey's-gate, undertaker.
 Whittingham, T. Cheltenham, currier.
 Withington, H. Manchester, silk-manufacturer.
 Wood, S. Poswick, Hereford, dealer.
 Wood, T. Barbican, oilman.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced November 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Buchanan, David, butcher in Edinburgh.
 Cuthill, Rev. Alex. printer, &c. in Ayr.
 Gibson, Thomas, mason & builder in Perth.
 Greenhill, James, merchant & corn-dealer in Newburgh.
 Hearthill, John, merchant in Aberdeen.
 Lawrie, Archibald, upholsterer in Edinburgh.
 McLean, Captain, Hector, H. wool and kelp-merchant, Island of Mull.
 Monroe, Hugh, spirit-dealer in Edinburgh.
 Paterson, John, merchant in Stirling.
 Rose, William, merchant in Glasgow.
 Virtue, James & Co. merchants in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Gillespie, Colin, merchant in Glasgow; by Walter Brock, merchant there.
 Harkness, Robt. wool & cattle-merchant in Cowal, Argyshire; by Alex. Bryner, accountant in Greenock.
 Kerr, Alexander, haberdasher in Edinburgh; by Alex. Ross there.
 Moffat, John, merchant in Lerwick; by W. Sievwright, writer there.
 Weir, William, sheep and cattle-dealer in Darley; by John Sloan, merchant in Ayr.
 Wylie, William, manufacturer in Paisley; by J. Craig, accountant there.

Obituary.

THE LATE LORD ERSKINE.

The Right Hon. Thomas Lord Erskine, who died at Arminodell House, on the 18th November, was the third and youngest son of Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan; was born about the year 1750, and received his early education partly in the High School of Edinburgh, and partly at the College of St. Andrew's.

His father, whose pecuniary circumstances were very limited, retired to that university, chiefly with a view to the education of his children. He there provided for his family a private tutor, one of the most elegant scholars of that part of the island, to assist their studies. It was here that Mr Erskine pursued the study of the belles-lettres with unremitting ardour, and thus had the advantage of imbibing, from the most eminent professors of the day, that various and extended knowledge which can never be derived from books or solitary application.

His Lordship was the youngest of three sons. The eldest, the Earl of Buchan, is now the only survivor; the second son, the Hon. Henry Erskine, long the grace and ornament of society in Edinburgh, and at the Scottish bar, died several years ago.

A profession was the only resource for both the younger brothers, and it is singular that each should have been the most eloquent man of his day of the bar to which he belonged. Thomas, however, was not at first destined for a learned profession; he went to sea with Sir John Lindsay, a nephew of the Earl of Mansfield; he quitted the navy, in consequence, it is said, of his slender chance of obtaining promotion in it, having never risen higher than midshipman, though he served as a lieutenant, through the friendship of his commanding officer. On quitting the navy, he entered, in 1768, into the army as an ensign in the Scots Royals, or first regiment of foot, and continued in the service about six years.

During this, and some subsequent periods of his life, Mr Erskine experienced all the difficulties arising out of a very limited income. On March 29, 1770, he married Frances, daughter of Daniel Moore, Esq. M. P. and was obliged to adhere to a most rigid frugality of expenditure. In reviewing, however, the struggles which he then encountered, and in contrasting them with the brilliant prosperity of his later years, he must have felt a peculiar gratification; because, to an almost involuntary impulse, he could alone attribute his extraordinary elevation. He is said to have been

induced to quit the service and betake himself to the bar by the entreaties of his mother, a woman of superior talents and discernment, who deemed this career more suitable to the genius of her son. He was about 26 when he commenced his legal studies. He entered as a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1777, and at the same time entered himself on the books of Lincoln's Inn. In order to acquire a necessary idea of the more mechanical parts of his future profession, he entered himself as a pupil into the office of Judge Buller, then an eminent special pleader at the bar. On the promotion of Mr Buller to the Bench, he went into the office of Mr Wood, in which he continued a year after he had been in considerable business at the bar, to which he was called in Trinity Term 1778.

Mr Erskine was soon in possession of very extensive legal employment. In the month of May 1783 he received the honour of a silk gown; his Majesty's letters of precedence being conferred upon him, as has been said, on the suggestion of the venerable Lord Mansfield. His professional labours were now considerably augmented, and he succeeded in that place which had been so long occupied by Mr Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton.

Mr Erskine was elected one of the Members for Portsmouth in the year 1785; an honour which he probably derived from the reputation he had acquired at the court-martial which sat there on the trial of Admiral Keppel. His political character may be traced from his speeches in the Courts of Justice, as well as from his uniform conduct in Parliament; but from no transaction in his life did he derive a more permanent reputation than in his noble struggles in defence of the trial by jury. In his celebrated argument in support of a rule for a new trial in the Dean of St. Asaph's case, he made an admirable effort to concentrate all the doctrines, and to combine all the reasonings which lay scattered throughout so many volumes of legal learning. Upon the principles laid down in this speech, Mr Fox framed his bill.

The Independence exhibited by our advocate on every occasion, threw upon him the defence of a multitude of persons, prosecuted for sedition or libel by the government. His defence of l'aine, however, occasioned his sudden dismissal from the office he held as attorney-general to the Prince of Wales; but he was subsequently appointed to

the dignity of Chancellor to his Royal Highness, an office which had lain dormant for many years.

One of the most brilliant events in Mr Erskine's professional life was the part cast upon him, in conjunction with Mr (afterwards Sir Vicary) Gibbs, in the state trials in the year 1794. The accused persons looked up to Mr Erskine as their instrument of safety. He undertook their several defences with an enthusiasm which rendered him insensible to the fatigues of a long-continued exertion; nothing was omitted that could elucidate their innocence, nothing overlooked that could tend to weaken the force of the case stated against them by the crown lawyers.

One of Mr Erskine's latest speeches as a counsel, was on the prosecution of the publisher of "Paine's Age of Reason."

Subsequently to this period, a great change in the political hemisphere converted the eloquent advocate into a judge, and a peer of the realm. Soon after the death of Mr Pitt, the subject of

this memoir was sworn a member of the Privy Council, created a Baron (Feb. 7, 1806,) by the title of Lord Erskine, of Restormel Castle, in Cornwall, and entrusted with the Great Seal, as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

In the year 1807, in consequence of the change of ministry, Lord Erskine withdrew from the office of Lord Chancellor. He has since lived in comparative retirement, though taking frequently a pretty active part in political discussion. On the death of the Marquis of Lothian, in the spring of 1815, the Prince Regent invested Lord Erskine with the most noble order of the Thistle, a high mark of his Royal Highness's regard, the other eleven knights being all Dukes and Earls of Great Britain.

Lord Erskine died in his 76th year.—His remains were interred on Thursday the 27th, in the family vault in the church of Uphall. His eldest son, the present Lord Erskine, was the chief mourner.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. Oct. 3. Mrs Dow, Duke-Street, Edinburgh, of twins, a son and daughter.

23. At Campbelltown, Argyllshire, the Lady of Captain Watta, a daughter.

26. At Houghton, Mrs Farquharson, of Houghton, a son.

27. At Meadowbank, Mrs Macdonochie, a son.
— At Montrose, the Lady of the Rev. John Dodgson, a daughter.

— In George's Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Captain Mackenzie, a daughter.

29. At Gorgie Park, Mrs Hope, a son.

30. At Copenhagen, the Consort of Prince William of Hesse, a daughter.

31. At Cleland House, the Lady of Frederick Grant, Esq. a daughter.

— At Balmamoon, the Lady of James Carnegie, Esq. a daughter.

Nov. 1. At Ashprington House, the Lady of Major-General Adam, a son.

2. At Southernhay, Exeter, the Lady of Dr Miller, a son.

3. At Cathcart House, Mrs Alex. Dennistoun, a son.

4. At Blythwood Place, Glasgow, Mrs Howard, a son.

7. In York Place, London, the Lady of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. a daughter.

— At Brechin, the Lady of John Guthrie, Esq. banker, a daughter.

8. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Archibald Constable, Esq. a son.

9. At Crook, near Stirling, Mrs Macmicking, of twins sons.

10. The Lady of Colonel Woodford, of the Coldstream guards, a son.

— At Beaulieu, Mrs Stuart Macleod, a son.

12. At Cargen, the Lady of William Stothert, a daughter.

— At Portsmouth, the Lady of Major-General Sir James Lyon, K.C.B. a daughter.

— In Grosvenor Place, Camberwell, London, the Lady of Sir Robert Graham, Bart. a son.

13. Lady Dunbar, of Boath, a son.

14. At Belmont, the Lady of Matthew Fortescue, Esq. a daughter.

16. In Hill-Street, Berkeley Square, London, the Hon. Mrs G. R. Phillips, a daughter.

— Mrs Clark, of Comrie, a daughter.

— At Wheatfield House, the Lady of Mark Sprot, Esq. of Garthkirk, a daughter, still-born.

— At Greenock, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas, 79th regiment, a son.

— The Lady of Andrew Thomson, Esq. St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, a son.

— Mrs William Young, Great King-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

18. At Shrubhall, Leith Walk, the Lady of John Mansfield, Esq. a daughter.

— At Blackheath, the Lady of Captain P. H. Bridges, R. N. a daughter.

20. Mrs Tod, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Wimbledon, the Lady of the Rev. H. Lindsay, a son.

Nov. 25. At Larchgrove, near Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Morrison, a son, being her 15th child.

Lately, in Castle Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Colonel O'Connell, 73d regiment, a daughter.

— The wife of a Joiner at Rownth, named Bird, was delivered of four infants at one birth, two males and two females. One of the latter a since dead, but the other three are doing well, and the mother is going about her domestic avocations as usual.

MARRIAGES.

1823. Oct. 13. At Newton-stewart, Wm. Dill, writer, Newton-stewart, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Black, minister of Penningham.

17. At Kingsburgh, Isle of Skye, the Rev. Roderick Macleod, minister of Brackadale, to Miss Ann Macdonald; and, on the 2d November, George Gun, Esq. to Miss Margaret Macdonald, both daughters of D. Macdonald, Esq. of Skeshob.

23. At Sheriff Mill, near Elgin, Alex. Sutherland, Esq. Rose Valley, to Ann, daughter of John Innes, Esq.

30. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Lieut-General Sir Thomas Haing, Bart. G.C.B. to Emma, daughter of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot; at the same time, Captain Elliot, eldest son of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, to Margaret Seymour, only daughter of James Masterton, Esq. of Braw Castle, Perthshire.

— At Wandsworth, Archibald Montgomery Maxwell, Captain in the royal artillery, to Mary, third daughter of John Falconer Allee, Esq. of West Hill-House, Wandsworth.

Nov. 1. In Dundalk Church, Robert Haig, Esq. of London, to Magdalen, eldest daughter of David Murray, Esq. of Dundalk.

— James Webster, Esq. of Balmuir, Forfarshire, and of West Ham, Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Ramsay, of Mark Lane.

3. At Bush House, Fishrow, Lieut. Patrick Kerr, R. N., to Helen, daughter of Mr Robert Mitchell, wood-merchant.

— At Renton manse, Samuel Gemmill, Esq. writer, Greenock, to Margaret Anderson, daughter of the late Mr Baird, of Newlandsfield.

— At Irvine, Mr Patrick Blair, writer, Irvine, to Miss John Fairrie, of that place.

— At St James's Church, London, Capt. Bernard Yeoman, R. N. to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Sir Everard Home, Bart.

— At Paisley, Joseph Twigg, jun. Esq. Paisley, to Helen, third daughter of the late Wm. Twigg, Esq. merchant there.

— At St Margaret's, Westminster, John, youngest son of Thomas Jervis, Esq. of Old Palace Yard, one of his Majesty's Counsel, to Catharine Jane, second daughter of Alex. Munro, Esq. of Parliament-Street.

4. In Castle-Street, Edinburgh, Lieut. Henry Steele, of the R. N. to Margaret, third daughter of the late Captain John Stenhouse, of the 20th regiment of foot.

— At Glasgow, Mr Wm. Stevenson, merchant,

Liverpool, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late John Cochran, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

Nov. 5. At Bombay, Donald Smith Young, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's Medical service, Madras Establishment, to Mary, second daughter of Campbell Mackintosh, Esq. of Dalmigavie, Inverness-shire.

6. At Barossa Place, Perth, Mr William Wilson, bookseller, Edinburgh, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late John White, Esq.

— At Balmain, the Rev. James Smith, Ballater, to Charlotte, only daughter of Francis Farquharson, Esq.

16. At Mary-le-Bonne Church, Walter Stevenson Davidson, Esq. of Inchmarlo, Kinross-shire, to Anne, only daughter of Gilbert Mathison, Esq. and grand-daughter of the late Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart.

— At Stirling, John Telford, Esq. cashier of the Stirling Bank, to Jane, eldest daughter of Thomas Wright, Esq. of Gleny, late Provost of Stirling.

12. At the Church of Bowden, James Begbie, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, to Eliza, second daughter of the late Robert Spear, Esq. of Millbank, Cheshire.

— At Polmally Glen, Urquhart, Inverness-shire, Sir Charles Chambers, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Major William Wilson of Polmally.

13. Lieutenant-Colonel Colquhoun to Magdalene, fourth daughter of John Stein, Esq. of Kennetpans.

17. Henry Ballenden Ker, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, London, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of Edward Clarke, Esq. of Clonsbunt, Herts.

— At Rishorn, George Welsh, Esq. Boreland, to Miss Kiscock, daughter of the late Samuel Kiscock, Esq.

— Mr Henry Samuel Baynes, bookseller, Edinburgh, to Hannah, eldest daughter of Elijah Cotton, Gayfield Square.

18. At Glasgow, Mr John Campbell, surgeon, Largo, to Marjory, daughter of the late William Richardson, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At Sciennes Hill, George Duncan, Esq. of Dundee, to Hester Eliza Wheeler, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

— At Langside House, Mr John Robertson, merchant, Glasgow, to Miss Jane Smith.

19. At Staple Grove, near Taunton, Major Stephen Cowall, of the Coldstream Guards, to Euphemia Jamina, eldest daughter of General John Murray, and sister to Major-General Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Demerara.

20. At Annan, Thomas Brown, Esq. of Great Orton, to Miss Mary Scott, of Longtown.

— Robert B. D. Alexander, Esq. merchant, Kinross, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr Henry Connely, Maryburgh bleachfield, Kinross-shire.

24. At Millfield, by Leven, Mr Henry Balfour, Durie, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Bisset, Millfield.

— John Jobson, Esq. M.D. Dundee, to Elizabeth, second daughter of John Jobson, Esq. of Rosemount.

— At Kinnaber, near Montrose, William Smart, Esq. of Cononsyth, to William, daughter of R. Gibson, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Matthew Fleming, Esq. merchant, to Jane, eldest daughter of the deceased Robert Strang, Esq.

25. At Glasgow, Henry Houldsworth, jun. Esq. to Helen, only daughter of the late James Hamilton, Esq. of Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Mr David Robertson, merchant, Grangemouth, to Euphemia, eldest daughter of John Charles, Esq. Sciennes-Street.

DEATHS.

1823. March 14. At her father's house, No. 6 York Place, Edinburgh, aged 18, Miss Ann Patison, daughter of Mr John Patison, W. S.

26. At Fort Marlborough, Bencoolen, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Innes, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

April 21. At Choudringhew, East Indies, Lieut. John Hadaway, 21th native infantry, Bengal, surveyor of Government lands, in Rohileund, and eldest son of the late Patrick Hadaway, Esq.

Sept. 13. At Dundee, Mrs John Guild, relict of

the late John Guild, Esq. merchant there, aged 77 years.

Sept. 18. At Bordentown, New Jersey, Gen. Lallemand. His death was occasioned by a disease of the stomach, under which he had laboured for some time. He held the rank of General of Artillery under Napoleon, and was always respected for intelligence and undaunted bravery.

Oct. 2. At Doon-foot Mill, Mr Dav. Watt, miller, in the 68th year of his age. He was school fellow with the celebrated Robert Burns, and was the last person baptised in "Alloway Kirk."

3. At Rassy House, James Mackeod, Esq. of Rassy.

— At Rassy House, the same day with her brother, James M'Leod, of Rassy, Mrs Martin, Attadale.

— At Musselburgh, James Inglis, Esq. late of Kingston, Jamaica.

— At Aberdeen, Mr George Wilson, only son of the Rev. Mr Wilson, Farnel.

4. At Xeres de la Frontera, in Spain, in the 65th year of his age, James Gordon, Esq. senior partner of the old-established house of Gordon & Co. of said city.

— At Incestrre, Staffordshire, in the 23d year of her age, Frances Charlotte, Countess of Dartmouth.

— At Auchloch, Mrs Brown, relict of James Brown, Esq. of Auchloch.

— At Letham Cottage, Fifeshire, Lieutenant William Duguid, of the marines.

6. At Crossfats, near Linlithgow, Alexander Learmonth, Esq. of Crossfats.

— At Sanguhar, Mr Edward Whigham, for several years Provost of that burgh, aged 74.

— At Edinburgh, John Horne, Esq. of Strikoe.

— At Aberdeen, John Orrok, Esq. of Orrok.

7. At Greenock, Mr James Duncan, merchant.

8. At Moseleyhill, Wm. Ewart, Esq. merchant in Liverpool.

— At his seat in Dorset, the Right Hon. Nathaniel Bond, one of his Majesty's Privy Council, a King's Counsel, and a Benchet of the Inner Temple.

9. At Newington, Mrs Jean Vernon, wife of Jas. Skinner, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— Mr William Young, vintner, High-Street, Edinburgh.

11. At Auchtermuchty, Mr James Bowet, surgeon, aged 74 years, many years surgeon in Perth, and formerly in his Majesty's navy.

12. At St. Andrew's, Mrs Balfour.

13. At his house at Bungay, Major-Gen. Kelso, aged 62, 43 of which were spent in the service of his country.

14. At Kelso, Andrew Ferguson, weaver, in the 91st year of his age. About forty years since, Ferguson undertook to walk as postman from Kelso to Mellerstain, the residence of George Bullin, Esq. which employment he afterwards gave up for a number of years, and again resumed about twelve years ago. The distance he travelled may be computed at sixteen miles per day; and this he performed six days of the week regularly, and frequently every day of the week. Taking his journeys at an average of one hundred miles per week his annual walk was 5200 miles; and during the above twelve years he was never known to miss a single day's duty.

16. At Ulkapol, in the 95th year of her age, after a lingering illness of many years, Mrs Mary Mackenzie, relict of the late Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. of Hilton.

— At Woolwich, Lieut-General Baily Willington, Colonel Commandant of the second battalion of the royal regiment of artillery.

— At Oxenford Castle, Lady Hamilton Dalrymple, wife of Lieut-Gen. Sir John Dalrymple, Bart.

— At Ayr, Miss Elenora Kyle, aged 87.

18. At Gifford, East Lothian, Mr James Martin Wright, late commander of the ship Cornwall, of Liverpool, and eldest son of Mr Robert Wright, of his Majesty's dock-yard, Portsmouth.

— At Parkhill, near Dalry, Miss Sarah Hamilton, daughter of the late William Hamilton, Esq. of Craighlaw.

19. At Glasgow, Ebenezer Morrison, Esq.

— At Perth, Jane Mann, wife of Dr Housack, physician there, late surgeon to his Majesty's forces.

20. At Callander, John Campbell Macfarlane, son to Capt. Macfarlane, half-pay 91st regiment.

Oct. 20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Purrie, late of Charleston, South Carolina, North America.
— At Soutown, near Arbroath, Thomas Henry Strachan, Esq. of Tarris.

22. At Ashbridge, Hertis, in the 71st year of his age, the Earl of Bridgewater. His Lordship was also Viscount Brackley and Baron Ellesmere. He is succeeded in his titles by his brother Francis Henry, who is a dignitary of the Church. The late Earl was a General in the army, and Colonel of the 14th regiment of dragoons.

23. At Greenock, Gabriel Wood, Esq. aged 86 years.

24. At Ely, Fifeshire, Dr John Croley, late surgeon to the Canadian North-west Company.

— At Lynnh, near Granton, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Maxwell Grant, K.C.B., late of the 42d Highlanders.

— At 11, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, David Robertson, Esq.

26. In James's Square, Edinburgh, Catherine Macculum, wife of John Meiklejohn, Esq. W. S.

— Mrs Smith, relict of Donald Smith, Esq. banker, Edinburgh.

— At Greston Lodge, Yorkshire, Mrs Haggerston, Junr, of Ellingham.

27. At Tain, John Mackenzie Ross, son of George Mackenzie Ross, Esq. of Aldie.

28. At Stranraer, Harry Cruikshank, Esq. of Hor.

30. At Kippen, Mr Andrew M'Luckie, nailer, aged 83. He was engaged at the battle of Minden 1759, and was wounded in the cheek; and from that time, a period of 64 years, he has enjoyed a pension, and was, previous to his death, perhaps the oldest pensioner, or at least had his pension for the longest period, of any within his Majesty's dominions.

— Suddenly, Robert Elliot, Esq. of Pinnacleshill.

31. At Glasgow, James Graham, Esq.

— At Nis-eulburgh, Captain John Thomson, late of the 89th regiment.

— Charles Grant, Esq. one of the Directors of the East India Company.

— At Ecclefechan, Mrs Mary Little, wife of George Bell, Esq. writer in Ecclefechan.

— At the Hague, of apoplexy, the Earl of Athol.

— At Rigghead, Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Rigghead, daughter of the late Herbert Kennedy, Esq. M. D. formerly of Hallethe.

Nov. 1. At Altona, Mr H. W. Von Gustenberg, one of the veterans of the German literature and poetry, having nearly completed his 88th year.

— At Dumfries, Miss Margaret Lawrie, youngest sister of the late General Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, Bart. who for many years represented that county in Parliament.

— At Nith Bank, Walter Ritchie, Esq. late Lieutenant 14th light dragoons.

— At Inveresk, Mrs Taylor, wife of John Taylor, Esq. of the Exchequer.

— Near Gravesend, Colonel G. Lyon, aged 54.

— At Parkend, saltcoats, Wm. Brown, Esq.

2. At Edinburgh, Mr George Wilson, writer.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Spence, solicitor in the Supreme Courts of Scotland.

3. At Edinburgh, Mr John Wright, merchant.

— At the Bridge of Earn, Mrs Jean Guild, relict of William Geddes, Esq. Cupar Fire.

— At Blackheath, General Sir Anthony Farrington, Bart. D.C.L. Commandant of the 1st battalion, H. A., and Director-General of the Field Train Department, aged 85; he had been in the army 68 years, and was the oldest Officer in the British service.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Roebuck, musical instrument-maker, in the 86th year of his age.

— At Balberno, in Kincardineshire, Mrs Ramsay, wife of Captain Thomas Ramsay, half-pay 14th foot.

4. At the manse of Urquhart, Miss Sarah Louise Smith, daughter of the Rev. Wm. Smith, of Petty.

5. At Inverness, Peter Anderson, Esq. solicitor, aged 54 years.

— Ann White, spouse to John Wigham, Junr, 10, Salisbury Road, Edinburgh.

— Mr Henry Richardson, proprietor and printer of the Berwick Advertiser, called at the shop of Mr William Wilson, ironmonger, Bridge-Street,

Berwick, and, after some conversation took leave. When he had reached the door, Mr W. observed him staggering, sprung over the counter, and caught hold of him in time to prevent him from falling. Medical assistance was instantly procured, but, melancholy to relate, all efforts to restore animation proved ineffectual. The medical gentlemen believe that a blood-vessel of the heart had ruptured. He was in the 40th year of his age.

Nov. 5. At Weymouth, Colonel Chichester, of Arlington, Devonshire.

6. At Aberdeen, Alexander Edgar, Esq.

7. At Edinburgh, Neil Gow, aged 29, son of Mr Nathaniel Gow, music-seller.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Major Nickle.

9. At Thospe, in the 37th year of his age, W. B. Carter, Esq. surgeon of his Majesty's 8th regiment of hussars.

10. Mrs Steuart of Alderston.

— At Belfast, aged 41 years, the Rev. Josiah Alexander, pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Congregation there, and teacher of mathematics in the Belfast Academy.

— Mr Charles Broughton, W. S. accountant in Edinburgh.

11. At London, Lord Chief Baron Richards.

— At Kingsburns, Mrs Moserief, widow of the Rev. David Mouerief, of Whitewells, minister of Reigorton.

— Robert Lorimer, Esq. of Holmhead, residing at Kirkland, near Sanquhar.

12. At Glasgow, Mrs Leitch, relict of the late John Leitch, Esq. of Kilmarnock.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Sibbald, architect and builder.

13. At Plymouth, Adam M'Kenzie, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship Ocean, late of the Supers.

— At Edinburgh, David Forrest, Esq. solicitor in the Supreme Courts.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ross, widow of the deceased Hugh Ross, Esq. of Kerso.

— At Montrose, George M'Ewen, son of David M'Ewen, Esq. of St Cyr, Grenada.

15. In London, the Right Hon. the Earl of Portmore, in the 78th year of his age.

— At Penrith, Mrs Mary Noble, at the advanced age of 107 years and two months, who last year spun some fine yarn for linen, &c. in which is worked her name, age, &c. for the Centenary of Lonsdale. She was baptised in Kirkcubright church on the 16th September, 1716, as extracted from the parish register.

— At Jersey, aged 45, John Dumaresq, Esq. his Majesty's Attorney-General, and Colonel of the 1st regiment of militia of that island.

16. At Edinburgh, Henrietta, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Dundas, Bart.

— At Balveny, Captain A. Cameron, late of the Scots Brigade.

— At Kirkden, the Rev. William Milligan, minister of that parish, in the 90th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

— At Senanton, Lady Buehan Hepburn, widow of Sir George Buehan Hepburn, Bart. one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland.

17. At Invergelie, Robert Lumden, Esq. of Invergelie.

— At Kilmarnock, Mrs Mary Samson, relict of the late John Gemmill, at the advanced age of 95 years and five months. She was the last surviving sister of Mr William Samson, in Ayr; Mr John Samson Finlayson, Ochiltree; and Tam Samson, so celebrated in the works of Burns.

Lately, At St Petersburg, the celebrated Strelt. He was the author of a great number of musical compositions, amongst which is the fine opera of Romeo and Juliet. He had resided for fifteen years in St. Petersburg, and acquired a large fortune.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Jean Baillie.

— In her 100th year, Mrs Mary Lewis, widow of St. Bride's, Glamorganshire, who, until within three years of her decease, was able to carry the coals she consumed home on her head. She was followed to the grave by great-great-grandchildren.

— At London, Colonel Lyon, in his 56th year. He expired in the arms of his son, Captain Lyon, of the Hecla, recently returned from the Northern Expedition.

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